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The Midwestern

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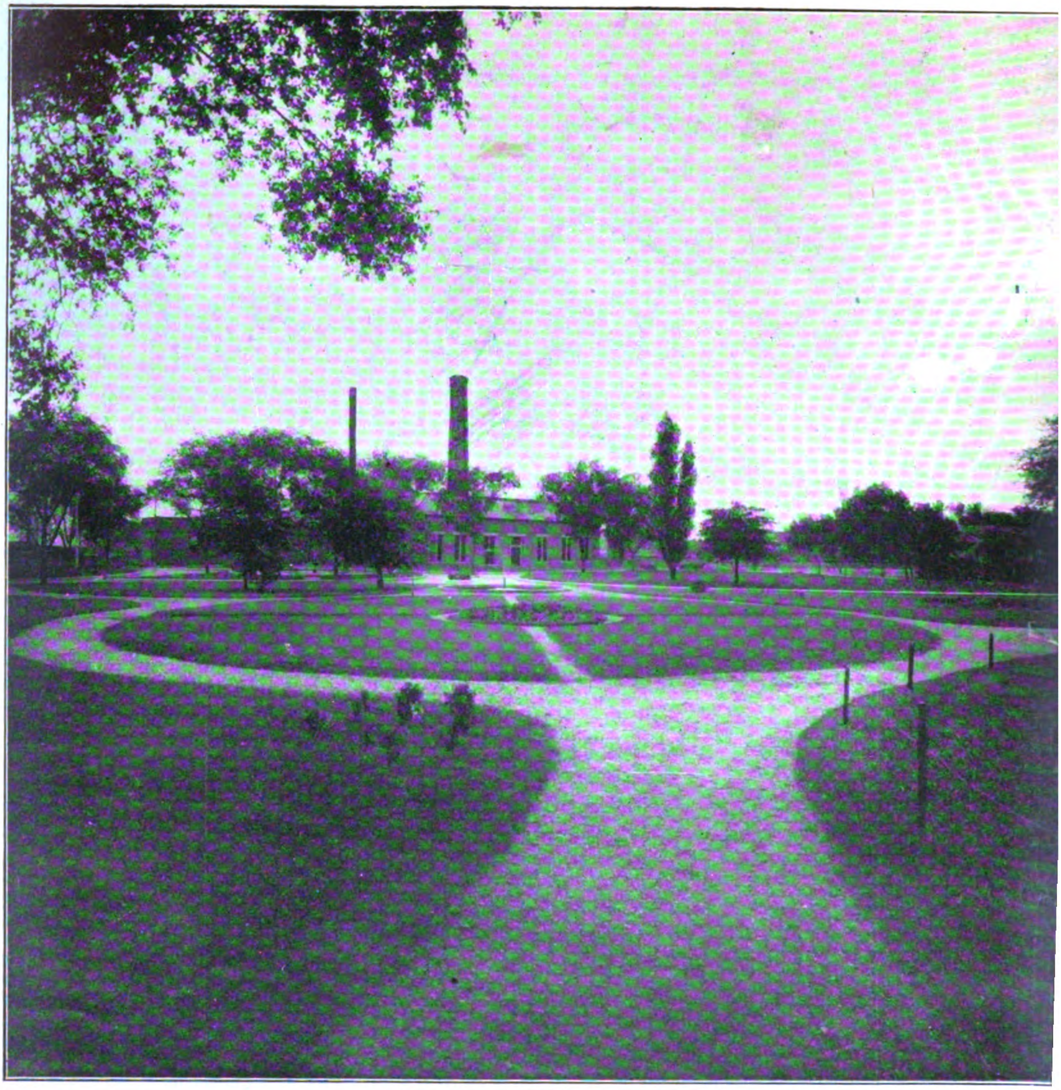
Midwest

THE MIDWESTERN

$1.00 a Year DES MOINES, IOWA 10 cents a Copy

September, 1906



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Statement of Condition at Close of Business, May 17, 1906

Resources

Bills Receivable - -	$748,744.77
Overdrafts - - -	6,467.23
Furniture and Fixtures - -	2,225.00
Cash and Due from Banks	192,896.23
	$950,333.23

Liabilities

Capital Stock - -	$ 50,000.00
Surplus - - - - -	50,000.00
Undivided Brofits - -	1,628.94
Deposits - - - - -	848,704.29
	$950,333.23

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J. W. Hill
H. B. Hedge
R. T. Wellslager
Chas. R. Chase
J. G. Berryhill
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Published monthly by the Greater Des Moines Publishing Co., George W. Ogilvie, president, Des Moines, Iowa. Terms, $1.00 a year; 10 cents a copy.

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WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor

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August 29, 1904. MRS. W. W. DANFORTH, 1036 Park Ave.

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Dear Madam; I received my diploma and I want to thank you very much for your fine instructions and great pains with me. I have had great success with all my patterns and work and feel I am now able to make anything that I desire to make. I have a cousin that is so pleased with my work, she wants to begin taking in the fall. Yours for success,

August 8, 1904. MRS. MATTIE J. HARDIX.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Aug. 22, 1904.

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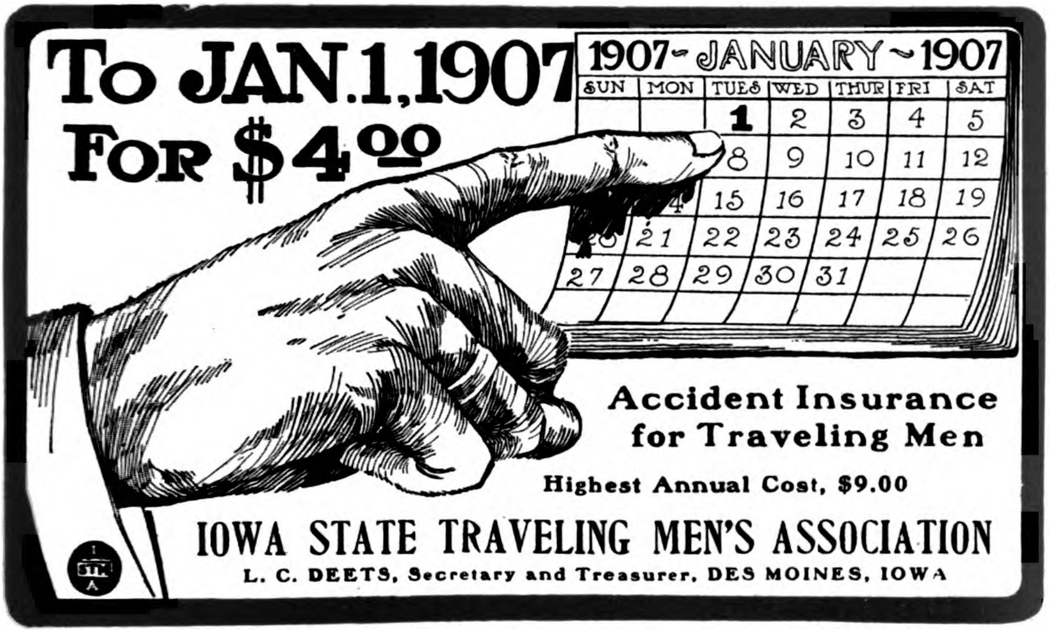
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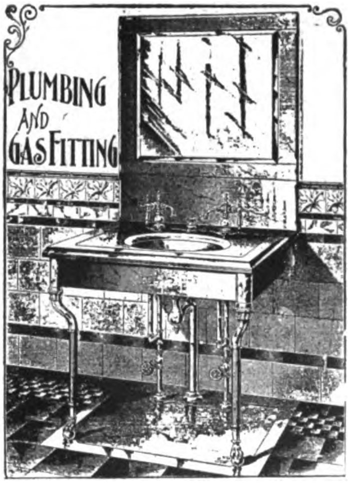
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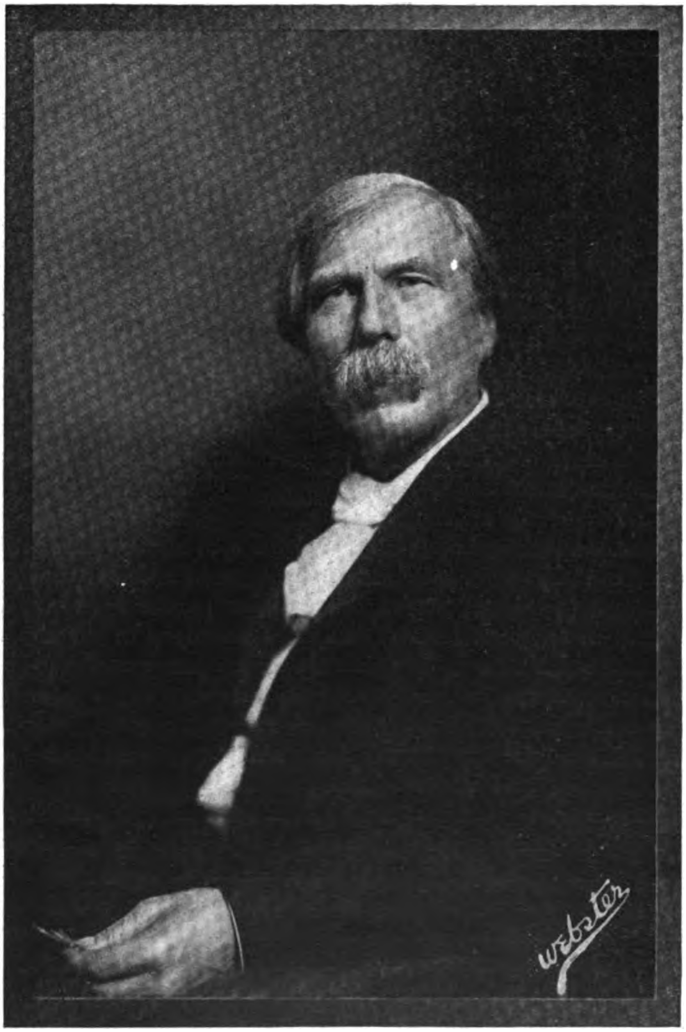
OUR FOREWORD

IOWA is pre-eminently the land of courage. It is in the very air we breathe. Without it the state could not have taken the gigantic strides that have made her in half a century the equal of all and the superior of many of her sister states. Great enterprises have been born and grown to splendid maturity within her borders. Through courage and unceasing endeavor she has become, what is evident to every traveler from ocean to ocean, the garden spot of the whole continent.

Fear has been the curse of mortals from the beginning of time; fear is a breeder of pessimism, of depreciation, of failure; courage is the inspiration that leads to success.

At the beginning of our project we were extended the glad hand by some of the leading business firms of the city, also by the business organizations. Our purpose to publish a magazine that will endeavor, first and last, to promote Des Moines and Iowa interests has met with only words of approval. We believe there are many in our city and state who are not alive to the fact that we are just entering upon an era of unprecedented prosperity; that we have only begun to develop our resources, and that, as a strategic point in the galaxy of states, we stand at the forefront of those about us. We believe that we need a unity of public interest far beyond that which we have yet known. We believe there is great work to be done by a magazine which shall stand ready to proclaim appreciation of all the good things we have, and thus attract good people to make their homes among us and to be a factor in creating a higher and better condition of things for everybody than we have yet known. We are sure of the support of every loyal Iowan; and, if there are Iowans who are not loyal, we hope to aid in converting them.

Here, then, with good-will to all and malice toward none, we make our bow to the public.



S. H. M. Byers.

IOWA

S. H M. BYERS

You ask what land I love the best,
Iowa, 'tis Iowa,
The fairest state of all the west,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
To where Missouri's waters gleam,
O! fair it is as poet's dream,
Iowa, in Iowa.

See yonder field of tasselled corn,
Iowa, in Iowa,
When plenty fills her golden horn,
Iowa, in Iowa;
See how her wondrous prairies shine
To yonder sunset's purpling line,
O! happy land! O! land of mine,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

And she has maids whose laughing eyes,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
To him who loves were Paradise,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
O! happiest fate that e'er was known,
Such eyes to shine for one alone,
To call such beauty all his own,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

Go read the story of thy past,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!
Iowa, O! Iowa.
So long as time's great cycle runs,
Or nations weep their fallen ones,
Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

Albert B. Cummins, Governor of Iowa.

(Photo by Webster)

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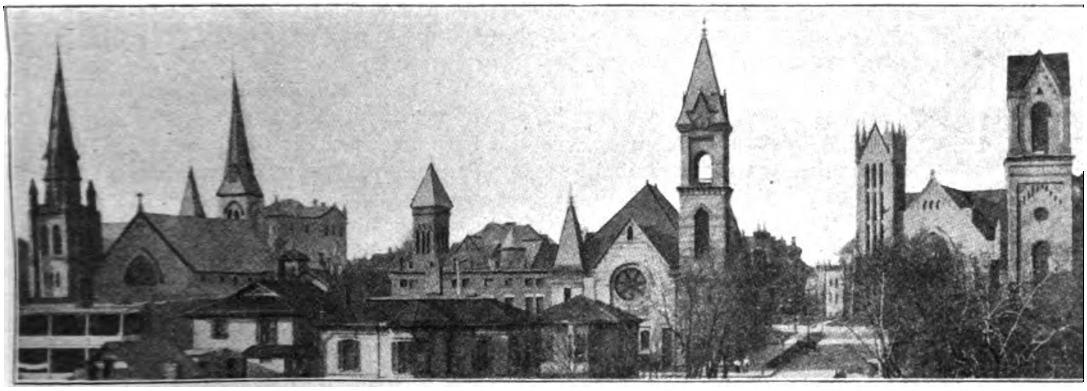
THE MIDWESTERN

Volume I. Number 1.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.



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ALBERT BAIRD CUMMINS

CHARACTER SKETCH

OLIVER P. NEWMAN

Albert B. Cummins is an American.

THIS short sentence comes nearer describing Iowa's chief executive than any other thing which can be written or told of him. By American, I mean a man in whom is embodied the best qualities our cosmopolitan race has drawn from its multitude of predecessors. We Americans have taken the Latin's emotion without his silly sentimentalism. From John Bull we have inherited intellect and left him alone with his blind stubbornness. Emerald's Isle has sent us our sense of humor, but has kept for the native Irish the shiftlessness that is wedded to it over there. We have robbed the German of his easy-going view of life, but have let him keep his phlegm. The Dutch have taught us thrift without imparting to us one ounce of stupidity. Our aggressiveness we owe to no one race or nation. It is our own, developed through four hundred years of fight.

Every once in a while some man in whom these qualities are developed to a high degree forces his head and shoulders out of the crowd and demonstrates his superior strength. We say: "There is a typical American." Such a man is Governor Albert B. Cummins. No one can describe him in any other one sentence, nor in this one unless you stop after reading it and tell yourself what an American is.

Other men are described with a phrase. Biographers say: "La Follette is a scrapper," "Allison is the wisest man in the senate," "Taft is a big,. brainy fellow," "Tom Platt is smooth," "Root has ability and intellect," "Roosevelt is square." Instantly a complete picture of the man springs into being in your mind's eye. They are Americans, but they have developed some one, distinct characteristic from some one, indistinct remote ancestor. In Cummins no one characteristic dominates any other or the whole. In him are combined the best and strongest traits of the races which have contributed their brains, bodies and souls to us. Cummins' traits of character are perfectly balanced, yet thoroughly developed and keyed to the limit of power and speed.

If Governor Cummins possesses one characteristic to greater degree than any other, it is fearlessness. No thing that walks, no power that is, no man, institution or being that exists, in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, can strike terror to his heart. The reason is simple. Albert B. Cummins lives and acts clean and straight. He is clean and straight. He has made his peace with his God. He has been honest with himself and honest with his fellow men. He has nothing to fear and he fears nothing.

Governor Cummins' traits and his mental. physical and spiritual attributes can be divided into two general classes, as follows:

First—Those with which he was born and which he has developed from native seed.

Second—Those which he has created and developed.

By nature Governor Cummins is honest, unselfish, kind, charitable, generous, just, courteous, loyal, square, physically strong, handsome, a hard worker, a student and an orator.

By his own will Governor Cummins is physically and mentally vigorous, fearless, aggressive, progressive, determined, ambitious, balanced, a thinker, a leader and a master of everything he touches and every subject he opens.

Honesty is an enviable and valuable trait, but a man may be as honest as the day and clean streets for a living his whole life long. Unselfishness in man is beautiful, but all the unselfishness in the world bound into one bundle and presented to one person will not necessarily bring material reward. Charity is the greatest thing in the world, yet the Quakers of New Jersey, who have more charity for their fellow men than any other class of people in the world, are rapidly dying out with the world in almost total ignorance of their existence. The most loyal person I ever saw was a white-haired ex-slave who had protected his master's women folk down in Virginia during the Civil War. Despite his black skin he was a gentleman—whether by instinct or training matters not—yet he died at the age of ninety-seven without ever having learned to read or write. The squarest man I ever knew was the proprietor of a gambling house. He died at Hot Springs of a complication of diseases which usually results from too much liquor and too little sleep. Sandow was presumably the strongest man that ever lived, yet his great strength brought him nothing but the hollow applause of a fickle public. Thousands upon thousands of men are hard workers, many are students, and a few are orators, but their lives, nevertheless, are practically barren of concrete results.

Material reward, personal satisfaction in one's own work and accomplishments (which is the greatest reward), a life of usefulness, a life which brings great good to a great number, comes to those in whom these human qualities are combined and comes in proportion to the number of qualities and their development. The man who couples with honesty the determination to undertake and accomplish big things is soon heard from. Add to natural unselfishness the will to break down and annihilate selfishness in others, and the world will prick up its ears and begin to take notice. Use physical strength to force this determination and this will to success, and results will begin to come. Join with the natural forces ambition, bravery, thought and aggressiveness, and absolute success for self and for mankind follows.

Governor Cummins has succeeded because in him is found this harmonious and balanced combination of qualities. He is honest and unselfish, but he will not for one instant permit himself to be robbed of a thing which he knows is justly his, nor will he yield one inch from a position which he knows is right. He is charitable to a point almost beyond credulity in so far as things and people affect him personally, but when duty demands the performance of a task that is unpleasant, though right, he does his work without the quiver of an eyelash. He is just in his attitude and decisions and in his estimate of people, where other men are carried away by prejudice or spite. He is ambitious, but he is never overbearing. He never took advantage of any man's misfortune to turn it to his own good. He believes he can accomplish good for mankind by his success, and, like a true American, he likes to win. He enjoys the personal satisfaction of succeeding. He never undertakes anything that he does not know is right, and once started, he is determined to reach the end.

From the morning Governor Cummins stepped from beneath the parental rooftree back in Greene County, Pennsylvania, at the age of nineteen years, until to-day, which finds him in his fifty-seventh year, he has had to fight. In the early days it was a fight for bread and butter and an occasional piece of pie. In later years it has been a fight for political life. Both battles made character, and in Iowa's seventeenth executive it is again demonstrated that adversity, not prosperity, produces men. Nothing ever came to Albert B. Cummins. Everything he possesses he has had to go out and fight for, capture and carry home. He fought for his common school education, working on the farm most of the year and doing chores before and after school hours during the short fall and winter months. Later he fought for his college education, working himself through Waynesburg College, in Pennsylvania. In 1869 Governor Cummins came to Iowa and went to work as a clerk in the recorder's office at Elkader, Clayton county. He was still fighting, now for more education, more information, more learning. He studied engineering and was engaged in locating and constructing the Richmond and Fort Wayne Railroad in Indiana. He studied law at every spare moment and, in 1875, at the age of twenty-five years, was admitted to practice in Chicago.

Three years of hard grubbing left him still ambitious, still determined, still honest, still with the will and ability to succeed. In 1878 he came to Des Moines and was admitted to the Polk County bar. Here he immediately sprang into prominence. After three years he was taken into partnership by the late Judge George G. Wright, who was then the leading lawyer of the state. Judge Wright recognized the talent, determination and ability of the young man and decided he wanted him.

The first fight which gave Cummins state-wide prominence was the campaign against the barb wire trust. His firm was counsel for the farmers, who were determined to resist the demands of the Washburn and Moen syndicate. The farmers organized into a protective association and the legal battle began. It lasted five years. All the power which the trust could rally was concentrated on young Cummins. Had he wished to, Mr. Cummins could have made himself independently rich in that contest. There were opportunities a-plenty. He could have withdrawn and had enough to live on comfortably all the rest of his life. But he didn't. In that campaign he learned his price—which is a valuable piece of information to a young lawyer who begins his career with an attack on the Power of Gold. The price was this: non-purchasable.

In the course of the barb wire fight Mr. Cummins met the best lawyers which money could hire—and he worsted them. In the end the farmers won. They established independent factories, everybody bought from them, Mr. Cummins beat the trust in its patent-right suits, and the syndicate finally cut its prices to the figures demanded by the protective society. They were never raised again.

The next state-wide contest in which Mr. Cummins participated was over the liquor question. In 1887 he was an independent candidate for the house of representatives in the legislature on an anti-prohibition platform. The republican party had put the prohibition amendment in the constitution and for any human being to stand up and advocate a change was looked upon by the old party leaders as rank heresy. But the situation was this: Conditions under the prohibition law were bad. They needed changing. Cummins knew it, just as everybody else knew it, but he was the only man who had the courage to rise up and openly declare against the prohibition system.

Cummins was elected to the legislature from Polk County on the issue as outlined and within five years his own party, the very leaders who had condemned him for the stand he took for the liquor reform, the very men who had accused him of being a "bolter," sat in their seats in the legislative halls and voted "aye" for the mulct law, the high license law, practically, which adorns our statute books to-day. Cummins saw what must be done a few years ahead of his colleagues. He believed he was right and he had the fearlessness to come out into the open and say so. His campaign for the house in Polk county did more than any other one thing to bring about the enactment of the present liquor law. The public sentiment was here. He crystallizes it. He's been doing the same thing—always advocating that which would be the greatest good for the greatest number—ever since.

Coming out of the legislature, where he helped Wm. Larrabee frame and enact the present railroad law of Iowa, Mr. Cummins found himself with a state-wide and some national reputation. He immediately sprang into prominence in the republican party, and from then until to-day has become more and more prominent as one of its leaders. He was chairman of the republican state convention of 1892 and was chosen as one of the national electors on the republican ticket. In 1896 he was again chairman of the republican state convention and in that year was chosen a delegate to the republican national convention and elected Iowa's representative on the republican national committee. He helped manage, as national committeeman, with other national leaders, the memorable campaign of 1896, when McKinley and Bryan were the rival standard bearers and when the issue was the silver question.

In 1894 Mr. Cummins was a candidate for the United States senate against Senator John H. Gear of Burlington. Again in 1900 he was a candidate against the same man, but he was defeated both times, the last time by but a few votes.

Mr. Cummins was nominated by the republican state convention as the party's nominee for governor in 1901. Although he had been working industriously and conspicuously for the party's success for a quarter of a century before, it is since his first nomination as governor that he has achieved the greatest prominence and accomplished the most striking results as a man, as a public servant and as a republican.

In order to appreciate fully what Albert B. Cummins has accomplished, it is necessary to go back a few years and glance at the political conditions which prevailed in Iowa before his presence had been manifested in the arena. Before Cummins had "arrived," politics in Iowa was something of which the great masses of the people had no definite conception. The citizens went to the polls at the general elections and cast their votes one way or the other, usually the way their fathers and grandfathers had voted. Only when some great, vital question was in issue did they take the trouble to inform themselves as to what the tickets or candidates stood for. Regarding the selection of party nominees, the general public knew nothing. Frankly, the people were hidebound and ignorant. Cummins proposed that the masses be taken into the secret of politics, that the truth be told in plain language, that the people be furnished all the information regarding governmental affairs and that they then be allowed to make their own decisions, uninfluenced and untrammeled by any interest except their own consciences.

Gradually Cummins drew about him a few men here and there over the state who accepted his ideas and who went home and proceeded to teach them to the people. To-day every student of political conditions in Iowa admits that the masses are more interested in the affairs of the state than ever before and that the time when government shall be "by the people" in Iowa is almost here. Fifteen years ago politics ran along in Iowa quietly and smoothly. The system of little bosses, bigger bosses and finally the biggest, ultimate bosses, was at its zenith. In each county two or three men "ran things." If a candidate for governor wanted a certain county he had to enlist a certain man or two or three certain men of that county on his side. That was all. To-day, if a candidate for governor wants a certain county he must get the actual votes of the people of that county. The boss can no longer "deliver the goods." The people are awake. They have their own ideas and they are determined to speak. Cummins awakened them.

The charge is frequently made by enemies of Governor Cummins that he is insincere, that he really is not interested in the welfare of the masses, that the issues on which he fights are false issues and that what he really is after is public office. Briefly, this is going behind the returns. Cummins represents himself as determined to do all in his power to encourage the masses of the people to run their own government. His official acts and his campaigns have brought about just this result. Manifestly, a charge of insincerity cannot hold in the face of the evidence. Personally, I believe Governor Cummins is absolutely sincere. I have known him intimately for fifteen years. The greater part of that time my relations with him have been that of a newspaper reporter to a public man. I have never yet seen the slightest indication in his acts, manner or speech that pointed to insincerity.

The primary cause of Cummins' success in creating interest and independence in Iowa politics is his personality. He is chock full of what is ordinarily called "personal magnetism." His mere physical person attracts people and then, when it has once brought them to him, his intellect, his brain, his thoroughly developed and balanced talents and abilities as a "doer of things" holds them. No man in politics, no man in public life anywhere, ever enjoyed a more loyal following than Cummins. If a man is for Cummins at all he is for him heart and soul, to the absolute end.

But Cummins has enemies, and they are just as ardent in their hate as his friends are loyal in their love. If it is true (and it is) that no man in Iowa ever counted such true friends, it is equally true that no man in Iowa ever reckoned with such bitter enemies. If a man is against Cummins, he is against him heart and soul to the absolute end. Naturally, there is a reason for this condition. Few people know it. I am not sure Governor Cummins himself ever analyzed it. I think it is this:

The old political leaders think Cummins has violated what they term a code of political honor. In the old bossism days all the politicians agreed, without ever saying so in so many words, that the political methods used by the bosses to gain their ends should always be kept secret, so far as the general public was concerned. If a candidate for office was beaten—deliberately knifed because his sacrifice was necessary to accomplish some particular end of some particular boss—it was customary for the candidate to keep still, take his medicine and gracefully retire. The various questionable means employed to reach the end, which was popularly believed to be the success of the republican party—were never exposed. Newspapers didn't print items of this character. The politicians didn't discuss them except among politicians. The public knew nothing of what was going on.

When Cummins appeared he conceived the idea that the people should know all these things, and he proceeded to tell them. Newspapers here and there began to print them, and gradually the theory that such things were public property grew, until now the public knows who's who and what's what. The people are told what interests are behind each candidate or each bill which it is proposed to pass in the legislature. The public is kept informed and is encouraged to express its approval or disapproval of each thing. The old politicians hate this condition, and they hold Cummins almost entirely responsible for it. One incident illustrates the point clearly:

When Mr. Cummins was a candidate for the republican nomination for governor in 1901 he was aided by a number of officials of the Rock Island railroad, among them its head legal advisor. When the famous Molsberry bill, which provided for taking the limit off bonded indebtedness of railroads in Iowa, had passed the legislature and gone to Governor Cummins for his signature or veto, this railroad attorney appeared. He called on Governor Cummins at his home, and asked him to sign the bill. Mr. Cummins said:

"But you admit that this is a bad bill, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the attorney, "but I helped you, and now I want you to help me."

"Do you mean to say," asked Governor Cummins, "that you want me to sign this bill, knowing it is bad and vicious and wicked, just because you helped me when I was a candidate for governor?"

"That's just what I mean," answered the lawyer.

"Well, by the eternal," cried Governor Cummins, getting to his feet, "this is a large room, but it isn't large enough to hold you and me both, and I propose to stay."

Fifteen years ago this incident would have been guarded zealously as something sacred. It would have been considered information to which the people had no right. To-day it is public property. It has been printed from one end of Iowa to the other. Governor Cummins told it repeatedly from the stump in asking the republicans to nominate him for a third term. He believes that the masses of the people should know that railroad general attorneys go to governors' homes and attempt to obtain approvals to bills which they admit are bad. The old school politicians believe these things should not be given to the people. Cummins gives them and the interests he opposes consequently hate him with a bitter hatred.

In both of his campaigns for the republican nomination for governor Mr. Cummins has gone directly to the people for support. In both he has succeeded. He has been given an honor this summer which was never given to any other man in Iowa—a third nomination for governor by the republican party. Before he came the people were ignorant. Now they are enlightened. He will continue his campaigns for government by the people. He will live to see his ambitions realized. Before he stops Iowa will have shaken off the shackles of the party boss. He believes that the people are always right if they know the facts. He is right himself and as they become more informed and more independent, they will give him more and more of the rewards at their disposal.

DES MOINES AS A MUSICAL CENTER

CELESTE B. GIVENS

Celeste. B. Givens.

OUR city has centralized many potent influences which are shaping the life of the state; and by reason of its environment these lines of growth will strengthen as time goes by. Surrounded as it is by vast acres rich in agricultural and mineral resources; centering as it does the interlacing lines of many great railroads; drawing to itself constantly vast manufacturing interests, its commercial importance is assured. These manifold industrial interests bring wealth and enterprise, which, in turn, gives the city her strength and power. Being the capital city, Des Moines is a strategic point for political battles, and she is an ardent lover when her interests or those of her honored citizens are in the balance. Our public schools stand abreast of the best in the land. Our colleges, growing with amazing rapidity into schools of grand possibilities, attract people from our own and other states to become our citizens. These things give us a city of stability, culture and homes. How has our musical growth kept pace with these strong, solid lines of advancement?

We feel the very strength of this commercial, political and educational life has been for a time a hindrance to the art life of the city. But as a man first builds his house before he ornaments it, so this foundation has made a truer, deeper artistic life possible for the people in the future. Increase of wealth and constant travel to art centers has disseminated the true standard of things. Our public school music work, so steadily and thoroughly done year by year, has been a wonderful factor the past twenty years in creating musical taste and teaching the children how to judge good from poor music. Now, in our city, poor indeed must be the home whose walls do not reverberate with the echo of piano and song. Numerous pipe organs coming into use in our churches has brought a wondrous opportunity for the cultivation of taste. Where good music has been introduced into the service and held steadily there year after year, the love for beauteous melody and pure harmony is instilled into the souls of the people from childhood, and nothing can equal this power over the human heart that clings through life, come what may. Pardon a word here which is said in all kindness. When our ministers, choir leaders, or committeemen can be led to see that the so-called "rag-time" of sacred things, the "popular hymn" is secularizing the musical part of the worship, and appealing to the feet of the masses, and the love of the sensuous, then can we hope for reform. When our churchmen will allow only the noble forms of even simple church music to have a place, and the grand, deep things that have come from God and stirred the souls of men until they wrote them, to be used in the worship of the Eternal Father, then will men be moved to noble endeavor and the soul be in tune with the Infinite. Then will the church be doing a grand part in bringing our city to where it is coming to be musically. Some strong, brave choir leaders have stood true to their traditions and ideals, others have failed because their standard was too high.

But things are growing better and better all the time, and the public is going to demand that which uplifts them, or they will go elsewhere.

The writer remembers being thrilled to tears in some of the great English churches of London, when the vast congregations joined in the "Te Deums" and "Jubilates" with the great choir leading—all as familiar as if it was a simple hymn. Need I draw the analogy? All honor to a score or more of broad-minded, great-souled men and women who have served the churches in choir and at the organ in the last ten years in our midst. They have wrought wonders for their people and the public.

We are going to have many more who will keep up the good work.

The music schools of Des Moines have grown and multiplied, showing the ever-increasing demand for a musical education in all lines as never before. They have done good things in all ways for the state, city and pupils, and stand for the highest culture of the individual. Many noble private teachers are singing their paeans in a more quiet way, perhaps, but giving that true personal touch to each life that means a lasting influence.

The writer wishes to acknowledge such debts of gratitude to some of the great souls of earth who have touched her life for eternity. Then the schools and older teachers should not forget the struggling younger ones who are bravely doing their humble part to help the big things onward. Besides the choirs of the city, two notable musical organizations are taking a stand for bigger and better things for our city and its music. The Woman's Club Chorus, composed of picked ladies' voices, organized two years ago, has already found its place in the city and will take no backward step. It stands for the best things in the vocal art. The other, the Apollo Club, a mixed organization, has been given a cordial greeting on its first appearance, and we predict for it a brilliant, splendid future. Every music-loving person in this city should encourage all such organizations and foster them, as they will make us broader and prouder of ourselves.

We are all looking for the man who is made of the heroic stuff which makes prophets, to organize and develop a permanent orchestra for our city. Time will bring us this, too. We now have a musical paper published in our borders which we hail with delight. The time is ripe for the better class of musical people to make it possible for Des Moines to be a great musical center; why and how?

We will tell you. We have the taste; we have the money; the demand for education is met by a band of fine, competent teachers. We need you to foster and patronize the best musical enterprises that are undertaken by these, your servants, devoted to the muses. When a Nordica or a Witherspoon comes to Des Moines, we want you dear people to bring your children and come. Awaken their ambition, arouse aspirations, new conceptions and a wider horizon by hearing often the great things in music. You make it possible for these things to be done by your enthusiasm and appreciation. Then, when our teachers get closer together and stand shoulder to shoulder, each ready to applaud to the echo what the other has done, in a united brotherhood, we can support every truly artistic enterprise until it is a triumph. Forgetting self, let us throw down the barriers, get closer together, citizen and professional, and all help in ushering that which we see dimly beyond the horizon, heralded by the signs of the day, that greater Des Moines, which shall be indeed a city on a hill, the musical center of this great west.

SPEECH.

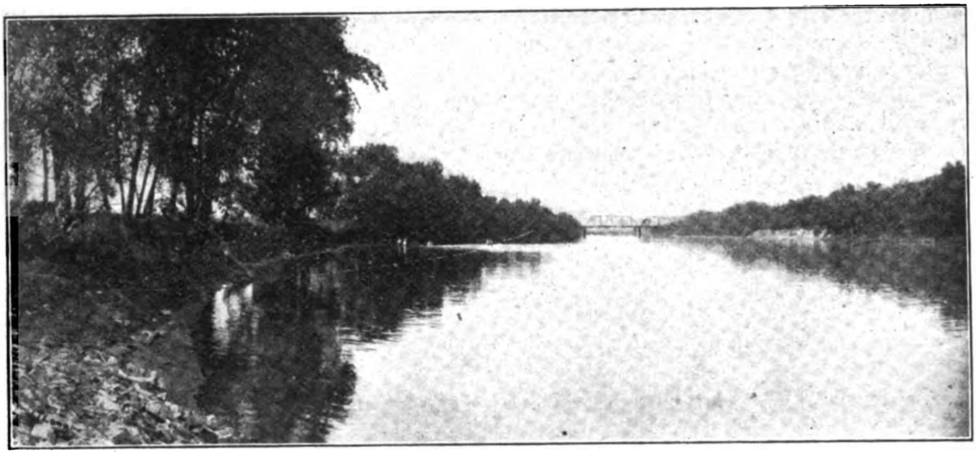
Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And talk of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one's continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk Faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so—if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts, till Faith shall come.
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk Health. The dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two, minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources. Max O'Rell.



View on Des Moines River.

EULOGY UPON IOWA

(Extracts from a speech of Hon. John F. Lacey, delivered at the Iowa banquet in New York City last April.)

IOWA is indeed "God's Farm." A few years ago I was riding down the justly celebrated valley of Virginia. It was truly a fertile and lovely land that we saw from the car windows. My companions were Virginians and they continually praised the scene. A rolling valley, framed between two mountain ranges, made a pretty picture. "Is it not splendid? Did you ever see anything so fine?" they said.

I said, "Suppose you should move those mountain ranges 300 miles apart to broaden the valley, and then substitute two mighty rivers for these mountains, what would you think of that?"

They admitted that it was hard to conceive of such a mighty area of fertile land.

I said, "That would be Iowa!"

Through what ages God did slowly build it under the waters!

Thousands of feet of limestone formed its foundation and after it had risen to the sunshine above the waters the glaciers came and with gigantic force produced the joint clay through which the water could pass to and from the surface as it might be needed. And thus it came to pass that the land was neither too wet nor too dry.

A great plain is this splendid farm, gently sloping to the southeast, with rivers running parallel with each other and two mighty streams making her boundaries on the east and west.

And Iowa's fertility is permanent. The water dissolves the limestone; it rises to the surface, and, as it evaporates, it leaves the fertile residuum at the top, thus carrying constantly from the lime below food for the hungry plant on the surface.

It is a comfort to take this view of the source of fertility of our great state, for it will indeed endure.

Every forty acre tract would make a home. A land of corn and blue grass is a land to support life.

Her climate is severe, but the freezing and thawing in the fall and spring are nature's pulverizers and keep the soil in good condition always.

We concede a severe and somewhat variegated climate. But it has its advantages. It agrees with the strong—and the weak move away. So by a system of natural selection a vigorous and healthy race of selected men and women are the fathers and mothers of the new generation in Iowa.

COMMENTS ON FOGAZZARO

The work of Antonio Fogazzaro, poet and novelist, who "stands for what is finest in Italian nature," is not widely known in America; but his new work, "Il Santo," just issued by Putnam's Sons, is receiving general notice and seems likely to find a large audience on this side of the water. An extended review of the book, by William Roscoe Thayer, appears in the August issue of the North American Review. Acquaintance with Fogazzaro's work is desirable, for his is a "lofty and singularly spiritual nature," of strong religious feeling, and with a fine appreciation of the beauties of the world. The mountains of northern Italy brood over his native Vicenza. He deals with the political questions and situations of his time and country, but his ideas are those of the Christian Democracy; his Catholicism is not of medieval type, but is in sympathy with the modern secular spirit. On his pages may be found a poetic idealism, deep religious faith, respect for women, and an elevated moral tone which is in pleasing contrast to the attitude of many foreign novelists. The dignity of suffering, the transforming power of sorrow, and the necessity of clinging to the right even at the cost of the heart's greatest desires, are recognized. There is humor, too, to offset his "gentle melancholy."

These characteristics all appear in "Daniele Cortis," perhaps his best known novel. Both hero and heroine struggle against a great passion and conquer it. They renounce happiness and choose a life apart for love of the good. The death of Elena's unworthy husband would mean deliverance to her and would unite the lovers, but she saves him from the crime of suicide, and follows him. Love of nature pervades the book; when in deep despair Elena is strengthened by the grand summits of Val Posena, the birds singing in the cypress trees, the pure shadows of the morning, the voice of the river. She finds peace when she says, "I will pray," and both can smile in the hour of parting, "feeling the presence of their Father within them."

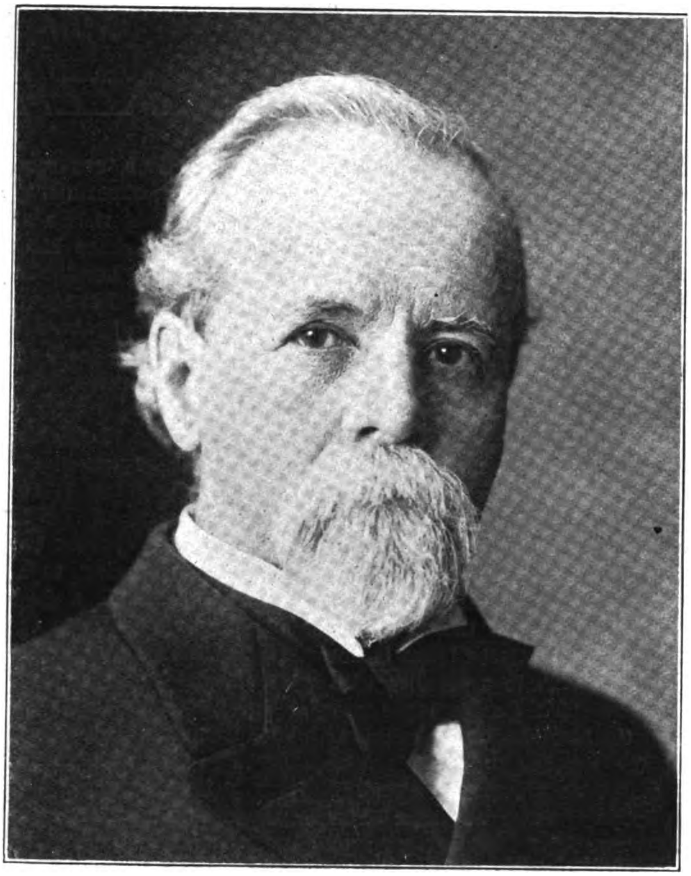
In El Piccolo Mondo Antico the same high tone is maintained; that belief in the spiritual life can alone make this life satisfactory is its theme.

Fogazzaro has been spoken of as the "foremost moral influence now moulding Young Italy," and he doubtless deserves this high praise.

M. R. W.

THE BOOKS OF YESTERDAY

Where are the books of yester year—
The big successes, piled so high
In dry-goods windows, tier on tier,
Reviewers lauded to the sky?
Can authors' booms collapse and die
Like all the sun doth shine upon?
Do advertisements ever lie?
Those masterpieces all are gone!



John F. Lacey.

JOHN F. LACEY, CONGRESSMAN

HON. John F. Lacey, representative from the Sixth Iowa district, was born in Virginia (now West Virginia), May 30, 1841. He has been elected to Congress eight times and defeated once. He was nominated against Gen. J. B. Weaver for the first time in 1888 and elected on the ticket with General Harrison. He has been ten times consecutively nominated by acclamation. The district is normally a close and doubtful one. Major Lacey was defeated in 1890 soon after the passage of the McKinley bill, and five of his republican colleagues from Iowa shared the same fate.

Mr. Lacey entered the army as a private in Company "H," Third Iowa Infantry, on his twentieth birthday, in 1861, and was mustered out September 19, 1865. He served as a private, corporal, sergeant major, first lieutenant, in the Third and Thirty-third Iowa regiments and as assistant adjutant general of a brigade, division, army corps, and also as assistant adjutant general of the Independent Army of Observation (40,000 strong) on the Rio Grande. He served on the staff of Brigadier General Samuel A. Rice, and after General Rice was killed he served on the staff of Major General Frederick Steele.

Major Lacey is a lawyer and has enjoyed a large practice. He is the author of Lacey's Railway Digest which contained, up to its date, all the railway cases in the English language.

He served one term in the Iowa legislature. He will have completed sixteen years' service in Congress when his present time expires, having served in the 51st, 53d, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th and 59th congresses.

He was chairman of the committee in the 51st Congress that investigated the Clayton-Breckenridge case in which Mr. Clayton was murdered. The committee went to Arkansas and examined 1,300 witnesses.

In the 51st Congress Mr. Lacey prepared and secured the passage of his bill for the protection of the lives of the coal miners in the territories. The Mineworkers of America honored him with a vote of thanks for this legislation. In the 51st Congress he aided in preparing the bill which originated our system of forest reserves. This bill proved much more effective than expected, and today there are more than one hundred millions of acres of public land set apart in these reserves. Mr. Lacey afterwards introduced the first bill to transfer the administration of these reserves to the department of agriculture. The transfer has since been made. Most of the national park legislation for many years has been prepared by him, and the present laws for the government and protection of the Yellowstone Park were drawn by him.

The preservation of our great natural objects of interest upon the public domain has been a matter of pleasure as well as duty in his twelve years of chairmanship on the public lands committee. Bills for Crater Lake, Wind Cave, the Petrified Forest, Mesa Verde Cliff Dwellers' Park, Mount Rainier, the nationalization of the Yosemite Park, the Sequoia and General Grant Big Tree Parks, have all been mainly under his control or management in the house during the last six congresses. The subject of game and bird protection has also been taken up by him in the most effective way. The law known as the "Lacey act" was drawn by him and its passage secured after several years of effort. It forbids interstate commerce in game and wild birds killed in violation of state laws, thus supplementing and making the state laws effective. This act also prohibits the importation of noxious wild animals or birds from abroad except for exhibition purposes.

Whilst Mr. Lacey met many scoffers in his efforts to secure the passage of this law, no statute on the books has proven more popular, particularly with the farmers of the United States.

His bill to protect certain islands as breeding grounds for birds passed in the last session of Congress, and the president attached his signature to it with great satisfaction, for President Roosevelt and Major Lacey are of one mind on these subjects. Mr. Lacey has been practical in his efforts to prevent the extinction of the wild life of America. The new buffalo herd in the Yellowstone was founded through his efforts, and a similar herd has just been arranged for in the Wichita Reserve in Oklahoma, bills for that purpose having been secured by Mr. Lacey. Mr. Lacey's work in the preservation of our national wonders and of the wild life of the forests has only been a mere incident to his labors in connection with the public land laws. At the request of the insular committee Mr. Lacey prepared the forestry, mineral and public land laws for the Philippine Islands and his work was enacted into law in almost the identical form in which he prepared it, and thus far this work has stood the test of experience. It was at the suggestion of then Congressman, now Attorney General, Moody that Mr. Lacey was induced to undertake this task in behalf of the insular committee.

Many reforms in the land laws have been prepared by him and he is recognized nationally as an authority on mineral and public land laws.

Many Indian reservations have been opened up for settlement during his term of office. Beginning with the great Kiowa and Comanche opening in Oklahoma, he has prepared most of these bills or aided in their preparation either in the land or Indian committees since 1893. He has for many years been a member of the Indian committee: also prepared the provision for "drawing" in the Kiowa and Comanche bill, which has since been followed and has done away with litigation in land openings.

He served one term in the laborious, invalid pension committee. His wide acquaintance with the old soldiers all over the country has caused him to be called upon for aid in pension matters by soldiers outside of Iowa as well as all over the state, and he has attended personally to over 10,000 of these claims.

Mr. Lacey's bill for allotment of Indian tribal funds among the intelligent and educated Indians passed the house in the recent session. This bill is heartily supported by the President, Secretary Hitchcock and Commissioner Leupp, and it is hoped will pass the senate this winter. Mr. Lacey has visited many of the Indian schools, Indian reservations and has traveled in every part of our western states and territories, including Alaska. He has always believed that to see a thing is necessary to thoroughly understand it.

When Greer county was held by the supreme court to belong to Oklahoma instead of Texas, Attorney General Harmon, Judge Brown of Texas, and Mr. Lacey were requested by President Cleveland to prepare a bill to adjust the rights of the settlers in this disputed region. This was a very difficult task, but was accomplished to the satisfaction of the settlers and without any detriment to the government.

The subject of national irrigation has been actively considered by Mr. Lacey during his term of service.

In the last session Mr. Lacey's bill as to hotel leases in the Yellowstone became a law; also bills to amend the town site laws; also a bill to prevent extortion by public land officers. He also secured an amendment to the Curtis bill by which the sale of Indian coal and asphalt lands in the Indian Territory was prevented; his amendment prevented the gilsonite lands from being all taken up by speculators. His bill for forfeiture of unused railway rights of way of railways on the public lands also became a law at the last session. His bill to preserve aboriginal antiquities on the public lands also became a law at the last session, and this was especially intended to apply to the cliff dwellers in the southwest.

The archaeologists of the United States have been very generous in their appreciation of Mr. Lacey's long work in securing the enactment of this bill. His bill to protect turpentine trees on the public domain also became a law at the last session.

One of his most important bills was the one to open to homestead settlement tracts suitable for farming in the forest reserves. This bill has just become a law.

Alaska has come in for a good share of Mr. Lacey's work. The railway right of way law for Alaska, the homestead law and amendments giving 320 acre homesteads in Alaska have become laws. He also prepared the present game laws of Alaska. He has prepared amendments to the coal land laws of Alaska and prepared the passage of an amendment to the mining assessment laws of Alaska, both of which passed the house and are now pending in the senate. He has long been a champion of a bill to allow Alaska a delegate in Congress, and this bill has just become a law. Two reforms in the land laws have been vainly urged by Mr. Lacey; one is the repeal of the timber and stone act and the other to consolidate the work of registers and receivers in the hands of one officer.

Mr. Lacey is a lifelong protectionist and has made many speeches in Congress and on the stump in favor of protection.

His speech on the "Home Markets" in the last session has been the most widely distributed speech of the session. Copies of this speech were sent to all the republicans of Oregon in the recent campaign as a campaign document in favor of the retention of the protective tariff policy.

President Roosevelt recently wrote Mr. Lacey the following letter commenting on his public service, and which should be gratifying to the people of the Sixth district and Iowa:

The White House,
Washington.

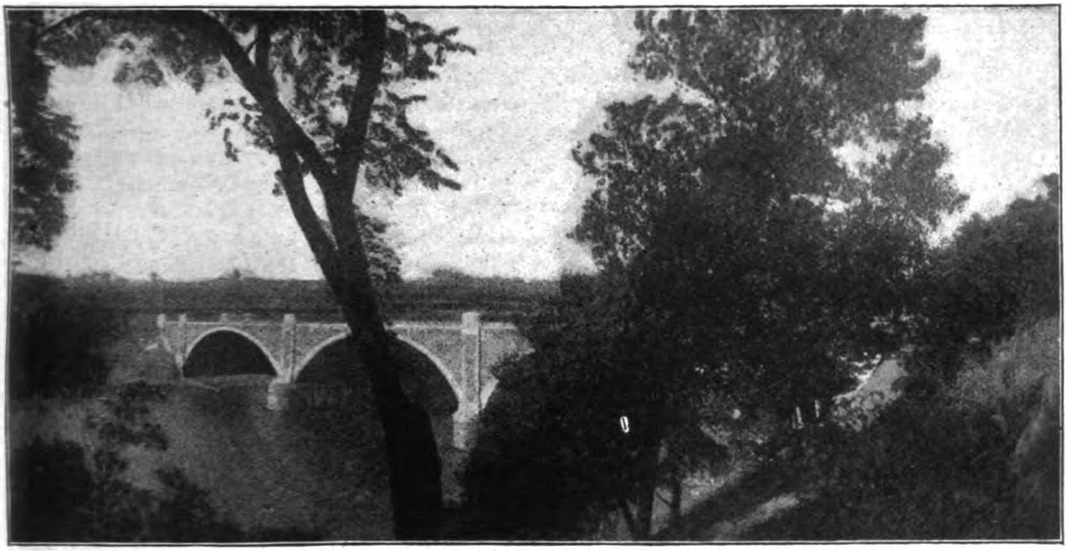
"Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 16, 1906.

"My Dear Mr. Lacey:

"Certain gentlemen interested in the preservation of the forests of this country, and also interested, though to a less degree, in the preservation of the wild life of the country and the objects of natural and historic interest which should be kept unharmed for the sake of those who come after us, have written to me expressing their deep sense of obligation to you for all that you have done in Congress to further these matters. They have spoken to me of presenting some memorial to you so that their sense of appreciation may be put in permanent form. I do not know whether this will be done, but I sympathize so cordially with their feelings that I desire to take advantage of this occasion to write you and say how much it means to any man who believes in hard, intelligent and disinterested public service to see such a career as yours has been in Congress. It has been my privilege to be closely associated with you and to watch the many different ways in which, without any hope or expectation of personal reward, you have rendered efficient public service. I give utterance to the feelings of very many men when I express to you my cordial thanks and extend to you my earnest good wishes.

"Sincerely yours,
"Theodore Roosevelt.

"Hon. John F. Lacey, M. C.,
"Oskaloosa, Iowa."



Sixth Avenue Bridge, Des Moines.

THE STRATEGY OF VAN PATTEN

AN EPISODE OF THE JUNIOR "PROM" AT S. U. I.

BLANCHE GARDNER SPINNEY

IT was the night of the Junior "Prom.," and Van Patten had come four hundred miles to take the "Queen of the 'Varsity" to the dance. They had been engaged a year, but he had only seen her once during that time. Often stories had come to him of her popularity and social triumphs, but someway they had not made him jealous in the least.

He was very fond of her in a way; certainly he was proud of her, but her wide sway of popularity had made her very easily bored, and he found her less fascinating than before. He was standing by her side at one end of the Armory—she surrounded by a group of men all begging her to save them dances, when the programs should be given out. He noticed how changed the "Queen" was, and how she reigned over everyone like a spoiled beauty. As usual, he had sent her great masses of roses, but she had received them with indifference, very unlike the pleased girlish thanks she had formerly given him on such occasions. He realized that to-night all eyes were upon him as the man the Queen had chosen of all others, and he bore the curious stares with ill-concealed disgust.

The grand march was being formed when he first noticed the Other Girl near the front of the line—a girl with brown hair coiled low on her neck, and great brown eyes that sparkled and danced. She was gowned all in white, of some thin, filmy stuff that floated about her like a web, with row upon row of violets outlining the bodice of her low-cut gown. He offered the Queen his arm, but his pulse throbbed with a strange new life; his eyes were on the dainty little girl at the other end of the line. He noted the admiring glances of her partner as they waltzed out of the mazes of the march.

"I say, Eloise," he said, "who is that little girl in white?" He had scarcely spoken when there was a loud rip, and the sharp tear of taffeta. The floor was very crowded, and some awkward fellow had stepped on the Queen's gown. It was badly torn.

"We'll have to stop," she said petutantly, "take me to the dressing-room, please. A stupid thing to do the first dance."

He had never seen her in a temper before. She was always carefully composed and self-possessed, but now he saw such a flash of anger on her face he was surprised

"Won't go very well with the breakfast coffee," he groaned inwardly.

He offered her his arm. "I'm awfully sorry about your gown," he said, "it's a beastly shame."

Then he waited outside the door, watching the dancers pass to and fro. The little girl in white was coming that way; how daintily she danced and with what a svelte air she carried her head. Van stared hard—she was looking up—their eyes met, she saw the stare, flushed and looked away. Van caught the flash of an Alpha Phi frat. pin on her velvet shoulder strap, and that gave him his cue. "I must meet her," he said, half aloud. He looked up and saw the Queen standing in the door watching him.

"Are you so fascinated you are entirely spellbound?" she asked, lightly. "I have been waiting a whole minute for you." "I was wondering how badly you'd damaged your Paris gown," he lied cheerfully.

The Queen's next dance was engaged and Van's eyes sought eagerly for the little figure in white. He saw her sitting in the cozy corner at the end of the hall. He looked around, but there wasn't a man in sight he knew to introduce him, but Van was not a man to let small things stand in his way, so he resolved to make a good bluff at least.

"Have you this dance, Miss ——?" He murmured the name incoherently, with an easy, fascinating smile. The girl looked up surprised—

"Why, yes; I have," she said. "My partner doesn't seem to be able to find me."

"May I sit here then until he comes?" ventured Van Patten. He had met so many girls that evening he was bound to prove to her that she was one of the number.

"If you like," said the Girl, coldly.

Van sat down and tried to talk on topics in general, but somehow he did not succeed very well with the half serious, half mocking brown eyes fixed in a direct gaze on him. At last in desperation he ventured, "Can't we finish out this two-step? It's almost over and I am sure your partner isn't going to find you."

"Perhaps I didn't intend he should," replied the girl, a smile on her lips. "No, I can't dance it with you for I don't know you, and I don't believe you know me, either. I haven't had the pleasure of an introduction," icily.

"O, I beg your pardon, but I met you early this evening," said the man, rising apologetically. "You have forgotten it?" questioningly.

"No," said the Vision in White; "O, no; I haven't forgotten you at all—not that." Then a mischievous light dancing in her brown eyes, she continued, "Perhaps since you're acquainted with me you can tell me my name?"

Van was certainly in a dilemma. "I am an awful bungler when it comes to remembering names," he stammered, "but I never forget a face. You know there are plenty of people here anyway who would introduce us—even if we hadn't met," he added lamely.

He stood in the doorway of the corner looking about the hall for a familiar face. There was none in sight. He resolved to play his last card. "You're an Alpha Phi, someone told me," he said. The Girl nodded in assent. "My sister is an Alpha Phi at Wisconsin. If I can give you the grip, will you dance with me?"

"Surely," she replied, laughing merrily. "I couldn't refuse a thing like that, you know." She put out her little gloved hand. Van took it in his, and pressed it gently. "Lovely! it's a bargain," she said, rising.

In a moment they were dancing together. "Won't you tell me your name?" said the Girl, looking up at Van Patten. "It might be horribly embarrassing if I didn't know it."

"Richard Van Patten, from Milwaukee,—and yours?" he queried.

"O, I'm Jeanne Fairfax, of Des Moines," said she demurely.

"Jeanne," repeated the man. "Jeanne; that's a pretty name."

"You really mustn't call me that on such short acquaintance," she said gravely.

The dance came to an end altogether too soon. Van clapped enthusiastically for an encore, but thy did not get it.

"I must have another dance with you," he said; "please be generous with me."

The Girl was studying her program intently. "It's all full and ten extras," she said. "You can't have one unless I cut, and I never cut, you know. I don't believe in it."

"Can't I see you again, then?" urged Van. "I'm going to be here several days. Let me call on you to-morrow afternoon, and we'll go driving."

The Girl did not answer at once. She seemed to be thinking. "I hardly know you well enough to say this, Mr. Van Patten," she said gravely, "but I know who you are, and would it be fair and square to the other girl?"

Van looked at her in admiration. "Jove!" he exclaimed, "there are mighty few girls that would stop to think of that side of the question. I can't see anything unfair to anyone though—I'm really a frat. brother of yours, you know." "That's true," said the Girl.

The soft perfume of the violets stole up in his face. The strains of the orchestra playing "Dream of Heaven" floated in from the musicians' balcony. "I should like very much to see you again—to talk about our Madison chapter." She was wavering. "Yes, you may come at three." "Thank you," said Van, rising and taking her hand in his. "Good night. I shall think of nothing else till I see you." "What a flirt you are!" laughed the girl, quickly withdrawing her hand. "O, I say! don't misjudge a fellow, Miss Fairfax," said Van. "I never could flirt, at any rate not with you. I'm too sincere for that." "Then you have no right to be," said the Girl, and her voice sounded cold and distant.

Van could not catch her eye again that evening, though he tried hard, and often he would think he was just going to succeed when she would quickly look away. "There's nothing of the coquette about her," he muttered. "Jove! but she's a peach."

The Queen's bored expression and few commonplace remarks were in direct contrast to the fresh vivacity of the "Lady of the Violets," as he called her.

The Queen insisted on his taking some dances with her frat. sisters. "O, I say, Eloise," he said at last, in desperation, "please cut this out and excuse me. I'm awfully tired to-night, and those I don't dance with you I prefer to spend in the smoking-room."

"O, certainly," said the Queen in a freezing tone. "I'm awfully sorry you're feeling badly, Van."

Van stood in the door and watched the brilliant throng. "It's lucky for you, old man, her program was full, or you'd be making a fool of yourself," he said. Again and again he watched her as she went 'round the hall. That he had a bad case was undoubtable. "Nice mess I'm in," he groaned. "Engaged man—and lost my heart at first sight to another girl. I didn't think it of you, Van." He rolled a cigarette, disconsolately.

Later that evening they chanced to be at supper at the same time. Van noted with displeasure that the Other Girl's partner was an unusually handsome man. She was talking to him in her low, musical voice and smiling up into his face. She pulled off her long white gloves and rolled them back at the wrist. A large diamond solitaire glistened and sparkled on her left hand.

A smothered exclamation escaped Van's lips. "What did you say?" said the Queen, staring at him. "Er—I—why there's something most awfully familiar about that chap's face down there at the end of the table. Who is he?"

"O, that's Dick Elliott, of Denver—little Jeanne Fairfax's fiance," said the Queen, carelessly. Will you have cream in your coffee, Van?"

A merry laugh came from the Girl at the other end of the table. Van Patten was staring vacantly into space. "They seem to be awfully happy together," he said, irrelevantly.

SOMETHING FORGOTTEN.

I met her first on yesternight,
And rashly promised to indite—
For one so charming in her prime—
A tribute of most humble rime.
'Tis almost finished, quite complete
In meter, cadence, verse and feet;
But I forget, alas! alack!
If those dear eyes were blue or black,
While it would cost me several guesses
To hit the color of her tresses.
Ah, memory, treacherous and false,
Was it a polka or a waltz
In which the pleasing task was mine
To guide her breathing form divine?
And whether she was short or tall
Is something which I can't recall.

J. A. Macon.

JOHN McKAY, POSTMASTER OF DES MOINES

John McKay.

John McKay is the most popular man in his office that Des Moines has ever known. And we have had some fine men in his position. Every employe in the postoffice, from the humblest to the highest, loves and honors John McKay. A man to be a success in the highest sense of the word must, before all things else, be a man. And this is one secret of our postmaster's success in the various undertakings of his life.

Mr. McKay is of Scotch birth, coming to America when but a child. He was engaged in the coal business in Iowa previous to his election, eight years ago, to the position of county treasurer. This office he filled with signal success. He was alderman from the first ward for two years and resigned his position to accept the office of city postmaster. To this work he has given his entire time and attention. To say the work has progressed finely under his direction is stating a fact mildly. There has been less of the various troubles peculiar to postoffices than there has been since Des Moines became a city.

Good judgment, caution, promptness, a strict regard for existing postal laws, keen intelligence and unwearying effort have been the methods pursued by Mr. McKay in order to insure good service to the public. His reappointment for another term is already assured. Mr. McKay's host of friends all over Iowa will rejoice in his success, which he so richly deserves.

A DES MOINES MUSICIAN

Among the pianists of the west who have achieved notable reputations there is none with more admirers than has Mrs. Celeste B. Givens of Des Moines. The pianist must have temperament of a high order to play before admirers made up of the usual elements,—some musicians, some merely lovers of music, and give the universal pleasure which always attends Mrs. Givens' playing. Added to this is her marvelous technique, always characteristic with her, whether in light music or the severest classic. Mrs. Givens is a born musician, and has had the best training of both America and Europe. Possessed of a beautiful voice, Mrs. Givens was obliged to give up singing because of a serious throat trouble, and turned her attention to the piano. As a teacher of both vocal and instrumental music, she stands in the foremost rank. She imparts to her pupils her own enthusiasm, and her fine intelligence in all musical lines makes her work invaluable to those associated with her. Her high ideals, her forceful and thoroughly practical methods, her long experience as a teacher and her beautiful spirit towards all, combine to make of her a leader in what ever line of work she enters. As organist in the Central Christian Church, and as leader of the chorus of the Women's Club Mrs. Givens has met with distinguished success.

Bird's-eye View of Des Moines.

L. F. ANDREWS ON DES MOINES

THE history of the city of Des Moines is a fair record of values and safety of investments. Its original town was embraced in the area from the Des Moines river west to Eighth street, and from 'Coon river to Locust street. All else of the fifty-four square miles of the present city was wild and uncultivated, mostly timber land. The first sale of lots was made in July, 1846. The highest price paid was for lots on Second street, there being no demand for any west of Third for several years. In 1849 the lot where the Kirkwood house now stands was purchased, as an investment, for thirty dollars. The lot next south of it was sold for ten dollars; its present value is over $60,000. The lot where the Valley National Bank now is was sold for a residence for $64.50. It is now valued at over $150,000. In 1850 the lot where Clapp's block now stands was sold for $50, again in 1853 for $550, and in 1869 for $27,000. It is now valued at over $250,000. In 1860 the lot where the Youngerman block now stands was offered for $2,000, with no takers. It is now valued at more than $150.-000. The McQuaid property at Seventh and Locust, recently purchased by Frankels at a valuation of $190,000, could have been bought as late as 1867 for less than $15,000.

Go over the sales of lots during the past year, and in not a case can the property today be purchased except at a large advance, and the advance is being paid, too.

Call the roll of the wealthy men of the city who became such, beginning with nothing, by the increased value of their real estate holdings. One recently deceased leaving an estate worth over one million dollars. Another who could draw his check for $150,-000 and have it cashed, acquired his wealth solely from real estate without improvement.

What is true of business property is equally true of residence property. The crowding of population increases the demand for place and increased value is the inevitable consequent. It was not until 1856, when the capital was located at Des Moines, that any notable and steady increase of property values was assured, since when they have been regular and certain.

The location of the county in the geographical center of the state, the best in the Union, between two of the greatest water courses of the continent, the city located in the center of the county, with its natural attractions, magnificent improvements, increasing manufacturing industries, presents inducement to investment second to none elsewhere. Fires and tornadoes may emasculate surface improvements, but the land will remain in its place, ready for still further and more profitable investment.

With regard to the modes of prayer, all are good, provided that they are sincere. Turn your book upside down and be with the Infinite. Victor Hugo.

BRICE

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM

HE came up the mountain road at nightfall, urging his lean mustang forward wearily, and coughing now and then, a heavy, hollow cough, that told its own story.

There were only two houses on the mesa, stretching shaggy and sombre with greasewood from the base of the mountains to the valley below,—two unpainted redwood dwellings, with their clumps of trailing pepper trees and tattered bananas, mere specks of civilization against a stern background of mountain side. The traveler halted before one of them, bowing awkwardly when the master came out.

"Mr. Brandt, I believe.'"

Joel Brandt looked keenly into the stranger's face. Not a bad face, certainly; sallow and drawn with suffering, one of those hopelessly pathetic faces, barely saved from the grotesque by a pair of dull, wistful eyes.

Not that Joel Brandt saw anything either pathetic or grotesque about the man.

"Another sickly looking stranger outside, Barabara, wants to try the air here. Can you keep him? Or maybe the Fox's will give him a berth."

Mrs. Brandt shook her head in housewifely meditation.

"No, Mrs. Fox can't, that's certain. She has an asthma and two bronchitises there now. What's the matter with him, Joel?"

The stranger's harsh, resonant cough answered.

"Keep him? to be sure. You might know I'd keep him, Joel; the night air is no place for a man with a cough like that. Bring him into the kitchen right away!"

The newcomer spread his bony hands over Mrs. Brandt's cheery fire, and soft, dull eyes followed Mrs. Brandt's movements wistfully.

"The fire feels kind o' homey, ma'am; Californy ain't much of a place for fires it 'pears."

"Been long on the coast, stranger?" Joel Brandt squared himself interrogatively.

"Bout a week. I'm from Indiany. Brice's my name—Posey Brice the boys 'n the glass mill called me. I was blowed up in a glass mill oncet." The speaker turned to show an ugly scar on his neck. "Didn't know where I was for six weeks—thought I hadn't lit. When I come to there was Loisy potterin' over me, but I haint been rugged sence."

"Married?"

The man's answer broke through the patient homeliness of his face at once. He fumbled in his pocket silently, like one who has no common disclosure to make.

"What do you think o' them, stranger?"

Joel took the little rusty case in his hands reverently. A woman's face—not grand nor fair even—some bits of tawdry finery—making its plainness plainer—and beside it a round-eyed boy plumped into a high-chair, with two little feet sticking sturdily out in Joel's face.

Mrs. Brandt looked over her husband's shoulder with kindly curiosity.

"The boy favors you amazingly about the mouth; but he's got his mother's eyes, and they're sharp, knowin' eyes, too. He's a bright one, I'll be bound."

"Yours, I reckon."

"Yes, that's Loisy an' the boy"—fighting the conscious pride in his voice like one who tries to wear his honors meekly.

He took the well-worn case again, gazing into the two faces an instant with helpless yearning, and returned it to its place. The very way he handled it was a caress, fastening the little brass hook with scrupulous care.

"I'll be sendin' for 'em when I git red o' this pesterin' cough."

A very quiet unobstrusive guest, Mrs. Brandt found the man Brice; talking little save in a sudden gush of confidence, and always of his wife and child; choosing a quiet corner of the kitchen in the chill California nights, where he watched the hostess' deft movements with wistful admiration.

"Try huntin', Brice; the doctors mostly say it's healthy."

And Brice tried hunting, as Joel advised. Taking the gun from its crotch over the door after breakfast, and wandering for hours in the yellow, wine-like air of the mesa, he came in at noon and nightfall always empty-handed, yet no one derided his failure. There was something about the man that smothered derision.

"A sort o' thunderin' patience that knocked a fellow," Bert Fox put it.

Mrs. Brandt had always an encouraging word for the hunter.

"Grease-wood's bad for huntin'. Joel says it don't pay to look for quail in the brush when he does fetch 'em down."

"Like enough. I dunno, ma'am. Rickon I've had a good many shots at the little wild critters, but they allus turn their heads so kind o' innocent like. A man as has been blowed up oncet hisself aint much at separatin' fam'lies. But I suppose it aint the shootin' that's healthy, maybe."

And so the hunting came to an end without bloodshed. Whether the doctors were right, or whether it was the mingledresin and honey of the sage and chaparral, no one cared to ask. Certain it is that the "pesterin' cough" yielded a little, and the bent form grew a trifle more erect.

"I think likely it's the looking' up, ma'am. Mountains seem to straighten a fellow some way. 'Pears to me somebody writ oncet of liftin' his eyes to the hills for help. Mebbe not, though. I aint much at recollectin' verses. Loisy's a powerful hand that way."

Perhaps the man was right. It was the looking up.

He followed Joel from the table one morning, stopping outside, his face full of patient eagerness.

"I'm gettin' right smart o' strength, neighbor. Ef there's any odd jobs you could give me; I'd be slow, mebbe, but seems like most anything 'ud be better 'n settin' aroun'."

Joel scratched his head reflectively. The big brawny-handed fellow felt no disposition to smile at his weak brother.

"Fox and I was saying yesterday we would like to put another man on the ditch; it'll be easy work for a week, till we strike rock again. Then there's the grease-wood. It's always on hand. You might take it slow grubbin' when you was able. I guess we'll find you jobs enough, man."

The scarred, colorless face brightened.

"Thank ye, neighbor. Ef you'll be as kind, there's another little matter. I'll have a trifle over when I've paid your woman for her trouble. I was thinkin' like enough you'd let me run up a shanty on yer place here. Loisy wouldn't mind about style—just a roof to bring 'em to. It's for her and the boy, you know," watching Joel's face eagerly.

"Yes, yes, Brice, we'll make it all right. Just take things kind o' easy. I'll be goin' in with wood next week, and I'll fetch you out a load o' lumber. We'll make a day of it after while, and put up your house in a jiffy."

And so Brice went to work on the ditch, gently at first, spared from the heaviest work by strong arms and rough kindliness. And so, ere long, another rough dwelling went up on the mesa, the blue smoke from its fireside curling slowly toward the pine-plumed morntain-tops.

The building fund, scanty enough at best. was unexpectedly swelled by a sudden and obstinate attack of forgetfulness which seized good Mrs. Brandt.

"No, Brice, you haven't made me a spark of trouble, not a spark. I'm sure you've paid your way twice over bringin' in wood, and grindin' coffee, and the like. Many a man would have asked wages for the half you've done, so I'm gettin' off easy to call it square." And the good lady stood her ground unflinchingly.

"You've been powerful good. to me, ma'am. We'll be watchin' our chance to make it up to you, ma'am—Loisy an' me. I'll be sendin' for Loisy directly now."

"Yes, yes, man, and there'll be the bits o' furniture and things to get. Spread you money thin, and Mrs. Fox and me will come in and put you to rights when you're lookin' for her."

He brought the money to Joel at last, a motley collection of gold and silver pieces.

"Ef you'll be so kind as to send it to her, neighbor—Mrs. Loisy Brice, Plattville, Indianny.—I've writ the letter tellin' her how to come. There's enough for the ticket and some to spare. The boy's a master hand at scuflin' out his shoes and things. You'll not make any mistake sendin' it, will you?"

"No, no, Brice, it'll go as straight as a rocket. The letter'll be a week, then' lowing them a week to get started—"

"Loisy won't be a week startin' neighbor."

"Never you mind, man. 'Lowin' them a week to get off, that's two weeks; then them emigrant trains is slow, say thirteen days on the road—that's about another fortnight—four weeks; that is the fifth aint it? Twenty-eight and five is thirty-three; that'll be the third o' next month, say. Now mind what I tell you, Brice; don't look for 'em a minute before the third—not a minute."

"'Pears like a long spell to wait, neighbor."

"I know it, man; but it'll seem a thunderin' sight longer after you begin to look for 'em.

"I reckon you're right. Say four weeks from today then. Like enough you'll be goin' in."

"Yes, we'll hitch up an' meet 'em at the train—you and me. The women'll have things kind o' snug agin we get home. Four weeks'll soon slide along, man."

Joel then went into the house, smiling softly.

"I had to be almost savage with the fellow, Barbara. The anxious seat's no place for him; it would wear him to a toothpick in a few weeks."

"But she might get here before that, you know, Joel."

"I'll fix that with the men at the depot. If she comes sooner, we'll have her out here in a hurry. Wish to goodness she would."

The southern winter blossomed royally. Bees held high carnival in the nodding spikes of the white sage, and now and then a breath of perfume from the orange groves in the valley came up to mingle with the wild mountain odors. Brice worked every moment with feverish earnestness, and the pile of gnarled roots on the clearing grew steadily larger. With all her lovliness Nature failed to woo him. What was the exquisite languor of those days to him but so many hours of patient waiting? The dull, hungry eyes saw nothing of the lavish beauty around them, looking through it all with a restless yearning to where an emigrant train, with its dust, and dirt, and noisome breath, crawled over miles of alkili, or hung from dizzy heights.

"Tomorrow's the third, neighbor. I reckon she'll be 'long now directly."

"That's a fact; what a rattler time is." The days had not been long to Joel. "We'll go in to-morrow, and if they don't come, you can stay and watch the trains awhile. She wont know you Brice, you've picked up amazingly."

"I think likely Loisy will know me, if she comes."

But she did not come. Joel returned the following night alone, having left Brice at cheap lodging near the depot. Numberless passers-by must have noticed the patient watcher at the incoming trains, the homely pathos of his face deepening day by day, the dull eyes growing a shade duller, and the awkward form a trifle more stooped with each succeeding disappointment. It was two weeks before he reappeared on the mesa, walking wearily like a man under a load.

"I reckon there's something wrong, ma'am. I come out to see ef yer man 'ud write me a letter. I hadn't been long in Plattsville, but I worked a spell for a man named Yarnell; like enough he'd look it up a little. I aint much at writin', and I'd want it all writ out careful like, ye see."

The man's voice had the old uncomplaining monotony.

Joel wrote the letter at once, making the most minute inquiries regarding Mrs. Brice, and giving every possible direction concerning her residence.

Then Brice fell back into the old groove, working feverishly, in spite of Mrs. Brandt's kindly warning.

"I can't stop, ma'am, the settin' roun' 'ud kill me."

The answer came at last, a business-like epistle, addressed to Joel. Mrs. Brice had left Plattsville about the time designated. Several of her neighbors remembered that a stranger, a well-dressed man, had been at the house for nearly a week before her departure, and the two had gone away together, taking the western train. The writer regretted his inability to give further information, and closed with kindly inquiries concerning his former employe's health and earnest commendation of him to Mr. Brandt.

Joel read the letter aloud, something—some sturdy uprightness of his own, no doubt—binding him to its significance.

"Will you read it agin, neighbor, for I'm not over-quick."

The man's voice was a revelation full of an unutterable hurt, like the cry of some dumb, wounded thing.

And Joel read it again, choking with indignation now at every word.

"Thank ye, neighbor. I'll trouble ye to write a line thankin' him; that's all."

He got up and staggered heavily a little as he crossed the floor, and went out into the yellow sunlight. There was the long, sun-kissed slope, the huge pile of twisted roots, the rude shanty with its clambering vines. The humming of bees in the sage went on drowsily. Life infinitely shrunken, was life still. A more cultured grief might have swooned or cried out. This man knew no such refuge; even the poor relief of indignation was denied him. None of the thousand wild impulses that come to men smitten like him flitted across his clouded brain. He only knew to take up his burden dumbly and go on. If he had been wiser, could he have known more?

No one spoke of the blow that had fallen upon him. The sympathy that met him came in the warmer clasp of hard hands and the softening of rough voices, none the worse, certainly, for its quietness. Alone with her husband, however, good Mrs. Brandt's wrath bubbled incessantly.

"It's a crying, burning, blistering shame, Joel, that's what it is. I suppose its the Lord's doin's, but I can't see through it"

"If the Lord's up to that kind of business, Barbara, I don't see any further use for the devil," was the dry response.

Joel's religion was as free from any theological timidity as a child's, and quite as simple.

These plain, honest people never dreamed of intruding upon their neighbor's grief with poor suggestions of requital. Away in the cities across the mountains, men babbled of remedies at law. But this man's hurt was beyond the jurisdiction of any court. Day by day the hollow cough grew more frequent, and the awkward step slower. Nobody asked him to quit his work now. Even Mrs. Brandt shrank from the patient misery of his face when idle. He came into her kitchen one evening, choosing the quiet old corner, and following her with his eyes silently.

"Is there anything lackin' Brice?" The woman came and stood beside him, the great wave of pity welling up to her heart and eyes.

"Nothin' ma'am, thank ye. I've been thinkin'," he went on, speaking more rapidly than was his want, "an' I dunno. You've knowed uv people gittin' wrong in their minds, I s'pose. They was mostly smart, knowin' chaps, wasn't they?" The low, monotonous voice growing almost sharp with eagerness. "I reckon you never knowed of any one not over bright gittin' out of his head, ma'am."

"I wouldn't think of them things, Brice. Just go on and do your best, and if there's any good or any right, or any justice, you will come out ahead; that's about all we know, but it's enough if we stick to it."

"I reckon you're right, ma'am. It 'pears sometimes tho' as if anything 'ud be better'n the thinkin':"

Happily, it all came to an end one afternoon. Brice was at work on the ditch again, perferring the cheerful companionship of Joel and Bert Fox to his own thoughts, and Mrs. Brandt was alone in her kitchen. Two shadows fell across the worn threshold, and a weak, questioning voice brought the good woman to her door instantly.

"Good-day to you ma'am. Is there a man named Brice livin' nigh here anywhere?"

It was a woman's voice, a woman with some bits of tawdry ornament about her, and a round-eyed boy clinging bashfully to her skirts.

Mrs. Brandt brought them into the house, urging the stranger to rest a bit and get her breath.

"Thank you ma'am, I'd like to be movin' on. Do you know ef he's well—the man Brice? We're his wife an' chile."

The woman told her story presently, when Mrs. Brandt had induced her to remain there till the men come home—told it with no unnecessary words, and her listener made no comments.

"My brother come a week afore we was leavin', and he helped us off and come as fur as Omaha with us. He'd done well out'n Nebrasky, and he give me right smart o' money afore we left. I was tuk sick on the road—I disremember jest where—an' they left me at a town with a woman named Dixon. She tuk care o' me I was out o' my head a long time, an' when I come to, I told 'em to write to Brice, an' they writ, an' I reckon they took the name of the place from the ticket. I was weak like fur a long spell, an' they kept a writin' and no word come, and then I recollected about the town—it was Los Angeles on the ticket—and then I couldn't think o' the place I'd sent the letters to afore, an' the thinkin' worrited me, an' the doctor said I mustn't try. So I jest waited, an' when I got to Los Angeles I kep' a askin' for a man named Brandt, till one day somebody said, 'Brandt, Brandt, 'pears to me there's a Brandt way over beyond the Mission.' An' then it come to me all at oncet that the place I'd writ to was San Gabriel Mission. An' I went there, an' they showed me your house. Then a man give us a lift on his wagon part of the way, and we walked the rest. It didn't look very fur, but they say mountains is deceivin'. There's somethin' kind o' grand about 'em, I reckon, it makes everything 'pear sort o' small."

Mrs. Brandt told Joel about it that evening.

"I just took the two of them up to the shanty, and opened the door, and you would have cried to see how pleased she was with everything. And I told her to kindle a fire an' I would fetch up a bite o' supper. And when I'd carried it up and left it, I jest come back and stood on the step till I saw Brice comin' home. He was walkin' slow, as if his feet was a dead weight, an' when he took hold of the door he stopped a minute. lookin' over the valley kind o' wistful and hopeless. I guess she heard him come, for she opened the door, and I turned 'round and come in. 'Barbara Brandt,' says I, 'you've seen your see. If God wants to look at that I suppose He has a right to; nobody else has, that's certain.'"

THE NOTE OF JOY

Poor old Russell Sage is quoted as saying in his last days that, had he his life to live over, he would get more pleasure out of it than he did. To have hoarded up millions and yet never to have tasted the joy possible for each day of every man's life seems a sad thing, does it not? If you have tears of pity to shed, do not waste them on those who weep and mourn, for they must have known joy to now have sorrow; but shed them on the human creature whose dull days accumulate toward old age, with no note of joy, like a golden thread, running through them. Elbert Hubbard has said one wonderful thing, which is enough to immortalize his name had he said nothing else. It is this: "Art is the expression of joy in one's work," and the joyous person makes of all his work the art that saves the world from darkness. Do you suppose the white marbles of Praxiteles, the glorious heads of Titian, the dream landscapes of Corot, or the songs of great masters of music or poetry sprang from sullen or driven souls? Is there not the note of joy in all beauty? And may not the humblest daily task have in it the song of a happy heart? The voices that speak to us in the wind, the sunshine, and the deep watches of the night—these things make a joy of life for every soul who lives "in tune with the Infinite." How did poor old Russell Sage so miss it all?

A STORY OF THE SIXTIES

THERE was no fierceness in the eyes of those men now, as they sat face to face on the bank of the stream; the strife and the anger had all gone now, and they sat still —dying men, who but a few hours before had been deadly foes,—sat still and looked at each other. At last one of them spoke: "We haven't either of us a chance to hold out much longer, I judge."

"No," said the other, with a little mixture of sadness and recklessness, "you did that last job of yours well, as that bears witness," and he pointed to a wound a little above the heart, from which the life blood was slowly oozing.

"Not better than you did yours," answered the other, with a grim smile, and he pointed to a wound a little higher up, larger and more ragged,—a deadly one. And then the two men gazed upon each other again in the dim light; for the moon had come over the hills now, and stood among the stars like a pearl of great price. And as they looked, a soft feeling stole over the heart of each toward his fallen foe,—a feeling of pity for the strong manly life laid low,—a feeling of regret for the inexorable necessity of war which made each man the slayer of the other; and at last one spoke: "There are some folks in the world that'll feel worse when you are gone out of it."

A spasm of pain was on the bronzed, ghastly features. "Yes," said the man, in husky tones, "there's one woman with a boy and girl, away up among the New Hampshire mountains, that it will well nigh kill to hear of this;" and the man groaned out in bitter anguish, "O God, have pity on my wife and children!"

And the other drew closer to him: "And away down among the cotton fields of Georgia, there's a woman and a little girl whose hearts will break when they hear what this day has done;" and then the cry wrung itself sharply out of his heart, "O God, have pity upon them!"

And from that moment the Northerner and the Southerner ceased to be foes. The thought of those distant homes on which the anguish was to fall drew them closer together in that last hour, and the two men wept like little children.

And at last the Northerner spoke, talking more to himself than to any one else, and he did not know that the other was listening greedily to every word:

"She used to come,—my little girl, bless her heart!—every night to meet me when I came home from the fields; and she would stand under the great plum tree, that's just beyond the back door at home, with the sunlight making yellow brown in her golden curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes when she heard the click of the gate,—I see her now,and I'd take her in my arms, and she'd put up her little red lips for a kiss; but my little darling will never watch under the old plum tree by the well, for her father, again. I shall never hear the cry of joy as she catches a glimpse of me at the gate. I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to spring into my arms again!"

"And then," said the Southerner, "there's a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, that used to watch in the cool afternoons for her father, when he rode in from his visit to the plantations. I can see her sweet little face shining out now, from the roses that covered the pillars, and hear her shout of joy as I bounded from my horse, and chased the little flying feet up and down the veranda again."

And the Northerner drew near to the Southerner and spoke out now in a husky whisper, for the eyes of the dying men were glazing fast, "We have fought here, like men, together. We are going before God in a little while. Let us forgive each other."

The Southerner tried to speak, but the sound died away in a murmur from his white lips; but he took the hand of his fallen foe, and his stiffening fingers closed over it, and his last look was a smile of forgiveness and peace. When the next morning's sun walked up the gray stairs of the dawn, it looked down and saw the two foes lying dead, with their hands clasped in each other's, by the stream which ran close to the battlefield. And the little girl with golden hair, that watched under the plum tree among the hills of New Hampshire, and the little girl with bright brown hair, that waited by the roses among the green fields of Georgia, were faherless.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF IOWA AUTHORS

NUMBER 1. JOHNSON BRIGHAM

Johnson Brigham.

BACK a little from the pleasant street stands a comfortable but unpretentious home. Its well-kept lawn and wide, vine-draped porch, south-facing, with hammock and rugs and easy chairs, are singularly restful and inviting, in themselves a greeting in anticipation. There is no door-plate to indicate that this is the home of Johnson Brigham, but his friends have been his guests too often to need one, and the stranger has but to inquire. His neighbors call him an old resident, because he has lived in this particular location since 1893, when the call came to cast his lot with this people; and they have seen and noted the changes the years have brought, less marked, perhaps, when one is flitting, and has no fixed habitation or a home. There were only three in family when they came to reside in Des Moines—the husband, wife and mother; now there are five.

It is proper to ring the bell and be admitted in the usual manner, hence we proceed to carry out the program, knowing in advance whose hand will meet ours in cordial greeting and whose lips will break into smiling and welcoming words. This is the wife of the one we are seeking, but we cannot visit "him" in his home and leave out the "family." Of a truth, they are "one and inseparable."

"Just sit over here, a little nearer mother," and I change my chair for one beside the dearest of white-haired old ladies, and she reaches out her hand and smiles a welcome along with her cheery greetings. Then the host enters, for I have timed my visit so as to find him at his home; soon follow the two young daughters, Ida, aged eleven, and Mary, eight years—natural and attractive childlike children, loving play, but never happier than when papa is at home.

In this inviting living-room, where grandma sits in her ample arm chair and the dollies enjoy a comfortable nap in their own little rocker, we chat and laugh informally over occasions and happenings, forgetful of time, until—"Well, I really must go!" Then a kiss on grandma's cheek, some whispered good-wishes in her ear, a few parting words with host and hostess at the door, and leave is taken; but I carry something with me—something I would give to you, but I cannot, for it does me good; it is a memory of a happy and attractive home,—a home made happy by love and attractive by consideration for each and all.

Mr. Brigham is not easy to "interview." He never chooses to talk about himself or what he has done in a literary way or otherwise. If questioned, he will answer as briefly as possible, and for this reason one will learn more about his work by interviewing someone else in his behalf. Before coming to Des Moines he edited and published the Cedar Rapids Republican, which he conducted successfully. On receiving the appointment as consul to Aix la Chapelle, Germany, he took his newly-wedded wife and there they passed their honeymoon days, an occasion which no doubt added its charm to the series of entertaining letters from that country which appeared in his paper and were extensively copied. The Midland Monthly Magazine, which he founded in Des Moines in 1893, was under his control in all its departments, and its high standing among periodicals of that date was due to his good taste in matters literary, while his editorials were a most attractive feature and were enjoyed and commented upon by a discriminating class of readers. After disposing of this publication, and its removal to another field, Mr. Brigham continued to contribute to its pages. Eastern magazines have been pleased to publish the work of his pen and, were he free to give his time and attention wholly to literary pursuits, his fitness for such a career would no doubt draw him into that fascinating field. In his writings he expresses himself clearly and simply. While poetic, he seldom attempts poetry, although some little gems in verse can be set down to his credit.

It is perhaps through his rather recent contribution to literature that Mr. Brigham should be considered as standing prominently among Iowa authors, if not, indeed, with authors without regard to location, for "An Old Man's Idyl" seems to possess qualities that have already carried it beyond the experimental stage. It is not just easy to classify this little book. It did not enter the literary field armed to take it by storm, but its pages were developed and its chapters evolved through a delicate sense of appreciation of the truly beautiful and interesting in everyday life. Neither Europe nor the romantic and historic regions of our own land furnished the material. It is a story of home and hearts, not more ideal than the experiences of many, perhaps, but in the telling lies its charm. We know as we read that the writer's heart had been touched by the chords of melody before he attempted to interpret them to us. That the foundation of his "Idyls" sprang from the experiences of his own happy home only tends to bring them the nearer to the hearts of his readers, increasing rather than detracting from their pleasing effect. It is poetic prose; a story to be read in snatches or entire; but some way, if you begin at the beginning, you want to follow it to the close. Literary critics have written Mr. Brigham in most complimentary terms regarding this little volume, and their letters form an interesting collection, which the good-wife is preserving for the especial pleasure of the "little folk" for whom, in large measure, the "Idyls" were set forth.

Mr. Brigham's duties as state librarian preclude the opportunity for such extended literary work as his friends and the reading public would appreciate and enjoy, although he is at the present time engaged in bringing out the biography of Senator James Harlan for the Iowa State Historical Society, the scope of which it is thought may be enlarged from first design, possibly to a work of two volumes. Also, he has just been commissioned by the Review of Reviews, by wire, to prepare for that magazine, for its next issue, a purely personal sketch of Governor Cummins, in view of the publicity given him through recent political campaigning, and which has naturally created in all circles a particular interest in his personality.

For what Mr. Brigham has done, and is still doing, in literary lines, Iowa may surely accord to him a prominent place and rank among her authors. Clara Adele Neidig.

STORM TOSSED

All peaceful are the graves
Where my beloved are,
No terror of wind or waves—
But O, how far!

The steamer's treacherous path,
Faces white from fear,
The sea and sky in wrath—
And O, how near!

Selden L. Whitcomb.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

Philo C. Kenyon, President.

TO the unthinking, the value of organization in promoting the growth and development of a city is as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal"—when the effort subsides, the instrument is forgotten. That his class of individuals is largely in the "minority" accounts for such an institution as Des Moines' progressive citizens are pleased to have named the Commercial Club. This organization dates back to 1888, though known until recently as the Commercial Exchange. In 1905 a union was effected with the Jobbers and Manufacturers' Association, both societies appreciating the advantages of combined effort, and the name changed to the one it now bears. The Club's headquarters are at 312-316 Fifth St., and are convenient and comfortable.

The motto, "We Are Building a City Here," heading the folder of the Directory Board, is most significant; in fact, it speaks volumes. It does not refer to croakers or pessimists or "wait-a-whiles" but stands for the active, working members of a live organization. It does not indicate a possible effort in an indefinite future or uncertain location, but, rather, a purposeful assurance of results for the home city. Though figures talk, it is not possible to bring down to an exact basis of dollars and cents the benefits derived from a club of this character. Our best advertisers can only estimate the results of their most strenuous efforts at promotion and publicity; but, were these efforts to be discontinued, the story would soon be told, and with emphasis. The Commercial Club of Des Moines can point with pride to many positive achievements, while it has been instrumental in advertising the city in a manner that must continue to bring about most gratifying results.

"What would we do without it?" is a question that possibly few have paused to consider. The stranger within our gates, the prospective resident, the sometime sojourner, are only a few among the many classes of questioners who find helpful answers to their inquiries; for here are collected statistics of value, which are always cheerfully given by the Secretary or his assistant. The department of publicity and promotion speaks for itself. The hospitality of the city is emphasized, through the entertainment of its guests. These are only a few among the many avenues by which the Club reaches out, helpfully and invitingly; but, when all has been said, the aggregated benefits, as with similar organizations in other cities, can only be estimated. It is a continued story, with its sequel in the unwritten future. With over a half-thousand members, including names that are well-known advancers of public interests, at first glance the Club would appear powerful enough to work proverbial "miracles" for the city, but it would prove a still more effective agent were every business interest represented by an active worker for the organization.

Philo C. Kenyon, the president of the Club, is a man of affairs. His residence of 50 years in Iowa and the more than 30 years in his line of business have brought him ripe experience, and he is using his well-known zeal and energy toward the promotion of the growth and prosperity of his life-long home. He believes in Des Moines and its future, and spares neither time nor labor in seeking to advance its interests. The club has chosen wisely in placing Mr. Kenyon at the head of its Directory Board as president of the organization.

Milo C. Ward, Secretary.

To Milo Ward, secretary of the Club, there is due in large measure the efficiency of its management. He, too, is a practical business man, well fitted by experience and natural gifts to fill the important position to which he has been chosen. He is his own unquestioned successor year after year, showing the esteem in which he is held by his co-workers; while his painstaking and genial qualities make him an ideal secretary and manager.

The members of the Directory Board, for 1906, with the exception of its president, are chairmen of the various committees of the Club, and are among our well-known business men. The list is appended.

P. C. Kenyon, President; S. B. Allen, 1st Vice-president; Geo. H. Lewis, 2nd Vice-president; Tacitus Hussey, Treasurer; Milo Ward, Secretary; J. H. Cownie, F. C. Hubbell, J. D. Wallingford, D. F. Givens, Chas. L. Gilcrest, F. H. Luthe, C. L. Watrous, J. W. Hill, B. S. Walker, Samuel Green, J. G. Olmsted, I. Friedlich, J. F. Kratzer.

Scene at Waveland Park.

A MODERN REBECCA

IT was the middle of June. The roses were in full bloom at The Highlands, and the golden orioles were hanging their slender hammocks high in the elms. Flotillas of white, plumy clouds drifted leisurely across the pale blue skies, dappling the meadows and wheat fields with momentary shadows in their passing.

Lying in the shade of the elms, stretched out at full length, John Burnside was not altogether oblivious to the beauty and loveliness of his surroundings. His soul was stirred within him as he pondered a question which presented difficulties hard to master. It was a trouble that had pressed upon his heart like a great millstone for twenty long years. He stood up suddenly and surveyed the broad acres—six hundred and forty of them. He glanced off at the river, flowing peacefully on to its destiny, and walked slowly toward the long hedge-row, at the west boundary of his land.

Beyond this hedge, and down under the hill, was a narrow little valley and a cottage. For twenty years John Burnside had clipped the hedge—sometimes when there was no need of it—and kept an eye on the movements of Gloria Townsend as she went about her domestic affairs at The Lowlands. Twenty years! How long they seemed to him! And yet for twenty years Gloria had lived there almost alone. At the death of her mother she had taken possession of the little homestead, and planned to care for herself. There were a few acres of land and a young Jersey cow for a beginning. What was a slender girl of eighteen to do with no arm to lean upon, and without experience? The question was still more complicated and difficult of solution when John Burnside came down over the hill and offered his hand and fortune as his solution of the matter.

But Gloria, with a proud air almost amounting to scorn, put the tempting offer aside with an answer that sent her suitor back to The Highlands to live the life of a bachelor. She was poor, she reasoned—too poor to take the risk of marrying a man who was considered wealthy. She had little education—only such as the country schools afforded; his education had been rounded out at the university. She had neither beauty nor dowry to bring him—nothing but a few acres of unproductive land and her beautiful Jersey cow. She remembered also that the lord of The Highlands once half seriously said there was no room on his meadows for Jerseys among his sleek shorthorns.

Her little Jersey had a pedigree high enough to rank with the best. She would go into the dairy business in a small way and achieve success. Where there was a will there had always been a way, and this time it must be a woman's way. From decision to action was an easy step. The daring enterprise was a success, and the quality of the butter made at The Lowlands made the brave little woman famous throughout the township and in the city a few miles distant.

And now, after twenty years had passed, John Burnside stood once more by the hedgerow on the hill and looked down into Gloria's Vale of Chamouni. As he stood there summoning up courage for action, the door of the cottage opened and Gloria tripped out and down to the well in the clover-field as lightly as though she were sixteen instead of thirty-eight.

With a boldness that seemed to him audacity, John Burnside leaped the hedge and began the descent of the hill. The dry hazel brush snapped beneath his feet, and a rabbit leaped out of a tuft of grass and made a rapid circuit of the hill. A quail, unaccustomed to strangers, sat on the pasture bars and whistled his familiar "Bob White" and dropped off into the ruddy clover. The cows were coming up the path to the well, and Gloria greeted them by patting Jenny Lind on her sleek side and affectionately winding her arms about the glossy neck of Adelina Patti. Litta and Nevada pressed up close for their share of the petting.

Gloria turned to the well and—there stood John Burnside, cool and determined, as she plainly saw by the cast of his countenance. It was a bit of history repeated—a nineteenth century Jacob and Rachel meeting at the well; and as the elder Jacob was thoughtful enough to draw water for the beautiful Rachel who kept her father's flocks, could John Burnside afford to be less considerate?

"May I draw the water, Gloria?" he began, almost pleadingly. "You have been doing this work so long that rest will do you good."

She did not seem to be at all surprised; not even a trace of color came into her face or faded out of it, and her reply was as commonplace and natural as though the conversation had been continued for an hour. "O, this is only play!" she said, "I find nothing tiresome that I do for my little beauties. Are they not lovely?" she inquired, glancing up at him as she spoke.

John's thoughts were like a boiling cauldron. It seemed to him almost profane to lavish so much love on the dumb creatures when so many human hearts were dying for want of it. Then he noticed how provokingly free from agitation was the demure little woman who stood before him. Seeming not to notice her little burst of enthusiasm, he began to unburden his mind.

"Perhaps I am trespassing, Gloria; but I have come back to you."

She looked at him coldly, almost sternly.

"Are you not ready to give up this lonely life and reconsider the answer given when you were young and less considerate than now?"

She stood up proudly, almost disdainfully. "Indeed! and have I aged so very much that you no longer think it necessary to spare me on account of my great antiquity?"

John blushed scarlet; he had not anticipated this spirited thrust, and it was not easy to recant when he was uncertain of the exact temper of his confessor.

"But, Gloria, you can see that both of us are grown gray in this struggle with fate, and it seems appallingly like fate of our own ordering. No good can come to either of us from this course of action, for it is against both nature and reason." He had expressed himself in plain words, not easily misunderstood, but he had not expressed all he felt—that must come later on if at all.

Gloria scanned him from head to foot. How handsome and matured he appeared as he stood there, pressing his suit, gravitating between hope and fear. The dark, slightly curling hair was indeed somewhat sprinkled with gray, and his eyes were tender and supplicating, but back of all was the honest heart still cherishing its true ideal through twenty uncomplaining years. And here he stood once more, pleading for a reconsideration! Gloria was tempted to surrender without conditions, but she thought of several reasons why it seemed prudent not to do so. She leaned slightly on the high curbing of the well, and her clear, dark eyes looked him full in the face.

"John Burnside,"—there was a slight tremor in her voice now,—"does it not seem a trifle like presumption for you to penetrate into my solitude and wage war upon me after this fashion?"

John folded his arms and tried to look like an outlaw.

"You must know," she added, "that the Rubicon still lies between us!"

"But you perceive that Caesar has already invaded your Italy," he replied, blandly.

"Your presence gives point to the remark you make; but you will observe that the Alps are impassable, and, if they are figurative, they must not be ignored."

"But it is said 'there are no Alps'," he retorted.

Gloria's tell-tale eyes betrayed the emotion she was trying to conceal; but John's quick discernment made him fully aware of the situation. Emboldened by the discovery, he drew nearer and laid his broad palm softly on her hand. "To be serious, Gloria, a man at forty is not usually a trifler with affairs of this nature, and you must know that the years have had no power to change the love I have cherished for you. Answer me truly, will you not come home with me to The Highlands?" The words came brokenly, passionately, betraying the tide of tenderness that stirred within.

Gloria's eyes glanced at him, then dropped slowly to the ground. "But, John, if I consent to this, what then will become of my prima donnas? It will be impossible for me to part with them, and they can scarcely do without me. 'A stranger's voice they will not follow'." She timidly raised her eyes to his, and in a bantering way added, "You surely have not forgotten that the little Jerseys were without honor at The Highlands twenty years ago!"

John looked distressed, and replied, almost impatiently, "Must our sins always find us out? That unfortunate jest was duly repented of the same hour it was uttered."

Gloria had carried her objections to the very last ditch, but she still held to her fortifications.

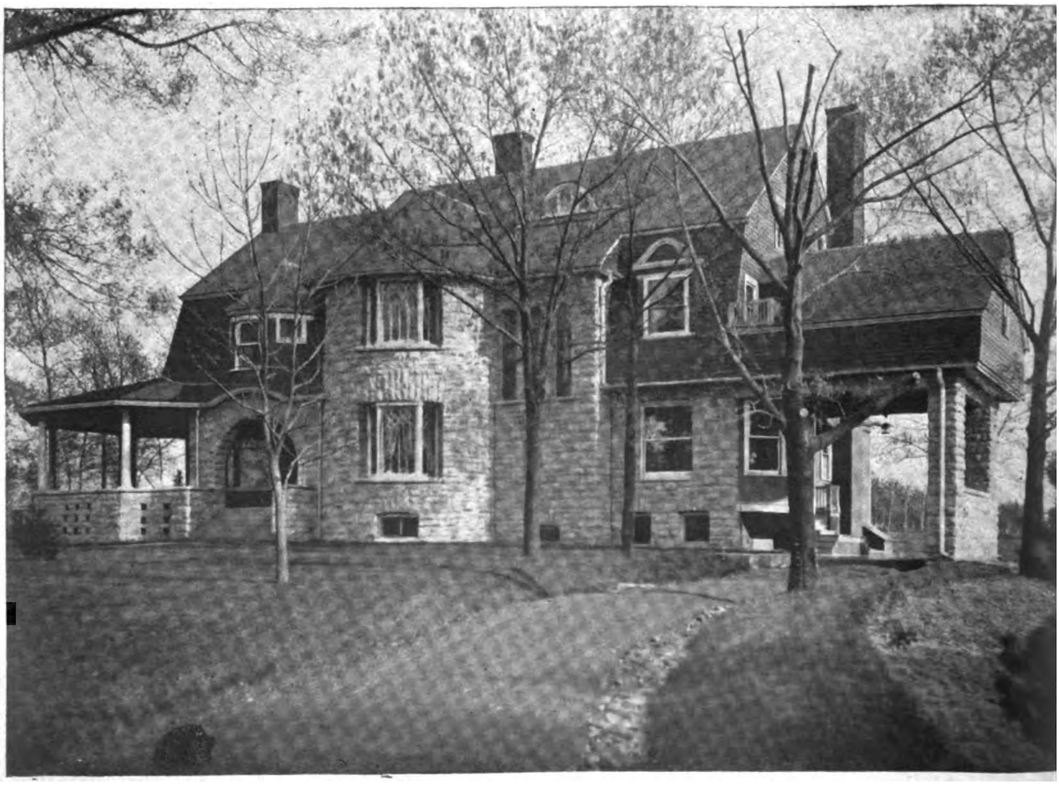
"Gloria, here is your prisoner at the bar, waiting for sentence—ready for the guillotine or for coronation; which shall it be?" The serio-comic manner with which he uttered the words caused her to smile.

"But, John," she remonstrated, "you did not quite clear away the mist that still hovers about your dislike of the Jerseys."

"Well, I now say it with all the solemnity at my command, in the august presence of these meek-eyed witnesses, that I do not ask that a single hoof be left behind! Is there any suspicion of an attempt to equivocate in that answer?"

Gloria smiled, but back of the smile was the sarcastic spirit, not yet entirely extinguished. "In that case, Sir John of The Highlands, we will all come to your protection. Is there any suspicion of an attempt to equivocate in that answer?"—slipping her hand within his.

J. J. Maxfield.



Residence of C. W. Mennig, Grand Avenue.

Miss Laura Ellis, Soprano Singer,
Des Moines.

Four-Mile Creek.

A WRITER OF SONGS

DES MOINES can boast writers in many lines of literary work, and during the past year a discovery was made that we have also a writer of songs—songs so beautiful that they may well attract music lovers the world over.

Some eight months since the announcement was given to the public that Mrs. Clara Adele Neidig had completed a set of songs, called "As the Seasons Come and Go," and that they would form a cantata to be set to music by W. C. E. Seeboeck. Much interest was aroused by this announcement, and when the time came for the presentation of the cantata by the Drake Conservatory of Music under the direction of Dean Howard, congratulations were extended to Mrs. Neidig from her many friends all over Iowa.

But when the evening came, with Seeboeck at the piano, Dean Howard with the baton, the stage filled with singers and Drake auditorium packed to the doors, all expectations were so much more than realized that storm after storm of applause shook the building. The story is this: The Guardian of the Year determines to take a vacation. He summons a lovely maiden to rule in his stead. One by one the months appear before her until "too swift, indeed, the year has flown!" The Guardian returns. He pays tribute to the work of the maiden in his absence, and begs to place upon her brow the crown of love. She accepts the favor. She begs to recall the beautiful year and the Guardian bids her do so. The Hours, Days, Months, Fairies and Knights return and unite in the final chorus "As the Seasons Come and Go." The music was beautiful and the words so full of meaning and of such perfect rhythm that the harmony of the whole was something wonderful and long to be remembered. This work stamps Mrs. Neidig as a poet of high rank. The libretto is a delight to read, even without the music. Both are now published separately and the whole cantata in book form.

L. C. Deets, The Popular Secretary,
Iowa State Traveling Men's Association.

HELLO

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hello,"
Say "Hello" and "How d' you do?"
"How's the world a-using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack.
Waltz right up and don't go slow,
Grin and shake and say "Hello."

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, pshaw!
Walk right up and say "Hello!"
Rags is but a common roll,
Just for wrapping up a soul.
And a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty "How d' you do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
But walk right up and say "Hello."

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute and sail away.
Just the same are you and me
Lonesome ships upon the sea,—
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speaking trumpet blow,
Raise your horn and cry "Hello."

Say "Hello" and "How d' you do?"
Other folks are 's good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away,
When you travel in that strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the folks you've cheered will know
Who you are, and say "Hello."

NOTES AND COMMENT

The little story by Miss Blanche Gardner Spinney contains a bit of news never before published. Miss Spinney is a writer of promise and has already found her way into many of the high class eastern periodicals. She will contribute frequently to our columns.

A Roman Catholic College, the Holy Cross College, has conferred the title of LL. D. upon Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., of Massachusetts. Governor Guild is a protestant.

We certainly do have some bad doses of yellow journalism in Des Moines. To hear editors talk in public speeches about the mission of the press and all that, one would think nothing untrue or sensational could possibly appear in their papers. How does it get into them, then?"

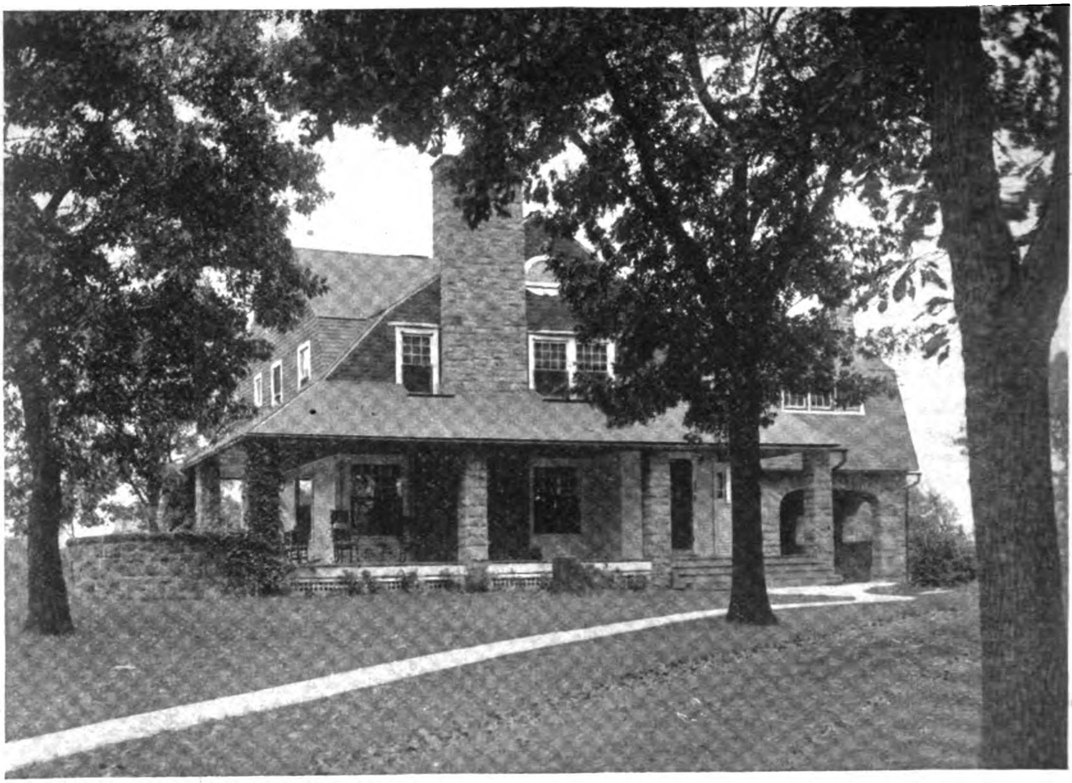
In a recent number of the Independent, Owen Kildare criticises the writers who attempt the Bowery or Tenderloin jargon. He declares that most of the low-life jargon one sees in print is manufactured ad libitum, and that in reality there is no low-life language, as the conditions ot the tenement people are subject to many changes and do not permit the formation of a typical dialect. The "has-beens" are forever deteriorating in speech, while there are many families in which the progressive education and boardening offered to the children by the settlement are reflected in the improved manner and language of the parents.

A beautiful thing has been done by Horace Fraubel in his book "Walt Whitman in Camden." He gives us a face to face likeness of Whitman in all those wonderful moods of his, which open up the heart for one to read as in reading an open book. Whatever may be said against this great poet of democracy all must agree that Fraubel understood him and gives a splendid and sympathetic picture to the world.

An admiring writer says of Mr. Bryan that when he left America he was practically ignored. His reception on his return promises to be one of the greatest which the American people have ever given a man in any station of life.

A motor tricycle, fitted with wings, a propeller and a rudder, has been constructed by M. Vina, an ingenius Russian, who hopes to navigate the air with his machine. The wings or sails are connected by gearing with the motor, which is run by a liquid fluid. The tricycle is started at full speed with the wings at the proper angle, to make it rise by wind resistance. Every day in the week is said to demonstrate the greater utility, convenience, speed and capacity of the electric motors for light delivery and heavy hauling purposes; they are making steady inroads into the ranks of the horse-drawn vehicles.

Mrs. H. C. Deemer, of Red Oak, Iowa.
Photo by Webster.

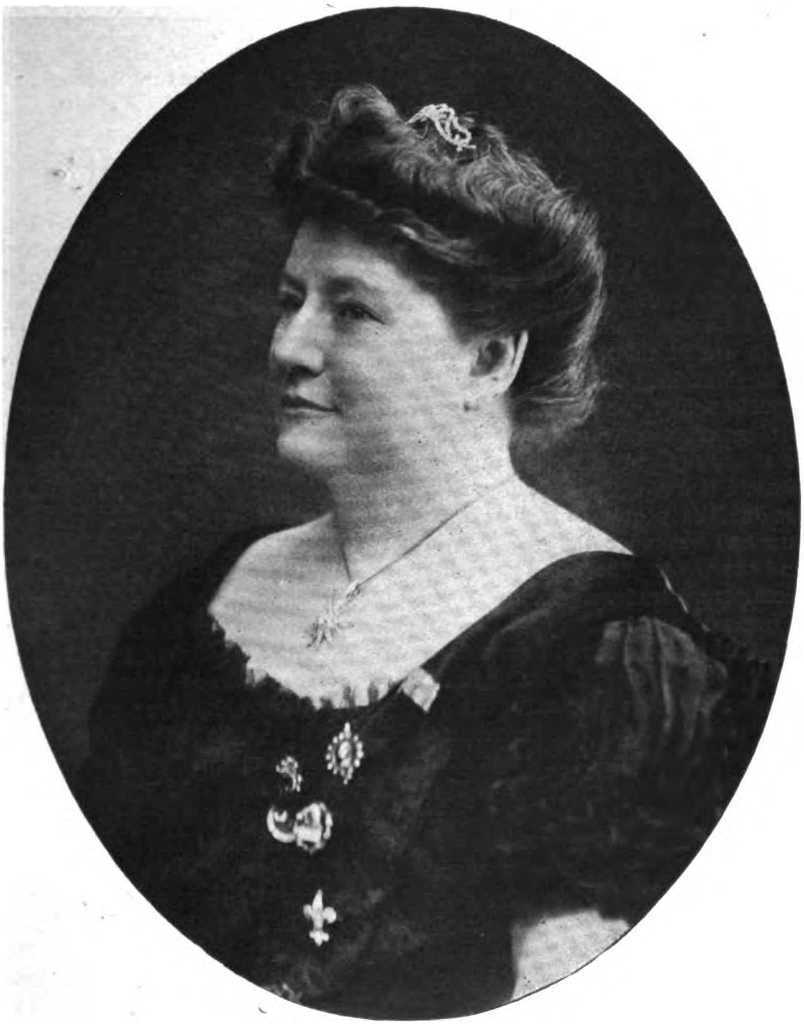


Residence of H. H. Polk, Grand Avenue.

OLD AGE

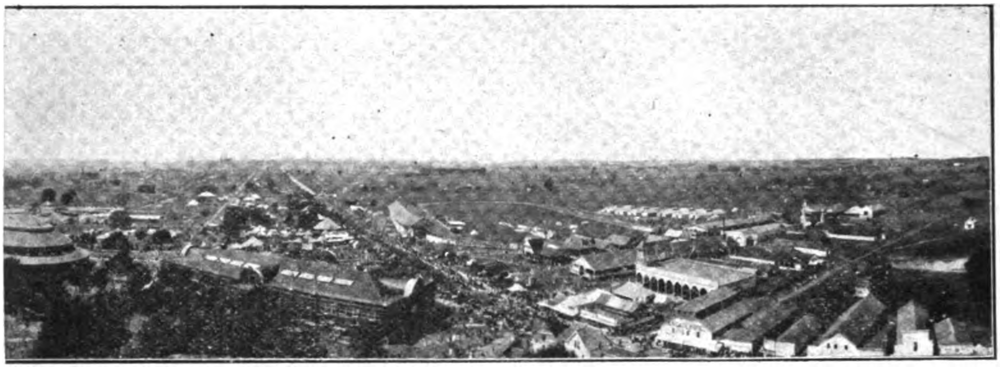
It is too late! Ah! nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
When each had numbered more than four score years;
And Theophrastus at four score and ten
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales."
Goethe, at Weimer, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.
What then! Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come, it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Henry W. Longfellow.



Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York,
President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Through the courtesy of the American Monthly Magazine, we are presenting our readers with the picture of Mrs. Donald Mc Lean, president general of the D. A. R. This beautiful picture is true to life and was taken recently. Mrs. McLean's many friends in Iowa will be pleased with it.



Bird's-eye View of Fair Grounds.

A TYPICAL MIDLAND FAIR

ALL the world is familiar with the fair as an institution. The fair represents what the people are, it illustrates concisely what the people have accomplished with the resources which are at their command. The farmers of England long ago took kindly to the great cattle shows, which were patronized by royalty, and from these were developed the great agricultural fairs. Over on the plains of Russia it has been the custom for many years for the people to gather at a great bazaar and exchange the products of the east and the west. The fair represents industry, commerce, trade, agriculture, the arts of the common people.

It is fitting that in the state of Iowa where industry is diversified almost to the limit, where every acre of soil is productive, where factories and farms lie in close proximity, where commerce finds easy movement over a close network of railways—it is fitting that in Iowa should be found the typical fair of the great midland empire of America.

A successful fair is possible only where men and women are of a type to appreciate the possibilities of industry. Iowa people are familiar with all industry. Their state has the solid foundation of unlimited agricultural wealth. The towns and cities have become the centers of manufacturing. The people represent every nation of the earth here mingled and intermixed so as to develop the best there is in the human race. And these highly educated, progressive, fearless and industrious people gather from farms and workshops and offices to annually take note of all that is best in Iowa industry.

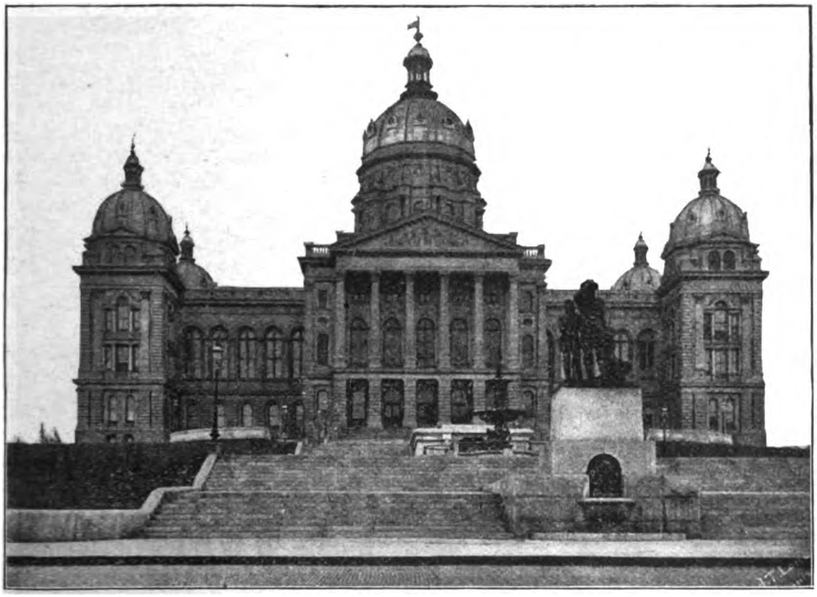
An Iowa State Fair is typical of the midland region, but it stands over and above all others of its class. Here the intelligent observer may spend with much profit a week of sight-seeing. Here can be seen the triumphs of the great live stock specialists of the world—horses, every one fit for a kingly rider; cattle, of perfect form and each one a picture; swine and sheep and poultry, all groomed for a holiday; speed horses, lithe limbed and eager for the race. Here can be seen the choicest products of the orchard, the garden, the field. It is here at this great midland fair that one may best study what man has accomplished in the way of labor-saving devices in every line of industry. It is here that the products of the mill, the dairy and the kitchen are all shown to best advantage.

Along with this there must of necessity be

features primarily for amusement. To this end the fair visitors are provided with an evening entertainment of high class vaudeville, and incidentally the Iowa people are introduced this year to an airship which really flies. But it is in music that the choicest entertainment is furnished, and the best concert bands in the world are provided.

The Iowa State Fair this year opens August 24, for a week. It is expected that 200,000 people will visit the fair.

After all, it is these people that make the fair. They are Iowa people of every walk of life. They represent helpfulness and hopefulness. They are men and women who think, who act, who do things. No great collection of exhibits would make a fair if it was not for the people. They complete the whole. Their meeting, their exchange of views, their criticism, make these Iowa expositions typical of the broad empire of industry which is the heart of the great republic.



Iowa State Capitol.

AN IOWA POET; SELDEN L. WHITCOMB

Mr. Whitcomb was born in Iowa and has spent the greater part of his life in the state. From 1895 to 1905 he occupied the chair of English literature in Iowa College; at present he is associate professor of English literature in the State University of Kansas. He has published "Chronological Outlines of American Literature," Macmillan, 1894, new ed., 1906; "Lyrical Verse", 1898; "The Study of a Novel", Heath & Co., 1905. Verse or prose of his has appeared in the Cosmopolitan, Era, Midland Monthly, Review of Reviews, Sewanee Review and other periodicals.

THE WILLOW

("Under The Scarlet and Black.")

The bees about its catkins hum,
When orioles from the south-lands come.

From its great branches hung a swing,
  And many a day in sunny weather,
Two boys let their glad shouts out-ring
  The whiles they madly "worked together."

Life does but mock at boyhood's day—
  One dwells beside the "Father River,"
One in a city old and gray,
  Where the Atlantic surges quiver.

We know them now—the mighty years—
  Ah! playmate, playmate like a brother,
For they have passed our boyish fears,
  No more in joy we "work together."

Yet still in May the orioles come,
Yet still the bees in music hum.

GROWTH

We read the marvels of our earth,
  We deemed her inmost secret found;
The years have made of little worth
  Our sciences of sight and sound,
    But mysteries of sound and sight,
    Have brought throughout our day and night
    New dreams of rock and bird and starry light.

The earlier thought is not our thought,
  Though born of hours of noble stress,
The philosophic systems wrought
  In earlier days grow less and less
    Before our generation, vexed
    With the world's louder cries perplexed,
    Whereto our sole replying is, "What next?"

Residence of Robert Fullerton, Grand Avenue.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING IN COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

THE Civic League of Columbia, South Carolina, has taken up the work of rebuilding their town. A prominent firm of architects have made plans for the work.

In presenting the plans and report, the architects recommend the creation of a "Joint Improvement Commission" by the city and state "with full power to adopt and carry out a systematic, well-conceived scheme of improvement that would not be subject to the passing whims or fancies of even well-intentioned individuals who might be in temporary municipal or state authority.

"Only in this way can a plan necessarily involving many years of time for completion be properly initiated and carried out, and the best permanent results secured. With such a commission, working on broad lines and with far-seeing eyes, the greater Columbia will be made into a dignified capital city, worthy of such a state as South Carolina, and a center that will reflect the best life and character of its people."

The report calls attention to the fact that today American cities are paying millions of dollars for widening streets and securing park areas, where thousands would have sufficed, had reasonable foresight been used, and a plan made and adhered to that would have provided for the needs of future

PRES. ROOSEVELT AND THE KITTENS

PRESIDENT Roosevelt and Mr. Root, the secretary of war, were returning from a horseback ride, when something occurred to throw a new light on the character of the famous president. They heard sharp cries of distress near by.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Root.

"Kittens, I think," replied the president, turning his horse around; "and they seem to be in distress." Then he began an investigation, and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open basin of a drain.

The president beckoned to two urchins who, from an awed distance, were watching the performance.

"Will one of you boys crawl into the opening while the other holds his legs?" President Roosevelt asked.

Sport like that, with the greatest personage in the United States as umpire, could come reasonably only once in a lifetime, and the boys grasped the opportunity.

"That's it!" exclaimed the president. "Now, what do you find there?"

"Cats in a bag," called out the boy, with his head in the drain. The other boy sturdily clung to his companion's legs. The kittens, unaware that their plight had stirred the sympathies of the head of a nation, and that their deliverance was at hand, wailed as if a new calamity were about to befall them.

"Drag them out," came the command.

In a moment the president of the United States, the secretary of war, and two excited youngsters stood around the rescued litter. Three forlorn kittens struggled feebly. Then the wrath of the leader, who has hunted wild game and shot down lions, blazed out upon the wretch who had flung the kittens to die in slow agony.

The commotion brought out a wondering butler from a neighboring residence.

"Will you care for these little kittens?" asked the president; "give them milk and a place to live?"

Had the man been asked to become a member of Mr. Roosevelt's government, he could not have responded with more heartfelt eagerness.

The president thanked him, told the astonished urchins that they were little men, and, joining the secretary of war, moved on to the white house.

It is hardly necessary to add a moral to this true story, as any intelligent boy or girl must see that if the president of the United States, the elected ruler over seventy-five millions of people, can find time to render a little act of mercy to poor little kittens, there can be no excuse for a boy or girl neglecting to do his or her duty by the so-called "lower animals" whenever any of them are found in distress and needing assistance.

A REASON FOR IT

The lack of teachers to fill places in the country schools of Iowa seems to be cause for wonder on the part of school boards and calls forth editorial comment in the county papers to the effect that the country schoolma'am doesn't know a good thing when she sees it. This is just where the trouble comes in. She does know a good thing when she sees it, and she sees so many things a thousand times better, from a purely business standpoint, that the schoolhouse on the hillside or in the valley no longer allures her. School teachers are educated and have aspirations. The profession demands the best men and women the state can furnish, but almost any trade in which there is little demand for general culture and for high morality offers better financial inducements than does the profession of school teaching. In many places the position is at the disposal of politicians. At any rate, it is only for nine months in the year, and at each election time the heart of many a teacher, even the best in the land, stands still with apprehension. Nowadays, a woman with brains, health and determination to win can do better for herself in a hundred lines of work outside of school teaching. The time is at hand when this profession must be made to pay a decent living and the annual election must be done away with. If not, then the work of educating our children must be put in inferior hands. The sooner the teacher is regarded as fairly as any other business man or woman, the better for the teacher, and the country as well.

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG

ATTENDING services not long ago in an elegant church, where they worship God with taste and a highly aesthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem which compares Solomon with the lilies of the field somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although not possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was felt when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field—which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely—began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reenforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then, when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion, even in that climate, the choir altogether, in a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was "that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sung of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cutaway? Solomon with an eyeglass and a moustache, his hair cut pompadour? No; most decidedly! Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that might not excite our risibilities, or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable, though startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash; the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth that he would wash; then the deep-chested bass, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, declared that he would wash; next, a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping steam or splash of waves; after which the choir, individually and collectively, asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency; so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

PLUCK WINS

"Pluck wins"; it always wins, though days be slow,
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go—
Still Pluck will win—its average is sure:
He wins the most who can most endure;
Who faces evils, he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

Mrs. Goodwin.

A TEACHER OF DISTINCTION

Anybody with a voice can sing, but very frequently the singing is bad because the voice has not been correctly placed by the teacher. For many teachers do not understand this most important part of their work, the placing of the voice.

Iowa is fortunate in having a teacher located in Des Moines who is a specialist in this direction, Mrs. Ida Goodwin, whose studio is located at 613 Walnut street.

Mrs. Goodwin is a born musician, and educated from childhood in both singing and piano. She was a pupil in the Cincinnati College of Music and graduated therefrom. Her best work was done under the noted teacher, Signorina Tecla Vigna, a dramatic opera singer of the Italian school and one of the finest teachers of method who ever came to America. Mrs. Goodwin had especial training in teaching method and in voice placing. This training she has turned to fine account in her own work, and after ten years of teaching she is recognized as an exceptional guide for the pupils under her. Her pupils' recitals show even the ordinary listener that there is something unusual about her work, while the many successful graduates of the school bear witness to the fact that their training in voice culture, artistic singing, sight singing, and harmony, has been of the most superior method.

Mrs. Goodwin, with a rare faculty which comes from her intense interest in and personal influence over the pupil, wakens all the faculties of the student, teaching him to open his eyes and ears and to think intelligently, as well as to use the voice. Her theory is that without a good foundation, success is impossible, and the very cornerstone of this foundation depends upon the teacher's knowing how to place the voice. And in being able most successfully to do this is the main characteristic of Mrs. Goodwin's splendid work, which, indeed, entitles her to be considered a teacher of distinction.

Her school year begins September 3d, and consists of four terms of ten weeks each.

Studio of Mrs. Goodwin.

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Voice Culture and Artistic Singing
(Italian Method)
Prepares Singers for Highest Positions
No Forcing or Unnatural Treatment of Voice
Send for Catalogue
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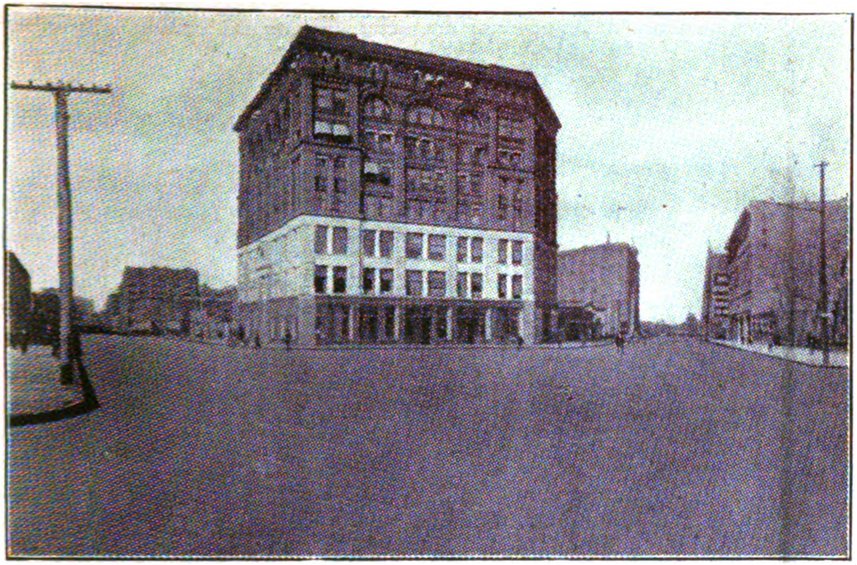
AN IDEAL PAVING MATERIAL ASPHALT

In every Iowa town and city where the asphalt paving is used, it is considered a great success. It is conceded by all that streets must be paved with something, and when paving, why not use the material best calculated to satisfy all parties concerned? The things to be considered in selecting a good material are durability and low cost of maintenance, ease of repair, ease of traction, noiselessness, healthfulness, economy in cleaning, beauty and low first cost. These qualifications affect one's civic pride, one's pocketbook, and one's personal comfort and convenience. The history of paving in America is most interesting—brick, wood, stone, macadam and asphalt having been used in different parts of the country, and all having been much improved during the past decade.

In the nature of things greater improvements will come in the next decade.

So far, nothing has equaled the standard brands of asphalt. Its beauty is seen at a glance. Its wearing properties have stood severe tests. It is most sanitary and healthful, and for traffic it is unequaled. Real estate owners who have it around one piece of property want it around others. It pays to have it. It adds from two to five times its cost to the value of their property. Good pavements are among the best promoters of a community's interests in every way. Increase of population and wealth follow well-paved streets. Asphalt makes friends wherever it goes. Only an ideal paving material could do this.



Brown Palace Hotel, Denver.

The city of Westmount, Canada, 15,000 inhabitants, is lighted successfully by using the city refuse for fuel at the electrical lighting station. The Meldrum Refuse Destructor, manufactured in England, has successfully destroyed all refuse brought to it since April 12, about 30 loads a day, the average weight of a load being 1,500 pounds. This is burned in ten or twelve hours, giving an average burning capacity of two tons per hour. The capacity of the apparatus, including boiler and plant, is more than sufficient for lighting the town, a surplus being left for other purposes. All the clinkers left from the garbage is thoroughly burned and taken to roads that need repairing. The entire method is most interesting and is given in detail in the last number of the Bulletin of the League of American Municipalities.

The teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family.

"Now, name some things," said she, "that it is very dangerous to get near to and that have horns."

"Automobiles," replied little Jimmie Jones promptly.

To our friends, the retail druggists of Iowa, we send greetings.

Des Moines Drug Company
Des Moines, Iowa

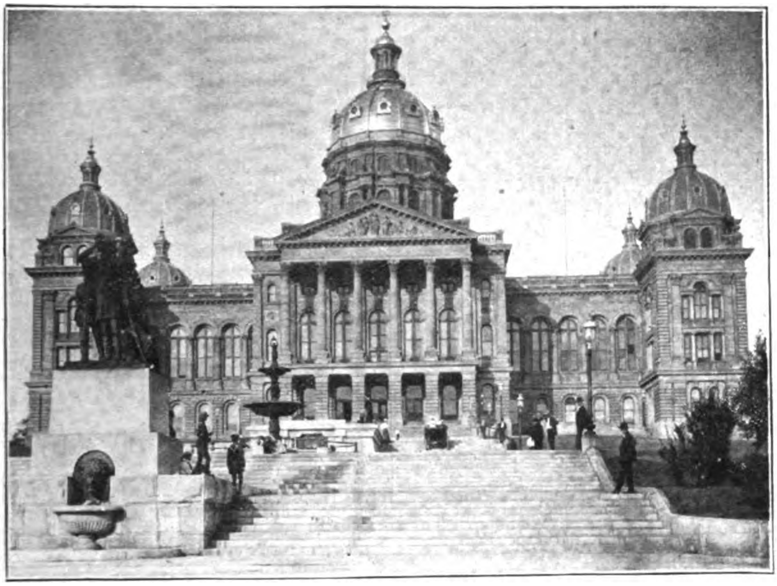
TWO MILES A MINUTE.

Twomilesaminute.
Geehowwefly!
Swiftasameteor
Streakingthesky.
Whatisthatblur?
Onlythetrees.
Lookatthemwave,
Mywhatabreeze!
Ahonkandarush,
Aflashandasmell—
Whatdidwehit?
Didsomebodyyell?
Ajarandascream—
Itlookedlikeahorse,
Notellingnow,
Keeptothecourse.
Outoftheroad!
Giveusashow!
Twomilesaminute,
Geehowwego!

Newark News.

The Mason Climbing the Steps of the Iowa State Capitol

(Carrying Four People)



Weighs 1,750 Lbs. Price $1,250

There are 47 steps on a 40 per cent grade. The "Mason" is made by the Mason Motor Car Company of Des Moines, Iowa, and is the swiftest and strongest two cylinder car in the world.

It is made strong and powerful for use on hilly country roads, and meets every requirement.

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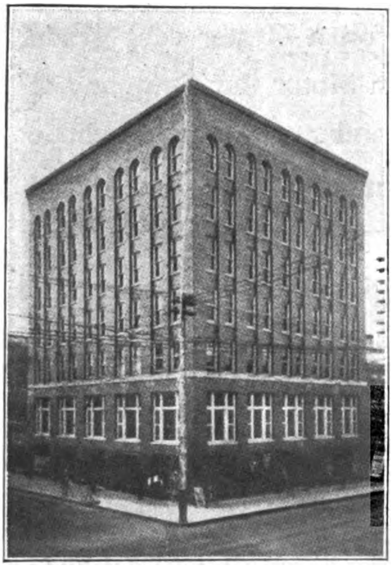

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Iowa Floral Co.
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DES MOINES :::::: IOWA

HOME DECORATION

H. M. BELT

THIS subject has been written on and discussed from the time man first began to build houses and convenient shelter from the vicissitudes and inclemencies of the seasons.

We read in books of ancient lore that man first planted trees on end and laid others across as supports for the roof. This gave rise to the idea of base and capital of pillars. As man became more and more enlightened, these crude forms gave way to more finished dwellings and the idea of decoration came as a natural consequence. These columns were ornamented on base and capital with mouldings, trigliphs and leaves.

There may have been earlier decoration on the skins of wild beasts used for raiment or personal adornment, but the other is undoubtedly the first attempt at home decoration. The advancement was necessarily slow and when the ancients began to decorate their walls, the early attempts were crude. However, they laid the foundation for the admirable decorative art of the present day.

They used as motifs, birds, animals, fish, reptiles, the shell, the acanthus leaf, flowers and grasses. All of these are still used in modern art. The shell and wave gave rise to the Rococo Style so much used by Louis XV. We frequently see the dolphin, both in interior decoration and architecture. The Acanthus leaf is as much used as ever and in almost every good example of Greek and Roman art, you will see it.

Owing to the many graceful shapes in which it grows, its place would be hard to fill, notwithstanding some present day artist has said corn is more graceful and adaptable. There is no good reason why corn should not be used advantageously in home decorations, but I am inclined to believe that our people would be slow to accept it as such when we have so many broad acres growing at our very doors.

The Grand Architect of the Universe certainly never made anything more beautiful than a field of growing corn, but I think Americans would reject it as common-place. However, nothing in Nature has been entirely overlooked and the flowers, the foliage, the animate and inanimate have all been adapted to our use for decorative purposes.

I will not attempt to discuss the different periods or schools of Decorative Art or the transition from one period to another as we here in America use all that is adaptable or some from each as our needs may require. The average decorator is seldom called upon to decorate a house or room in a period treatment, but we have many beautiful papers and fabrics for the purpose when needed to be used.

The decorator nowadays who understands the proper relation and use of color is sure to get pleasing and harmonious results and furthermore, he will get a gratified clientage. He may use analogous harmonies or contrasting harmonies and get equally good results.

Red and green are complementary. Red is a primary color and green is a secondary composed of the other two primaries, blue and yellow. Green, therefore, is the complementary of red. The complementary of blue is orange because orange is formed of red and yellow. The complementary of yellow is violet because violet is composed of blue and red.

Color nomenclature includes three primary colors, red, blue and yellow; three secondary colors, orange, green and violet; and three tertiary, russet, citrine and slate; and inumerable shades and tints. All these colors bear relation to one another, either analogous or contrasting.

In planning a decoration for a home, all things should be considered carefully. The location, light exposures, proximity of trees that might have an influence on the color scheme, etc. In houses that are surrounded by other buildings or many trees, brighter and livelier colors should be used than in homes that are exposed to an unobstructed light. Take a city house that is shut in on either side with buildings and only gets light from the front and rear, and possibly a sky light; the decorator would use colors in such a house that would be subdued and restful in the deficiency of light. If he used the same color treatment in a detached house that had the sun all day, it would be hideous and in bad taste. One often hears

A dog's life
MAURICE DEWITT HIRST

If your linen is not correctly laundered at Des Moines Laundry

Shiny or gloss finish is decidedly vulgar. The up-to-date gentleman patronizes a laundry whose linen does not look like celluloid. Enough said.

J. HENRY TOUSSAINT, Proprietor

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Wagon Woods

White Oak, 2 inch to 4 inch.
Hickory, 1 inch to 4 inch.
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Yellow Poplar Box Boards and Panel Stock.

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the remark, "What a hideous wallpaper," or "What an awful color!" If this same person could see this same "hideous" paper and "awful" color properly applied, they would not recognize it as the freak they saw in the salesroom.

As a general rule, the drawings of wall decorations are of a secondary consideration. The decorator will start at some point to decorate a home and will carry his color treatment each way from this point, being careful at all times to preserve his harmonies. He is very apt to consider the drawings as merely a detail, only of course, he will avoid the use of bad drawings but will subserve that to the color harmony of his plan.

It is truly astonishing how little the average person knows of the relation of colors or the influence of light on color. One prospective purchaser will say, "I have a red carpet, I must have a red wall hanging," or "I have a green rug. The hanging must be green." Nature did not paint all the flowers green because the grass and foliage is green. No more does it follow that your wall paper should be green because you have a green floor covering. You would much better use a harmonious contrast. I will offer one or two suggestions on that line. We will take a southeast parlor or living room with a good rich green carpet, with possibly a touch of rose in the border. What would be more pleasing than a soft shade of rose on the wall? Your color harmony is perfect and you have avoided the use of too much green.

Now, we will suppose a north room with your red on the floor. You don't want to use a red on the wall. Reds are hard to harmonize and one is apt to get a discord of color. In this room, we would employ a good low-toned yellow for the wall treatment. You would find this a pleasing room to be in.

In the den, we would make the woodwork black or dark Flemish and use a riot of color. Oriental rug, big comfortable Mission furniture, and be lavish in the use of brilliant reds, yellows, and other striking

Residence of A. G. Maish, Grand Avenue.

colors. The woodwork and the furniture will have a subduing influence and as the den is chiefly used in the evening, the shaded lights impart a soft glow over the decorations and make it a place of pleasure to abide in. These striking colors will start your wits aworking and your story will be told better and your cigar will seem more fragrant than usual.

Chambers should be decorated daintily and in taste to suit the individual occupant. There is nothing so appropriate for chambers as white enameled woodwork. If properly done, it is easily kept clean and will look well longer than almost any other finish. Then employ any of the beautiful florals or dainty stripes for the wall hangings. They are to be found in almost endless variety in any good wall paper shop. If a touch more of color is to be added, introduce it in your over curtains and table covers.

Many persons are not particular enough about the preparation of their walls. This one thing is alone responsible for much poor work and unsatisfactory decorating. If you are using good material in your own house, all the old paper should be removed and the cracks properly pointed. This can be done at a small cost if each old paper is removed before a new one is hung. If you have hung one paper upon another until you have several thicknesses, it will not only prove unsanitary, but will also be expensive to remove. Much bad work is charged to the decorator on account of the old paper being loose underneath. This could be avoided at small cost in having your walls properly prepared.

In modern houses with ceilings from eight and one-half to nine and one-half feet high, the mouldings should be hung at the angle and not be dropped. If they are hung on a line with the top of the casings, it has the effect of shortening the wall and throwing the decoration out of balance.

If you care to have a divided wall, use an appropriate frieze paper and divide it say six feet for the lower and three feet for the upper, or as a Dado treatment about as high as the ordinary chair with a chair board for the dividing line and let the upper wall hanging go to the moulding at the ceiling line. As a general rule, the mouldings should be a part of the architecture rather than of the decoration, but by intelligent use, it may become a part of both.

It is always wise to have your decorator see your home and make a careful study of the plan and bear in mind that there are quite as many useful rules in decorating and color harmony as in the other crafts.

THE PASSING HOUR

O fleeting Hour! Come, rest ye for a while!
Comrades are we; let me with song beguile
Your flying feet, as, down the weary way,
You haste to join your sisters of the Day.
'Sunshine is here; and birds and all things
fair
Rejoice to breathe the sweet, hay-scented
air.
Come, linger for a little while with me,
And wander 'mid the beauteous flowers and
see
Nature, in all her wealth of loveliness!
Stay, Time! while we admire her Summer
dress!

Lena L. Horton.

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ADDRESS HOME OFFICE

OUR VACATION VISITORS

TIMES are changing—have changed—since the days when one must hasten to the lakes, mountains or seashore with the first approach of mid-summer heat, or feel its discomforts, or, worse still, be out of fashion. Since the advent of the automobile and the development of interurban railways through this middle-western country, it is growing quite the "mode" to spend the entire summer, or at least the major part of it, viewing the beauties of the nearer landscape, and acquainting one's self with such surpassing loveliness as can be found almost at one's very door. To tear away from the freedom and comforts that only home can give is, to many, the bearing of a heavy cross; while to remain prisoned within brick walls, or view the landscape from even a vine-decked piazza, is cramping and unsatisfactory. A breath of country air and a handful of wild posies now come at the seeker's bidding with as little effort as was formerly expended in making the purchase of a spool of thread; hence the letter, in familiar writing, stating, "I am going to drop in upon you for a little visit in August," has lost its terrors, for we know we can make our visitor happy and comfortable, too. Thus it is that the social season never ends in this delightful social city, Des Moines, for there are: the "busy people" who can best take their brief outing during the so-called vacation season; the return of the young men and women who scatter themselves throughout the school-year; but, possibly, the largest number embracing our former town-folks, who turn their happy faces to their one-time home, to rest, perchance—only to find

A social life running in channels deep,
Leaving few hours for rest, and less for
sleep;
But, though the shoulders bend beneath the
load,
No wounds attest the prod o fsocial goad.

Count and Countess Wachmeister, of Cuba, have found the city attractive for a part of the summer season, making a home visit and enjoying the hospitality of a number of their old-time friends. A welcome always awaits the daughter of our townsman, Mr. F. M. Hubbell, and her husband, and they in turn, contribute much to the pleasure of their many friends and admirers.

Mrs. C. O. Nourse, now of Los Angeles, Calif., has been visiting friends in the city, much to their gratification as well as her own. She has been the guest of honor at numerous social functions, and also found time for quiet visits with old-time friends and neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dawson, now of New York City, were the short-time guests of old friends, in July. That their visit was enjoyed goes without saying. Since her return home, Mrs. Dawson characteristically writes: "We had a wonderful time in Des Moines. There is a certain period of one's life when you make friends; after that it is only acquaintances. Our friends were surely made in Des Moines." Yes, and their friends rejoice with them that in their larger field are opportunities which they will grasp and hold. Success—and come again!

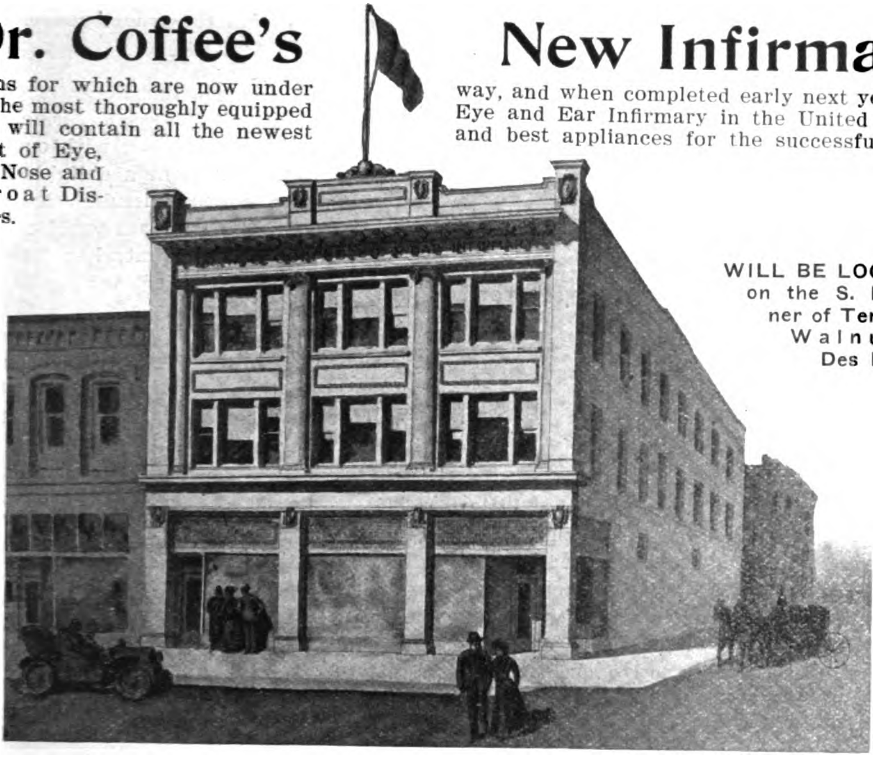
Mrs. Matie Cope Jacobs, whom it is always a pleasure to greet, has been spending an altogether too brief season in her old home in the city. Her arduous duties upon the stage cause her to turn the more gladly to the only spot on earth where she can claim the full privileges of rest and quiet,—not the rest of idleness, but freedom from engrossing and exacting duties, such as must needs accompany a life of conscientious best efforts before the foot-lights. We are glad to hear of Mrs. Jacobs' continued success in her chosen profession.

Mrs. Ralph Hale—nee Rose Zinsmaster—now of New Jersey, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zinsmaster of this city, and numerous friends. She finds Des Moines a charming place for a vacation season, and is enjoying every moment of her stay, which may be extended into September. A portion of her time spent at Spirit Lake, as guest at the Maish cottage, has added variety to her home-coming visit, and given an opportunity to enjoy the beauties of one of Iowa's famous lake resorts.

Mrs. Edmund P. Coles, of Philadelphia, well remembered as the daughter of Mrs.

Dr. Coffee's New Infirmary

Plans for which are now under way, and when completed early next year will be the most thoroughly equipped Eye and Ear Infirmary in the United States, and will contain all the newest and best appliances for the successful treatment of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.



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Ella Potter Waters, now residing in Virginia, is spending the summer with her grand-parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Potter. Her friends are legion and they are giving her a glad welcome, which she thoroughly enjoys, being gifted with the happy faculty of entering into the spirit of festivity and frolic as well as adapting herself to the moods and fancies of her more serious friends. Young and old find a responsive chord in the heart of Mrs. Coles, and it is always a regretable event when she concludes her ever welcome visits to her old-time home. Mr. Coles expects to join her here for a brief visit, but she will prolong her stay, possibly until the middle of September.

Congressman J. A. T. Hull spent a little time this summer in this city, looking after affairs and greeting old-time friends and neighbors. He is now taking his real vacation on his Virginia plantation, with his family,—a brief respite only, which must soon give place to the active duties of a strenuous life.

Mr. Asher Bush, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bush, has been making his Des Moines friends a welcome visit, coming from Texas where he is engaged in the cattle business in regular ranchman style.

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, greeted his old friends in Des Moines, and many new ones, on his recent visit. The same hearty hand-shake, the same genial smile, the same story-telling faculty, are the natural gift which make the Secretary a welcome visitor, and these have not changed with the assumption of higher obligations, for they belong to the man, and are not worn, as a garment, for the occasion.

Hon. S. C. McFarland, wife and daughter, have been visiting with Mrs. McFarland's father, Colonel Eiboeck, of this city. Miss Minnie Eiboeck will be remembered as one of the most charming of young women, and Mr. McFarland as the brilliant editor of the Marshalltown Times-Republican. His appointment as consul to Reichenberg, Austria, took from the newspaper field one of its brighest journalists, and from Iowa a brilliant and interesting family. Their return to the "States" is welcomed enthusiastically and to the "state" in paricular, for they are Iowans in the truest sense.

Miss Maude Howell, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Howell, formerly of this city, has been numbered with our summer guests, and has spent a delightful season with her numerous friends. She came here to attend the Carr-Cram wedding, and, since that interesting event, has "been in the hands of her friends," taking part in many delightful functions planned for her pleasure. Miss Howell's charming personality has endeared her to Des Moines people, and she is, in turn, enjoying to the full the pleasure of her old home and her hosts of friends.

Captain and Mrs. Harold Hammond—nee Miss Mary Pierce—have spent a most pleasant vacation season with relatives and friends in the city and vicinity. The romance of this happy couple, growing out of the terrible experiences of the siege of Pekin, China, is familiar to our readers, and the recalling would be but a repetition of an "oft told tale." Mrs. Hammond is a charming woman, and comes from a family whom not only the state but the nation has delighted to honor—that of Major E. H. Conger. Captain Hammond has not only distinguished himself for bravery as a soldier, but he has been placed prominently before the reading public as a most successful writer of boys' stories through his Pinky Perkins adventures, published serially in St. Nicholas, and afterward in book form. His "Further Fortunes of Pinky Perkins" comes from the press in October, and is anxiously awaited, not only by his boy readers, but those who appreciate the art of writing for the "coming-on people." Captain and Mrs. Hammond will be located at Madison Barracks, New York, to which post he has been transferred from West Point.

The inner life begins when the soul becomes good, and not when the intellect ripens. **Maeterlinck.**

There are, thank heaven! amidst a multitude of female doctors, female professors, female wranglers, a few female women left.
Henry Seton Merriman.

A wedding is a licensed subject to joke upon, but there is really no great joke in the matter after all. **Charles Dickens.**

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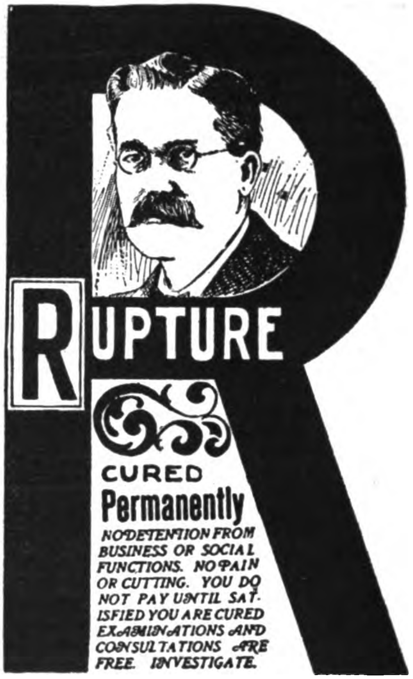
The Chicago Journal of Health, an authority on matters of sanitation and hygiene, has been directing its attention during the past month to the milk supply of various American cities, and their investigations have resulted in a manner most satisfying to Des Moines, and especially gratifying to one of our dairies. Samples from several Des Moines dairies were subjected to the test, and the result was thus reported:

"The Iowa Dairy Company's milk yields so gratifying a proportion of butter fats and essential elements of nutrition that the economy of its use is evident, regardless of relative prices prevailing among various dealers. Among all the samples submitted to the unfailing scientific tests to determine the character of their constituents, this particular brand stood first as regards actual food value and as to purity, the most rigid chemical analysis failed to detect the faintest trace of any foreign matter, adulteration, sophistication, or any deleterious mixture; in fact, a purer, more nutritious or more wholesome milk than that of the Iowa Dairy Company never entered our laboratory."

This is extremely gratifying to every Des Moineser, who has the welfare of the general public at heart. From the milking of the cows to the placing of the milk on the table every precaution is observed by the Iowa Dairy Company. The purity and wholesomeness of their milk are assured by organized methods of inspection and a most conscientious system of protecting the milk against every risk connected with its production and marketing. Its absolute purity and wholesomeness commend it to all consumers and render its use advisable to all who seek health and happiness.



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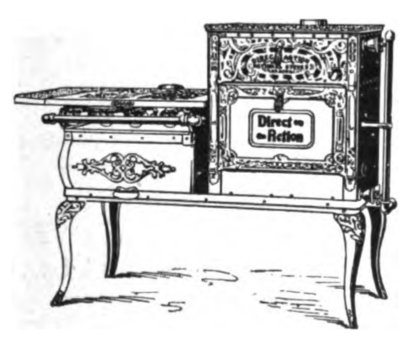

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CIVIC ART IN DES MOINES

THE work of women along lines of civic improvement in America has been of such a character as to call forth the hearty commendation of the general public. Various phases of the work have been carried on from time to time in Des Moines, but now, for the first time, a systematic plan for furthering the practical demonstrations of what a city may become has been formulated by the Art Department of the Des Moines Women's Club. Intelligence upon the subject in the broadest sense will be their first aim, and they will study civic ideals the first part of the year through the review of Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson's Modern Civic Art, and the consideration of notable civic improvements in Harrisburg, Boston, Cleveland and Washington.

Attention will be turned March 5th to practical application and suggestion, at which time Mrs. H. C. Alverson will lead the discussion on "How to Promote Civic Art in Des Moines."

It is the intention of the Department to bring lecturers during the year who are familiar with city problems, and it hopes, through the study, to be able to assist in the promotion of democratic culture and civic improvement. Mrs. W. T. Johnston, the progressive and intelligent president, is most enthusiastic over the proposed plans for the coming year.

Charles Mulford Robinson, the author of Modern Civic Art, the book to be reviewed by the Art Department, is recognized as a leading authority on the subject, and, for the past two years, has been called upon by city governments to study their local conditions and report on practical possibilities for improvement. Some of the cities he has visited for this purpose are Denver, Colorado Springs, Detroit, Oakland, Cal., and Honolulu, H. I.

We give the club's program for the year:

Officers for 1906-7—Mrs. Wm. T. Johnston, 1230 Eighth street, president; Mrs. W. Frank Garrison, 1118 East Ninth street, secretary; Mrs. Welker Given, 1312 Penn avenue and Mrs. Henry Hirsch, Victoria Hotel, chairmen.

Program for study class—"To make us love our city we must make our city lovely."

October 9—What Civic Art Is, Mrs. James G. Berryhill.

Review of Modern Civic Art.

October 23—Chapters III to V, inclusive.

November 6—Chapters VI to IX, Mrs. P. B. Durley.

November 20—Chapters X to XIII, Mrs. O. H. Davison.

December 4—Chapters XIV to XIX, Mrs. Thomas F. Cooke.

December 18—The Harrisburg Plan, Mrs. A. E. Shipley.

January 8—The Washington Plan—Mr. Welker Given.

January 22—Municipal Art in Cleveland, Mrs. T. F. Stevenson.

NAMING OUR MAGAZINE

In the parlors of the Des Moines Life Insurance Company the committee met to find a name for us. Captain Hedge, Mrs. C. E. Rawson and Mr. Harvey Ingham formed the committee. The list was placed in their hands, a long one, coming in response to our request through the city papers for a name for the magazine. After weighing the matter carefully the desirable names narrowed down to "The Midwest" and "The Midwestern." The verdict of two to one was finally rendered in behalf of "The Midwestern." The names came from all over America. Several were from little boys and girls. We felt that our readers would like to see this list, so we append it. The name is most satisfactory to the managers, and we feel that it covers our field—the middle west. The list was as follows:

The Iowa Times, The American Companion, Grant, The Mid-Western, The Iowa Magazine, Glimmerings, Poco (Little by Little), Ponent (Western), Hooks and Eyes, The Itemizer, Asteroid (Brightest Star), Gneiss, The Household Accessory, Goldenrod, Midwestern Iowana, The Modern Monthly, Monthly Review, I-o-ette, Progression, Monthly Sessions, The Iowa Argus, Iowa To-

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In these days of uncertainty as to the solvency or insolvency of many of the companies doing a world wide business, it is a relief to be able to turn to a Company like the *Century* with the full assurance that here, at least, there is no cause for anxiety. This fact is due to the Century's absolutely safe method of conducting its business, as shown in the matter of so limiting its lines, and so distributing its risk liability as to locality, that no individual fire can ever jeopardize its paying ability.

The Century Fire Insurance Company of Des Moines is a strong and safe Company; it is safe to-day, and under its admirable plan, system and method of business, it will be safe to-morrow. Secure a policy in the Century for the portion of your risk that it will accept, and you can rest absolutely certain that you have ull indemnity to the amount of that policy.

The assets of the Century are $303,427.29 and its surplus to policy holders is $136,105.68.

The officers of this fine Company, that confines its business strictly to Iowa, are the following well known Iowa property owners:

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day, Corn-ette, The Centripetal, Grand Avenue Monthly, "Coronilla" (Success to You), Commonwealth, The Ogilvie Magazine, The Ideal Magazine, The Modern Oracle, Literary Northwest, Of Interest Magazine, The Ogilforneydig, Western Pride, Literary Galaxy, The Gloaming, The Perihelion, Pivot Magazine, All Around Magazine, Star Magazine, The Zenith, Autocrat Magazine, Crescent Magazine, Quality Magazine, Silhouette, Capitol Magazine, Industrial Magazine, New-Comer, The Evening Rest, The Welcome Guest, The Recruit, The Rectangle, The Gem, The Optimistic, The Vigor, The Prudential, The Iowa, Interior, Kit Kat, Pants and Petticoats, The Bohemian, The People's Guide, The Capital Magazine, The Ladies' Educator, The Mid-West, Clarice, Monitor, Podrida (miscellaneous), Pleiades, The Secretary, The Reporter, Vireo (a bird), The Radium, The Eureka, Iowan, Iowa Mid-Western, The Modern Review, Hawkeye Magazine, Progress, Iowa Gleanings, Iowa's Interests, "The Iowa Idea," Amazonian, The Hawkeye Review, Seni-om-sed, Idle Hour, The Inland Magazine, The Commonwealth, Ogilvie's, The Happy Thought, Up-To-Date, Of Interest, All-the-News Magazine, The Social Spectrum, Fearless Magazine, The Luminary, The Hearthstone, The Monthling, Progressive Magazine, Western Idea Magazine, Bon-Ton Magazine, The Alamo Magazine, The Comet, The Critic, Querist Magazine, Moderator Magazine, Combination Magazine, Best of All Magazine, The Cycle, Hearthstone Magazine, Good Reading, The Threader, The Observer, The Common Sense, The Reminder, The Care-Taker, The Midwestern, The Introducer, The Agitator, Clique, The Butterfly, Themes of To-Day, Headlight Magazine, Ladies' Progressive, The Hawkeye, Mica, Alcalde (Judge), Alcyone, Anybody's, The Politan, Buttons, Lotus, The Home Accession, Iowa Siftings, Diadem, Sunbeam Magazine, National Monthly, I-onion, Iowa Progress, Anybody's Magazine, The Argus, A-wo-i, Middle West, "The Ogilvie," The Promoter, Progressive Thoughts, The Midlander, The Hawkeye Magazine, The Wild Rose, The Mid-Continent, Of Interest. Monthly, Des Moines Acropolis, The Empyreal Magazine, The Lustrum, The Literary Ooolong, Modern Magazine, The Chat, Up-to-Date Magazine, The Magnify Magazine, The Monograph, Model Magazine, Conventional Magazine, Conservative Magazine, Modern Thought Magazine, Select Magazine, Star, C. M. O. Magazine, The Imperial, The Reliable Magazine, Rest and Read, The Unity, The Ideal, The Minute-Man, The Iowa-Porte, Middle West Monthly, Inventory, "Vif," The Connoisseur, Quest, Aryan, The Handicap, General, The Spectator, The Knickerbocker, "Oi Polloi," The Round Table, The Shibboleth, The Seasons, Human Interest, Diversion, "Why?" The People's, The Theorem, Letters of Marque, The Trumpet, Wassail, The Privateer, The Aesthete, Badinage, Bourgeoisie, Chef-d'-Oeuvre, The Dictum, Ensemble, Incognito, The Libretto, The Canopy, The Cid, Beau Monde, Nonchalance, The Renaissance, The Virtuoso, The Ladies' Midland Enterprise, Pebbles Gathered by the Wayside, Western Wonders, Western Hub, The Middle Western Autocrat, The Iowian Authority, The Proof, The Progressor, The Excelsior, The Winnower, Cornbelt, The Redwel, The Clover, The Booster. New Colonial, Our Magazine, Topics of Iowa, The States, The High Seas, The Independent, Uncle Sam, Destiny, Progress, The Sanctum, The Tapis, "Morale," Random, The Beautiful, Critique, The Cosmos, Luxury, The Family, Tit for Tat, The Yankee, Common Carrier, Epic, Bon Mot, Calibre, Cul de Sac, The Westerner, Fleur-de-Lis, The Item, Tete-a-Tete, I'Allegro, Laureate, The Matinee, Parvenu, The Savant, Unique, The Observer, Western Thought, The Iowa Idea, Iowa Advocate, Progress, The Iowa Argus, Gleaner, For-All Magazine, The Weired, Trans-Mississippi, Hawkeye Outlook, Central Review, Iowa's, The Catch-All Magazine, The Ghetto, La Chronique, The Prairie, The Merrymaker, Red Tape, San Souci, The Arcadian, Table Talk, Epicurean, The Mediator, "Vis Vitae," Twentieth Century, The Dialogue, Terra Firma, Utopian, Young America, Sanspareil, The Rubaiyat, Bonhomie, Carte Blanche, The Debutante, The Plainsman, Tempus Fugit, Qui Vive, Tiffin, Grub Street, Anno Mundi, The Plebian, The Protege, Sobriquet, Anyone's, The Middle Westerner, The Middle Western Digest, The Enconium, Iowa Forward, The Mundane, Item, Corn Queen, The Breeze, The Iowan, The Mixer, Central Magazine, Mississippi Valley, Progress, Something for Everybody.

A glance at our advertising pages will show what the business men of Des Moines think of magazine advertising in a journal devoted to the interests of Des Moines and Iowa. They know it is good, and every advertiser is looking for just what we have to offer,—a first-class investment for their money.

Art Lamps

WE most cordially extend an invitation to all to call at our display room and see our electric reading lamps, which are not only beautiful but practical reading lamps.

We also have a complete line of electric cooking utensils, laundry irons, etc., which we sell to our customers at actual cost.

Your presence in our show room would be greatly appreciated whether you wish to buy or not.

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200 Fifth Street

IOWA ITEMS

The past summer has been full of strenuous living for Iowa people, and especially for Des Moiners, where the political campaign in the Republican ranks came to a climax on August first. People who usually leave town spent the entire summer at home, and for a week before the coming of the State Convention little the fight between "stand-patters" and "progressives." Never in the history of Iowa has a political battle been so literally fought to a finish; but now that it is all over, say the Republicans, there is to be one grand pull altogether for an overwhelming victory. The wounds inflicted by both sides struck deep, but they will heal; even the scars will eventually be effaced.

In the splendid character sketch of Governor Cummins, which appears in this number, our readers will enjoy both the matter and the manner of its presentation. Among the younger journalists of the west, Mr. Oliver P. Newman ranks high, and we predict for him an enviable future should he continue as a "knight of the quill." The sketch comes from his heart, as all such work must do in justice to its object. The manner of treatment is sympathetic and discerning and must appeal forcibly to our readers.

There was an old man at the State Convention on August first who came with fear in his heart,—fear engendered by his county newspaper, which declared in weekly epitaphs the defeat of Governor Cummins. The old man adored the Governor and, next to him, loved the principles for which he stood. All through that day of terrible heat and of long-drawn suspense the old man scarcely left his seat in the hall. At last the moment came for roll-call of the counties in nomination for Governor. As the lining up began, the old fellow shouted and waved his arms until it seemed he might burst with joy. At last when the result was announced and the people went wild with enthusiasm, he fell into his seat sobbing like a child and, unashamed of his tears, exclaimed over and over again: "Thank God! Thank God!"

A former resident of Des Moines, returning this summer for a brief visit after ten years of absence, declared that the improvements here in the way of down town buildings of all sorts, public parks, residence streets and in general fixing up all over town was beyond what he ever expected of Des Moines. Those of us who live here and see things grow gradually can scarcely appreciate the great improvement over ten years ago. We are going to have a great city here—great in every way—before we know it. Our healthy growth, the splendid class of people who come here in great numbers each year to make their homes, the solidity and worth of our educational institutions, our churches, our superior public utilities and our situation as a commercial center for the richest territory in America, all point to the future as one in which every Iowan will feel a pride.

The advent of the automobile has caused a falling off in the visitors to watering places all over the country. The daily rides about town and into the country are as good or better than a stay at a hotel at lake or seashore. One can be at home, have all the comforts only to be found there and still enjoy regular outings. At present there are few country roads in the West in decent shape, but the subject of country roads is receiving attention, and in the near future all is to be changed, and then the automobile will be to us what it now is to the New Englander, a constant source of joy.

Our beautiful cover picture was taken from a photograph, by Webster, of Mrs. Laura Rawson Coffee. Mrs. Coffee is a native Iowa girl, and justly popular in Des Moines among her large circle of friends. The picture is in Mr. Webster's best style, and must win the admiration of all who see it.

A great factor in the health and happiness, and hence the morality of the people, is the interurban road. This was the tenor of an interesting discussion at the last meeting of the Des Moines Women's Press Club, in Colfax, the first Monday afternoon in August. The ride to Colfax, on a hazy summer day, through the happy looking farm country, the little towns, past lovely country homes, at last reaching one

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ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1906

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate, Bonds and Mortgages	$302,439.22	Capital Stock	$100,000.00
Bills Receivable	258,257.42	Re-Insurance Reserve	405,218.04
Cash in Banks	38,069.27	Unpaid Losses	4,212.09
Due from Agents	20,119.09	All Other Liabilities	3,776.10
Interest and Rents	5,816.44	**Net Surplus**	111,995.21
Total	$625,201.44	Total	$625,201 44

PREMIUMS WRITTEN IN 1905, $378,990.29

CHAS. H. AINLEY, President
F. M. RICE, Superintendent of Agents

O. B. FRYE, Assistant Secretary
CHARLES H. MARTIN, Treasurer

of the most beautiful towns in all the middle west, was sufficient to cause each member of the club to take a deep interest in the discussion.

"Back to the country" looks easy enough to the millionaire, but has been well nigh impossible to those of moderate circumstances, until the advent of the interurban railway. Now it is possible for the man of limited means to live within easy distance of town, and possible for everybody to take frequent trips to the outlying parks and woodlands.

The article in this number by Mr. Harry Belt is the first of a series along this line, the general subject being interior decoration. Mr. Belt is an authority, and all his writing appeals in a most effective manner to the artistic sense of the reader. His booklet, "Art in the Home," published some months since, has had a wide circulation in Iowa.

The Falcon Flour, manufactured by the Shannon & Mott Mills, of this city, is deservedly the most popular flour sold in Iowa markets. All of the productions of this company are of superior merit, and bread made of this noted flour can't be beat by any flour made elsewhere. The Shannon & Mott Mills are among the establishments that are making Des Moines famous.

A visit to the Puck Soap Works is a revelation to one who fancies a soap factory a dirty and unwholesome place. Everything is scrupulously clean and, as vegetable oils alone are used for fat, there is none of the disagreeable odor common to soap factories. The Puck Soap is white as snow, and has no superior on the market.

A Civic Art League is talked of for Iowa, one of the promoters of the movement being the landscape artist, M. J. Wragg. Mr. Wragg has lectured before numerous societies and has written many articles upon the subject with the pen of an enhusiast.

In a round of business calls one will not come upon a more courteous and hospitable man than Mr. Clarence **Deets, Secretary of** the Iowa State Traveling Men's Association. One can easily see why he is adored by his associates, and also why the success of this great organization is assured with such a secretary. **Mr. Deets** came into a difficult place to fill, after Mr. Haley, but he fills it with distinction.

In the whole State of Iowa there cannot be a more interesting batch of daily mail than comes into the offices of the Columbian School of Correspondence. The letters are from all over the world—from Chili, Brazil, all of the Central American states, all over Mexico, Australia, China, Russia, Cape Town, every part of Europe, from Newfoundland and Alaska and Iceland, and, of course. all over North America. One letter received last week was from an Italian nobleman's daughter, wanting to establish a branch school in Italy, so that the poorer classes could learn to do their own dressmaking. One from Japan was written in the most peculiar English. Curios of many sorts, and some of great value, have been sent to Mr. and Mrs. Laycock by pupils who express their delight with the lessons.

We want to thank the newspapers of the state for the kindly notices given us in advance of the appearance of the magazine. Also the many personal friends who have sent us words of cheer and courage in our new venture. All has been deeply appreciated by us, and we shall endeavor to merit the kindness so generously given.

The Army of the Philippines came, were seen, and conquered. They had a royal good time in Des Moines, as they well deserved, and it was the concensus of opinion that of all their reunions this was the best one.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;
She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

Better to always have and never need
Than need *once* and not have---

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Necessary often---
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200,000 telephone users in the state alone "*Within the sound of your voice*" through the Mutual Telephone Company's magnificent new Toll Board at

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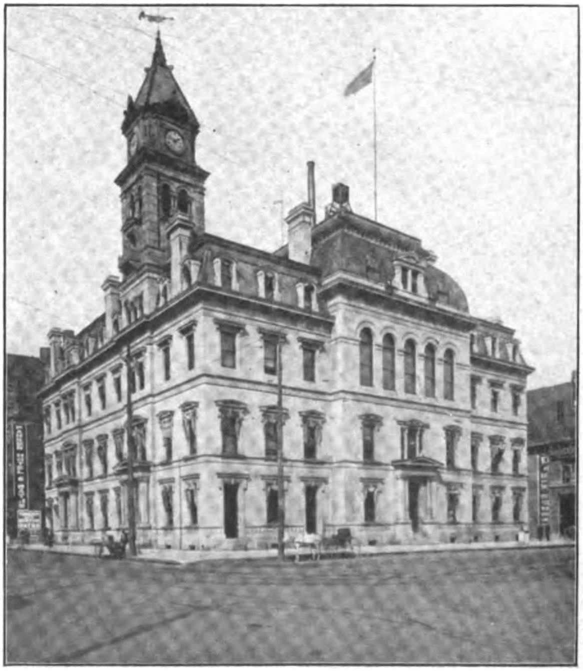
FIRE AND TORNADO INSURANCE

We insure against loss by breaking of *plate glass*

Broken *plate glass* replaced immediately. Call on or write us for rates and particulars.

HIS SCOOP

He came here from a town in northern Iowa, and by reason of his melancholy air and look of mysterious misfortune, so wrought upon the feelings of the typewriter girl that she effected an entrance for him into the holy of holies, the managing editor's office of the great and only morning paper. There he was given a chance to go out and run down some sort of a story for Sunday's paper. He was new at reporting and in his home town was noted for his recklessness in killing people and in tearing up families. After two hours of absence he stood again in the presence of the managing editor. He had a story, he said, a scoop. He was motioned to a typewriter. In half an hour, under a scare head, appeared a grewsome tale of the disappearance and supposed suicide of Mrs. Green, the young wife of a mechanic on the east side. The story came out duly in all the city papers, copied in the evening ones from the morning scooper. On Monday morning, before the reporter appeared, the office of the Great and Only Morning Daily was besieged by seven infuriated Mrs. Greens. Each was armed with an umbrella, as it was a rainy morning. The little brown-eyed typewriter girl met the scooper at the outer door. "Don't come in," she pleaded. "They are waiting to kill you." He took the cue in a second. "I'll be back next month," he said over his shoulder to the pretty face in the doorway. She expects him to keep his word.



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The Cost	The cost—compared to the number of people you are able to communicate with and the number of services you can have rendered to you with a telephone—is trifling.
Reduction......	This is especially true at this time, owing to the marked reduction which the Iowa Telephone Company made August 1 in their "Residence Telephone Rates."
Call No. 1205....	Call up our Contract Department—Number 1205 - and arrange to join "The Telephone Club" at once.

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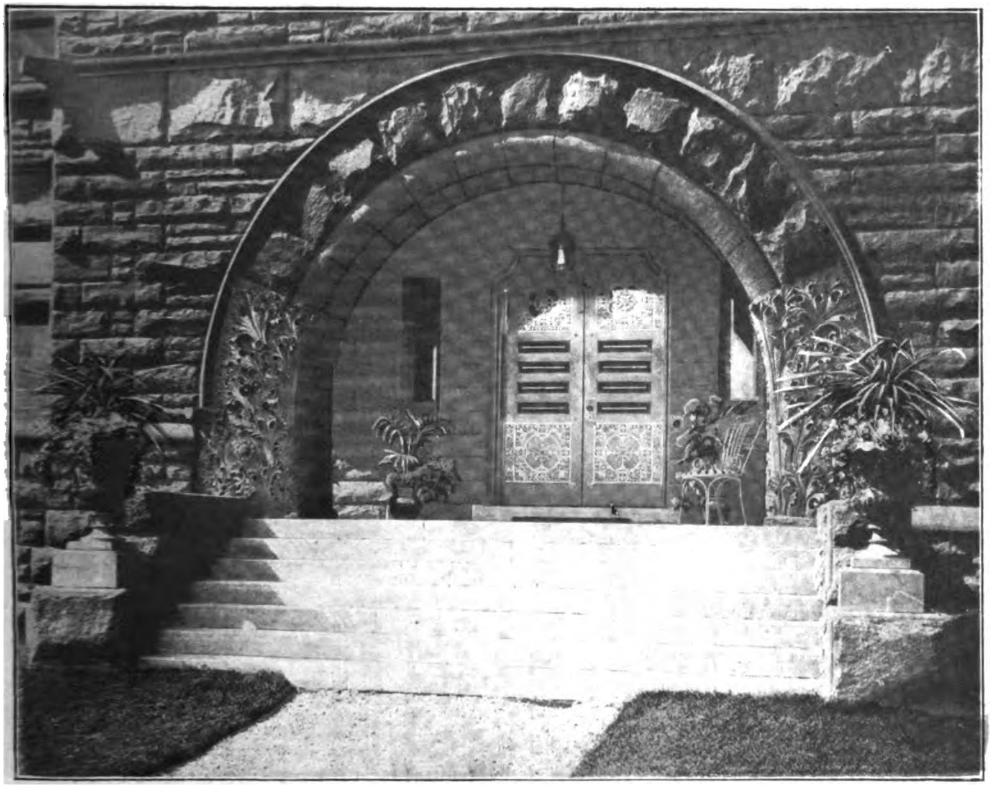

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OCTOBER, 1906

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This Statue of HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN was sculptured from pure MEADOW GOLD Creamery Butter. The bust is solid butter; weight 392 lbs.

Beatrice Creamery Co.
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PONCELE
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PONCE DE LEON WATER CO.
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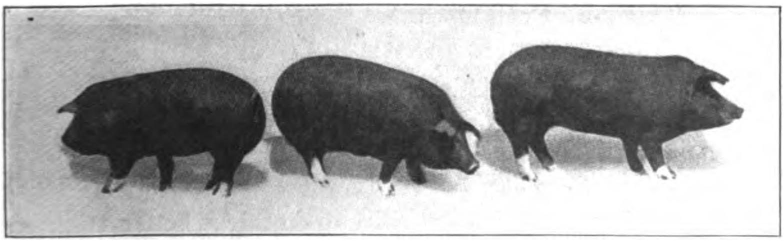
Every true home keeper looks well to the health and comfort of her family.

And every home keeper must know that a thing of most vital importance to the health of everybody is the water used for drinking. The question of drinking water is effectually settled by the Poncele de Leon Water Company of Des Moines.

The water sent out by this well-known company is the perfection of purity, and pronounced delicious by everyone who drinks it. The home keeper who once uses it in her family will never use any other for drinking purposes. Clear, sparkling, and satisfying — drink Poncele distilled and aerated water, and drink all you want.

Heywood Chocolates



The only time a **Real Lady** ever makes a **Pig** of herself is when she is **Eating**

Heywood's Chocolates

Heywood Candy Co., - Des Moines, Iowa

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Insurance in force about $33,000,000.

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Average cost for losses and expenses for 1905 was $1.28 per $1000 insured.

Members are not required to give a premium note.

We have had only five assessments at 10c per $100 in 14 years.

Operated 14 years without a law suit.

We have about 32000 Policy Holders.

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From the Best Foreign and Domestic Manufacturers

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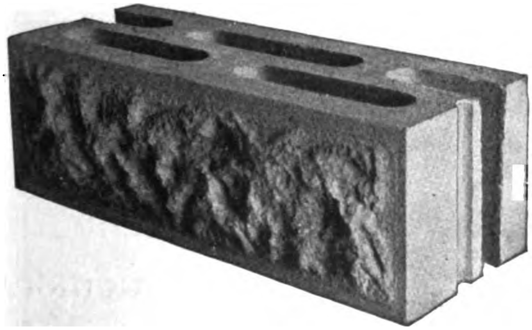

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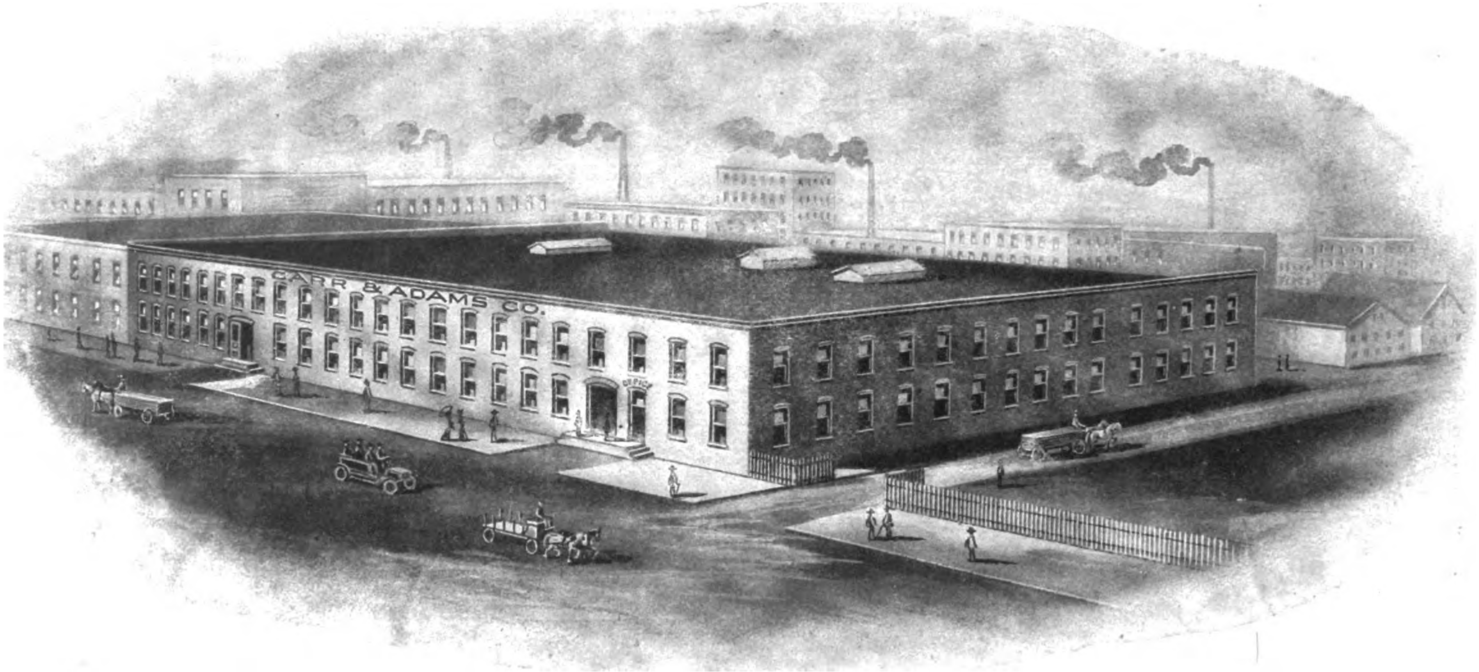

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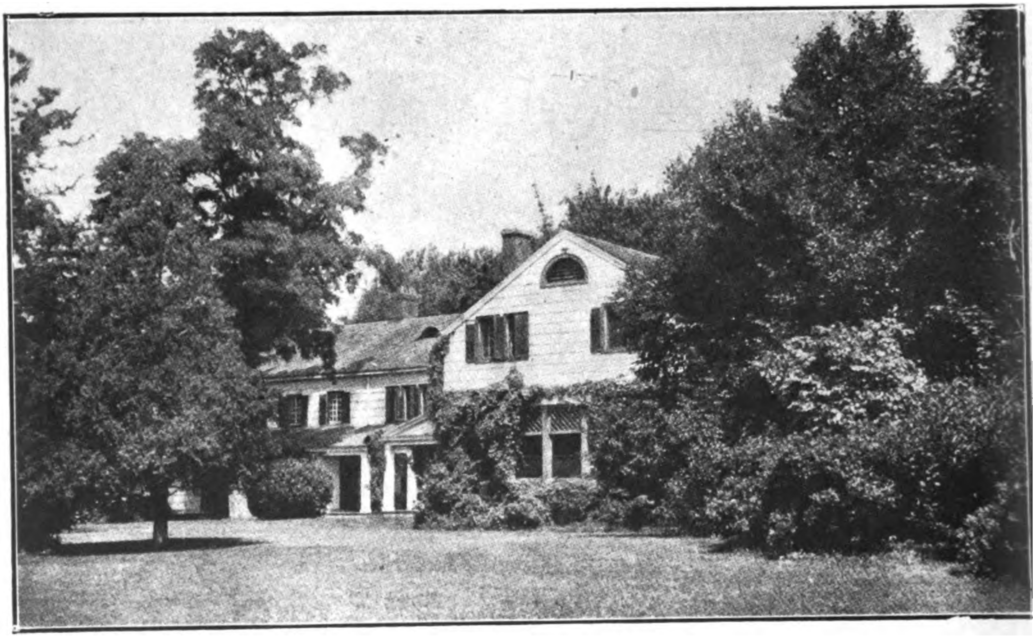
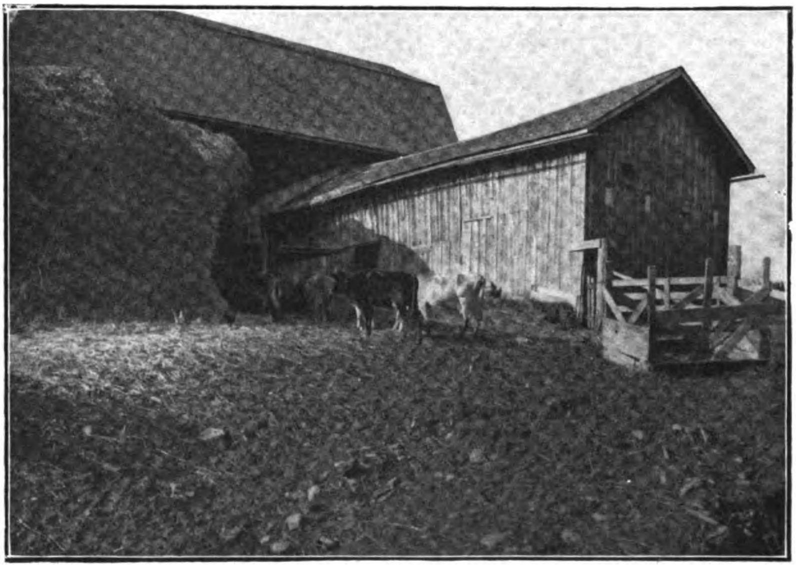
No dollar bills in last year's vests;
And it isn't wise to expect that scads
Will flow in from last year's ads."



DES MOINES is above all other things a city of homes. Its chief attraction to the visitor lies in this fact. Its chief attraction to the prospective business man lies in this fact. He sees that it would be a good place for him to establish himself and his family. The best efforts of the Midwestern will be put forth in behalf of the home and its building. In so doing we shall hope best to work for every interest of a *Greater Des Moines.*

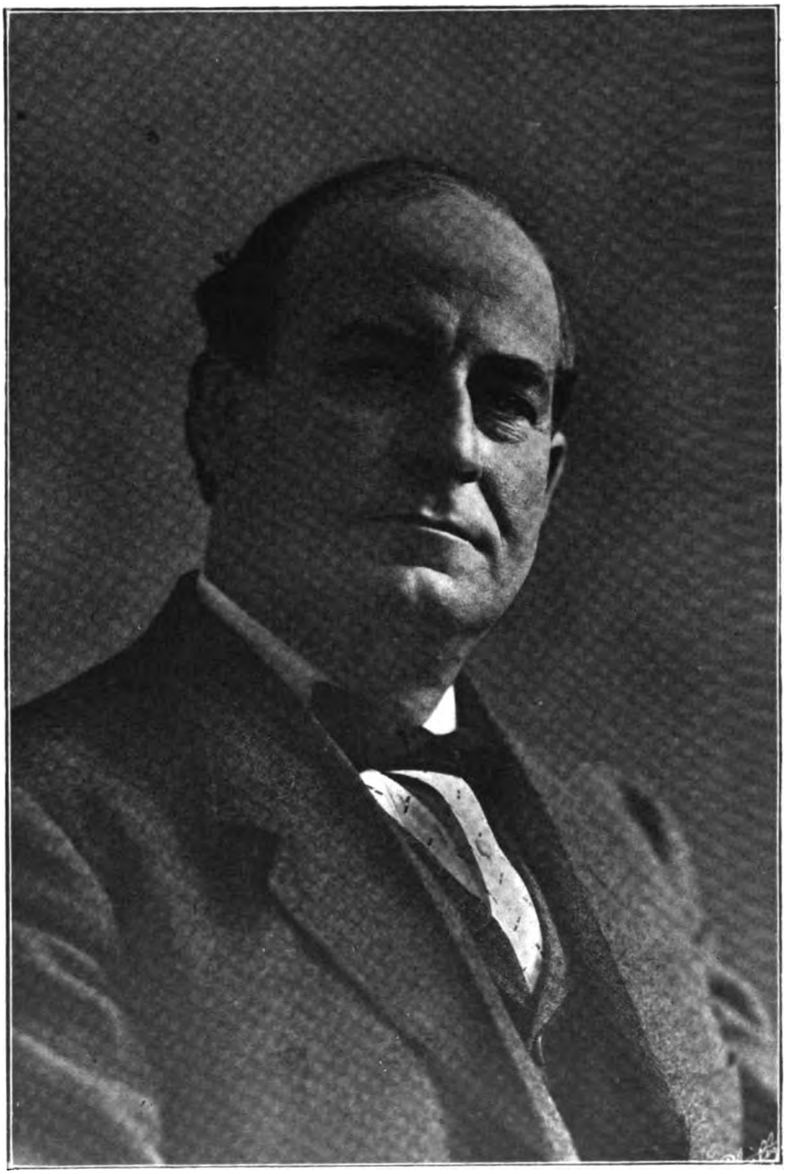


COURTESY DES MOINES PHOTO MATERIALS CO.

HOME.

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

—From the Greek of Leonidas.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THE MIDWESTERN

Volume 1. Number 2.
OCTOBER, 1906.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THE MAN AND THE LEADER

CHARACTER SKETCH

JERRY B. SULLIVAN

THE occasion makes the man, may well be said of the subject of this sketch. In the history of nations as well as men, it is the event that has called forth some one to become a leader who by force of character and strength of will has impressed those about him not only with the justice of his cause, but the sincerity of him who proclaims the message. In all ages we love and admire the man who does something; we admire him who by his acts, desires to elevate mankind, who in the darkest hour finds some way through which the sunshine of good may obtain an entrance and make better struggling humanity.

William J. Bryan is today one of the foremost American citizens. By force of character and strength of will, he has commanded the attention of the civilized world. His every utterance has been for the uplifting and making better of mankind. It is worthy of note, as we consider history, to realize that every year there is improvement over the one gone by; that as men and women are uplifted their sphere of usefulness is extended, and by reason thereof, the human race becomes better. Intelligence, uprightness and morality are more cultivated and desired today than ever before. In every age there has been found some one who opens new paths and points the road to a brighter and happier hour. The pages of history recount numbers of such who are canonized today in the hearts of millions of people, who love to sing their praise and recount their deeds. The history of our own country is fruitful in the number of brave and heroic men who have proven equal to the occasion.

Who would wish to see the record of Benjamin Franklin erased? Who would wish we had no Thomas Jefferson, with a heart so filled with love for his countrymen that he readily and willingly gave to them his best energy and thought, or a General Jackson, with his indomitable will and courage for enforcement of law, or an Abraham Lincoln whose life and work is the noblest heritage within the page of American civilization. It was the occasion that made these men possible. They were worthy of the event and by strength of character, steadily keeping in view the right, carved for themselves a place that time will not obliterate, and placed mankind under lasting obligation.

Side by side with these lovers of human liberty can be placed William J. Bryan, and he will not suffer by comparison. His heart is filled with as great a love for the people as Jefferson; with a desire for the enforcement of law as Jackson, and with an abiding faith in humanity worthy of a Lincoln. He can stand by their side and say with a Jefferson, "I am for equal rights;" with a Jackson, "the money power of this nation must not control," and with the immortal Lincoln, "this republic must endure." What a tribute to the growth and development of a republic is the life of such a man. In what other land or clime but ours, is it possible for a Bryan to arise, without wealth or family connection, without influences that can and do make and unmake men. This young man, born of the common people in an Illinois community, wended his way upward until today not a nation or a people but know of him, and to know him is but to love and admire. Greatness is not thrust upon men. There must be something in the man that leads others to follow.

William J. Bryan is first, a typical American, and the product of American institutions; standing forth like the majestic oak of the forest he commands the attention not only of the passerby, but of those in the midst of whom he has assembled. From boyhood, he gave every evidence of coming greatness; at school he engaged in the study of those things that look to the uplifting and betterment of self. He was not satisfied to follow. He wished to be among those who could say that tomorrow will be better for humanity and mankind than today.

As a college orator, he led his fellows, and every utterance but signified the prevailing thought of his mind. Born in Salem, Illinois, March 19, 1860, his early years were spent on a farm, and thus was developed a strong and powerful physique. In his father's congressional campaign in 1872, he took great interest, and at this early age became interested in public life. As a student at college, he was devoted to literature and history, and earnestly engaged in all debates of the literary societies, and was recognized by his fellow students as a young man of deep thought.

Mr. Bryan is of a religious turn of mind. In early youth he became a member of the Presbyterian Church and continued such, until his removal from the city of Lincoln to his home at "Fairview" two miles therefrom, and is now an attendant of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a man of deep religious conviction, having an abiding faith in eternal life, and proclaiming by his every act those christian virtues of love of God and humanity. Those who have heard him deliver his lecture entitled, "The Prince of Peace," can readily understand the deep religious feeling that underlies his life. He believes in immortality, and on many occasions has given expression thereto. What more beautiful passage can be found in English literature than the tribute he paid to a departed member of Congress wherein he states: "I shall not believe that even now his light is extinguished. If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn, and make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected, in the earth, the soul of man, who was made in the image of his Creator? If he stoops to give to the rose bush whose withered blossoms float upon the breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He withhold the words of hope from the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of Nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation after it has paid a brief visit, like a royal guest, to this tenement of clay?

"Rather let us believe that He, who in His apparent prodigality wastes not the raindrop, the blade of grass, or the evening's sighing zephyr, but makes them all to carry out His eternal plans, has given immortality to the mortal, and gathered to Himself the generous spirit of our friend.

"Instead of mourning, let us look up and address Him in the words of the poet:

"The day has come, not gone;
Thy sun has risen, not set;
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,
Not ended, but begun.
O, noble soul! O, gentle heart!
Hail, and farewell."

What a beautiful thought is contained in this paragraph. Nothing pessimistic, nothing doubting; ever optimistic and ever believing; looking upward and onward to a happier and brighter day.

There is something in Mr. Bryan's religious conviction that calls to mind the thought, that I believe history maintains to be true, that not an eminent man in the past, who attempted to do something for humanity, who wished to remove some of the shackles that bound human beings, who was not only a firm believer, but on all occasions gave expression to such thought.

In his thirtieth year, Mr. Bryan was elected a member of Congress from the First Congressional District of Nebraska. Nominated at a time when it appeared there was little chance of the election of a democrat, it was thought that Mr. Bryan could stand defeat as well as any one else, and being a young lawyer, it would advertise him. He was recognized prior to this as a speaker of prominence. He canvassed the district thoroughly, engaging in joint debates with his opponent, and was elected by a majority of more than 6,000. On his entrance into congress, his ability was recognized, and he was placed on the Committee of Ways and Means, which was an honor to any one and especially to one entering on his first term. Here developed that force of character that his friends knew he possessed. He entered into the question of tariff reform with enthusiasm and earnestness, and his speeches on this question are not only laden with information and thought, but for pure English and simplicity are unexcelled. During his second term in Congress, he became an active participant on the questions of income tax and bi-metallism.

No description of Mr. Bryan can in any way do him justice, without referring to the debates for the restoration of silver. In Congress he took an active part on this question, until he became stamped as its foremost champion. After leaving Congress, he became associate editor of the "World Herald," of Omaha, and through its columns continued to disseminate information upon the question of the quantitive theory of money.

Nominated for the Presidency in 1896 upon a platform distinctly announcing for the restoration of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, Mr. Bryan made the greatest campaign ever known in American history. This campaign demonstrated the proposition, that Mr. Bryan was sincere, and that he was advocating a policy of great importance to the welfare of the nation. We may differ as to the ratio, but no one will differ with Mr. Bryan on the proposition that the quantitive theory of money is correct. The hard times of 1893 to 1897 has been attributed by many to the Wilson Tariff act, but political economists and thinking men at this day do not sustain such a conclusion. They know the hard times were caused by the insufficiency of the volume of money.

When Mr. Bryan was nominated for the Presidency, there was less than $20 per capita of money in circulation. Today there is more than $32 per capita in circulation. It was the contention of Mr. Bryan that the volume of trade required a sufficient volume of money for the transaction of business, that the volume of the circulating medium had direct effect on its purchasing power, and that as you decreased the volume of money, you thereby decreased the value of labor, and the price of products. That the volume of trade and the volume of money should correspond. In that day, there was no other method or means, as he believed, by which the volume of money could be increased, except by the coinage of silver, and with that fact in view, Mr. Bryan presented to the American people, as it never was before, the question that silver must be restored in order that there would be a sufficient amount of money to maintain business and prices. He was defeated for the presidency. He was successful in establishing the proposition of the quantitive theory of money. The hills and mountains opened up and belched forth a quantity of gold unprecedented until it answered the very question for which Mr. Bryan contended. In that campaign Mr. Bryan demonstrated beyond question, his ability as a statesman. Traveling more than 18,000 miles, speaking a number of times a day, he held aloft, by virtue of his own strength, the banner of the common people of the United States, and received the highest vote ever given a defeated candidate. In that campaign he received messages from all over the world and one especially from Buda Pest, in Hungary, wishing him well in his great campaign.

As an orator, Mr. Bryan is without a superior. As a word painter, he may have equals, but as one who can impress upon his hearers the thought that he himself possesses, no one can stand by his side and be an equal. It matters not whether it is the sublime utterances contained in the "Prince of Peace" or in the happy expression contained in his Thanksgiving address at London, England, wherein he says: "I know therefor of no greater service that my country can render to the world, than to furnish to the world the highest ideal that the world has known. That ideal must be so far above us that it will keep us looking upward all our lives and so far in advance of us, that we shall never overtake it. I know of no better illustration of the ideal life than the living spring, pouring forth constantly that which refreshes and invigorates; no better illustration of the worthless life that the stagnant pool which receives contributions from all the land around and gives forth nothing," he is without a peer on the rostrum.

In an address delivered before the Alumni Association of Syracuse University, January 27, 1905, giving expression to his love for the common people, he states:

"Lincoln said that God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them. The common people are very numerous and the uncommon people are not nearly so important as they sometimes think they are. The common people of the nation are its strength. They produce the nation's wealth in time of peace. They are the ones who stand ready to sacrifice themselves for their country in time of war. The common people furnish the students of your colleges. From the ranks of the common people all the occupations and professions of the city are recruited."

Probably no other man in the United States has delivered the number of addresses that Mr. Bryan has. Not a city but has heard him. His honesty of purpose and sincerity of thought is unquestioned. Many may differ as to the methods suggested to solve pending questions but none will deny that his solution is in the interest of the great majority of our people, and is unaffected by sordid interest.

He is a firm believer in referring to the people for solution of every question affecting their interests. He is opposed to private monoply and thereby he wishes to see public utilities under the control of the people. He is now, as a layman, exercising the prerogative of instructing the people in what he believes to be right. He does not ask you to believe unless he convinces. Wherein is the strength of Mr. Bryan? It is in the advocacy of those policies that most nearly affect the common people of the United States.

He is today a unique figure in national politics. Twice the nominee of his party for the presidency, he is today the most formidable candidate for that position for the third time. Without any apparent effort, without aid from influences that in the past have dominated political parties, he commands the attention of the public until his nomination seems almost assured.

I am unable to find in the history of our nation, a similar circumstance. "Harry of the West," in the hour of his greatest triumph, was not as popular or as near the hearts of the people or had as many enthusiastic friends as this commoner of Nebraska. Without fear and without favor he boldly asserts doctrines that are new, and with logic and earnestness presents them to the favor of the public. He is not a self seeker. If he were, he would not engage in the conflict to purify Illinois politics. He would not at this time present the question of government ownership of railroads. He is a formative statesman. He does not attempt to destroy without putting something in the place. The dominant thought of his mind is not to view with regret things of the past, but to boldly assert policies for the future and advocate such with sincerity and enthusiasm. His influence for good and all that upholds the right is greater than that of any single individual in our nation today. He does not deliver an address that does not command the attention of the public.

Behold his utterances at the Peace Congress of the World, recently held in London. He there exemplified his love for humanity by thrilling his audience with the eloquence of his words and the simplicity of his ideas. His life is worthy of study by two classes. The statesman may well take note of his method, not only in honesty of purpose, but in the study of those policies that are today so prominently before the public. He stands for equal rights, reform in the taxing power of our nation, and the striking down of graft in public affairs.

His life may well be the study of the young man, whose mind has a turn toward political affairs. Years ago a young democrat wrote to Richard H. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, wishing to know where he could obtain the best information at that time concerning the democratic party. The veteran editor replied, to read the life, letters and public utterances of Samuel J. Tilden.

Today I believe the young man who wishes to know the basic truths of democracy in its broadest sense, and its application to public questions, can find no better treatise than the letters and public utterances of William J. Bryan. We may not co-incide with every policy advocated, but in arriving at an ultimate conclusion and for a clear and distinct discussion of such policies, no greater field of information can be had than the utterances of Mr. Bryan.

He does not attempt to force his ideas on others. He takes you into his confidence; opens his great storehouse of knowledge, applies the truths as he understands them, and asks you to satisfy yourself as to the proper solution, and when you have arrived at a conclusion, honestly and sincerely, Mr. Bryan is satisfied with the result. Being honest himself, he only asks that you consider the subject from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number, unaffected by selfish influences. Conscientious in every thought, and honest in every purpose, he wishes the citizenship of this great land of ours to be the same.

He is not a partisan in politics. This is a government of party. In other words, an organization is required to carry into effect a policy. The party or organization should not control the conscience of its members. A bad policy or a bad man should not be upheld by anyone. Independence is as much required in politics as in business or religion. There is no difference between a bad democrat and a bad republican, and both should be eliminated. The people are more interested in good government than they are in the success of party. Mr. Bryan has given evidence of this independence in a greater degree than any other public man. It is the basis of his political life. He does not hesitate to criticize his own party associates when his conscience tells him they are in the wrong. His love for the right and for the greatest good to the greatest number, would not permit him to do otherwise. His interest in the welfare of the common people is so great that he never hesitates to give expression thereof.

I cannot better conclude this sketch than to quote his eloquent words on, "Democracy's Appeal to Culture," delivered before the Alumni Association of Syracuse University, January 27, 1905, in which he so forcibly states, "The Bible definition of greatness is the only true one, and that is service. When they inquired of the Master who would be greatest among the disciples, he replied, 'Let him who would be chiefest among you, be the servant of all.' That is the definition of greatness; it always has been true, it is true today, it always will be true, that he is greatest who does the most of good."

HOME INFLUENCE

'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The governor, who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees,
Books, leisure, perfect wisdom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business. These are the degrees
By which true sway doth mount. This is the stalk
True power doth grow on, and her rights are these.

— *Wordsworth.*

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF IOWA

SUE McNAMARA

IF ONE were to pass in an air ship over the fair and rolling prairies of Iowa he would see scattered here and there a number of fine looking buildings—substantial, well built structures, some of them beautiful in architectural design. In these buildings Iowa cares for her unfortunates, provides homes for the homeless and opens places of instruction and amusement for her people.

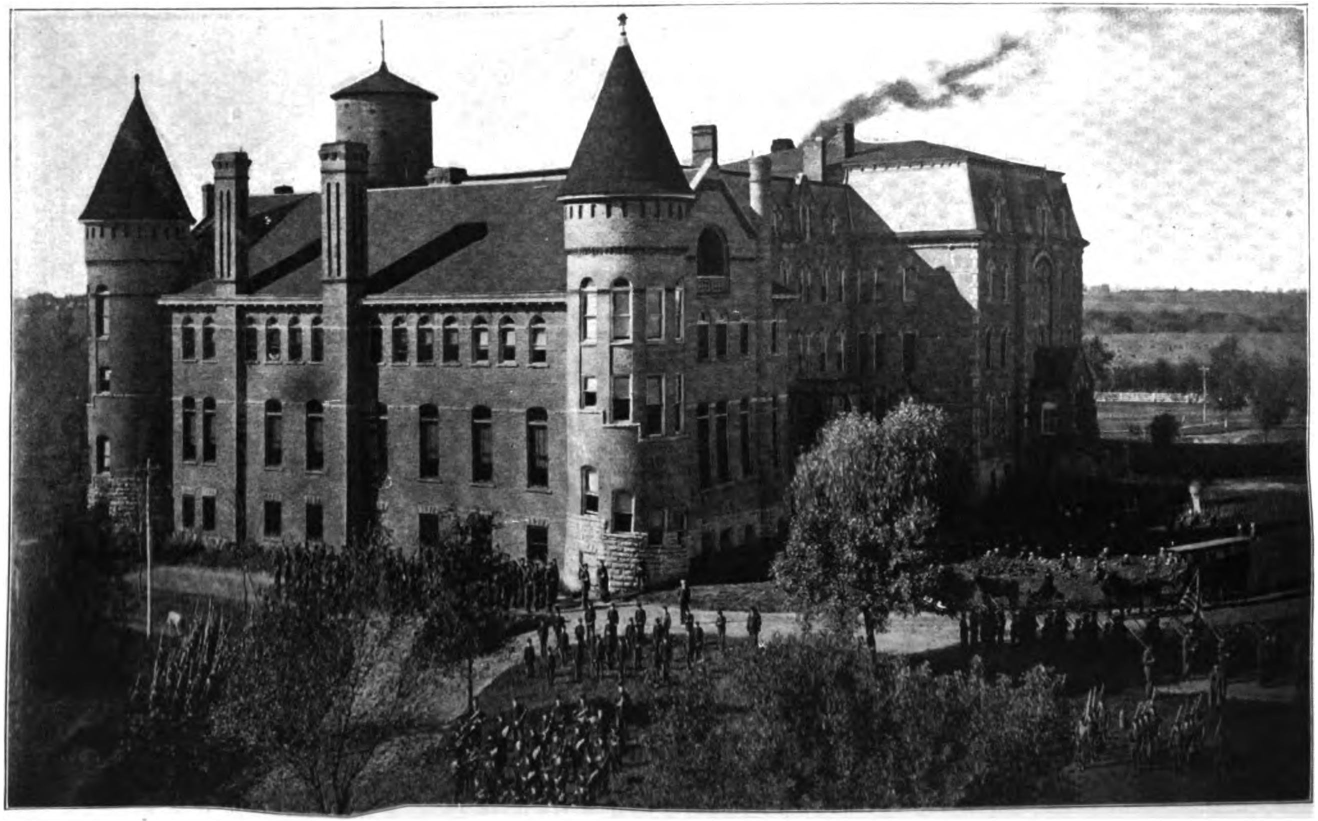
From the golden dome of the state capitol, which glitters in the blue sky above the capital city, to the substantial roof which shelters Iowa's little orphans down at Davenport, it is plain to be seen that the Hawkeye state spends lavishly on her public buildings.

There are nineteen of these public institutions. Besides the state capitol, the Iowa Hall of History and the three state educational institutions, there are the following: Two penitentiaries, one at Ft. Madison, the other at Anamosa; four insane hospitals, located at Mt. Pleasant, Independence, Cherokee and Clarinda; the school for the deaf, at Council Bluffs: the Iowa Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Davenport; the Industrial School for Boys, at Eldora; the Industrial School for Girls, at Mitchellville; the Institution for the Feeble Minded, at Glenwood; the State Hospital for Inebriates, at Knoxville; the Iowa Soldiers' Home, at Marshalltown, and the Iowa College for the Blind, at Vinton.

Visitors who pass through the country about two miles northeast of Davenport are always attracted to a number of inviting, comfortable looking brick cottages arranged in the shape of a capital letter E. These cottages, with a big main building, constitute the Soldiers' Orphans Home, and all Davenport is interested in the little homeless ones whose fathers wore the blue. Here they are sheltered and cared for, twenty-five to thirty-five living in each cottage, while the big, handsome central structure contains the general dining and reception rooms, kitchen, store rooms, etc. The Iowa Soldiers' Orphans Home has the only graded school belonging to a state institution in Iowa, and connected with it is a kindergarten department under a trained kindergartner.

Grim and forbidding and in strange contrast to the bright, cheerful cottages at Davenport, is a frowning stone fortress which rears its walls from a sandstone ridge above the Mississipi river near Fort Madison. No flower gardens dot the turf here. A big stone wall twenty-five feet high encloses a three-story stone building in which are 512 cells, 140 of which are of steel. There is little attempt at architectural beauty. All is strength, awful, unyielding strength, the thick stone walls, the frowning cliffs beneath, point all too plainly to the fact that this is the Fort Madison penitentiary. This is the oldest penitentiary in the state, the first walls having been laid in 1839. The one at Anamosa was built in 1872.

The care of the insane is always a problem for any state. How adequately Iowa has met this difficulty is shown by the four splendid hospitals at Mt. Pleasant, Independence, Clarinda and Cherokee. The hospital at Clarinda has been pronounced by many eastern architects to be one of the finest of its kind in the world. It was designed by Foster & Liebbe, of Des Moines, who made a tour of the United States visting the finest hospitals, before making plans for the one in Iowa. The hospital must be seen



Industrial School for Boys, Eldora, Iowa.

to be appreciated. It is a building which houses 1,000 people and provides comfort for every want and need. It rises from an eminence which commands a magnificent view of the Nodaway valley, and in plan and design is what is known as the Corridor Connected Pavilion system, consisting first of a central administration building, containing official and executive departments, connected by a rear corridor with the hospital system at the right and left. The structure has a total frontage of 1,128 feet, a total depth of 840 feet with a length of extended walls of one mile and a quarter, covering many miles of floor space. The hospital is especially noted for its light. Thousands of big windows let in the glorious sunshine. Not in all the land is there a hospital better provided with pure air. Thousands of air flues and ducts make a constant circulation. The infirmary wards, with their mammoth circular bay window dormitories, large open fire places and toilet arrangement, are admitted to be the finest in the United States.

It is probable that many of the wayward boys and girls of Iowa who are sent to the industrial schools with sinking hearts and grim forebodings of sinister iron bars and prison walls, feel a welcome relief when they see the well kept, home like grounds and big, comfortable buildings which must be for a time their future homes.

Surrounded by stately old trees, within the town limits of Mitchellville, is the Girls' Industrial School. It is a fine brick structure, and the beautifully kept grounds make the place one of the picturesque spots of Iowa. F. P. Fitzgerald, the present superintendent, has had wonderful success with the school.

The Industrial School for Boys at Eldora, under the superintendency of L. D. Drake, consists of six family buildings, one hospital, one main building and a number of work shops and barns.

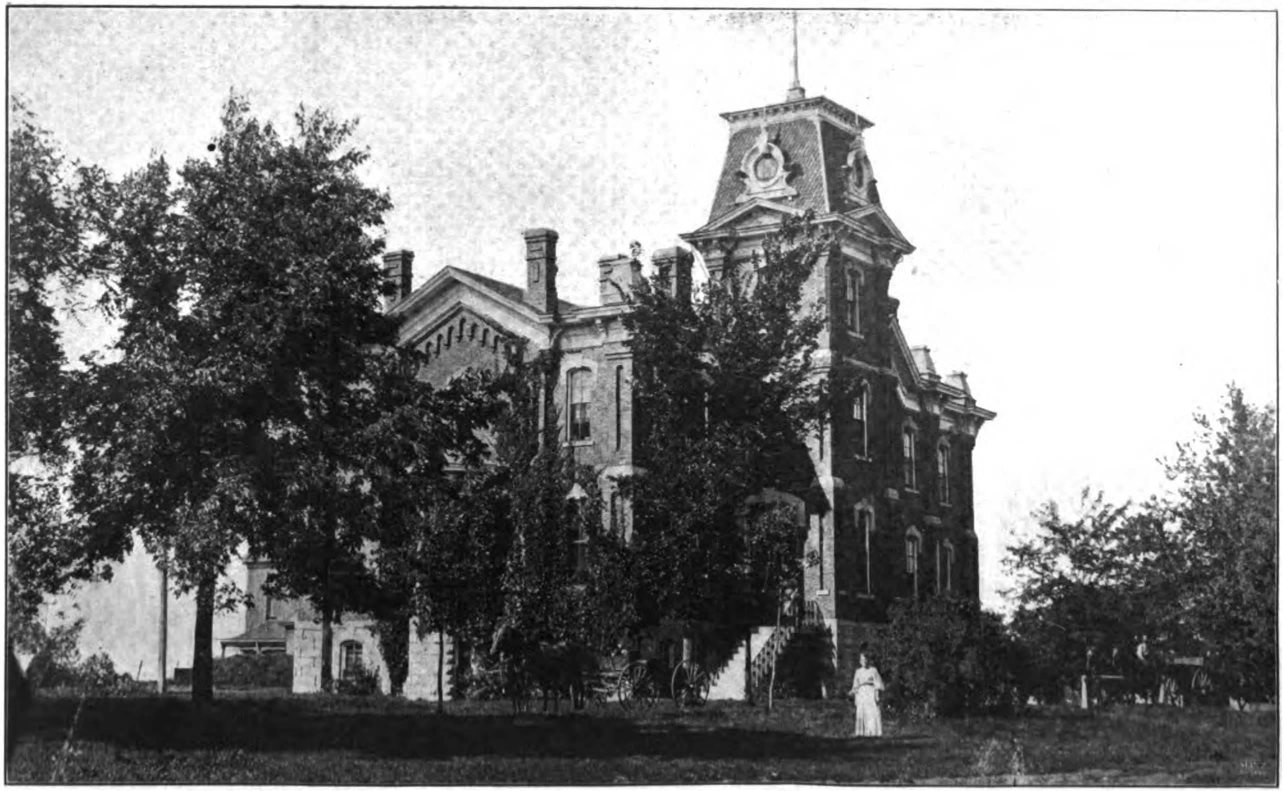
The Iowa School for the Deaf is located at Council Bluffs. The fine new building just completed is the pride of Mr. Liebbe, of Des Moines, the architect who designed it. And indeed it is a structure of which Iowa may be proud. It has a frontage of 570 feet, is built of brick, and the floors throughout the building are of tile.

Iowa has not forgotten her defenders. Her debt of gratitude to them finds expression in the big, bright, cheery building at Marshalltown, the Iowa Soldiers' Home. One of the advantages of this building is its light. Every one of the 110 beds has a window. The main building is on an eminence, and the grouping of the smaller ones around it forms a most pleasing effect.

Full justice cannot be done in a general article to the three state educational institutions of Iowa—the State Normal School, the State Agricultural College and the Iowa State University. Two new buildings in connection with these institutions may be mentioned as fine examples of architecture. One is the fine new central building at the State College, at Ames. It is of fire proof Bedford stone and is of the classic Renaissance style with a strong Grecian fencing running through the details of the interior. Its cost was $400,000. It was designed by Proudfoot & Bird, of Des Moines. They also designed the beautiful College of Liberal Arts at the State University, which is also of Bedford stone.

Of the state capitol building and the state historical building little need be said. The magnificence of the one, topped with its golden dome, and the pure classic beauty of the other, with the white symmetry of its marble lines, have appealed to the patriotism of nearly all Iowans. The state capitol was designed by Cochran & Piquenard, a firm of Chicago architects who both died when the building had reached the roof line. It was completed at a cost of $3,000,000. An eminent eastern architect once said that the Iowa Historical Hall was one of the finest examples of architecture he had ever seen. One of the architects who designed this building, F. A. Gutterson, died of consumption before the building was completed. The other architect, O. O. Smith, is of the present firm of Smith & Wetherell. Already about $225,000 have been spent on the building, and probably many thousands more will be lavished on it. It is patterned after the old Roman style of architecture and depends upon its simplicity for its beauty, as but little attempt has been made at decoration. Its severe and classic lines appeal to all lovers of the artistic.

Iowa certainly has just pride in all of her public buildings, and not alone in the buildings, but in the management of her institutions. The State Board of Control have a general supervision of them, and it is always composed of men of large experience and good judgment.



Industrial School for Girls, Mitchellville, Iowa.

ART AND ITS TEACHING

Edited by MRS. F. W. WEBSTER

ART

When we speak of art in its broad sense we mean that gift which is denied to all of God's creatures except man. Every bird of every species builds its nest the same way, and sings the same song today that it sang upon the morning of the first dawn.

To man alone is given the power to improve. His beginning is at the lowest point and the limit of his achievements has never been reached. As the mind broadens and improves, the power to enjoy art increases, and the real happiness of art is not in the possession of the artistic thing, but in being able to enjoy and understand the beauty of it.

In the progress of civilization the useful arts and crafts must of necessity receive the first attention. But as civilization grows older, the mind broadens and reaches out after the ideal, and we have all the beauties of painting and sculpture.

The ideal artist is not only aesthetic, but truly ethical as well, showing in the painted canvas or the marble statue the character of the man who fashioned it, and the higher his conception the greater will be his work, for the real artist must have nobility of heart and purity of mind.

ART NEWS

Messrs. T. Agnew & Sons, of Old Bond street, London, have recently acquired a collection of paintings owned by Alexander Young, of Blacksheath. It is estimated to be worth over half a million pounds and contains one of the finest of Corot's paintings, also excellent examples of the works of Daubigny, Troyon, Ieraels, Maure and Maris. Every master of the Barbizon school and of modern Dutch artist is represented.

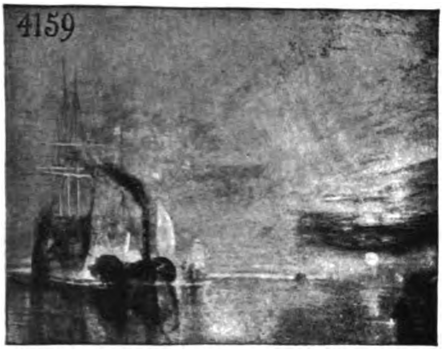
The Chicago Art Institute has recently purchased a very important picture by El Greco (Dominico Theotocopoli) an Italian Spanish artist, 1548 to 1614. It is a large altar piece, more than thirteen feet high and seven and a half feet wide, called the "Assumption of the Virgin." It is one of the most important paintings by the artist whose works are at present greatly admired by advanced painters, such as Sargent and Chase. The price paid was forty thousand dollars.

The institute has also recently acquired sixty casts of architectural capitals and ornaments from Vimes, France. Their exhibition of paintings and drawings, representing Burbank, Catlin, Myer and others, as well as some original drawings upon skins by the Indians themselves, is very interesting. Their animal exhibition of oils, by American artists, opens October 18th.

LOCAL NOTICES

Miss Lucy B. Chapman, teacher of art in the public schools in Des Moines, has returned to her work after a pleasant summer spent in Boston, New York and Nantasket. She found that the art work in the public schools of New York is along the same lines followed in the Des Moines schools.

Drawing is not taught in the public schools to make artists of all the pupils, but as a mental discipline, and to develop originality, self reliance, observation, imagination and as a moral uplift, interesting the children in nature and teaching the beauty in the common things that make up their environment. They derive as much pleasure in study-



A Turner

ing a weed's plain heart as they would a beautiful rose. It develops keenness of perception in a wonderful degree. The pupil becomes familiar with the works of the great masters by studying reproductions from their best pictures.

A great deal of work is being done along the lines of decoration that is very practical, designs being made for wall paper, books and magazine covers, table linen, dishes, rugs, the coloring and furnishing of interiors of rooms, all the work being creative. This fills the mind of the child with the good, useful and beautiful, and serves as an outlet for the great activity with which every normal child is endowed.

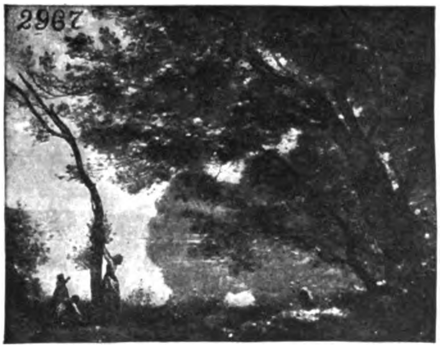
Mrs. Emma Pickering Shepperd and children spent the summer on a farm in South Dakota.

Prof. and Mrs. Chas. A. Cumming, of the Cumming School of Art, spent last month at the home of Ex-Gov. and Mrs. Larrabee, in Clermont, Iowa.

THE UNFINISHED PLAY

The curtain rises and the scene is fair,
A sturdy youth steps forward. "Watch!" says he,
"For *wondrous deeds* you presently shall see!"
The curtain falls as we sit staring there.
The curtain rises. Now a man appears,
"Behold the *good* in what I soon shall do!"
The curtain falls and shuts him from our view.
Again the curtain rises. Bowed with years,
An old man totters forth and feebly cries,
"Hold! till you see *my* act, 'tis not too late!"
No more he says, for as we calmly wait
The curtain falls before our tear-dimmed eyes.
Again it rises and a spectre white
Stalks forth, illumined by uncanny light.
And as we turn in horror from the sight
"Enough!" he sobs, "the play is o'er, good night!"

—*Clint R. Carpenter.*

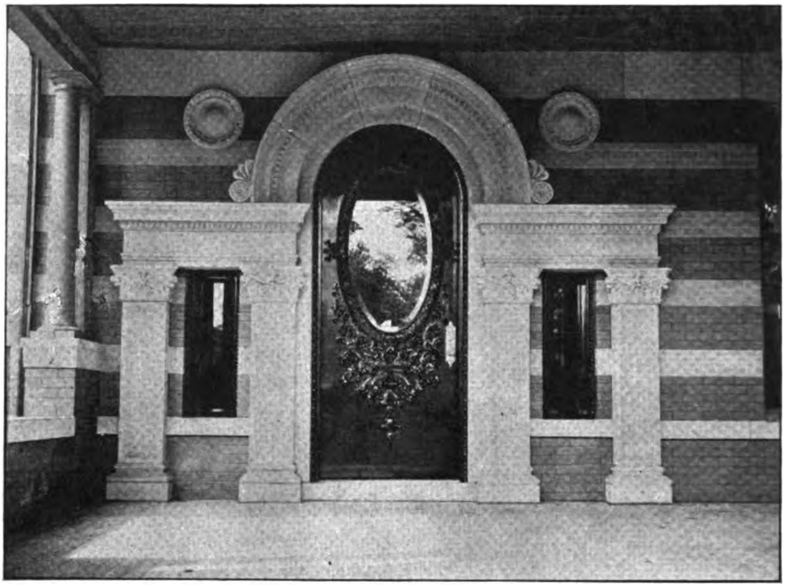


A Corot.

DEW DROPS

'Tis you who stealthily creeps at eventide,
And quickly glides away at early dawn.
Your welcome stay is short, yet by thy side
All nature sips your glistening wine with song.

—*Lena L. Horton.*



COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN.

Entrance to R. L. Crawford Home.

WEARING OF THE GREEN

JUSTIN McCARTHY

"So YOU really are going to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Look out for the Fenians. See that they don't capture you and keep you as a British hostage."

"Stuff. There are no Fenians."

"Oh, aren't there, though. Yes, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses too—just ask Gerald Barrymore."

"Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him—hunt and course and fish, and all the rest of it."

"Well, *he* says there are Fenians without end."

"Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if he says so. There isn't pluck enough in the population to make anything like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come in my way, with this cane."

"Misguided young man, farewell. If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph."

"Thank you, my dear fellow; that is indeed adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence."

So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place on a soft bright day of late autumn in the pleasant Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, and the Red and White Roses; of Addison and Steele and Sir Roger De Coverly; of Ruth, Pecksniff, and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Pendennis and Stunning Warrington.

The two friends who thus talked and parted were Tom Gibbs and Laurence Spalding. Both young barristers; both were as yet briefless; both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, familiarly known as the "Devil's Own."

Laurence Spalding was a tall, athletic young fellow, who delighted in drilling and the rifle-shooting, and the privilege, new, strange, and dear to young lawyers, wearing the moustache.

He it was who, on the eve of a visit

to Ireland, was speaking scorn of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had never been in Ireland; and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumors of projected Fenian insurrections, and before any actual rising had taken place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength.

Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old chum and fellow student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, unlike most of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered.

Spalding was longing to see Ireland; longing to enjoy his friend's hospitality, longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Laurence was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go on together to Barrymore's home in a mountainous, sea-washed, southwestern county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the journey must be made in a carriage or on horseback over mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatterbox and a little of a mischief maker, met Gerald Barrymore half an hour after the conversation just reported, and told him, with perhaps some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Fenianism and the dangers of Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishmen, rather sensitive of ridicule; and, moreover, although a loyal British subject, he had been descanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple Hall on the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the moment at what Gibbs had told him; but his manly good nature presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble queenly figure and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in France and Italy, had all the culture of an English woman of the best class, and yet retained her own racy nationality. She was a motherless girl, and she ruled her father and the estate and the tenantry, and the whole district generally. Like many other true-hearted Irishwomen who have seen other countries beside their own, she scolded her compatriots a good deal for their own benefit, but would not hear a word said against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all the "boys" of the place against the dangers of mixing themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not at present know of the existence of a single Fenian in the neighborhood; but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a young Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two or three days passed away, and Laurence Spalding landed for the first time at Kingston, the port of Dublin, where his friend Barrymore received him. They spent two or three other days very joyously in the pleasant city. Everywhere they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected "risings" of the most dreadful kind, having for their object the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property, and everything else that respectable persons hold sacred.

Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

"Laurence, my dear fellow, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to bring you over here. Down in my neighborhood they say things are beginning to look very bad."

Laurence only laughed again, and wondered at the credulity of his friend. Laurence was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe anything unusual until they see it; who ride out beyond bounds in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandism, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless outside the lines of camps; and bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of blunt, bold skepticism.

The two friends went by railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them, and they prepared for the journey which Spalding was given to understand would last for a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong, sinewy horses. The driver and the postillion were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited the pistols in the carriage holsters.

"I wish we were safe at home, Masther Gerald," observed the driver.

"So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?"

"Terrible bad, Masther Gerald."

"Thrue for you, boy," growled the postillion, in assent.

"The whole side of the counthry is up, I'm tould," said the driver.

"More power to 'em," growled the postillion in assent.

"What nonsense," laughed Laurence; and he turned to Barrymore. "Do you really believe such talk as this?"

"My dear Spalding, you don't know anything of this country. I only hope you may not be compelled to learn by disagreeable experience."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to reason on this subject, which Laurence had settled beforehand by process of intuition—the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was continually casting anxious glances on either side of the road, and every now and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile—a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch on for miles.

"If we were through this," said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "I think we should be safe for this day."

"Are there highway robbers about?" asked Spalding.

"Highway robbers here? O, no."

"What else, then?"

"The Fenians," said Gerald, in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage and quietly laughed. Just at that moment a shot was heard and the driver pulled up the horses.

"Begorra, they're on us, sure enough," he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding," said Gerald calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out, and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads. Before he could leap out of the carriage, a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a sort of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen," said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald, fiercely.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic," was the reply. "Look at our flag."

One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which however, was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it, too, failed of its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and knocked two Republican warriors over; but *no Hercules contra duos*—what could two do against twenty? Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with stout cords, and rendered incapable of resistance. The driver and postillion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see, gentlemen," said the swordsman, "how useless was vour resistance. "If you had shot one of our men, I probably could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may as well rifle our pockets at once."

"As you are an Englishman, and of course ignorant of Ireland," said the leader calmly, "I excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cutthroats, what the devil are you?"

"Fenians."

"Fenians be blessed," observed our British hero.

"You had better, for your own sake, sir, be silent. Get into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage went on.

Laurence could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream—like a victim of a nightmare. He gazed at Gerald, who sat silent and sullen, bearing defeat ungraciously.

As he turned around rather abruptly, his elbow struck against something hard. It was only a revolver which one of his guards was kindly holding toward his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"In the name of the devil, Gerald," said Laurence, speaking now in French that his captors might not understand, "what is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a practical joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *canaille?*"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword in fluent French, and with excellent accent. "*He* understands his country, although he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the patriotism of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and he refused. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald.

"They did offer me a command," said Barrymore, coolly. "Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—they are quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Was I reading the Times this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair. A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence fell fast asleep. He only woke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn or field in front of a large and partly ruined castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle, and on the roof a green flag was flying. Near the castle was a whole mass of armed men.

Laurence could see the gun barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at onst," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No; the chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airly, I'm tould. But *she's* here, bedad, the worse luck for some people, I'm thinking," and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the chief's daughter. In the absence of the chief she commands. For your own sakes, I earnestly recommend prudence."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting.

The two young men were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. As they came near the crowd divided and a lady on horseback rode forward, then checked her horse, and with a commanding gesture indicated where the prisoners were to stand. She was a young woman, very handsome, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat her horse like a queen.

In all his bewilderment Laurence could observe her deep-blue lustrous eyes, her clustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full, noble bust. She wore a green riding habit, and a cavalier hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword hung at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Comique?" Laurence asked himself.

The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman?" she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, sir, is that I am at present in command of this castle and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"Pray excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question. Do you really mean to tell me, madame, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, sir, may perhaps be allowed to excuse your question; but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now we have something else to do. Gerald Barrymore."

Her loud, clear tone rang like a trumpet call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy; today you actually dared to fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good heavens," exclaimed Laurence; "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I care little to say even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could; that I have tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor, and your doom is death."

"Heavens, what a fury," thought Laurence.

Then he thrust his friend aside, and broke out into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declamation blended with high forensic argument. Never had Laurence before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international and martial law. He was Erskine, Choate, Webster and Jules Favre all in one. Utterly forgetting his principles and his nationality in the cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually besought the Judge-Amazon not to sully the noble flag she had raised, not to bring dishonor on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principles of honorable warfare.

He thought he saw a softening expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief, to hide her emotions, no doubt—but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone:

"In your zeal for your friend, sir, you forget yourself. You forget that we have no cause, no flag, no battle-field, no principles, nay that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians."

"The court is against me," thought poor Laurence, sadly; and abandoning the high ground of argument, he was about to move simply in arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short.

"Spare your eloquence, sir. We have little time here for making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise tomorrow morning to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks, and pledge your word of honor to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot as a traitor."

"On my word, Gerald," exclaimed Laurence, "I do think you had better join these people. After all, you are an Irishman, you know; and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause."

"The Englishman," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "is an honorable enemy, and teaches a recreant Irishman his duty. Remove the prisoner. Mr. Spalding—that, I think is your name?—you will do me the honor of dining with me. In my father's absence I am host and commandant."

"Much honoured, I am sure," faltered Laurence; "but my poor friend Barrymore. How can I leave him?"

"My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command. We dine at seven."

She bowed; one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a small room in the castle. He passed armed men everywhere. At seven o'clock an armed escort came for him, and led him to a large dining-hall well set out and lighted. He was placed at the right hand of the hostess, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening toilet. A large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess's women attendants, dined at the table.

Laurence drank liberally of champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstacy such as he had not believed it possible this latter age could bring to mortal. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty—not even her condescending, encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence's susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence.

A harper played some delicious plaintive Irish airs, and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an encore enthusiastically. The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

"I declare to you," said Laurence, "if I were to go back tomorrow, and tell the people in London what I have actually seen here—seen with my own eyes—they would not believe me."

"Extraordinary and infatuated people," said the lady, "you shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavor to enlighten England. You shall go tomorrow if you will, if you are anxious to go. I will not detain you."

He thought he heard a faint sigh; and her eyes rested for a moment on his.

Alas, by this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence's soul.

"Not tomorrow—Oh, not tomorrow," he pleaded. "In fact, you know in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait, much better."

"Tomorrow," said the lady, with another half sigh, "we hope for a decisive engagement. Should my father drive the enemy from the field, we push forward: should he fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes among the ruins."

Laurence started. This exquisite creature to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen. He began to think whether it would be utterly disgraceful for an Englishman to adopt the cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Geraldines do this; and who could be finer fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all, what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend Barrymore speak in moments of exaltation? And, by the way, there was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten. Of course, if he ioined the Fenian ranks, Barrymore would do the same, and his life would be saved. The only disagreeable thing would be, that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Chieftainess. There certainly was a tender tone in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his death sentence.

"No, Mr. Spalding," said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat and looking at our hero with eyes of soft and melancholy expression, "you are a brave and generous enemy and I cannot allow you to peril your life for no purpose in our dangers. Return to England; the life of your friend Barrymore shall be spared for your sake—return and report us and our cause aright to the unsatisfied. You are free—you shall be safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Leave us, and farewell."

"Never!" exclaimed Laurence, passionately. "I will stay by you—fight for you. I renounce everything for you. I am a Fenian for your sake; I will die for you, but I will not leave you."

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon from her corset, and passed it through his button-hole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his heart, then clasped her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

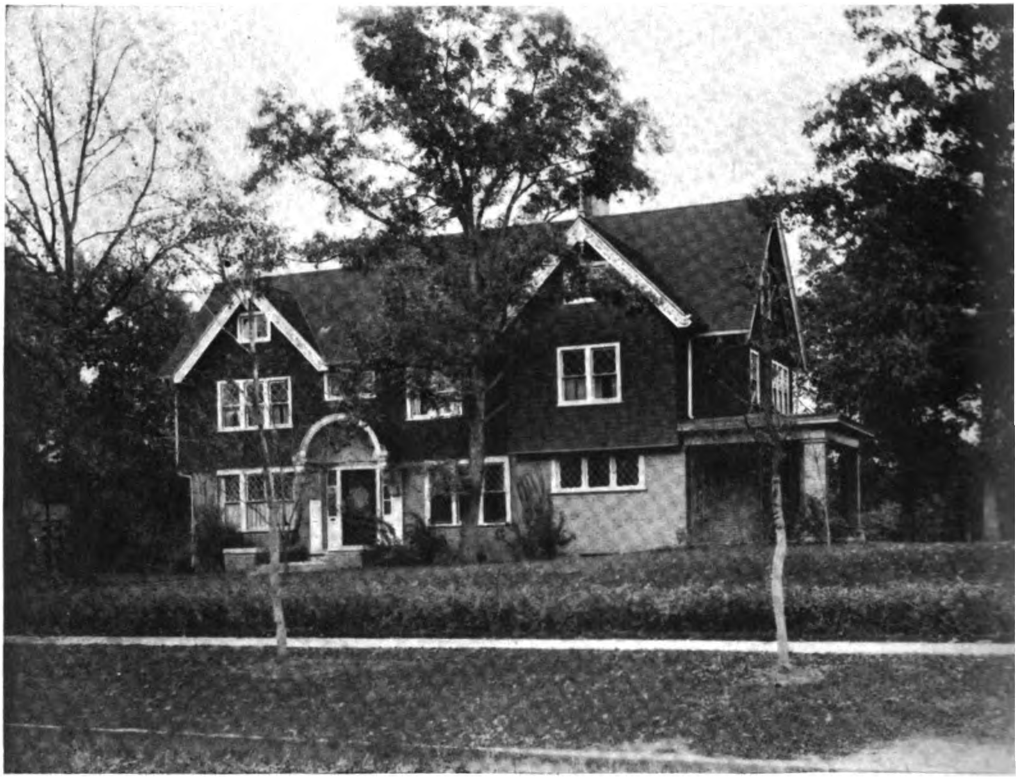
A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up amazed and angry, saw Gerald Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin, standing around and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to poor Spalding and his green order in Fenianism. "Three cheers," cried Barrymore, "for the Fenian volunteer," and, oh, how uproariously echoed the wild response to the invitation.

The Fenian chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of merry laughter behind her.

Poor Laurence Spalding. Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore. Treacherous friend, Gerald Barrymore. The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked practical joke to punish Laurence Spalding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism.

The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry and servants; the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the Fenian Amazon was, of course, the charming Grace herself.

Only fancy Laurence's feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning and met the laughing eyes of his hostess. But he had taken heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast-room with the green ribbon adorning his button-hole. He spent a few delightful weeks with the Barrymores, and was well re-



COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN.

C. B. Atkin's Home on Twenty-Eighth Street.

paid with hospitality and friendliness for his droll humiliation. And the upshot of the whole affair is that he has turned the tables, that he has made a captive of his fair captor, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spalding; and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his Wearing of the Green.

MARRIAGE

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven?"

"There are no women," he replied.
She quick returns the jest:—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."
—*Robert Dodsley.*

DESERTED NESTS

I'd rather see an empty bough,
A dreary, weary bough, that hung
As boughs will hang within whose arms
No mated birds had ever sung,
For rather than to see or touch
The sadness of an empty nest,
Where joy has been, but is not now;
Where love has been, but is not blest.
There is no sadness in the world,
No other like it here or there,
The sadness of deserted homes
In nests, or hearts, or anywhere.
—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

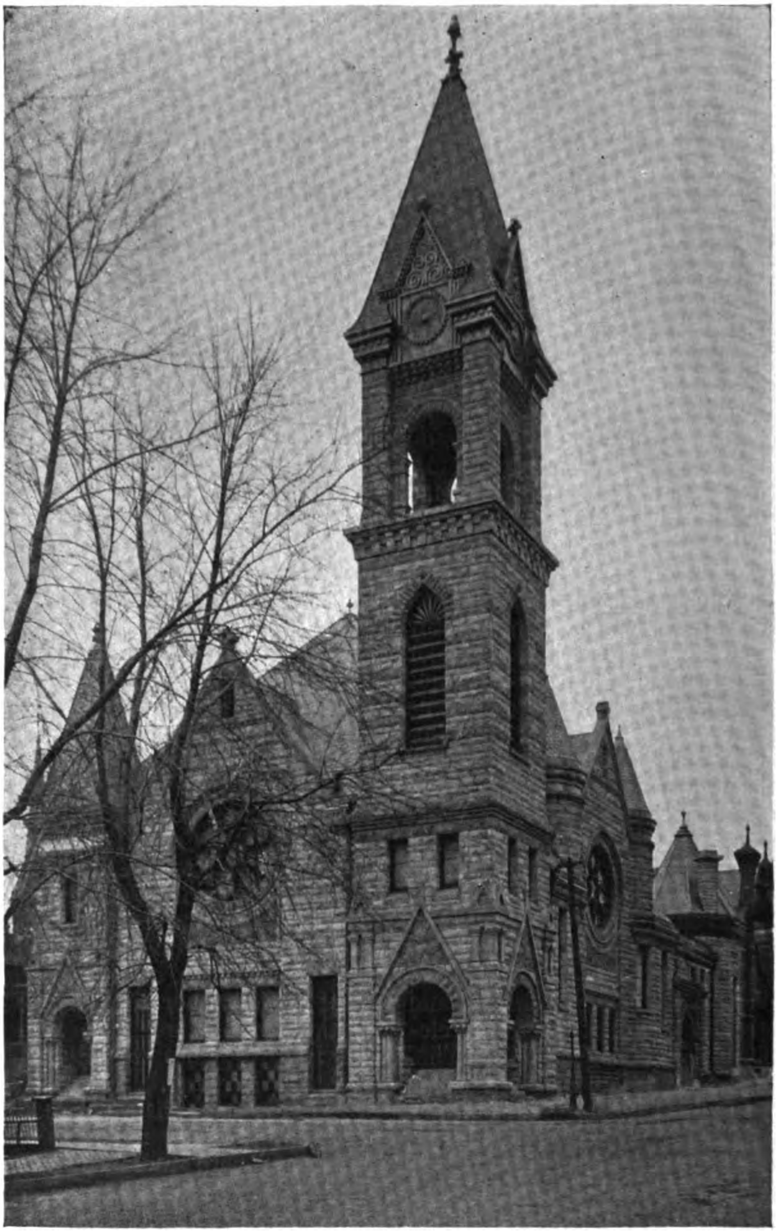
THE STORY OF KIM LIEN NIO

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI BOREL

[illegible]IM LIEN was a girl who had been sold by her mother to a public teahouse. She was so beautiful that every young man in the vicinity fell in love [illegible], and treasures were paid for [illegible] privilege of making her ac[illegible]. But Kim Lien's heart could [illegible] by none; she was the most [illegible], the coldest creature that had [illegible] within the walls of the flower-[illegible], as the pleasure-garden of the [illegible] was called. To her lovers she [illegible] as cold, and lifeless as an image. [illegible] alone she would sit immovably [illegible] a rug with her legs crossed under [illegible], like some Buddha, staring at a lotos [illegible] between her lifted fingers. Some times the gallants who saw her thus imagined her an incarnation of Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy, and then brought her flowers and incense, and other sacrificial offerings. At last a prince of that section, a nephew of the emperor, became so enamored of her that he made a vow that she would either learn to love him with the utmost tenderness or perish by a miserable death. He was then the handsomest man in the whole empire, and at the same time a great poet, as celebrated as Li Tai Peh or Son Tong Tho. With everything that can please a woman he tried to win her favor; but nothing availed; she remained cold and indifferent as ever. Then he became enraged and avenged himself in a cowardly but terrible manner. With great sums of money he bribed the ogress who owned the tea-house to admit to the girl the most hideously deformed men, whom he himself selected, and even lepers were permitted to embrace and caress her. By this means the prince hoped to change forever to unsightly ugliness the beauty that would not surrender to him in love. But, even like some sacred lotos to which no dust can possibly be made to adhere, her body remained unharmed and became daily more beautiful and more wonderful to behold. Seeing his vengeance prove thus ineffective, the despairing and baffled lover brought one of the greatest sages from the court cloister in which the emperor himself offered up his prayer, that this saintly being might try his skill of persuasion upon her in his behalf. But as soon as the sage stood before her he perceived from a very small, almost invisible swelling in the middle of her forehead that she was in reality a Buddhissativa, and he fell on his knees before her with his head in the dust. Furious at this new disappointment, the prince sent for the executioner and ordered him to deliver a hundred blows with a bamboo-rod on the bare back of the girl.

Kim Lien was stripped, but showed not the slightest sense of shame. It seemed as if her wide, staring eyes did not see her own body; as if, in truth, she was not aware that she existed. The hundred blows with the long, supple bamboo were laid on her tender, delicate flesh; but her back was unharmed—not a welt was to be seen on it.

Then the prince ordered her to be burned, and commanded that the pyre should be ready on the following morning. But when on the morning they went to fetch her they found her lying dead, a joyous radiance overspreading her features, calm as a Buddha who has entered Nirvana. In her forehead, where the sage had noticed the slight swelling, gleamed the soul-pearl, filling the room with radiance from its brilliant rays. She had been a Buddhissativa, one who needed but one more reincarnation to become a Buddha and enter the endless, blissful Nirvana. Her Karma had not yet been fully perfected, for still one more ceremonial and sacrificial service had been required, one that should bring her happiness here and Heaven hereafter. The infliction of sensuous striving had kept her airy soul from dreaming itself away forever into pure essence. This one incarnation had, therefore, still been needed, and in the darkest recesses of physical sin the soul had been purified in the last fire. But she had already been so pure and celestial that all things pertaining to the



COURTESY OF C. E. EASTMAN.

First Baptist Church, Des Moines

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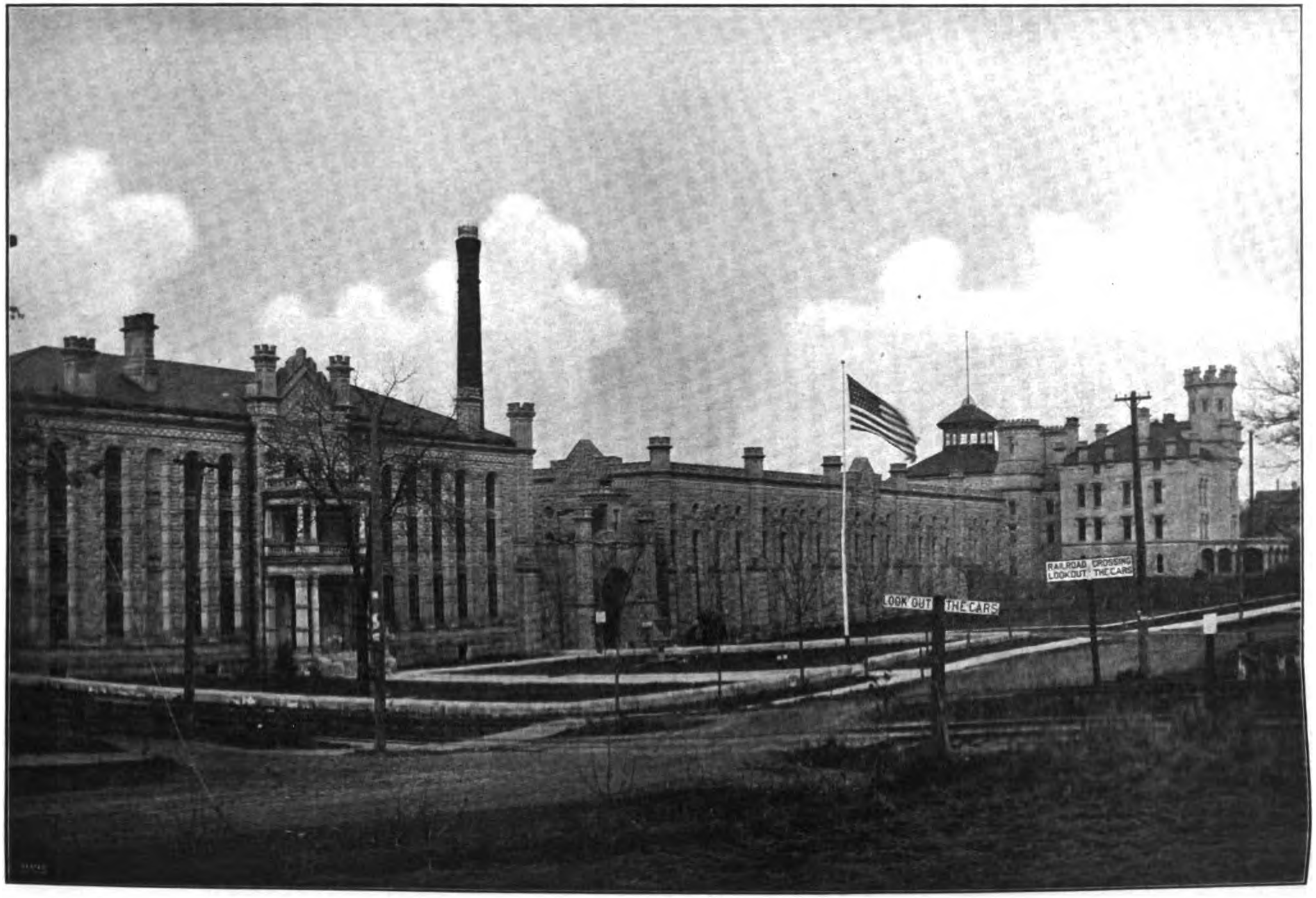
body were no longer conscious influences on her and could work her no further harm.

This the sage told the prince, who now knelt reverently by the corpse in poignant remorse. Then he purchased the tea-house with its garden and in their place he had a temple built sacred to Kwan Yin. Here he spent the rest of his life in ceaseless penance!


LOOK OUT THE CARS
RAILROAD CROSSING LOOKOUT THE CARS

Partial View of Administration Building, South Cell House and the Iowa Industrial Reformatory for Females, at Anamosa, Iowa.

A MUTUAL ESCAPE

CAROLYN M. OGILVIE.

SHE was an unusual woman and carried herself superbly, whether mounted for a gallop, floating in in a maze of tulle in the ballroom, or crossing the diningroom in a blue gingham. Yet he never noticed her until one lazy afternoon in the very heart of summer. He was dead tired of people, of the town, of himself. The hills, the far woodland, the mountain winds soothed him and made him forget.

One afternoon he sat smoking and scarcely thinking, at a bend of the piazza where he could see and not be seen. The hills were in a dream of blue haze and only a sigh came from the pine forest below the hotel.

She was lying in a hammock with a book. The veranda was deserted and she was reading aloud, something familiar, reading in fact, in a soft voice full of feeling, a bit of his own verse:

Like bending boughs frost-wrapped in winter's breath,
Agleam with bright, unmelting, slanting sun,
So art, when thought alone its content is,
And love, forbidden, stands aloof, undone.

To hear it so read was not a bad sensation. She closed the book and folded her hands behind her head, and looking far away to the northern mountains repeated the last lines in a voice that thrilled him, world worn and weary as he thought himself to be.

Shakespeare presents the supreme egotist of all fiction in Othello. And with an egotism like Othello's he first noticed this woman in a personal way when he found she was interested in his little story in rhyme. The flattery was subtle; it was delicious. He noticed the round, white arm from which her sleeve fell away. He noticed the exquisite outline of her figure and the curve of her chin and through and above all he felt the melody of her voice. And all because she loved his poem.

That night he danced with her. It was his first waltz in years. If she had not read his poem it would have been a bore. Were there not a thousand lovely women whom he might hold to his heart for the space of a waltz? But remembering the incident of the afternoon it was especially agreeable.

One evening soon after, they watched together a storm coming down from the mountains. All the winds of heaven were let loose. The pine trees fought like demons and then fell back with a sob when the wind passed over. The thunder boomed like mighty cannons and the lightning played in the mountain tops. He watched her and saw her face transformed. She was not afraid. She did not draw near to him for protection. He saw with a little bitterness that in the glory and the grandeur of it all she had forgotten him.

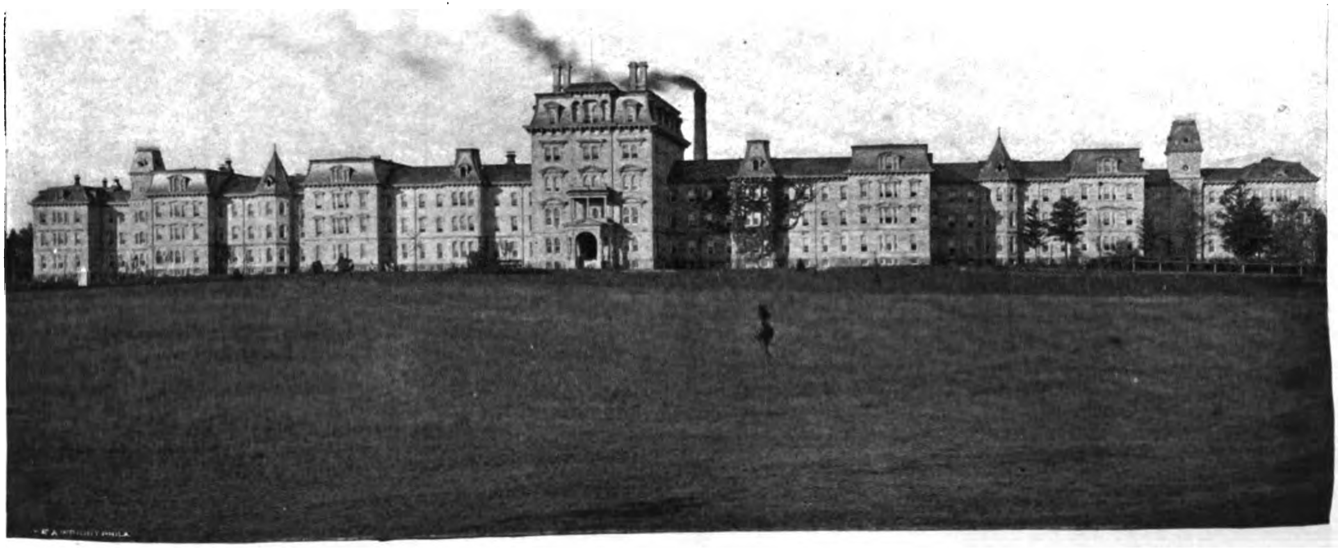
Suddenly there came a long moment of silence in which he could hear her deep breathing. And then came the torrent of rain and hail and howling wind. She leaned far out into the darkness and as she drew back a hailstone struck her cheek, causing her to cry out in pain. It was then that he forgot. He caught her to his heart.

"Darling, sweetheart, you are hurt!" and he kissed the wounded cheek again and again.

* * * * * *

In less than a year he was thinking of it all one evening, as he silently smoked in the firelight. He leaned back and laughed aloud.

"That was a sensation, truly. A poor, young writer with no dower but her beauty and her brains, and I, a fortune hunter, artist and poet in one, the idol of Bohemia and the despair of the eligibles, to be so nearly carried off my feet by that woman! But, not quite, my boy; your guardian angel still hovers near. Ah, here comes the postman. Invitations, invitations; how a fellow's life is tormented by having to be perpetually answering invitations! Letters from Kitty and Ruth, sweet girls, both of them. And here is a paper containing the names of the prize winners. Will I be first or second? The thousand would suit me just now. Well, by Jupiter!"



Main Building, State Hospital for the Insane, Independence, Iowa.

COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN.

James Van Evera Home on Grand Avenue.

He held the paper at arm's length, pale, breathless. He read the name of the first prize winner curiously as in a dream. It was her name and he wasn't mentioned at all.

A still unopened letter lay at his feet. He opened it unsteadily. It ran:

"Dear old Jack: Come over to my wedding next Thursday. I am to marry Miss Loraine Trumann, the author and journalist. She especially requests your presence. Says she met you in the Adirondacks last year. She is my queen and my idol and I'm the happiest man in town. So come over to Rhinebeck to our quiet affair.

Yours devotedly,
Stanley Van Dyke."

"Van Dyke to marry her? He has two millions of his own and will have more when the pater goes. Well, she wasn't such a goose after all, if she did admire my poetry once."

The firelight filled the room with shadows. And strangely enough, with his next cigar, he fell to thinking of a blonde head uplifted to the storm one wild midsummer night.

Were half the power that fills the world
with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on
camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need of arsenals and
forts.

—*Longfellow.*

CHECKMATED

STARTING as a gentleman, by force of circumstances a Jack-of-all-trades, by profession a raconteur. Such was my record when I arrived in London, whither the fame of my stories had preceded me.

Almost directly I received a letter [illegible] Herbert Falkner, millionaire, social [illegible], and otherwise known for his fine [illegible] and genial hospitality, requesting [illegible] to do him the honor of a visit to his [illegible] place in Derbyshire. It was my [illegible] to know a man much in his favor [illegible] at the time his guest at Whiteacres, [illegible] Derbyshire place.

[illegible] initial appearance before Mr. [illegible]'s guests was to be at dinner, [illegible] I spent the last moments before leav[illegible] my room in reading over the list [illegible] topics I had jotted down for use dur[illegible] the evening. A raconteur is expected to fill in every lull, every dull moment. Suddenly there fell upon the quiet of my room these words:

"We must run it up to five thousand tonight! Do you hear? We must."

I stared around the room. It seemed as if the sound had come through some tapestry in a small recess. Perhaps the tapestry covered a secret door, but there was no time to investigate. A footman was waiting to conduct me to my host.

An interesting party was assembled at dinner; this is, they were interesting to me as types of study. As conversationalists they were failures, for the only subjects on which they talked fluently were cards and horseflesh.

I selected my stories accordingly. The guests were apparently familiar with the customs in Monte Carlo and every gambling place abroad, but I told them tales of the wild West, where I had spent several years in a mining camp, of games of faro and poker that fairly made them gasp, and after dinner they said I must teach them some points in the game of poker.

Sitting opposite to me at the table was a broad-shouldered, dark man, whose eyes, black and set rather closely together, never left my face. His lips were thin and bloodless, and his long, rather aquiline nose had a cruel curve about the nostrils.

But what most atttracted my attention was his old trick of drumming almost constantly with his right hand, now on the table, now on the arm of his chair, and now on his square chin.

The instant he spoke I recognized the voice I had heard in my room. The man was Captain Marchand, a British officer with a French name.

His wife sat at my right, a handsome woman with a profusion of soft brown hair and beautiful blue eyes, which I learned in a short time were playing havoc with the mental peace of a young fellow named Chadwick. He was a handsome, boyish-looking fellow, one of those chaps who imagine themselves violently in love with every pretty face they meet.

Mrs. Marchand seemed to have caught her husband's peculiar trick of beating that maddening tattoo with her fingers. It fairly got on my nerves, but no one else at the table appeared to notice it.

She had long, slim, nervous-looking hands covered with rings, the kind of hands one always associates with an artistic temperament, and they were terribly restless. Never for one moment did she keep them still, but played the tattoo with maddening persistency.

During the evening I was kept busy explaining the intricacies of poker, after which I watched the guests yield to the fascination of the game. Soon little piles of silver and gold appeared and disappeared at the various tables. Excitement grew apace.

Finally interest centered at the table where Marchand and young Chadwick played alone. At the beginning the latter won and with a triumphant gesture hauled in his little pile of gold. The excitement brought a sparkle to his eye and daring to his tongue, and he kept Mrs. Marchand near, declaring that she brought him luck.

When Chadwick won she clapped her hands in girlish glee, and once or twice I caught a cynical smile on Marchand's lips. Clearly her presence was turning Chadwick's head; he played recklessly.

"I'll make it four hundred pounds!" exclaimed Marchand.

A hush fell on the room. Then rose Mrs. Marchand's clear, sweet voice:

"How exciting! Oh, Mr. Chadwick, go one better! Make it five hundred pounds."

The other guests rose and gathered round the table. Falkner stood on the hearth-rug, glancing toward the group with troubled eyes. I heard him say under his breath, "The lad can't afford to lose that amount."

I joined the spectators just as Chadwick called for another card. Then I felt a thrill pass over me. The blood rushed to my face, and instinctively I clenched my fist.

Mrs. Marchand was gently tapping the back of Chadwick's chair. Each tap meant that she was telegraphing Chadwick's hand to her husband.

My first impulse was to denounce them then and there. Then came an inspiration. With something of the captain's cynical smile, I, too, began to drum on the back of a chair, and this is what reached the startled couple.

"You are caught!"

Captain Marchand turned rigid as he grasped the arms of his chair, and for a single instant his eves met mine. I smiled grimly, enjoying the situation. The turn of events had a different effect on Mrs. Marchand. She fainted away, at which the captain's composure returned. He sprang to her rescue, and the table was overturned.

When Mrs. Marchand recovered, the guests clamored for the finish of the game, but Marchand shook his head, perhaps because I drummed a rhythmic warning:

"Don't play!"

Over an hour passed, and I was sitting in my room cogitating whether I should inform Falkner that he was entertaining a pair of very clever sharpers, when a servant brought me a message from Marchand.

I found him waiting for me with an ugly scowl on his face; but his wife, pale and with her hair in artistic disarray, was charming in her role of beauty in distress.

Marchand came directly to the point.

"Well, what do you intend to do?"

"Nothing," I replied, nonchalantly. "It is your game. If you and your charming wife are suddenly called to Paris tomorrow, the matter ends. Otherwise, I think Mr. Falkner"—I shrugged my shoulders significantly. "And, by the way, it might be just as well if you refunded Chadwick the money you've won since he has been playing with you."

"And then?"

"And then I shall have one more good after-dinner story to tell when I return to town—that is all. Mr. Falkner shall never know."

"You are very generous. You can have no idea to what straits we—my husband and I—have been driven."

With a well-simulated sob she buried her head among the pillows.

"You will pardon Mrs. Marchand's lack of self-control. As you say, I think a trip to Paris is what she needs—what we both need, and I think," he added, with a smile, "we all need something to drink after the events of the evening. Will you join us in a whiskey-and-soda? Come, don't say no."

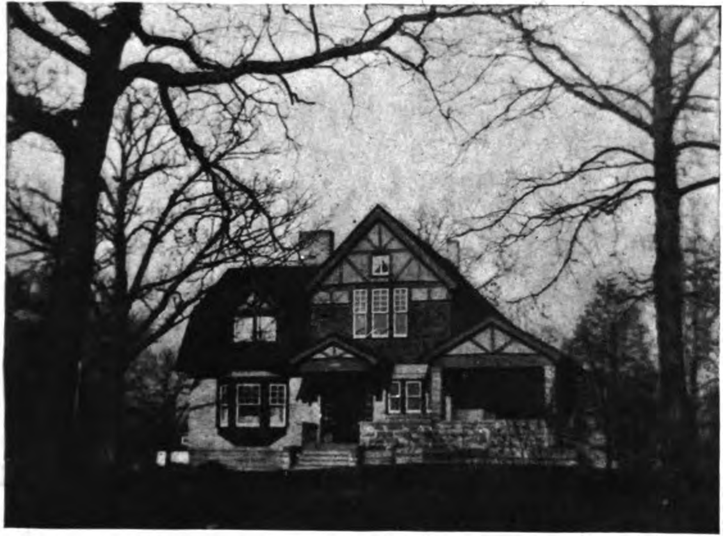
As he spoke he poured out some whiskey from a cut-glass decanter and added some soda with perfect coolness and calm. I did not care about drinking with such company, but could think of no reasonable pretext for refusing, so tossed off the whiskey-and-soda with a cheerful "Here's luck!" which had an ironical tone in it.

I stepped backward toward the door, which he held open. Then suddenly I felt my head reeling and a loud singing in my ears.

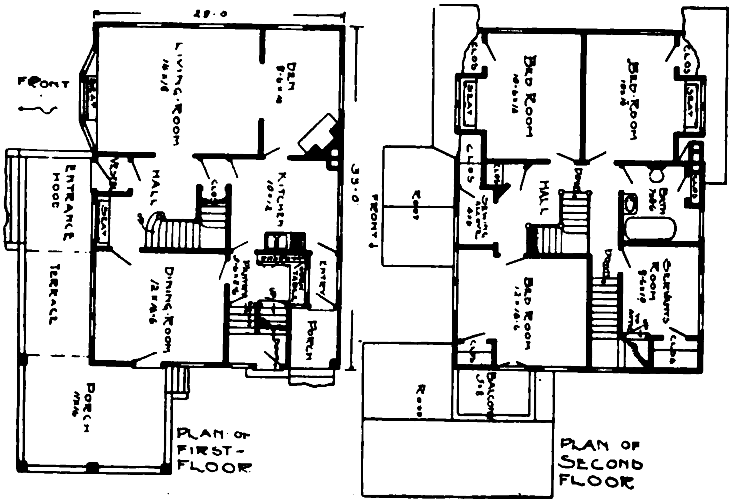
When I awoke it was morning and I was in my own room fully dressed, lying upon my bed. Dazed and giddy, I tried to collect my thoughts, and at last the remembrance of the previous evening flashed upon me.

I rose and staggered to the room occupied by Captain and Mrs. Marchand, but, as I suspected, the birds had flown and the nest was empty. Taking advantage of the stupor into which the glass of drugged whiskey had thrown me, the clever pair had guiltily absconded, leaving not the slightest trace behind them.

Our host heard with amazement my tale of their treachery and trickery, but the scandal never became public. And the only reason for the telling of the story is that during a recent trip to Paris I recognized in one of the reigning stage beauties Mrs. Marchand, who once telegraphed a poker hand to her fellow trickster at Herbert Falkner's country house.

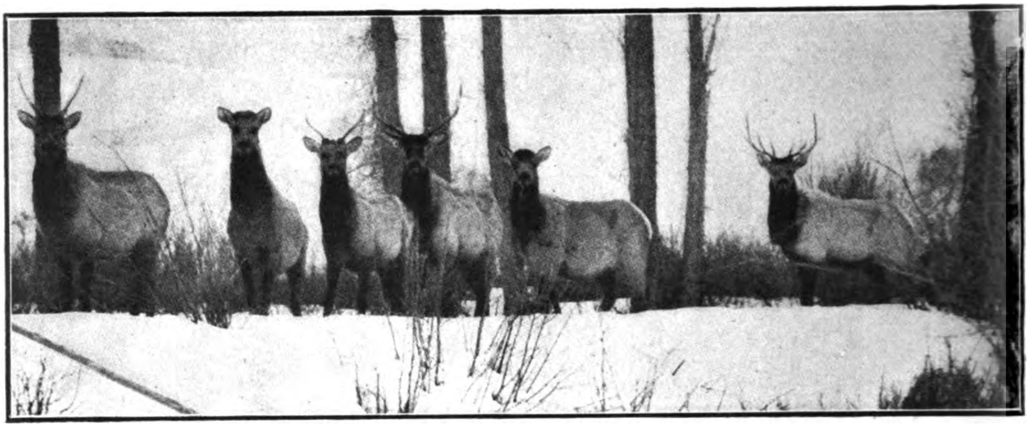


A Modern $4000 Cottage.


FRONT
LIVING ROOM
DEN
HALL
KITCHEN
ENTRANCE HOOD
TERRACE
DINING ROOM
PANTRY
ENTRY
PORCH
33.0
PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR
BED ROOM
BED ROOM
HALL
BATH
SERVANTS ROOM
BED ROOM
CLOS
SEAT
BALCONY
ROOF
ROOF
PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

COURTESY OF C. E. EASTMAN.

First and Second Story Plans.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS department will be mainly devoted for the present to promoting the interest of the Humane Society. We know of no better thing in which to inest children than in the spirit of love toward helpless human creatures and dumb animals. The spirit of love will create the spirit of helpfulness, and this is what the world needs. Will not the boys and girls of Iowa send us little stories of their animal friends? We will have a special corner for them and be grateful for your help in making this department of interest.—The Editor.

THE ORCHARD ORIOLE

A very pretty little story comes from Hartford, and it is true. A nest of the orchard oriole (improperly called the "English robin") was discovered by the owner of the lot, whose child wanted the young birds, and the child was duly gratified. This nest was taken home, to the delight of the child and the grief of the parent birds, and the fledglings were placed in a cage outside the house. To the surprise of the person who had put them there, he found one day, that the mother bird had discovered her lost children, and was feeding them through the wires of the cage. This proof of parental affection in a bird was continued till at length the person who had removed the nest from its place and put it in the cage was moved to restore it to its place on the tree, with the young birds in it. The unbounded delight of the old birds proved a full compensation for the sense of his—or, rather his child's—loss, by the restoration of the young birds to their mother.

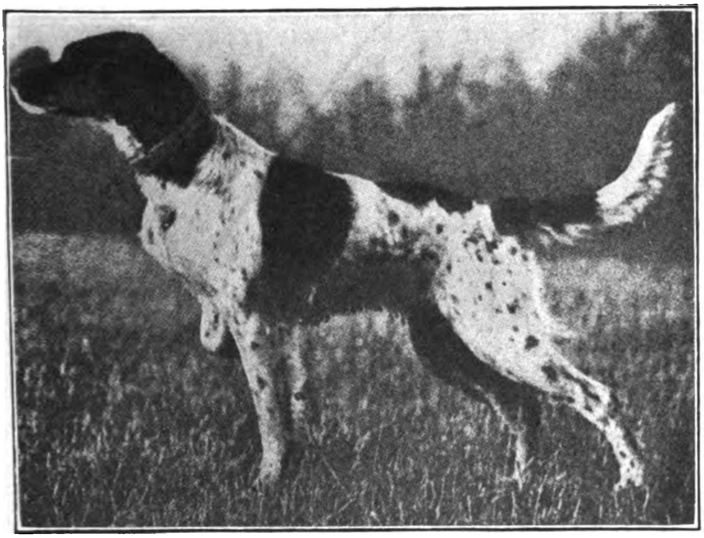
ANIMALS AND HUMAN SPEECH

Animals have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindoos invariably talk to their elephants, and it is amazing how much the latter comprehend. The Arabs govern their camels with a few cries, and my associates in the African desert were always amused whenever I addressed a remark to the big dromedary who was my property for two months; yet at the end of that time the beast evidently knew the meaning of a number of simple sentences. Some years ago, seeing the hippopotamus in Barnum's museum looking very stolid and dejected, I spoke to him in English, but he did not even open his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner of the cage and said in Arabic, "I know you; you come here to me." He instantly turned his head toward me; I repeated the words, and thereupon he came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage, and looked in my face with a touch of delight while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognized the same language, and the expression of his eyes for an instant seemed positively human.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.



A FAITHFUL FRIEND

THE "Eulogy on the Dog," one of the most famous speeches ever made by the late Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, was made in the course of the trial of a man who had wantonly shot a dog belonging to a neighbor. Vest represented the plaintiff, who demanded $200 damages. When Vest finished speaking, the jury, after two minutes' deliberation, awarded the plaintiff $500. The full text of the speech follows: "Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even unto death."

Mrs. W. F. Mitchell
President of the Des Moines Women's Club

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB AND ITS PRESIDENT

THE first meeting of this club will occur October 3d, in Shriner's Hall, Ninth and Pleasant Sts. The program for the year is especially attractive and promises a feast of good things. The club is fortunate in having for its new president one of the most progressive and democratic women in Iowa, Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, and a good year is assured under her guidance. Mrs. Mitchell, as president for several years of the Review club and of the City Federation of Clubs, gave an evidence of what she is able to accomplish along such lines. As a member for six years of the city library board she has been of inestimable value to the general public. Mrs. Mitchell has taken a stand always for the right and in behalf of the public in the many difficult places in which she has been placed while a member of the library board. She has been in this, as in all other positions, absolutely fearless and acting in accord with her own beliefs of duty and right.

Her aim for the club will be to bring it into a position of power and influence in the community which it has not yet attained. While the club stands primarily for art and promoting of art interest, yet its every department is of value and should be developed to the utmost, receiving the full and hearty co-operation of the board in any wish which they may undertake.

In this way and in this way only can the club attain the full measure of power for good for the community of which it is capable.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CONFERENCE

THE FIRST D. A. R. conference of the chapters in the middle western states will occur in Iowa City, October 25th and 26th. The idea for such a conference originated with Mrs. Stevens, the state regent of Iowa. Mrs. McLean, President General of the D. A. R., will be present and will receive a royal welcome from the conference.

Great preparations are being made in Iowa City to entertain this notable gathering. Mrs. Ella Lyon Hill is regent of the Pilgrim chapter in Iowa City and is one of the leaders of the movement in the state. Mrs. Hill is the state secretary. The program follows:

WORK OF THE CHAPTERS.

The D. A. R. chapters all over the state are preparing for their fall and winter work and the year books show an interesting program. The Denison Chapter will study American Colonization during the year. The Council Bluffs chapter have a varied program. They have their flag days, February 22d, June 14th and July 4th.

The Francis Shaw chapter, of Anamosa was named for the ancestors of the state vice regent, Miss Helen L. Shaw, who is a life member of the organization. The topics for the year's work are Eastern, Western and Southern writers. The Boone chapter have changed their name to Daniel Boone chapter.

National offices and officers are treated of in their program, with music, current events and readings.

The Waterloo chapter, Mrs. Julia A. Richards, regent, have a program made up of interesting historical topics, and observe Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday, Paul Revere's ride, Flag day—June 14th—and Cornwallis Day, October 19th.

COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN.

R. L. Crawford Home on Grand Avenue.

The Penelope von Prince chapter, of Independence, Miss Harriet Lake, regent, will study United States history during the coming year.

The Stars and Stripes chapter, of Burlington, Mrs. Cate Gilbert Wells, regent, will have a most interesting year with the subject for study, Iowa. The Midwestern will hope to publish several of the papers which appear in their program. The subject of the papers for September were, "Father Marquette and His Explorations in Iowa," and "Discovery of the Mississippi." Captain Hadley, of Des Moines, addressed the October meeting.

The Marshalltown chapter, Mrs. Anthony C. Daly, regent, take up a series of historical topics, mostly relating to the revolutionary period.

The Elizabeth Ross chapter, of Ottumwa, Mrs. Emma S. Baker, regent, chose for their motto, "For home and country," have a series of program subjects, partly historical and partly literary.

The Dubuque chapter, one of the most delightful in the state, always have a fine program, and this year is no exception. The chapter is a large one and contains many of notable ancestry.

The Spinning Wheel chapter, of Marshalltown, Mrs. L. C. Abbott, regent, pay much attention to the study of art. Their program contains also many historical subjects.

The Cedar Falls chapter, Mrs. H. C. Hemenway, regent, devote their meetings to the study and discussion of subjects relating to America's early history.

MRS. McLEAN'S PICTURE

Owing to the fact that there was much demand for the Midwestern after the entire edition was sold out, we will again publish Mrs. McLean's picture in connection with the report of the conference, in order that those missing the September number may get the November issue.

WORK OF THE FRANCIS SHAW CHAPTER.

A very beautiful souvenir book was gotten out by the Francis Shaw chapter in 1903 and 1904. It is printed on colonial buff paper and illustrated. Francis Shaw, senior, was a notable figure in the early history of the colonies, and his son, Francis Shaw, junior, won distinction in the revolution. In memory of his services the chapter was named. In January, 1900, a bequest of ten thousand dollars was made to the town of Anamosa by Walter S. Benton, of Minneapolis, the money to be used in the purchase of books for a library, providing a suitable building should be furnished in three years.

Here was the opportunity for Francis Shaw chapter to do something worth while. The library was erected by them within the prescribed time, at a cost of eleven thousand dollars. The city furnished the interior at a cost of eight hundred and twenty-five dollars.

This splendid work was accomplished by fifty women in a small town, and yet the big clubs of Des Moines have difficulty in raising even a thousand dollars for any purpose.

The illustrations in this beautiful year book are a picture of the library building, built of stone, a portrait of Major Samuel Shaw, the Paul Revere silver tankard, belonging to Miss Shaw, and the cover design was taken from the brocaded silk wedding gown of one of her ancestors.

The Nehemiah Letts chapter, of Letts, Iowa, is composed entirely of descendants of the revolutionary hero for whom the chapter is named.

THE BACHELOR'S WISH

Wanted, a wife
To sweeten life,
By a bachelor young and healthy!
I do not care,
So the lady be fair,
How poor she may be or wealthy.

She must not be tall,
Nor yet very small,
But beautiful, gentle and young;
With eyes that are bright
And a heart that is light,
And one who can bridle her tongue.

With a soul full of love,
And as pure as a dove,
And a form that is slender and airy;
With a voice like a bird's,
Though of not many words,
And as light on her foot as a fairy.

And when I can find
One just to my mind,
Who'll love me sincerely and ever—
I vow not to leave her,
Nor harm her nor grieve her,
Till death shall the pair of us sever!

Alfred Wheeler (1844).

PHOTO BY WEBSTER

Miss Mary Cookerly of Des Moines

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda.

ONE does not know a writer until death has stilled the busy pen, and the world sits in judgment upon its work. For myself, I never cared for John Oliver Hobbs, in real life, Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie. She was American born, but of long residence in England. An American who chooses foreign residence always is an anomaly and their un-Americanizing usually detracts from their popularity. It always seems to me a lack of the proper spirit, a lack of sincerity and fineness that one does not readily forgive. But aside from this, there is nothing great about Mrs. Craigie's work. When I read "The School for Saints," which is considered her best work, I was of course impressed by it. Almost anybody could say that. But it lifted me to no higher level, and filled me with no sweet dreams of something beyond the humdrum of the ordinary day. Her very exposes of the insincerity of things seemed insincere in themselves. Her characters were pigmies and all of her philosophies of life were interesting, and that because they were original, not because they were along the high line of absolute truth. It was only in London that Mrs. Craigie could have succeeded as she did. America will soon forget her.

Readers of that remarkable novel "Red Pottage," by Miss Cholmondely, will be eager for her new book "The Prisoners," which will be out in time for the holidays.

It is no wonder that the writer and author is considered by well ordered and well balanced people a crank, or at least "queer." He is that of necessity, working, as it were, along spiritual lines, yet employing physical material. Our first and greatest American novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was as queer as queer could be. He knew it, and suffered from it. He could not write or think except in the utmost privacy and silence. He built a tower on the seashore, with a ladder reaching its upper room, which he entered through a trap door. Once in the room, table and chair were drawn over the door, the sea-ward windows were opened and there alone he dreamed his immortal dreams.

Southey was a systematic and careful writer, trusting to no momentary inspiration. Dr. Johnson's work was done on the same regulative basis. He was wont to declare that a man could write at one time as well as at another.

Anthony Trollope scoffed at the idea of inspiration. He looked upon writing as a shoemaker does shoemaking, as a regular business.

Carlyle and George Eliot, both nervous and high strung, could only work to advantage in absolute silence and when in the writing mood.

The world will perhaps never know what it owes to the use of stimulants as used by men of genius. Sheridan drank prodigiously of port wine, when writing his plays. Fielding drank brandy and water. Champagne and brandy furnished Wilkie Collins' inspiration. Charles Lamb was addicted to the use of beer or wine. Robert Burns and Byron were wildly intemperate. Darwin and Milton used tobacco and snuff. Even Shelley frequently stimulated his brain in order to command the muses.

The writers—how they tire one with their prosy stuff, their conventional adherence to rules, or their vulgar disregard of the same! And how delicious and refreshing, after a tableful of regulation made novels, it is to come upon something—anything—by Henri Borel.

It is like an oasis in a desert, a spring of cool water in a thirsty land. Borel is of Holland birth, but has been so much in India and China that his whole work is tinged with the flavor of the east, which Kipling has made us fond of in America.

COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN.

Home of Capt. H. B. Hedge on Grand Avenue

He is an enthusiastic student of Buddhistic literature and his love of mysticism is evident in all his work.

His novels, "The Claim of Love" and "The Butterfly" are both so full of beauty and of splendor that they bear re-reading many times, as do "Camille" and some of Kipling's stories. But perhaps Borel's genius best is shown in his treatment of the short story. I read one just recently called "The Last Incarnation." A sort of text for this story were the words of Krishna to Arojeona, the son of Bharata. "This eternal, supreme spirit, without any beginning, unaffected by the changes of life, acts not, and is not contaminated. O son of Koenti, not though it dwells in a body. Just as the ether which penetrates everywhere is not contaminated because of its rarity, so the soul which is everywhere enthroned in bodies does not suffer pollution. Just as one sun alone enlightens this whole world, so the soul enlightens the whole of all nature."

Then he goes on to tell the story of a poor little Japanese Mousme, a despised, outcast thing, who died of consumption and whose beautiful body was thrust into an obscure corner of the graveyard, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

And yet—her story—it brings tears and love into one's heart, and pity for those who are so dulled by worldliness that they cannot understand. If you do not know Henri Borel, dear reader, find him and cultivate him. He is worth while.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward said "George Meredith is the master of us all" and there is certainly no living novelist whose books are so well worth the reading. Four more volumes of the new Pocket Edition of Meredith's works have just been published. They are: "The Egotist," "Rhoda Fleming," "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," and "Beauchamp's Career." Eight volumes of this new and attractive series have been brought out and the remaining eight will be brought out in the autumn.

COURTESY OF C. E. EASTMAN

The J. D. Berry Home on Eleventh Street

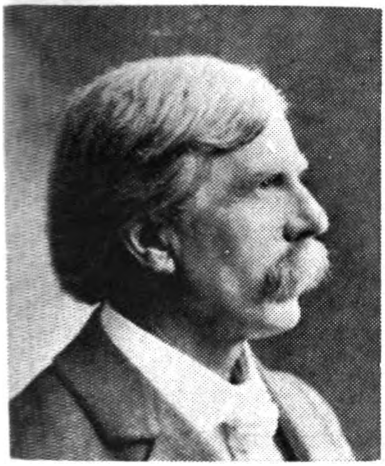
It is a curious fact that Ibsen, Taine and Tolstoy were all born in the same year. Much has been written about Taine and Ibsen and now, at last, we have a satisfactory record from which to judge of Tolstoy's life and personality in the new biography "Leo Tolstoy: His Life and Work," which has just been published. This book, which is made up in great part of Tolstoy's own reminiscences, gives a vivid account of the early influence and surroundings in which Tolstoy developed, and throws much new light on the man and his work.

The publication of Mrs. Deland's new novel, "The Awakening of Helen Richie," in which "Old Chester" serves as the background for a powerful story, has again set people asking the locality of this famous town, which rivals "Cranford" in literary interest. "Old Chester," the author tells us, is an imaginative town, based on the real town of Manchester, an old and charming suburb of Alleghany, Pennsylvania. Here Mrs. Deland passed her childhood, and her loving portraiture of familiar scenes has—as is not usual among authors—the more endeared her to the inhabitants of that town and vicinity. By analogy, the town of "Mercer," also familiar to Mrs. Deland's readers, can be none other than Pittsburg.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF IOWA AUTHORS

PART 2. S. H. M. BYERS, POET

SUE J. McNAMARA



S. H. M. BYERS

"I WRITE *con amore*—just for the love of it. I don't care whether I get a nickel for my lines or not. It is pleasure enough for me just to write them."

Iowa's silver haired poet, Major S. H. M. Byers, sat in a big, carved arm chair in the midst of his book lined walls at his home, St. Helens. Through a broad window the Raccoon river could be seen sparkling in the early autumn sunlight.

"It is the greatest pleasure of my life to write," said Major Byers. Perhaps this is why the author of "Happy Isles and Other Poems" has been so successful —it has been the greatest pleasure of his life to write.

Some of this Iowa poet's works have been praised by the great critics of the country. His verse long ago received the strongest praise from men like Whittier, Story and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Nearly all of his creations, both prose and poetry, have been based on real life, most of them taken from his own personal experience.

There was his famous "March to the Sea" written at a time when he was a prisoner at Columbia, South Carolina, and which was taken up and sung from one end of the land to the other, giving the campaign its name. His poem "White Rose and Red" was inspired by an incident in his early married life when he was Consul in Switezrland. Mrs. Byers, who was then by the Mediterranean, was sending him every morning across the Alps a box of fresh roses. The poem "Baby Helene" which attracted so much attention in England where it was first published was written on the death of his little daughter.

There is a tender sentiment connected with the beautiful home St. Helens which stands on Terrace Road. It was named in memory of the baby Helene. It is situated in one of the most beautiful spots in Des Moines. From its windows one gets a magnificent view across the valley to the purpling hills in the distance. It is an ideal home for a poet.

The rooms are filled with rare curios from all parts of the world—fine tapestries, carved furniture, splendid pictures, collected by Major Byers in the twenty years he resided in Europe.

Yet it is not from his beautiful surroundings indoors alone that he derives his inspiration. He is a believer in the out-of-door life, and it is while walking about beneath the open sky that the poetic muse comes to him.

"I live with the trees, and it's a wonder I haven't got that walk out there worn all away," said the major. "Yes, my verses, such as they are, are mostly composed when I am nearest nature."

Major Byers is the author of several volumes of poems and prose. He has contributed to most of the leading magazines and his verses are familiar to all Iowans. He is a lover of Iowa and has written a great deal about the Hawkeye state. His "Song of Iowa" is known to every school boy and girl in the state.

Among his volumes are "Happy Isles and Other Poems," an epic poem, "The March to the Sea," "Twenty Years in Europe," "Switzerland and the Swiss," and "Iowa in War Times." This latter work is an acknowledged authority. For some years Major Byers lectured on his experiences in the army. The stories which he told in these lectures have now been gathered into a book of war sketches under the name of "The Last Man of the Regiment." The book will soon be ready for the press. A third volume of poems is now in preparation. This will contain many songs, nine of which will be set to music by Mr. Frank Nagel, of Des Moines.

A new honor recently came to Major Byers in the request to write the dedication poem for the dedication of the Vicksburg monument. The poem has been sent to the committee and has met with their heartiest approval.

COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN.

An Interior in Theodore Rogg Home

CLINTON R. CARPENTER

A NEW ENTERPRISE

THE DES MOINES DEPARTMENT STORE

The Des Moines Department Store is an assured fact. The stock has been nearly all disposed of, most of it taken in Iowa. Mr. C. C. Crowell, president of the company, is receiving congratulations. Elegantly fitted up offices for the transaction of preliminary business have been opened in the Iliad and are in charge of Mr. Clinton R. Carpenter, General Manager of the new store. Mr. Carpenter is a distinct addition to the list of wide-awake business men of the city and state. Youth, good health, energy, ambition and determination are expressed in Mr. Carpenter's appearance and manner. He comes from New York, where he was manager of the correspondence department of the Wanamaker store. Previous to his connection with the Wanamakers, he held a high position with the R. H. White Company in Boston. Mr. Carpenter is a man of culture and of ideas, as well as a first class man of business. He is well pleased with Des Moines, where he comes to make a home for himself and family.

The motto of the new company is "Everything for Everybody," and a look at their prospective store will convince the most casaul observer that it is well chosen.. The most complete and perfectly new and fresh line of goods will be offered in every department. The aisles and counters are so planned and arranged in each floor that there will be a fine light in which to show goods. The furnishings and equipments all over the building will be of the most modern and elegant in every detail. The arrangement of goods will be along the usual lines followed by all stores. Added to the usual first floor display will be a grocery department on the Eighth street side. A soda fountain, with luncheonettes will also be on the first floor.

The top floor will contain dining and lunch rooms, similar in plan to Field's in Chicago. A palm garden will occupy the roof. A very original and delightful feature of the building will be a large auditorium where frequent entertainments will be given for the patrons of the store. It will be so arranged that art works may be exhibited. The store will thus be a center of music and art, not alone for Des Moines, but for the State of Iowa.

Parlors and rest rooms, fitted up in metropolitan style, will occupy a space on the third floor. Complete hair dressing and manicuring rooms will be opened with first class attendants.

Plans for the best dressmaking establishment west of New York are already perfected. A postoffice department is contemplated, and thus we may see that nothing will be left undone that will add to the convenience or pleasure of the store's customers.

Mr. Carpenter does not believe in sending customers down cellar for anything, and if there is a basement, it will be used for supplies and store room.

All in all, a department store will be opened in a few months calculated to surprise the public and be worthy of a great city, such as Des Moines is destined shortly to become. It will be a source of pleasure to every customer from the richest to the poorest. The general public will await with interest the opening of the Des Moines Department Store.

In undertaking this splendid work for the city and state, Mr. Crowell has met with teh heartiest encouragement on all hands. This fact shows the demand for such a store in our capital city. Des Moines has almost unconsciously grown to be metropolitan. Frequently the outsider realizes the possibilities for a big business in a certain locality more quickly than those who have long been residents. The Interurban service has brought an immense outside patronage to our doors. The glad hand will be extended right royally to the new store and we predict for them an instant success.

The Des Moines Department Store.

MRS. LEWIS LOUER, nee MISS ELSIE MACOMBER

A Bride of the Month.

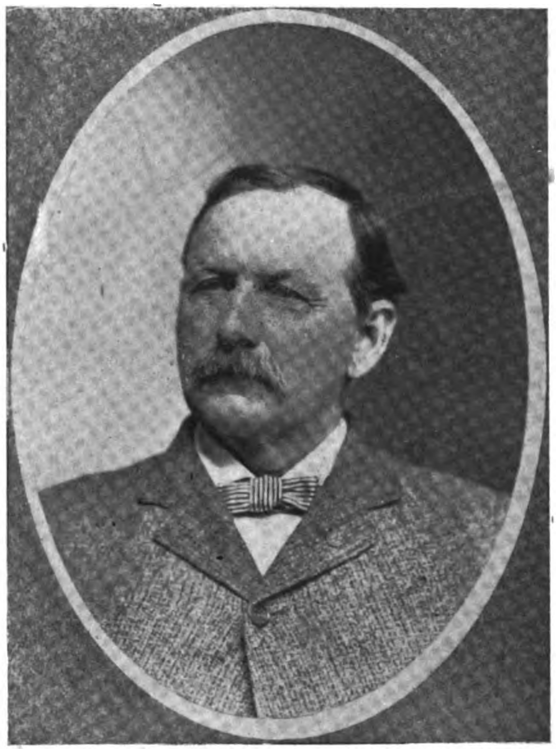
GOOD FOR MR. B. S. WALKER

Mr. Walker, of the Kratzer Carriage Company, has given utterance to the very sentiments of The Midwestern. They contain the keynote of our purpose in publishing the magazine. Hear Mr. Walker:

"I believe in Des Moines, the capital city of Iowa. I believe in her merchants, her manufacturers, her jobbers, and all of the people residing within her borders. I believe that by persistent pushing that she will have 150,000 population in 1912. Therefore will I pledge myself to push Des Moines and her industries.

"I will eat Des Moines killed meats, will wear home made gloves, socks, suspenders and shirts; will ride in Des Moines made vehicles; will push home made tile and brick; will use Des Moines spices, pickles, candies, and will drink her coffees.

"I will keep my home warm with a Des Moines made furnace. I will always give preference to all other Des Moines made articles. I will always speak well of Des Moines and her people and when I die will be buried in a Des Moines made casket. Des Moines in the West, for the West, always Des Moines. This is my symphony."



COL. DAVID J. PALMER

RAILROAD COMMISSIONER

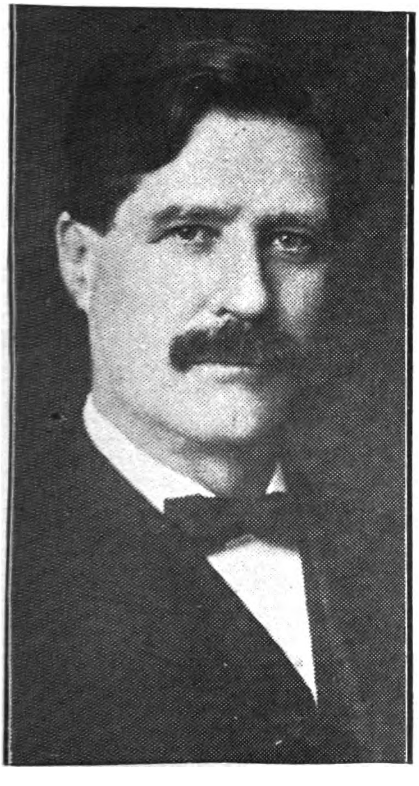
A stranger, first meeting Colonel Palmer, railroad commissioner for the state of Iowa, would wonder where he got his title. For nobody could guess that Uncle Dave, as he is affectionately called by all who know him well, could possibly have been a colonel in our civil war. He looks the embodiment of health and good nature and manliness and of comfortable years not sufficient to entitle him to the Grand Army button which he wears. It is nevertheless true that Uncle Dave did serve during four years of the war, entering when he was twenty and gaining his title of Lieutenant-Colonel when he was twenty-two. He was in thirty-five battles and can tell more delightful stories of his experience, the siege of Vicksburg, Sherman's march to the sea, forced marches and marvelous escapes than would fill a big volume.

All these stories of the war are fascinating in this day, and especially when they come from one who has had the personal experience. Colonel Palmer was brought up on a farm near Washington, Iowa, where he now owns one of the finest farms in the middle West. He loves his farm life, and considers it the ideal existence. He has a residence in the town of Washington, but prefers the farm when he can be away from his duties at the state house.

Colonel Palmer at twenty enlisted in the Eighth Iowa Infantry. He was seriously wounded at Shiloh and sent home. But the fire of patriotic fervor was burning too strongly in the young man's breast for him to willingly endure the role of invalid. So, with his wound still fresh, he set up a recruiting office in Washington, Iowa, gathering a company of which he was chosen captain, and went back to war with his arm in a sling. In a few months he was promoted and became a lieutenant-colonel. The same successes have followed Colonel Palmer in later years which attended his efforts when young. Always alive to the best interests of the state, he was the popular nominee some years ago of the republicans for the office of railroad commissioner. His election gave great satisfaction to his hosts of friends. During the present campaign Colonel Palmer was the choice of the stand-patters for renomination and it was through his great personal popularity that his name was again placed on the republican ticket. That he will be re-elected by a big majority goes without saying.

As a railroad commissioner Colonel Palmer has handled the business of the office with the greatest discretion and success. The people have every confidence in him, and the farmers of Iowa would be sorry to see him step out of office.

Colonel Palmer's business success is indeed an example to younger men, proving that the man who wins best is the one who serves the highest interests of the whole commonwealth, and only a big-hearted, big-minded, true-souled man can do that.



HON. JERRY SULLIVAN

HON. JERRY SULLIVAN

"You can't say anything too good of Jerry Sullivan." So declared one of the leading business men of Des Moines the other day. His friends love with an unswerving devotion, and only men of a rare type so attach other men to them. Mr. Sullivan with his brother was for many years a lawyer in Creston, coming to Des Moines to reside two years ago. He has been in politics always, but never for himself until he was nominated for governor on the state democratic ticket four years ago. The Midwestern takes special pleasure in offering to its readers the fine sketch of William Jennings Bryan from the pen of Mr. Sullivan. It is doubly characteristic, of both the subject of the sketch and of the writer.

The little poem by Clinton R. Carpenter in this number of The Midwestern is happy both in thought and expression. Mr. Carpenter takes pleasure in stealing a moment now and then from crowded hours of business, to write a verse, and certainly he has a gift that deserves cultivation.

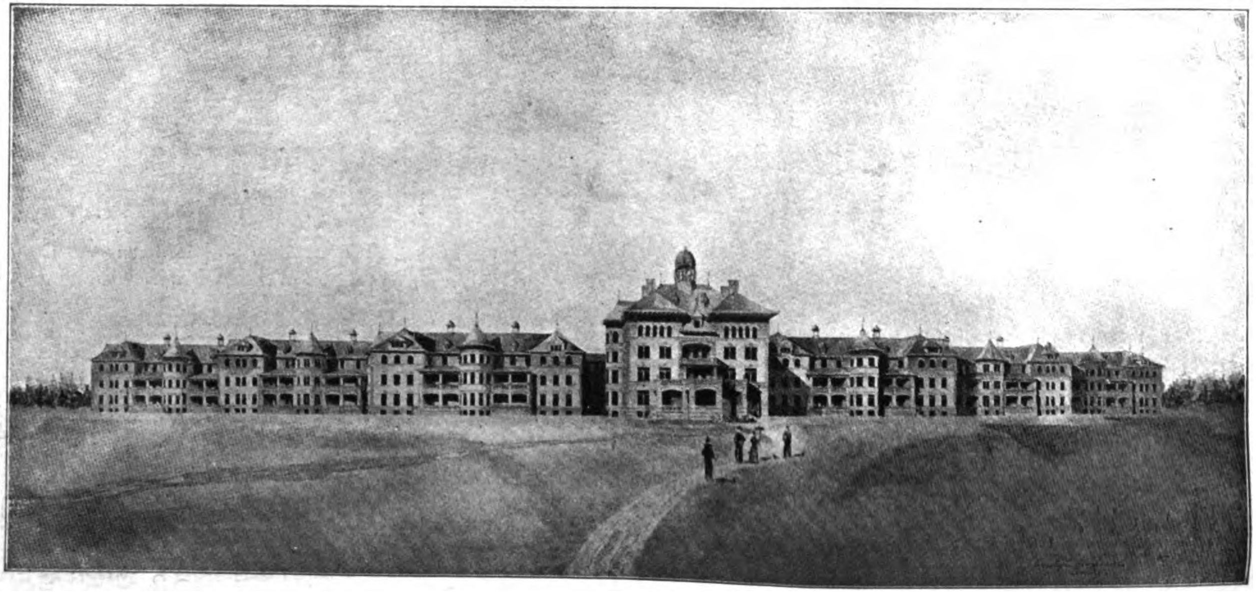
MRS. FRANK B. MARSH, nee MISS MARY MACVICAR

A Bride of the Month.

SOLITAIRE

Alone we play, to win or lose,
  Just as the cards may fall.
What cards shall come we cannot choose.
  We play them, that is all.

So in that larger test with life,
  We play what fate doth cast;
But still we trust, though failing oft,
  To "beat the game," at last.
—*Bess J. Crary.*



Main Building, State Hospital for the Insane, Cherokee, Iowa

THE HOME AND ITS MAKING

A RECENT number of Everybody's magazine contains an article describing the condition of the people of India who live as tenants on bits of land and pay an enormous rental to the landed proprietors. In any country of the world this condition seems to be almost beyond belief and deserving of profoundest pity. When we consider that in Christianized Great Britain, in Ireland even, the landed proprietor also is in the ascendancy, while the poor people never in any case can own their own little homes, we remember with gratitude to the Creator of all things that a different condition prevails in America.

This is essentially a land of homes. From ocean to ocean, the general custom is that the mass of the people live in their own homes. And in the whole Union, Iowa is queen of the home states. Ask any architect what is doing in building lines. He will tell you that houses are building—houses for the middle class people largely, who have money to live comfortably and even luxuriously, whose houses are models of convenience and beauty and who own as well their plot of ground, from a lot of fifty feet front to five or ten acres in the suburbs.

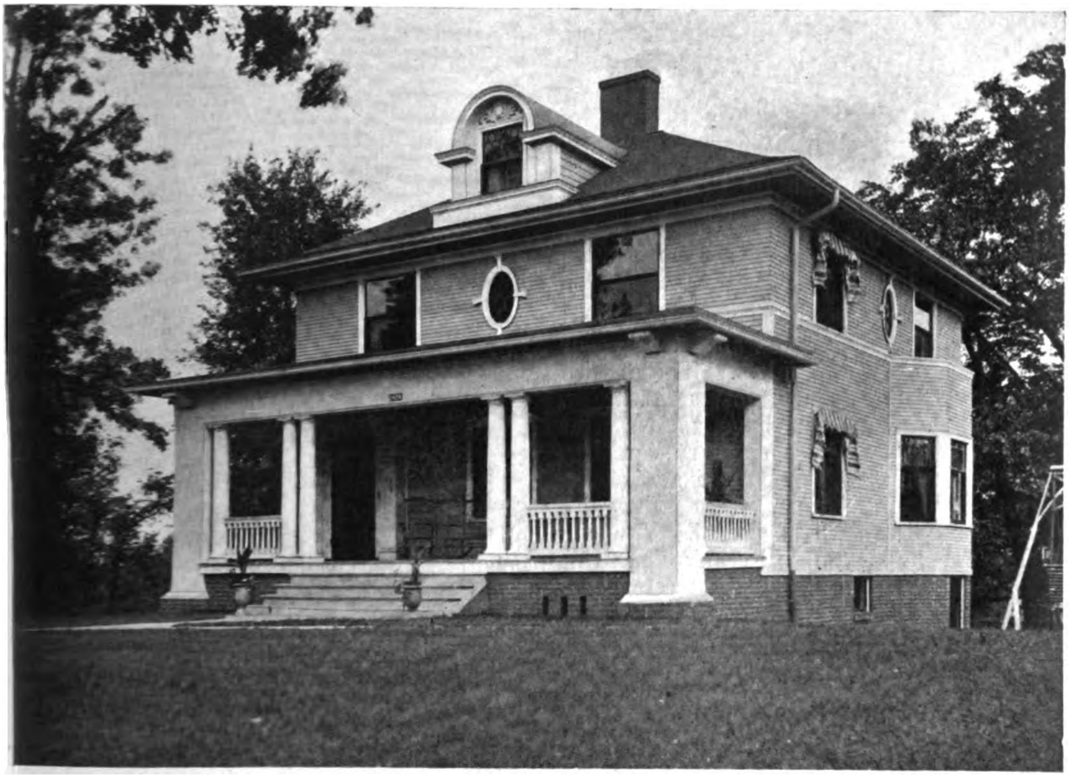
An eastern writer on economic subjects visited the West some years ago and was much amazed to find that even in the cities almost everybody had individual door yards, with a garden of flowers and of vegetables in the rear, in many cases. Detached houses are the exception in eastern cities—with us they are the rule. Until recently, flats, even, were unknown in Iowa, and it would be well for humanity if they could forever remain unknown. For what family can have a permanent home in a flat?

THE FIRST THING TO DO.

We will assume that every reader of this article who has no home of his own, intends to do so in the near future. The first question with him will be where? The farmer's life is the ideal one, but all cannot be farmers. There must be towns and cities and people must live in them. The Iowa town is most attractive. There are more beautiful villages in this state than in any state in the Union. The larger towns, Oskaloosa, Marshalltown, Davenport, Dubuque, Creston, Ottumwa, and others of that class, are old enough to have grown rich and have all the improvements in the way of miles of paving, street cars, fine public buildings and all that, to have the air of young cities. They are all of them more orderly and cleanly than Des Moines, and in many ways are ideal home locations. But Des Moines is just entering a splendid period in which the city is to be developed ideally. Ten years from now it will be the wonder of the middle West. And this sure prospect makes it look attractive to the seeker for a home spot. In every direction from the city there is unlimited room. In every section of the city there are beautiful building spots. The real estate men here know their business and they cannot fail to please purchasers, in both location and price. Take a street car ride and look about you. Then after deciding upon the general locality, see the man who has property for sale.

STYLE OF YOUR HOUSE.

You must next select the style of your house. It must suit the size and shape of your lot in a measure. Not a few otherwise lovely Des Moines homes are ruined because the lot and house are not in harmony. Your purse is also to be considered. A house with gables and wings will cost more than the square colonial. Carpenters or contractors can give you ideas of prices. Aim at simplicity in construction. And go to a good architect—don't waste money on a poor one. Des Moines has notable architects. Their work is to be seen all over the middle West. The most beautiful house in Boone, also in Council Bluffs and Cedar Falls, were planned by Des Moines architects. You should make a study of this house in which you are to bring up your family—in which your babies are to grow up and to which the most sacred memories of their lives will cling. Let it be the



COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN.

Theodore Rogg Home on Ridge Road.

PHOEBE

I can't get used to having Phoebe gone.
The world to me seems mighty cold and brief,
And yet the airth is jes' as sweet with song
They say, and fields as green with leaf.

The garden path she planted thick with flowers
Still nods with posies jes' as bright and gay.
The prairie rose goes climbin' o'er her bowers
And she who tended 'em is laid away.

She allers said her flowers would not forget.
They'd wither—she was feared—and pine and die,
But here they be all glowin' and dew-wet,
With ne'er a thought of her who's gone on high.

But on the bough that shadows the old gate
There swings a bird who calls her name to me
He sings an' swings an' calls—he don't forget.
So sweet, so sad, so clear; Phoebe! Phoebe!

—*Francis Oviatt Lewis.*

Your home is not complete without a MUTUAL PHONE in it.

study of your winter evenings. Then you will be ready to build in early spring.

EXTERIOR DECORATION.

A few things this house should have, an attic, a good cellar, with laundry, at least one large fireplace, and a big veranda—these in addition to other comforts and conveniences. Economize if necessary in the furnishing, but be sure to have these essentials. The yard and garden will be a source of perpetual pleasure, and the nursery men can best advise you as to shrubs and trees. For flowers, plant perennials. These with the hardy shrubs, are most satisfactory. Everybody, too, can have a few fruit trees. In New England every yard has a big apple tree, some pear and peach trees and some grape vines. They are ornamental as well as useful. You can have them and you will thank The Midwestern for this suggestion a few years from now.

If your house is frame, paint it some light color which will show it off to best advantage. You will love it if it always has a look of cheer.

INTERIOR DECORATION.

We cannot do better along this line of suggestion than to cite the reader to the article in last month's Midwestern by Harry M. Belt, also to the one in this number. You would do well to clip these articles and keep them together for future reference.

THE TABLE.

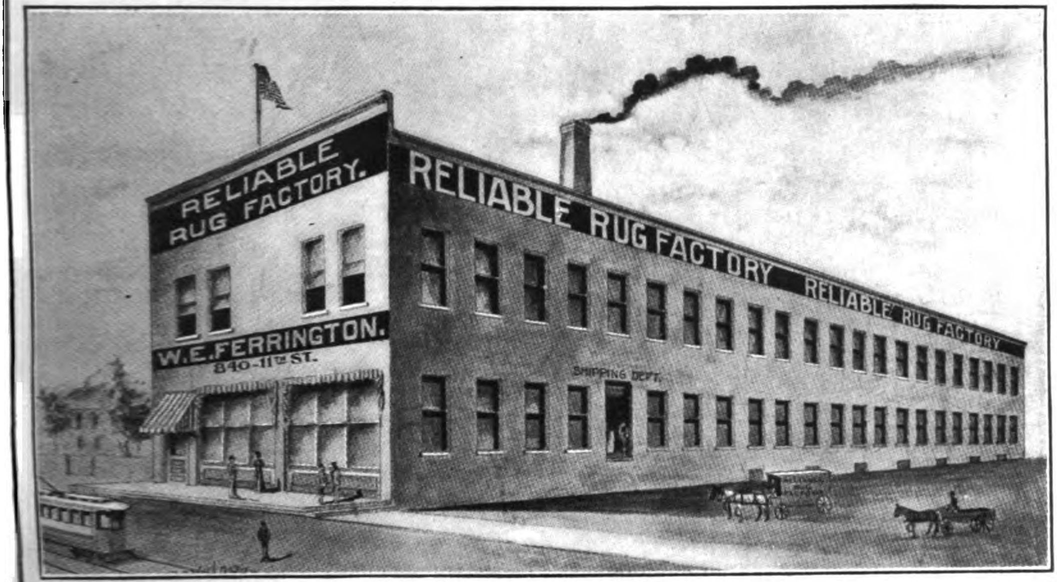
In the well ordered family there is not a more important function than the regular meal. Its influence is both moral and physical. Cleanliness of the table is the first essential, linen and silver and dishes must be above criticism. This entails work upon the mother of the family, because only one servant in a thousand has any idea of how things ought to be. With the lovely and inexpensive things now on display in the stores, the laying in of table furnishing is a pleasure. Trays for the protection of the table from hot dishes are a necessity and come in many styles at varied prices. The Danish tiles framed in nickel are popular, also the nickel racks of open work. The beautiful Kayser-Zinn trays are durable and comparatively cheap. For dishes, white are always desirable. The blue ware for breakfast service, or white with a pattern of red poppies, with a dinner set of white and gold. These are easily replaced, a thing to be well considered. The lightest purse can afford the pretty glassware everywhere shown now, from the tall slender jelly dish to the water glass. Lovely pitchers, salad bowls, sauce plates, berry dishes and sugar and cream sets in clear glass can be had, and are much easier to keep clean than cut glass. Whatever one needs, from the most magnificent set to the simplest, can be found in Des Moines.

KITCHEN WARE.

Every housekeeper looks into her pantry with interest and sees well to her cooking utensils. Aluminum is a great favorite with all who have tried it, especially those who cook with gas. No porcelain lined material has yet been discovered which does not soon peel off if used over the intense heat of gas fire. Aluminum comes in every shape and form, kettles, pie pans, dish pans, tins, and even spoons. It does not discolor, does not burn easily, and anything can be cleaned off it, so that it is always shining and bright. Our grandmothers were happy in the possession of a copper kettle for preserving and fruit season. The aluminum kettle is far ahead of it. This ware can be found at the hardware stores. Dozens of little conveniences are now to be had, grinders, potato slicers, apple corers and seeders, of which our mothers knew nothing, and all aid in making the work lighter.

LAMPS AND CANDLESTICKS.

Your home will not be complete without a lamp or two and some candles. For general lighting of course you will have gas or electricity. But often on a winter evening, sitting by the open fire, you will enjoy the light of a low lamp on the table where your books and papers lie. And there will be occasions when you will want your dining room lighted with candles. And then in your bedroom, when you come in late from the opera or a party, isn't it a pleasure to have a lighted candle on your dresser? In many homes there are candlesticks as heirlooms. But if you are not so fortunate as to have these, you can buy all sorts of quaint and artistic things in both candle-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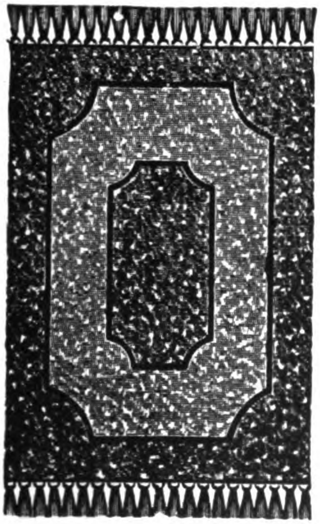

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DES MOINES, IOWA

Your home is not complete without a MUTUAL PHONE in it.

sticks and lamps. The shades for both may be made a thing of joy just to look at. Let them show you what they have in the china shops, then choose the prettiest you can afford.

SOFA PILLOWS.

You want lots of pillows and if you haven't an old feather bed handed down to you, buy feather pillows and cover them to suit your fancy. A few of the covers might be of elegant and elaborate material, but let most of them be for use, something that can be washed and ironed. Who wants to lie down on velvet and lace and bead work? Or who enjoys sitting back on the face of a Madonna or a French dancer? Then porch pillows can be covered in plaid gingham, blue and white, green or pink or red and white. They always look fresh and inviting when covers are clean.

HOME MADE RUGS.

There is a great fad just now for home made rugs—or at least they are partly home made. Most everybody has an accumulation of white cotton material, old clothing, old sheets, etc. These can easily be colored with dye from any drug store. The rags are then cut into narrow strips and wound into balls, then sent to the weavers to be made into rugs. There are a number of weaving establishments in Des Moines and all do good work. It is wise to consult the weaver before sending material, as he can advise how many pounds will be needed for rugs of various sizes. In a recently built and furnished Des Moines cottage is a pink bedroom and a blue bedroom. On the hardwood floors are pink and white rag rugs or blue and white ones. In each room is a quilt, pink and white one in diamonds, blue and white in triangles; the work done at the Home for the Aged, where orders can be given for quilting at any time. The old-fashioned tone given to these rooms by the rugs and quilts is charming.

LAWN FURNISHINGS.

No lawn is complete without its rustic seats. There are several places in Des Moines where a variety of kinds may be had. A fine idea is to have a socket made for the handle of a large umbrella—it may be Japanese—under which children can play in hot weather. It is also picturesque, thus serving two purposes.

THE MUSIC ROOM.

In many houses of today the hall is built with a special design of holding the piano, thus creating a music room without adding to the size of the house. At any rate, a music room is a necessity and its fitting up will be a great pleasure. A good piano is a treasure and it can be bought right here in Des Moines, where the best makes are handled, at as good prices as you can get anywhere.

THE LIBRARY.

The library will be the choicest room in the house. There is but one undying art—the art of literature, and one may do without everything better than do without books. And yet in many homes the collecting of a library is the last thing to be considered. Every child's room should have its own book case or shelves. And on these shelves should be placed the books that have become beloved friends.

THE ONE ESSENTIAL.

In closing these suggestions, something must be added. An admonition that sums up the whole thing. Make your home a place of comfort and rest. No matter how poor it is, the right kind of women can give it the look of comfort—the true home look. Then a "wanderer from home, splendor dazzles in vain." Then the heart will turn in love and longing to the old home place, there the soul will learn the true meaning of those divine words: "I go to prepare a place for you," where every one of God's creatures will at last be at home forever.

The striving intellect may well know happiness beyond the reach of the satisfied body, but the soul that grows nobler has joys that are often denied to the striving intellect.—Maeterlinck.

MUSIC ROOM APPOINTMENTS

Clever devices and ingenious instruments are convenient, pleasurable, and even necessary to the well equipped music room of to day.

A Regina Music Box built into a center table, clock or music cabinet; an automatic player hidden within your piano for the guest who cannot play, or a home-sized pipe organ capable of being operated either by the human fingers or by an interior player device, may be found in the beautiful ware rooms of E. H. Jones & Son, 513-515 Locust Street, where you will always be welcome.

We build pipe organs into your home, or construct piano cases to match the wood work of your music room.

Easy payments if desired.

E. H. JONES & SON,
"Largest Piano House in Iowa."
513-515 West Locust St., Des Moines.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

There is nothing so attractive in the home as music. Youth loves brightness, joy, gaiety. These things are the divine birthright of the boy and girl in the home. If they find them there, they will not need to seek them elsewhere. Let your daughter strew her music all over the room. Let her practice at all hours. Buy the boy a banjo or a fiddle if he wants one. Let them invite all the boys and girls of their acquaintance in for the winter evenings. Occasionally have a little musical and dance for them, and something to eat. You can afford it in a dozen ways, even if your purse is light, and you will only be doing your duty by making home a heaven on earth for your dear ones. Whatever you have in your home, don't leave out the music.

Solitude is good for great, and bad for little, minds. Solitude disorders those minds which it does not enlighten.—Victor Hugo.

The rarest of all gifts is a truly tolerant, rational spirit. In all our gettings let us strive to get this, for it alone is true wisdom.—Le Conte.

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THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN

HARRY BELT

THE house we live in should be, first of all, as pleasant in its appointments and environments as it is possible to make it.

The rooms should be ample for one's needs with plenty of light and good ventilation. Sunshine and pure air are health givers and go a great ways toward our real happiness.

The architectural features we will leave to the men of that craft and discuss the ornamentation of the home. After your house is built, your thought naturally turns to the decoration of the interior.

The floor coverings, furniture, draperies and wall coverings are all a part of the decorative plan and should be assembled in such a manner that there will be a harmonious blending of color and effect. There is a vast difference in whether you have a large house with spacious rooms and high ceilings or a cottage to decorate.

In the large home, bold treatments in color scheme and drawings can be used with gratifying effect that would be entirely out of place in the small house or cottage. Simpler treatments are best for the home of the latter kind.

The hall is an important feature in any home and gives the visitor the first impression of the good taste and judgment of the occupant. The decorative treatment should follow the architectural features as far as possible and be made to harmonize.

In most new houses, the stairway opens out of the reception hall and the wall hanging should be the same. If it is a high stairway, the use of a decided stripe should be avoided as it will have the effect of making it appear higher and narrower.

If, however, a stripe is used, the effect can be modified by the use of a dado treatment. Either a straight dado of burlap or some suitable material or a step dado in panel effect. This will result in preserving the balance. There will be many new things to please the house furnisher for the coming year. The new carpets and draperies are in the market now and present many pleasing color combinations. Browns are still popular and show almost every shade of this useful color from the earthy brown to the very yellowish tints of autumn leaves. Softer shades of greens, rose, lavender, gray, and tan are much in evidence. There is an absence of the oriental in rugs and draperies and it will be used sparingly in wall decorations.

A visit to any of the stores will amply repay one if they contemplate taking up that feature of their home decoration. The furniture is made along lines to suit the new modes and may be had in almost any style to suit a particular room or decorative feature. Arts and Craft, Louis XVI., German or Colonial.

Too much bric-a-brac should be avoided. On the hall stand the card receiver and a palm or potted plant may be placed advantageously. On the library table a book or two; and do not load the dining room rail and mantles like an art display. A few well chosen pieces will have a more pleasing and artistic effect.

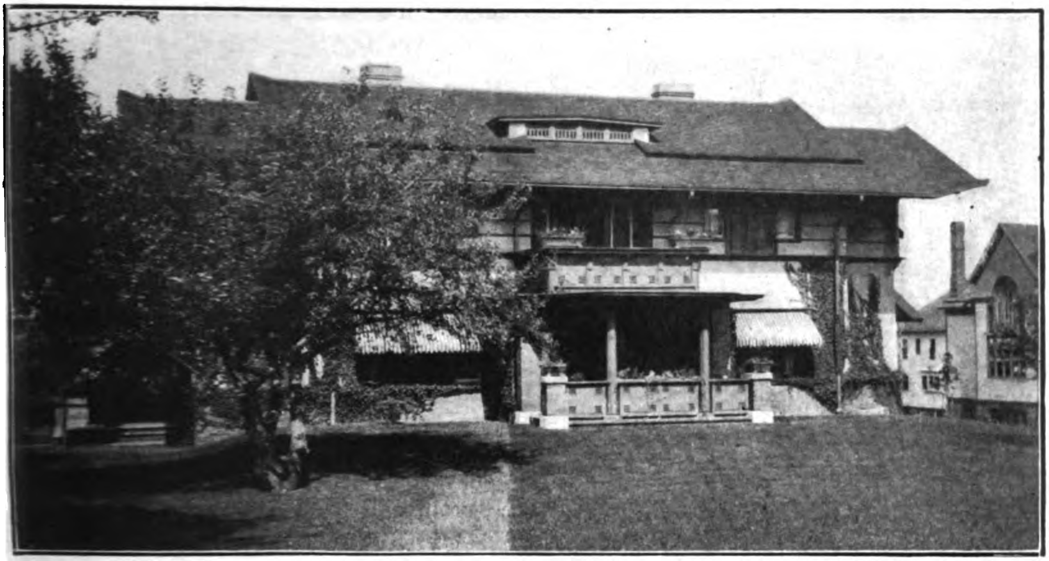
Simplicity is the keynote of good taste. Use your own ideas with good advice from a capable decorator, and make "the house we live in" a place of rest and repose.

TEARS

Not in the time of pleasure
Hope doth set her bow,
But in the sky of sorrow,
Over the vale of woe.

Through gloom and shadow look we
On beyond the year.
The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears.

—*John Vance Cheney.*



COURTESY DES MOINES PHOTO MATERIALS CO.

Home of Sedgwick Brinsmaid on Grand Avenue

MISS MARJORIE MARSH
Maid of Honor at the MacVicar-Marsh Wedding.

A TRIO OF ARCHITECTS

LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN

Architects, Office Corner Eighth and Walnut Streets.

With the increase in population, refinement and wealth in the principal centers of the United States, has arisen a growing demand for the blending of the artistic with the utilitarian in modern architecture. The result has been extremely gratifying to the advocates of progress in this most vitally important profession. Among those who have acquired a wide reputation for great skill and artistic conception as architects in this city are Messrs. Liebbe, Nourse & Rasmussen, who occupy spacious office quarters in the Foster opera house building. The firm enjoy every modern facility for designing, draughting, making computations, etc., and give employment to a corps of talented assistants. They attend faithfully to details, their plans are well digested and studied, and their architectural efforts have tended greatly to beautify the business center as well as the residence part of the city.

The firm has executed work all over the West. The members of this representative firm are Messrs. H. F. Liebbe, Clinton Nourse and E. F. Rasmussen. The present firm was organized in February, 1899, being successor to the firm of Foster & Liebbe, who established the business thirty-five years ago. Messrs. Liebbe, Nourse & Rasmussen are constantly engaged in planning and supervising the erection of the most advanced classes of public and private buildings, and are prepared to execute all commissions not only promptly, but with that intelligent apprehension of design which has served to make their efforts so highly appreciated.

Among the many specimens of their skill and ability as architects, which are easily pointed out, may be mentioned:

Libraries: Boone, Iowa City, Nevada, Fayette, Atlantic, Grinnell, Perry, Hampton, and other cities.

Iowa School Buildings: New High School, Ottumwa, $60,000; High School, Des Moines, $75,000; High School, Charles City, $38,000; High School, North Des Moines, $35,000; High School, Muscatine, $28,000; High School, Oskaloosa, $25,000; High and Grade School, Odebolt, $22,000; High School, Hampton, $35,000; High School, Jefferson, $25,000; High School, Guthrie Center, $15,000.

Iowa Public Schools at Boone, Indianola, Corwith, Red Oak, eight rooms each; Keokuk, Albia, Iowa City, Grinnell, Newton, Atlantic, Knoxville, six rooms each; Adair, Osceola, Washington, Murray, Milo, Yale, four rooms each; Tipton, Iowa, Small High School.

Miscellaneous Buildings: Old People's Home, Chamberlain Company Laboratory, I. O. O. F. Orphan's Home, Mason City.

Residences: New Residence for Mr. J. G. Berryhill; Hal Howell; three for Mr. Kratzer at Forty-First and Grand Avenue; Jansen Haynes; P. K. Witmer; Van Evera; Merritt; G. D. Ellyson; Deforest Bowman; W. W. Witmer; Geo. H. France; R. A. Crawford; A. G. Maish; Chas. Powell; A. J. Collins; Wm. Barrett; E. R. Mason, of Des Moines; Geo. R. Fairburn, Fonda; Senator J. M. Junkin, Red Oak, and several hundred other residences located in Des Moines, Iowa, and in other cities throughout the country.

Department Stores: Frankel's at Sixth and Walnut Sts. (burned); Harris-Emery Company, Seventh and Walnut Sts.; Younker Bros., Seventh and Walnut Sts.

Warehouses: Brown-Hurley Hardware Company; Blue Line Transfer Company; Des Moines Drug Company; L. Harbach at Fifth and Vine Sts.; Warfield, Pratt, Howell Company, $125,000 building at Sioux City, Iowa.

Mausoleums: Mrs. J. S. Kidd; G. M. Hippee.

Banks and Office Buildings: Citizens National Bank, seven stories, cost $150,000; Commercial National Bank, Waterloo, six stories; Des Moines National Bank; a dozen smaller banks.

Churches: Unitarian Church, Des Moines (new); Baptist Church, Indian-

IN

HIRING YOUR **WIRING**

DONE, DON'T FORGET

JOHN COLLINS

He Can Save You Money and Give You the Best Work. None but Experienced Workmen are Employed

JOHN COLLINS

Basement Observatory Bldg. 322 West Fourth St.

IOWA PHONE 1269-J: MUTUAL PHONE 1927

Why Des Moines Has Become the
Largest Jobbing Hardware Market
in the Central West

1—Des Moines Jobbers Carry the largest Stocks.
2—Des Moines Jobbers Carry the Best Brands.
3—Des Moines Jobbers Make Prompt Shipments.
4—Des Moines Jobbers are Progressive and Aggressive.
5—Des Moines Jobbers are Geographically Located to Serve to the best Advantage.

When visiting Des Moines, call and see the most complete and up-to-date jobbing plant.

The Brown-Hurley Hardware Company
101-103-105-107 Court Ave.
Des Moines, - Iowa.

ola; Catholic Churches, Nevada and Webster City; M. E. Church, Corydon, Iowa; Presbyterian Church, Keota, Iowa; U. P. Church, Mt. Ayr.

Club Houses: Hyperion Club; Golf and Country Club.

Theaters: Ingersoll Park; Adel, Iowa, Opera House.

Hotels at Toledo, Des Moines, Boone, Grinnell, Libby, Mont., Storm Lake, and many others.

Store and Flat Buildings: C. J. J. Mason at Boone, Iowa; J. S. Polk; Martindale Estate, Sixth and Grand; C. W. Rogg, 12th and Grand; Century Building; McQuaid-Spaulding at Grinnell, Iowa; Ellis & Ellis, Charles City, Iowa; W. W. Witmer, and thirty-five other buildings of various sizes throughout the state.

Apartment Buildings: Mr. Nourse, Mrs. Kidd, Miss Stein, E. W. Kromer, W. L. White, Mary A. Powers, H. H. Lantz and a great many others.

COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN

A. J. Collins' Home, Fortieth and Grand Avenue

"Home Decorating"

Color Harmony Pleasing Contrasts
Special Treatment for Each Room
Our Specialty

We have Decorators who have been with us for
Years, not "Pick-ups"

HOLLAND & NEW CO., 680-610
LOCUST STREET
LARGEST BECAUSE SATISFACTORY
GEO. A. BOODY, PRES. AND MGR.

E Stands for Economy.
Don't you know that's right?
I wouldn't use any other,
Save the EDISON LIGHT.
Other Lights have proven
Not to be quite as up-to-date

Lets always have things ready
I don't want you to be late.
Get in on the opportunities
Have some of the good things
Then you'll be on the road to what
THE EDISON LIGHT brings
Come in and see us
ON CORNER 5th AND MULBERRY STS.

MRS. W. E. FERRINGTON

Mrs. Ferrington, one of the most successful business women in the West, conducts a business which was originally started by her husband, who was a weaver all his life.

The Reliable Rug factory is known all over the country. Their work is what it is called, reliable. A visit to Mrs. Ferrington in her factory is a great pleasure.

COURTESY DES MOINES PHOTO MATERIALS CO.

THE EAST DES MOINES COMMERCIAL LEAGUE

This notable organization have chosen for their motto, "For Greater Des Moines."

Its officers are D. H. Kooker, president; Chas. S. Worth, vice-president; A. C. Miller, treasurer; L. A. Jester, secretary.

The directors are D. H. Kooker, Chas. E. Lyon, A. C. Miller, Chas. S. Worth, A. K. Stewart, Frank A. Mathis, J. A. McKinney, C. B. Dockstader, and Ralph P. Bolton.

The chairmen of the various committees are:

Finance—Charles J. Hast.

Legislation—Isaac Brandt.

Industrial—A. B. Elliott.

Municipal Improvement—W. N. Heaton.

Railroad and Commerce—A. M. Parker.

Public Affairs—A. E. Shipley.

Entertainment—J. I. Christie.

Advertising—L. A. Jester.

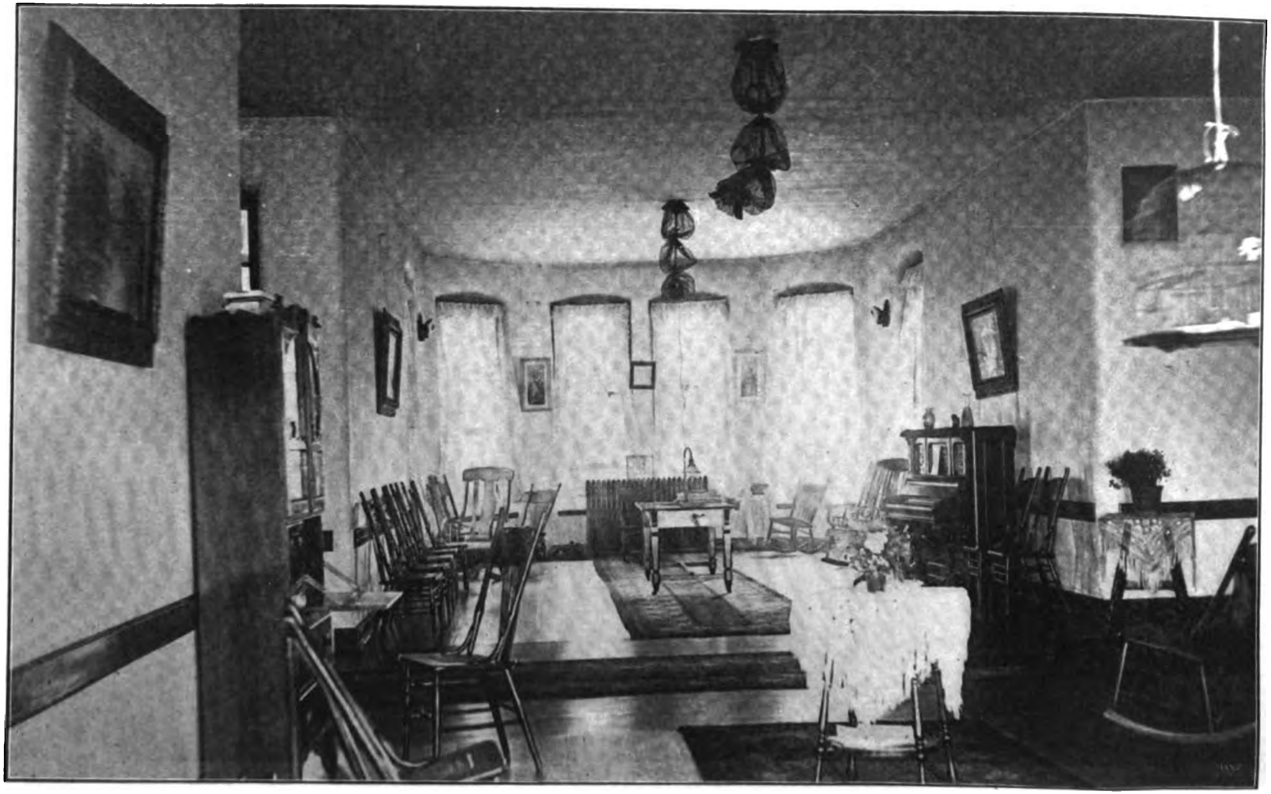
Membership—Whitney Mathis.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the league is spendidly organized and ready for good work. They have already proved that they are wide awake and enthusiastic over their plans for the year.

One piece of work done by them is the planning for a boulevard to the army post. It is to be 143 feet wide.

Depot facilities are being looked after by them for East Des Moines.

The saving to the state of a forty acre tract of timber land north of the state fair grounds. The work of various kinds which they have in prospect is both interesting and of value to the general public. The Midwestern congratulates the league upon their public spirit and believes that there will always be something doing in this up-to-date club.



A Ward on the Women's Side, Hospital for the Insane, Clarinda.

WALKS AND TALKS

The manager of the Randall Lumber Company, which has been doing business in East Des Moines for two months, is Mr. N. S. Nelson. Mr. Nelson has been fourteen years with Ewing & Jewett, and a most competent man in his business.

Mr. William Moin is the local manager. He was with the Chicago Lumber Company for thirty years and is well acquainted with the local field. The company have certainly placed their interests in good hands.

NO BOOM FOR DES MOINES

Mr. C. H. Tobin, of the firm of Tobin & Moetzel, thinks it a great aid in favor of Des Moines that we have never had a boom as other cities. Omaha, Kansas City, etc., have had. "Our growth has been natural, healthy and persistent, with never a step backward." So may it long continue.

THIRTY-NINE YEARS IN DES MOINES

This is the record of Mr. Beck, of the Globe Coal Company. Mr. Beck is one of the men who have helped to build Des Moines by showing that a good business may be established and made to prosper here, starting without capital and becoming a settled institution. He thinks Des Moines is all right and good enough for anybody.

CLEAN UP!

No business man would think of appearing in his office or his store in filth and rags. If he did so, he could not long expect to prosper. Instead of so appearing, most men make the tidiness of their personal appearance a study, as they certainly should do.

Then why shouldn't Des Moines as a city clean up? Wouldn't it be about the best advertising we could do for ourselves, to wash our face, trim our beard and hair and dig out our fingernails, not to speak of putting on a clean suit of clothes? When a town gets so dirty that it smells to heaven in spots, it seems time to pause and consider a few things. If we think strangers who come here can not see these things we are sorely mistaken. They do see them and comment on them. They carry away tales to sicken the heart of any prospective dweller. The Midwestern management not being men, felt loth to accept the kind invitation extended them for the Commercial club meeting of September 13th, but had we been present and asked to speak, our text would have been: "Clean up Des Moines."

A GOOD COMMITTEE

The committee chosen by the Commercial club for inaugurating the advertising campaign for Des Moines is a first class one. The selection of Mr. Thos. E. Hurley as chairman was especially pleasing to all of the business men in the city. Mr. Hurley is a young man, but has ideas and practical plans for carrying them out that would do credit to an older man. He is known to understand the railroad question in reference to freight rates, etc., better than any man in the club. The committee at present consists of Thos. E. Hurley, Aaron Younker, Al. C. Miller, J. A. McKinney, Lafe Young, Jr., Harvey Ingham, Frank Parritt, F. H. Luthe, J. H. Cownie, R. R. McCutchen, D. B. Fleming, Mel Uhl, Chas. Worth, Gilger E. McKinnon, W. G. Agar, L. C. Kurtz, Simon Casady and F. C. Hubbell.

BUILDING THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE

It is just as necessary to care for one's body as to care for one's home. Indeed, the body is the home of the real and undying man. Shakespeare, in putting words of advice into the mouth of a father advising his son just starting out into the world, said: "Costly thy raiment as thy purse can bear." Raiment alone is not all. The body must be kept clean and healthy. Then the garments must suit the wearer, in style and workmanship. But it is always essential to be up-to-date in one's appearance. A disregard for the conventionalities of dress is absurd and betrays a weak mind. First impressions are best in the long run, and a well dressed, clean and genteel man and woman have much in their favor to start out with. It is an instinct of refinement which prompts a man to groom thoroughly every day. Such a man has the chances all in his favor.

Susie Bradley

Who always carries the newest and catchiest Millinery.

705 WEST LOCUST STREET
Des Moines, - Iowa.

LOOK FOR THE BIG BEAR
Crocker Building Mutual Phone 667

Sefren & Glickman
MANUFACTURERS OF
FURS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Made-to-order Garments Given Special Attention
510-512 W. Locust St.
Des Moines, : : Iowa.

Build A Good Appearance
THE SECRET OF ONE'S SUCCESS IS IN LOOKING NEAT.

Owing to our good facilities, we are able to take care of your clothes in the manner they should be

Cleaned and Pressed

We guarantee you good work and low prices

THE WARDROBE
Both Phones 1791 814 W. Locust St.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

By EARNEST McGAFFEY

LIKE Charity, the artistic temperament is stretched to cover a multitude of sins. It is used, besides, both by those who have attained an artistic reputation, and by those who are merely trying to be artistic. It is usable by either sex. It does not exclude either age, race, or previous condition of servitude. It is the handiest make-shift in the world; the cheapest excuse. The cad, the liar, the dodger of debts, the shiftless, the lazy, the unkempt, the coward, the sneak, the hypocritic—all can blithely urge an overlooking of their shortcomings, because, forsooth, they have "the artistic temperament."

The great statesman, for instance, with a most prodigious memory for facts and figures, for history and events, is cursed with an almost total lack of recollection as to his pecuniary obligations. He eloquently expounds the constitution to an admiring nation, but is singularly silent as to a number of little bills that he owes. He borrows several thousands from various admirers, with not only fulsome gratitude at the time, but explicit promises of when he will repay. But his memory lapses as time flies by, and his artistic temperament forbids his remembering such petty detail. His creditors, if they approach him, are likely to lose his friendship by bringing up such vulgar bagatelles.

What is the great statesman in plain English? He is a common, ordinary "dead-beat."

The eminent musician is invited to the house and home of the wealthy citizen of musical inclinations whose virtues and handsome wife is also musically inclined. The eminent musician takes up his abode with his admirers and is boarded, clothed, fed, washed and housed there. He borrows money from the husband, and, in course of time, succeeds in getting up an intrigue with the wife. The wealthy citizen wears his horns somewhat awkwardly, but takes what comfort he can out of it by attributing the musician's eccentricity to "the artistic temperament." The lady is talked about, and her reputation gets a number of black marks.

Where do we place the eminent musician? In the category of pimps, to be sure.

The great painter eats voraciously of opium. He neglects his work, his friends, his family. He repudiates his money obligations, he sinks into a stupor of latter-day nirvana, he takes commissions and advance pay for pictures which he knows he cannot complete, he has the eye of contempt cast on him by the world, and knows that his course has brought ruin and misery to his household. He can quit the drug, for he has demonstrated that. But its languorous curse is such a soothing dolce far niente. He has wasted his genius, disgusted his friends, pauperized his family and broken the heart of his wife.

How shall we name this gentleman? Is he anything more than a cheap coward?

The heaven-born bard affects a distate of soap, and a distinct contempt for either a shave or a haircut. He cannot or will not bathe himself. His linen assumes a foggy hue, he shies at cuffs or collar, and his finger nails are invariably in mourning. I knew one of these gentlemen, who, with his particular mask of snuff-colored hair and whiskers and utter lack of ablution, always reminded me of a large, fuzzy, and remarkably soiled caterpillar. He drinks deeply and and is neglected by the world. He does not work; he cannot "stand the gaff." He borrows quarters and dimes for odd meals, but he "worships at the shrine of beauty." Usually there is some rift in his career when he shows up looking like a white man, but this is but a temporary lapse into decency.

The heaven-born bard is a public nuisance.

Both men and women "play" this "artistic" dodge for all it is worth, and the trouble is that many otherwise sensible people are inclined to let them "get away with it." This is a serious mistake. There is no earthly reason why even a born and acknowledged genius should not keep clean, pay his debts, and be generally on the square with his fellowmen.

As a matter of strict fact, the greatest geniuses the world has ever known, the majority of them, average up very well with average men so far as personality is concerned. Some of them have drank, and sowed wild oats in varying crops, but they have paid their debts, and washed their faces, brushed their teeth and combed their hair, and so far as women are concerned, they have not been seducers, however they followed the primrose path of dalliance.

That which a gentleman will not do, cannot make less than a cad out of a genius, should he, the genius, rush in where the gentleman dared not tread. There is a most absurd lot of poppycock extant about this alleged artistic temperament. The first thing for a man to be is a man! Not that he should be a whitewashed saint, but a fair, average, rough-and-tumble specimen of humanity. And after that, let his light shine. The example of a good man is not only his influence in a community, but it often sends comfort to the entire world as we know it. To the Greeks, beauty in itself was genius. Why are not courage, patience, charity, tenderness, industry, brotherly love, cheerfulness and a life well spent akin to genius itself?

Those men and women who have the natural passions and inclinations of the race, and who are handicapped by no artistic temperament to fall back on, have a hard row of stumps to hoe. If they fall by the wayside the lapse is laid to pure cussedness, and the hand of no good Samaritan is reached out to comfort them. This provokes cynicism, and besides being palpably unjust, is ridiculously absurd.

If it be admitted by all that a man or woman has proven the existence of the artistic temperament by their work in any creative line, why should they not also lead clean and decent lives all the more by being gifted with that faculty? The creative faculty in itself produces the keenest joy is its possessor, and is the rarest gift of nature to mankind.

Yes, say the apologists, but the artistic temperament feels its sorrows so deeply, and is so delicately strung that we must make allowances. The artistic temperament that is genuine will take its sorrows in a more poignant manner probably, but it will also feel its joys the keener because of a more high-strung nature. And thus the compensatory balance is maintained. Besides, there are a lot of fakirs, charlatans, anl impossible frauds wandering about the country or prowling around in various communities, who, presuming on their supposed artistic temperaments, are a menace to sanitation and a disgrace to the country at large.

As to allowances for any special class of men or women, provided always that they are healthy in body. No! Let them be weighed as other men and women are weighed. What is sauce for the artistic goose should be sauce for the unartistic gander. There is something to much of this nonsense anent the "artistic temperament."

Miss Chapman, the Popular Art Teacher in Des Moines Schools

OUR CORNER BOOK STORE

One of the historic spots in Boston is known as the corner book store. For over a hundred years it has been a favorite stopping place for residents of the city as well as a visiting point for tourists. Des Moines has a store to which is attached the same sort of interest that attaches to the corner book store of Boston. This is the store of Fike & Fike on Fourth street. Here tier upon tier of book shelves greet the visitor and any taste may be satisfied, and fancy pleased, from that of the antiquarian hunting for the oldest thing in print, to the school girl seeking the latest novel. Requests for books come to this house from all over the world and these requests are always complied with. For the manager knows where to get anything that can be obtained if he hasn't it in stock himself.

No book lover may pass this store willingly without stopping. And a few visits would convert even one who does not care for books to a seeker into the hidden mysteries.

COL. D. R. PASCHAL, AUCTIONEER

It is a well known saying that poets are born, not made. The phrase could well apply also to auctioneers. For the auctioneer must possess gifts of ready speech, good judgment, knowledge of human nature and firmness, not given to everybody and of rare value in business.

Col. Paschal possesses these traits in a marked degree, as well as a fund of humor that is irresistible and inexhaustible. Col. Paschal was brought up in the city of Columbus, Ohio, removing to Burlington, Iowa, and coming to Des Moines three years ago. His father was an auctioneer before him and thus he was brought up in the very atmosphere of his afterward chosen work.

Col. Paschal has a manner that popularizes him with all who know him—a manner of frankness and geniality which wins friends and makes no enemies. One point in his business has made him one of the best auctioneers in America, and secures him calls from every section of the country. It is that he sells what he undertakes to sell, and gets a better price than the owners expect. Most of his time is devoted to his work in Iowa and the middle West, and he frequently has to turn away calls from neighboring towns and states. His reputation as a sure seller extends everywhere and he is kept a very busy man. He has had some big deals in land during the past six months, and came out a winner in every one.

Mr. Paschal has an office in the Good block; a call upon him will assure you that he will treat you right.

A NOTABLE FIRM

One of the most promising signs of the sure establishment of Des Moines and of its future growth, lies in the fact that so many of the best known firms began business in a small way from twenty to thirty years ago, and in that time have grown to be concerns of influence and worth, whose limits for transacting business are greater than the State of Iowa itself.

One of these firms is so well known that their name suggests only good things along the line of prosperity and progression, the firm of Moetzel & Tobin.

The firm has not always had its present name. Up to the year 1895 it was Moetzel & Chesbro, Mr. Tobin succeeding the latter in that year. During the eleven years in which the firm has been known as Moetzel & Tobin, their business as wholesale lumber merchants has grown to be one of the chief enterprises of the city.

Both Mr. Moetzel and Mr. Tobin are men of influence and of the highest standing among the business men of the city and state. They have a wide acquaintance among the manufacturers of lumber of all kinds, all over the world. This acquaintance enables them to supply the demand for the unusual, as well as the ordinary, sizes.

Any kind of lumber may be bought from them. They handle Cobb & Mitchell's electric maple flooring. They furnish bridge material, operating largely in fir flooring and red cedar piling. Orders for any sort and of any size are shipped by them without delay, and prices and quality are guaranteed to be satisfactory.

The Midwestern is proud to call to the attention of Iowa people this progressive and reliable firm. Their patrons find it a pleasure to deal with them, both in business lines and also in a personal way. Their offices are in the Equitable Building, Sixth Avenue and Locust Streets.

OCTOBER

When the days are full of sunshine
And the nights are ripping cold,
When the sumach turns to crimson
And the maple leaves are gold,

When the asters by the roadside
Flaunt their purple in your face,
And the willows by the brookside
Drop their leaves with airy grace;

When the cricket's in the corn shock
And the quail is whistling near,
When the furry, bright-eyed squirrel
Scurries up his tree in fear;

When the ripened nuts are falling
In the dead leaves at your feet,
And from the tangled vines beyond
Sways the scarlet bitter-sweet,

Then with wreath of richest color
All the tints of autumn's wood
We will crown our king, October,
Month of beauteous, joyous mood.

—*Winifred Walden.*

Winterset, Iowa.

WM. MONTGOMERY

Real Estate

I have everything in the line of Real Estate for sale on Easy Terms, or Exchange.

Some special bargains in farm and city property. See my property and compare prices.

I keep teams and show property free of charge.

Office Phone Iowa 664 Office, West 5th Street
Residence Phone, Ia. 645 Room 214, Clapp Block

Notary Public in Office DES MOINES, IOWA

MACK OLSEN CO.
REAL ESTATE BROKERS
SUITE 3, NEWS ARCADE

If you wish to succeed. Hustle. I hustle all the time and succeed in listing enough real estate of all kinds and quality that will suit the

PLEASURE
AND
POCKET BOOK
of every buyer

Mack Olsen Company
Both Phones Real Estate Brokers

References. Any Bank in Des Moines.

Polk County Land Co.

309 Crocker Building

If you want a Safe Investment in a farm or city property, you will save money by calling on us. No misrepresentations.

A. J. WHITE, : Manager.

J. W. McClure Established 1884 N. Fay McClure

The McClure Co.
310 5th ST.

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE

REFERENCES:
DES MOINES SAVINGS BANK
SECURITY TRUST and SAVINGS BANK
IOWA NATIONAL BANK

Sell or Exchange City Property, Farm Lands, Acreage or Fruit Farms

DES MOINES, : : IOWA.

Des Moines
Transfer Company

SETH GRAHAM & SONS, Props.

Moving and Storage

MUTUAL 170 IOWA 1550 X
OFFICE: 214 Seventh St.

CUT FLOWERS

Fresh flowers cut daily from our own 26 large greenhouses. We make a specialty of the choicest cut flower designs and decorations for weddings, banquets, funerals, etc., and as we have in our employ practical cut flower workers from New York City, St. Louis and other cities, we are prepared to furnish the best quality of floral work at reasonable prices. We ship everywhere in the U. S. safely.

IOWA FLORAL CO.,
615 Locust *DES MOINES*

MUSIC AND THE PLAY

DES MOINES and Iowa people are constantly going to Chicago to see something really worth while in the way of plays. Music of the best we have in abundance, as local talent cannot be surpassed, and both Drake and Highland Park frequently furnish delightful things for the public pleasure.

They are having at the Studebaker, under direction of Henry W. Savage, a successful run of a newspaper play called "The Stolen Story." For many years it was a subject of much comment that there had never been a successful newspaper play. In fact there has been a superstition among managers that a newspaper play could not succeed, but Jesse Lynch Williams has demonstrated the possibility of transplanting to the stage the very atmosphere of the large daily office. There is something mysterious about a newspaper which has a charm for the outsider; and probably the public will appreciate this glimpse into the mysteries of the "city room," even if they do not understand all it means to a newspaper to score a great scoop; even if they do not realize how "making good" is more than meat or drink or glory to the true reporter. But they can understand something of the methods of the newsgatherer, and the pressure under which he often works.

With this picture of life at Park Row there is enough of love, of intrigue and of politics to make a plot of absorbing interest; and, thanks to Mr. Savage, a company of actors has been assembled who make the most of every line and every situation.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Williams to attempt a summary of the play, for there are many points that are insignificant in themselves, but stand out big in the performance. So swiftly does event follow event that one has no time to stop and analyze each point, and therein is the success of the play, for the audience is carried along willingly or unwillingly to the last act, when they are ready to jump onto the stage and help keep away the forces that would interfere with the completion of the story and the consequent failure of the hero-reporter.

Jameson Lee Finney plays the part of the star reporter earnestly and faithfully. He works hard, harder than the situation demands, but he is just such a reporter as might be found in any city—"falling down" one day and bringing in an exclusive story the next. The big scenes were carried out with fine effect and Mr. Finney has certainly "made good" in this important assignment.

Miss Dorothy Tennant is winsome and charming as Frances Cunningham, and probably one criticism of the play will be that she does not have more opportunities for important scenes. At the climax of the third act her careful work was largely responsible for its success—a scene that would have taken so little to overdo, but which proves a genuine thriller.

Miss Beverly Sitgreaves as Miss Daros, a society editor, has never appeared to better advantage, and she gives a most intelligent intrepretation of the scheming, jealous reporter.

Edwin Holt is a splendid city editor, neither belittling nor exaggerating the part. Some day Mr. Holt will be at the head of a company, but meantime he contributes in a very large measure to the success of the newspaper scenes of the Williams play. Harry Stone is an unscrupulous reporter, Joseph M. Sparks is a loud Irish politician, R. Peyton Carter is Gen. Cunningham and Augustin Daly Wilks is a very acceptable office boy. In fact there are no weak spots in the cast; and the team work, if we may borrow a phrase from the sporting editor, is so excellent that the play will be a great success, for theatergoers like to be carried along irresistibly by swift action, and amused by clean comedy. "The Stolen Story" is destined for a long run at the Studebaker.

John Philip Sousa's latest comic opera, "The Free Lance," which was a pronounced comic opera success of New York's last season at the New Amster-

You can have a home of your own like any one shown in this magazine, by depositing your savings in the

CAPITAL CITY STATE BANK

Corner East Fifth and Locust Streets, Des Moines, Iowa.

ESTABLISHED 1878

Capital, $100,000.00 Surplus and Profits, $25,000.00
Deposits, $1,350,000.00

OFFICERS

Henry Wagner, President J. A. T. Hull Vice-President
J. A. McKinney, Cashier D. J. Van Liew, Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS

Henry Wagner J. A. T. Hull J. A. McKinney J. D. McGarraugh
F. W. Craig W. L. Read J. W. Wadsworth

We solicit the checking accounts of firms and individuals, and offer every courtesy and attention consistent with sound and conservative banking.

Deposits of $1.00 and Upwards Received in Our Savings Department and Four Per Cent Interest Paid.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS FROM FIVE UNTIL SIX O'CLOCK

THE BANK BUILDING

A WORD TO PARENTS

By Madame Stevenson of Harris-Emery's

Do you enjoy seeing your daughter well dressed — not handsomely, but neatly and stylishly, and can you well afford to have their dresses made? If not, have them taught to make their own gowns. It is a creditable and laudable work, and a work that is, or should be, expected from all women, whether they can afford to pay for the making of their dresses or not. Women should sew as well as men can plow or clerk. It is an accomplishment. Those who happen to be artistic in the idea of dressing, should be taught so that they might develop one of the most useful articles for their own personal use and adornment. Besides this, should they be called upon to support themselves, their training will repay them splendidly, as good dressmakers are better paid than any other class of employed women. If a lady must make her living, let her be prepared to make the most money. ' First-class dressmakers make as much money—as comparisons are odious, will say that they make from $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Poor little sewers barely make their living. It is because they never were trained in a school of dressmaking, where they are taught to first cut or fit, then sew and often to drape and make skirts and waists and finish to perfection. Such dressmakers are paid from $6 to $15 per week. After they have arrived at perfection in making dresses, they can learn to direct a department and take care of a number of workers. There come in the big salaries. Every sewer cannot become a director of a workroom, no more than every private in the army becomes a general. But no woman will ever be a director without training.

There are more well-paid dressmakers who have been educated in my work room than any other school. I have pupils in New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle, and in our own city. I cannot supply the demand. By paying the small tuition, $25.00, I will guarantee that your daughter will make at least $250 the first year, if she has any tact at all.

I have taken women who had been sewing years, making $6.00 per week and taught them one month only and they were able to double their salary. I have young ladies from splendid families in my work room who have been sewing seven months only and they are the best drapers in Des Moines—excelling women who have sewed twenty years. I delight in aiding women to make good livings, and teaching those who desire it to make themselves beautiful gowns. Will the parents aid me?

dam theater, was presented by Klaw & Erlanger as the opening attraction of the regular fall and winter season of the Illinois theater with Joseph Cawthorn as the stellar feature of the big original cast, which included one hundred singers and comedians, the most prominent being Nella Bergen, Albert Hart, Jeanette Lowrie, George Tallman, George Schiller and Stanley Murphy.

The presentation of a new Sousa opera is always a musical event of importance and never is wanting in the elements of novelty from a musical point of view. Indeed, these have been the inevitable concomitants of all the famous "March King's" productions. But for the hearty co-operation of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, this Sousa masterpiece could not have been brought out so sumptuously, as at the present time so much depends upon adequate staging and effective costuming.

E. S. Willard is the only actor in the country who does not carry a press agent. He depends on his reputation and his careful work to draw the crowds. His work is always so exquisitely done that everyone who sees him becomes an advertising agent.

Mr. Wendell Heighton may well be congratulated upon the splendid success of his journalistic venture, THE WESTERN MUSICAL HERALD. It is full of interest to the general reader and especially to musicians, and has been royally welcomed all over the middle West.

The "Lion and the Mouse" and "Music Master" are both Christian Science plays, and have made a fortune for their author.

George M. Cohen's serious play "Popularity," has met with great favor. It was at first intended for Nat Goodwin, but Thomas W. Ross was leading man in the role of Rand in the original cast.

Lillian Russell is to appear in Potter's new play "Barbara's Millions," at the Illinois theater, where she is now seen in "The Free Lance."

The Empire theater, on Eighth street, of this city, is one of the dearest little theaters in the whole country. Beautifully appointed and exquisitely clean and fresh it is always a pleasure to enter it. The run of attractions for next month are of the very best and an unprecedented success has already attended Mr. Karger in his efforts to meet the public demand for a first-class vaudeville house.

Miss Elsie Lincoln's concert on the evening of the 14th was largely attended and greatly enjoyed. Miss Lincoln was in splendid voice and was repeatedly called back. A handsome sum was turned into the fund intended for the purchase of a piano for the Home for the Aged.

MUSIC AND ART

Dr. Emil Enna was a contributor to the musical life of the month, appearing in a recital in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of September 14th. It was the occasion of his annual recital and Dr. Enna more than ever gave expression to the work of the true artist. The program comprised numbers from the most delightful authors, the most beautiful perhaps being Die Troikafahrt by Tschaikowsky; Les Cloches de las Palmas, Saint Saens, and Schuett's concert paraphrase on a Strauss waltz, so much admired. A critical and well pleased audience of musicians and admirers of Dr. Enna's work gave expression to their pleasure in frequent recalls.

Howard Music House
to
Music Lovers

We are in position to show you the best line of Standard Sheet Music, Music Books and Folios in the city.

We make the Teachers' Trade a Specialty, therefore we are obliged to keep a clean and up-to-date stock in order to meet their demands.

Latest Popular Music always in stock.

Come in and give us a trial and we can supply your wants.

Knabes, Ivers and Pond, and Behning Pianos at Special Bargains.

315 7th Street.

Empire Theatre
(The House of Success)
Eight St. Between Walnut and Locust

High Class Vaudeville
Catering to Ladies and Children at all Times.

2 Performances Daily at 2:30 and 8.15 p. m.

Special Attention is directed by the Management as to the comfort and safety in this Theatre.

9 EXITS. EVERYTHING FIREPROOF. POPULAR PRICES.
Evenings 10-15-25-35. Matinee 10-20

TYPICAL OF PURITY

When a company opens up business in Des Moines and meets competition, there is especial need of perfection in the article put out by them. The Iowa Dairy Company, regardless of the fact that they have competition, have been successful in building up an immense patronage that is both gratifying to them and a credit to the town. If their milk and cream were not most superior, they could not have done this. Absolute cleanliness and purity are the watchwords of the Iowa Dairy Company. Their milk has stood the most critical investigation and won the highest commendation in every test.

The true test, however, is with the consumer. Des Moines is credited with being one of the healthiest towns in the world. The use of milk from the Iowa Dairy deserves no small share of credit in producing this reputation.

Everybody loves the Iowa Dairy milk, from grandma down to the baby, and those who use it once will never use any other.

PINNACLE OF FAME
Kimball Pianos

To attain the summit of public esteem and favor, fully a half-century of effort, adherence to correct principles of piano building, and honorable business methods have been invested by the W. W. Kimball Company.

KIMBALL PIANOS

are pleasing to the eye, pleasing to the ear, perfect in construction, and their durability is proved and unquestioned. Famous musicians see and recommend them as pianos of the highest order. Call and test them, or WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE. You will be pleased with the pianos, prices and terms.

W. W. Kimball Company
E. S. Randall, Manager

802 Walnut Street, Iliad Block
Des Moines, Iowa

EDITORIAL

THE POOR LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE RICH

WE THINK oftentimes in pity of the child whose parents are poor and hardworking. But I have had it demonstrated to my satisfaction over and over again that the children of the rich are far more often deserving of pity than are those of the poor.

A child's wealth consists in freedom of mind and body, in demonstrative love from parents, in an abundance of fresh air and sunlight, in ignorance of the conventionalities of good society. And the poor mother grants many a favor refused by the mother of the so-called upper classes.

When living one time in a southern city I had for a chum a darling little girl five years of age, with hair like sunshine, face like a roseleaf, and eyes reflecting the blue of the sky. Her parents were wealthy, and among the many restraints put upon her was the refusal to allow her a pet animal of any sort. One day she went with me to the dressmaker's some blocks distant from her home. Here we found a lovely half-grown maltese cat which took a great fancy to Angel, as we called the child. Her name was Louise. The kitten jumped upon her lap, purring and rubbing its nose against her hand. Angel was in an ecstacy of delight.

When we left she bade the kitten goodbye in all seriousness. Her mother complained to me that she talked every day about the cat, and one night she heard her saying her prayers and adding, "and get mamma to let me have a little kitty. Amen."

In several weeks I took her with me again. The dressmaker was not at home, but on the porch sat the darling of Angel's heart, the kitten. She ran to it, caught it up and kissed it again and again and said, "dear, darling little kitty, little velvet paw, are you glad to see me again? And were you waiting for me? I have thought of you every day since I was here. I wish I had you to love and play with all the time."

It was with difficulty that I got her away. As we walked to the gate the kitten followed. Angel talked to it and bade it goodbye and as the kitten jumped to the gate post she threw it kisses, saying, "Darling little velvet paw, you love me and I love you, and you mustn't cry because I have to leave you. I know you are sorry I am leaving you or you would not look at me as you do, but I'll come again before long."

Angel drew a long sigh as we turned the corner and the kitten was no longer in sight. In the sunset glow shining on the sweet baby face, I saw two big tears rolling down her cheeks.

I remembered my own childhood on our little farm. I have heard my mother declare many times since we all grew up, that she allowed us to keep a menagerie. I had nine cats, my sister had pet pigs and chickens, and at one time a baby coon, while my brother had a lamb, a fox, rabbits and dogs. But this poor little daughter of the rich was cut off from this innocent pleasure of owning a pet animal.

Your children are only children once; why not give them all the innocent pleasures possible, dear mother? Don't be fussy about the house, about the little girl's clean clothes and your front porch. And think more seriously of the possibility of that next to divine happiness; the perfect happiness of childhood.

It certainly must be a pleasure to the parents of North Des Moines to have within their reach the beautiful new Casady Building, one of the most perfectly equipped school houses in the West. The grounds and neighborhood are favorable, too, and are so high above the surrounding land that the atmosphere is free from the usual dust and smoke. Everything starts out well in the Casady school, and teachers, pupils and parents are all to be congratulated.

In the death of Mrs. Florence Miller, since our last issue, Des Moines lost one of the dearest and loveliest women who

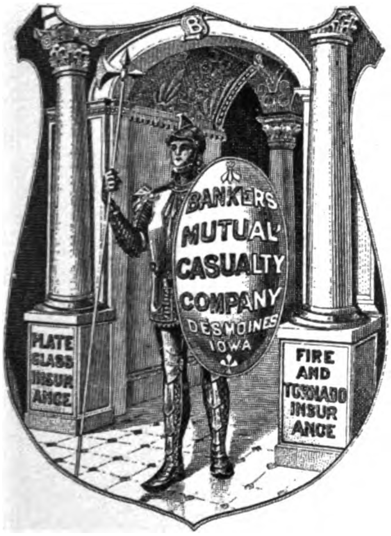
S. DAVIDSON & BROS.
PEOPLE'S FURNITURE STORE
412-414 WALNUT ST.
DES MOINES, IOWA.

PEOPLES FURNITURE STORE

Our Store by its larger stocks and better assortments appeals to the careful housekeeper throughout the entire state of Iowa. : :

A postal will bring explanation how we rebate your railroad fare and enable you to save as well.

Iowa's Largest Furniture Store


B
BANKERS MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY DES MOINES IOWA
PLATE GLASS INSURANCE
FIRE AND TORNADO INSURANCE

We insure against loss by breaking of *plate glass*

Broken *plate glass* replaced immediately. Call on or write us for rates and particulars.

ever lived and worked among us. I remember her years ago as so sweet, so womanly and great hearted that all were drawn to her who met her. Evil and malice could not live in her presence. And thus she was a positive power for good, and shed about her a radience whose influence can never grow less nor be lost to the world.

The passing of Mrs. E. A. Lynd at her home in California was a sad blow to her many friends in Iowa. A most beautiful woman in every way, a staunch friend, an ideal mother, and of the highest conceptions of life and duty—such a character is rare indeed. I have seen her in drawing rooms filled with lovely young girls and matrons, where she with her snowy head and lovely face was the queen of them all. And I have talked with her when her nobility, her charitable spirit and her fine intelligence shone about her as a light and made her seem more beautiful than ever. Well was she loved and long will she be remembered.

AN IDEAL HAPPINESS

The great Japanese field marshal, the Marquis Oyama, once said: "My idea of happiness is to dispose of everything I possess that belongs to the practice of arms and go far into the country with big boxes of books to read for the rest of my days; books that tell of happiness and progress, and not of the terrible deeds of war. And I would gather about me my best old friends and little children. Then, in the sunny days, all would be happiness."

Who of us has not had much the same wish? I can remember hearing my mother say when I was a little girl, "when you are grown up, and I am not so busy, then I am going to read and read—all I want to, so I'll put this book away until that time comes." Just recently I heard a lovely young girl say with a sigh, "O, I want to hurry and grow old, so I'll have time to read until satisfied!" Blessed is the child whose parents are wise enough to direct into rich fields for mental cultivation, where, like Charles Lamb's Elia, they may browse at will. Such children lay in a store of good things to last them through life, to make all of its trials more endurable and in old age the same books will be taken up again as dear friends, which, as Macauley well says, never disappoint or betray.

RICH AND POOR

Prof. Charles Zueblin of the University of Chicago recently gave utterance to most radical opinions on the question of "Fellowship" among American citizens, declaring that the classes are growing more and more pronounced because of the massing of wealth in the hands of a few. The flaunting of wealth in the faces of the poor is seen everywhere. Even so great a magazine as Everybody's, in all of its stories it caters to the rich. The great newspapers in various ways constantly emphasize the fact that the rich man is the lord of all he surveys. The constantly exploited idea that money is the only thing of value, and if enough is gotten together, the manner of getting counts for naught, is ruinous to the well-being of society and a breeder of anarchy among the poor.

THE OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN

I have a memory of it, long and roomy, with cupboards built in for everything, and in the end of it an immense range or cook stove, where wood or coal could be burned. One window was always full of blooming plants. An old-fashioned sofa, twelve feet long, with some pillows, was in a corner. Several broidered rugs were on the floor, which was white as a bone and had its scrubbing with a brush twice a week. Several old-fashioned rockers, a table with a lamp and the newspapers, a big waste basket, white muslin curtains draped back—such comfort and cleanliness in that old-fashioned kitchen! It was the nicest room in the house, so we children thought. The things turned out of that oven, and the things cooked on the back of that big range—what gas-cooked things can ever compare with them? We used to have the old-fashioned oat meal—it came from Scotland. It was placed in a crock and cooked well with sweet milk, then a stone lid over the crock. It was put in the oven after the dishes were washed in the evening. The hard coal fire was covered, but kept a hot oven all night. At breakfast we had a dish fit for a king. What is oat meal nowadays? A pasty mess, but that dish from our oven had every separate grain perfectly cooked, and with sugar and cream was perfectly

We take great pleasure in announcing to the
many readers of
THE MIDWESTERN
That a great number of the engravings
and cuts used in this Magazine including the
COVER
CUT
were made by US.
The Des Moines Engraving Co.
Seventh and Mulberry Streets, Des Moines, Iowa.

THOMAS E. HURLEY
The popular chairman of the Advertising Committee
of the Commercial Club.

DIAMONDS
WATCHES
FINE JEWELRY, AND
NOVELTIES
FRANK SCHLAMP COMPANY, Inc.
Mutual Phone 2004
Sixth Ave. and Locust St. Des Moines, Iowa.

The place to buy
SILVERWARE and CUT GLASS
is at
S. JOSEPH & SONS
Where the newest things can always be found.
Kirkwood. Corner Fourth and Walnut Sts.

delicious. With a little front door of the stove open, the room in the evening was filled with the firelight. And there in that big kitchen such fun as we used to have!

Children nowadays do not know what a kitchen is. Just as small as possible, with a gas stove, linoleum on the floor, perhaps one chair—can it compare in its comfort or in what it produces with the old-fashioned kitchen?

Mr. Wright is the best shirt maker and haberdasher in Iowa and knows when laundering is done right.

JOHN L. WRIGHT,
Shirtmaker and Haberdasher
201 Century Building

Des Moines, Ia., June 21, 1906.
J. Henry Toussaint, Des Moines Laundry, City:
Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in saying that the laundering done by your institution has been very satisfactory to me, and with the fine facilities to turn out good work that you have, you should have, and no doubt have, the business of the city. I take pleasure in recommending you and remain. Yours respectfully,
JOHN L. WRIGHT.

If you want your work done the best, send it to us, the Gentleman's Laundry

Des Moines Laundry,
J. HENRY TOUSSAINT, Prop.

C. C. PUGH J. C. PUGH

The Pugh Investment Co.
Real Estate and Investments

If you want any business transacted in Des Moines, write us
If you care for an honest, conservative investment, write us.
If you want to get in touch with those who are making money and have money to spend, write us.
If you desire we will furnish you with best bank references as to our business methods.

310 Crocker Bld'g. Des Moines, Iowa

A. J. McCOLL
Investment Broker

DEALER IN
Real Estate and Merchandise Exchange.
Also Farms, Ranches and Cheap Lands in IOWA, TEXAS, COLORADO AND CANADA.
Call or write, and we will call
Phones { Iowa 811 / Mutual 1761
References:
Central State Bank
Des Moines Sav. Bank

428-432-442 Good Block. DES MOINES, IOWA

What We Do

Clean, Dye and Press Clothes. Rebind Skirts, Alter and Re line Jackets. Put on velvet collars. All work guaranteed.

Des Moines Dress Club
Phones 1019 719 Locust St.

A Complete Drug Store

Looks are deceiving. You wouldn't suppose a drug store the size of ours could carry so many goods. The variety is really very large, when you think of the Sick Room Supplies, Rubber Goods, Stock Remedies, Toilet Articles innumerable, Perfumes. Medicines, Drugs and Chemicals, Household Remedies, Infants' Necessities, Stationery, Cigars and all sorts of other Goods too numerous to mention. It is truly remarkable, where they can all be kept. Yet they are here waiting for you to buy them. We want you to know you can get any thing int he drug line right here.

Lawrence Drug Co.,
S. W. Corner 6th & Locust

"All Prescriptions Correctly Filled."

Shackelford Brick Co.

One of the Largest Manufacturers of Brick in Iowa. We Can Furnish

BRICK to build houses
BRICK to build barns
BRICK to build sidewalks
BRICK to build walls
BRICK to build anything that's built.
Best Quality and Lowest Prices.

Shackelford Brick Co.

Des Moines, Iowa.

"GET YOUR ORDERS IN EARLY"

HYPERION PARK

An ideal place to live. We are agents for what we consider one of the choicest tracts of ground ever platted in Des Moines. Located west of Park Lane between University Avenue and Kingman Boulevard. If you want to live where the air is fresh and pure, within walking distance of Waveland Park Golf Links, close to splendid car service, and on a lot so deep that you can have all the room you need for garden, barn, pasture, fruit, etc., with plenty of fine-grown shade, and lots fronting on a beautifully shaded street with parking 23 feet wide, then investigate

HYPERION PARK ADDITION

We can quote prices at present as low or lower than is asked for common lots 50 by 132 feet in size, in other parts of the city. Our building restrictions are not harsh, but sufficient to insure the right kind of improvement.

We urge that you see us at once, if you want to buy property of this character or have any friends who are looking for a high-class residence location. If desired, we can sell with a cash payment, allowing the remainder to be paid in monthly, semi-yearly or yearly installments.

Percival-Porter Co.,
205 W. Fifth St.

Hatton-McCutchen Agency,
308 W. Fifth St.

BRYN MAWR HEIGHTS

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE ADDITION IN THE CITY OF DES MOINES

Choice residence lots, fifty feet frontage, on payments of $2.50 cash, and $2.50 per week without interest or taxes until paid for.

This is an opportunity, while it lasts, for men and women of limited means and incomes to secure homes by setting aside only a small portion of their weekly earnings.

Reasonable building restrictions. Near by lots not so well located are held at higher prices for cash than we are asking for BRYN MAWR HEIGHTS lots on these remarkable terms.

For full particulars call, phone, or write us.

The Federal Land and Securities Company
15-16-17 News Arcade. Mutual Phone 491.
OWNERS OF
BRYN MAWR HEIGHTS

ONE OF OUR SUCCESSFUL MERCHANTS.

t is always a pleasure to speak of our zens who have made signal successes any line of business. It speaks well them and it speaks no less well for : town.

Among our citizens who are closely entified with all the city's affairs and io have been factors in its growth and provement is W. L. **WHITE**, *"The tepiess Shoe Man."*

Mr. White came to Des Moines many ars ago and has built up a fine business re. For several years he was a resident Sioux City, but returned to the city his first success. Good management, ood business judgment, and the faculty f making a friend of every customer, as helped to place the store of the V. L. **WHITE COMPANY** in the first rank f retail businesses in the west. These goods are up-to-date and thoroughly reliable. The attendance in the store is ilways first-class. Even a transient customer can readily see how success has come to Mr. White. He is in every way worthy of it.

Don't look for the flaws as you go
thru life,
And even when you find them,
'Tis wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the darkest night has a hint of the
light
Somewhere in the firmament hiding;
It is better far to look for a star
Than the spot on the sun abiding.

* * *

Boys flying kites haul in their white-
winged birds;
But you can't do that way when you are
flying words.
Thots, unuttered, may fall back dead,
But God himself can't recall them when
they're said.

COURTESY OF ENOS B. HUNT, JR.

Capitol Building.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

The Home Beer

Whatever you drink outside, let your home beer be Schlitz. That is pure beer. No bacilli in it—nothing to make you bilious.

Beer is a saccharine product, and the germs multiply rapidly in it. The slightest taint of impurity quickly ruins its healthfulness.

We go to the utmost extremes to prevent that. Cleanliness is a science where Schlitz beer is brewed.

We even cool the beer in plate glass rooms in nothing but filtered air.

Then we filter the beer. Then we sterilize every bottle.

And Schlitz beer is aged. The beer that makes you bilious is green beer.

When you order a beer for your home, get the healthfulness without the harm. Get a pure beer—get an old beer—get Schlitz. Call for the Brewery Bottling.

Call for the Brewery Bottling.

TRADE MARK SCHLITZ

JOHN WEBER, Jr., Wholesale Dealers —in—
Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co's.
MILWAUKEE LAGER BEER

AN IDEAL BUILDING SP

There is not a lovelier spot
Moines suburbs, and hardly a
place in the state than the plot
recently named Bryn Mawr Heig
Lying high in the sunshine, w
sweet winds from fresh fields b
over it, wide streets mapped out, an
from the level showing a splendid
ramic view of the whole surro
country, it must at once attract
visitor looking for a home spot.
foot trees are to be planted this fa
in another year many homes will b
there. Street car service will so
had and thus one may have all
conveniences and luxuries of a cit
yet live almost in the country. Th
and terms are so reasonable that
poor people can buy a building
Many of the lots are spoken for, but
ones remain. The ride out to
Mawr is delightful and the fresh b
of the place well repays the visitor.

Miss Laura Ellis is to receive a
greeting on the evening of October
her appearance in concert. Her pro
will be especially fine. Miss Elli
study in New York this winter.

MY FRIENDS AND YOUR

My heart is filled with gratitude
I remember how much of my daily
fort and happiness is given me b
dear little girls everywhere who
life pleasant in many ways. The
in the stores who take pains to hun
whatever I want—my telephone girl,
is always accommodating—my ste
rapher, who is often inconvenienced,
ever ready and cheerful about her wo
the help about the house and every
and woman with whom the day br
me into contact—they are all object
my gratitude, for they make the day
of a burden and help me to make in s
measure the things for which I st

TO YOU, FROM THE MANAGEMENT

The Midwestern management in sending out our second number do so with feelings of gratitude, to our friends all over Iowa for giving us such a royal welcome, to the business men of Des Moines for extending so freely and generously the glad hand to a new publication, and for the splendid manner in which we have been treated by the press of the State and of Des Moines. This was all really a surprise to us, and thus the more deeply appreciated. We expected to give away most of our first edition, but they were sold out by the news dealers before we knew it. No applications for the first number of the Midwestern can be filled, for we have no magazines. We take this opportunity to explain to all who have sent in subscriptions since the tenth day of September that we cannot send them the September number and will begin with this number. We are both glad and sorry for this.

We again take pride in calling attention to the high grade of our advertising in this number. We feel that we have a splendid patronage to every one of our advertisers and we can heartily commend every advertiser to our readers.

We would like to hear from the children of Iowa, what they think of our boys' and girls' department. It will be conducted along the lines of work taken up by the Iowa Humane Society, and we hope it will interest both old and young.

We are glad to see our idea of being a promotor for Des Moines and Iowa interests bloom out in real earnest. We will never progress until we stand Des Moines for Des Moines and Iowa for Iowa. The Des Moines newspapers are waking up.

Every farmer's wife, daughter, or sweetheart may learn something to her interest by writing to the Midwestern. Drop us a card right away.

The Midwestern will conduct a D. A. R. department each month, containing items of interest to D. A. R.'s of the middle west. Special club rates will be given on application.

WAFFLE KING
FALCON FLOUR

Waffle Wagonette and White Ponies of the Falcon Flour Company.

COURTESY OF ENOS B. HUNT, JR.

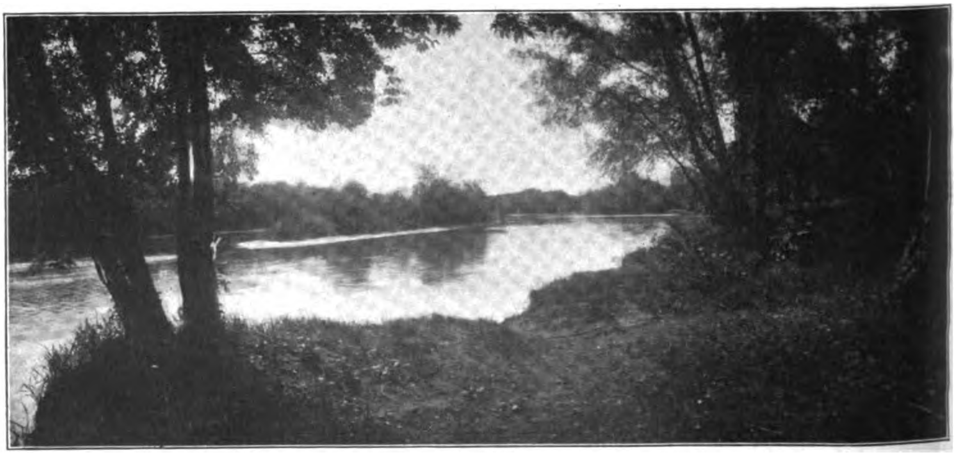
View of East Des Moines

OUR PURE FOOD SHOW

Everybody in Des Moines and along the interurban line, as well as people all over the state, are interested in the announcement that the Pure Food Exhibition is again to be held in Des Moines.

The history of this show is interesting. The first exhibit in 1904, October 21 to November 5, was held in the Turner building, fifty-four feet square, at Seventh and Grand. There were twelve exhibitors, and the whole affair was a splendid success, the smallest successful show ever conducted in the United States. The second exhibition was held October 14 to 28 inclusive, in 1905, at 812-814 Walnut street, floor space 44 by 133 feet. There were twenty exhibitors and the attendance was 35,948.

The third show will be held October 1 to 13 inclusive, in the Shriner's Club House, formerly the First M. E. Church at Ninth and Pleasant streets. The Exhibit room, banquet, lecture and main lodge room will be used. There will be twenty-eight exhibitors. All the accommodations will be strictly modern and the car service will be first class, cars each way every five minutes. The Retail Grocers' Association is certainly to be congratulated on their manner of handling this exhibit and the success which has attended it. The officers of the association are: Pres., M. Mathias; Vice-Pres., F. Y. Baird; Sec'y, Fred Beaner; Treas., M. J. Brackett.



COURTESY OF ENOS B. HUNT, JR.

View on Des Moines River

MANUFACTURING NUMBER

THE MIDWESTERN

$1.00 a Year DES MOINES, IOWA 10 Cents a Copy

Webster
1906

AVTVMN.

NOVEMBER, 1906

Just A Minute of Your Time

In Men's, Women's and Children's Footwear we not only show the best—the most stylish—but the greatest values. Ours are foot-form Shoes that fit and give satisfaction from the time you put them on till they're worn out—and they won't wear out till you've more than your money's worth. You can't duplicate our prices on good Shoes in Des Moines.

Sorosis Shoes

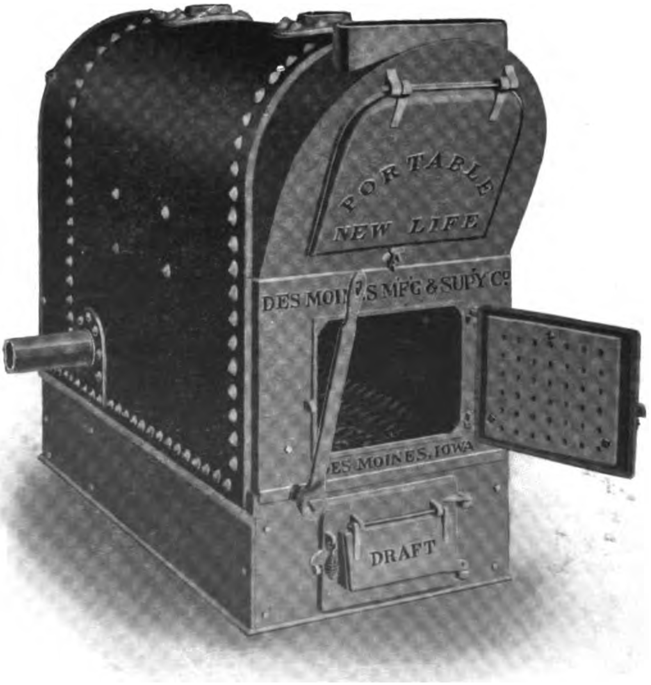
Our Shoes Are Made By The Best Shoemakers In America.

Trading Stamps.

Bring this ad and get a pair of 60c Rubbers FREE with each pair of shoes from $2.50 up.

Union Store **THE WALKER SHOE COMPANY** 613 Walnut

"NEW LIFE" -- PORTABLE HEATING BOILERS



Latest and Most Improved type of New Life portable steel boilers. Particularly adapted to Hot Water Heating.

Merits of our New Life Boilers:

Adapted to burning any kind of fuel. Every particle of fuel is made to do its full duty.

Its great economy due to passage of flame over entire shell and back head of boiler before entering tubes.

Will go through any ordinary basement opening.

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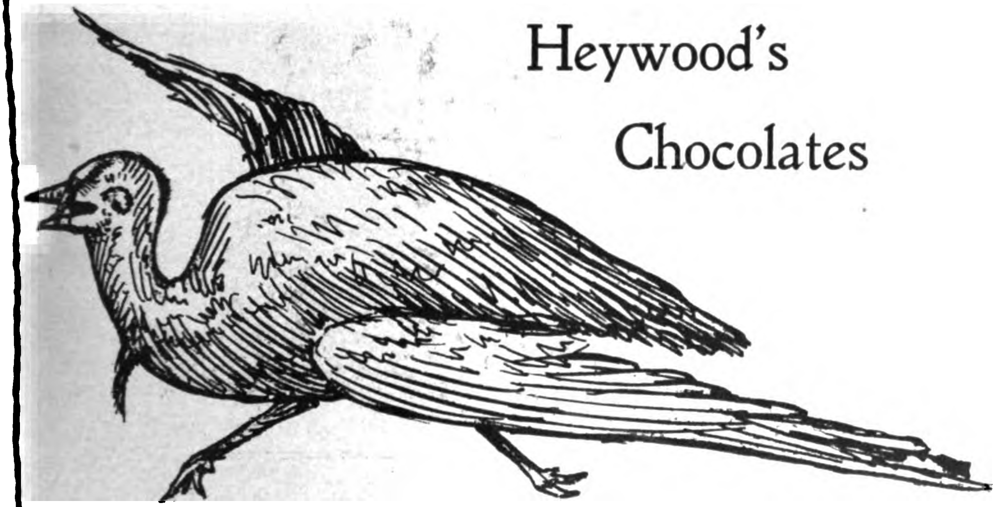

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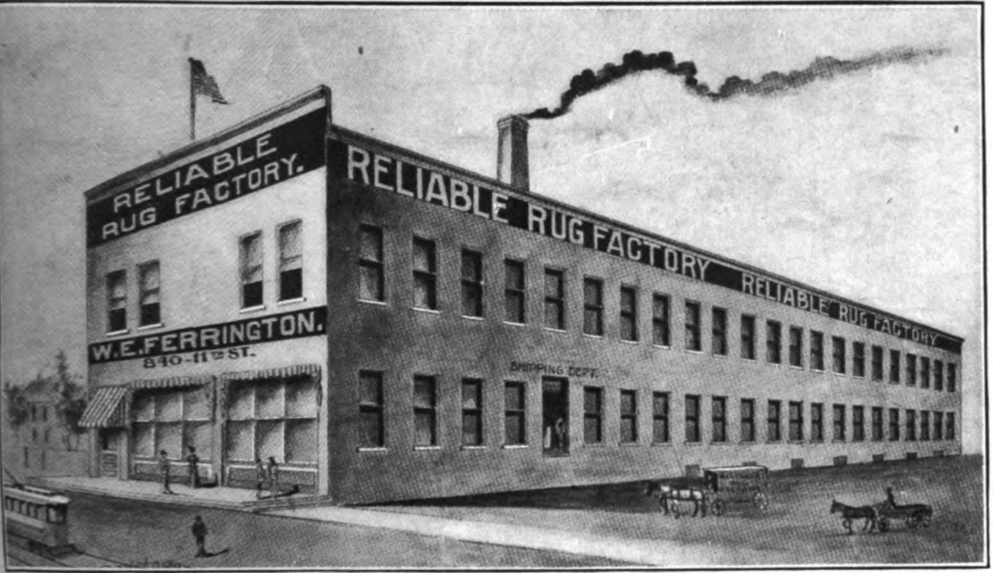
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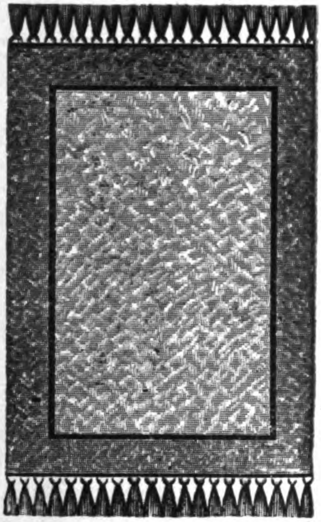

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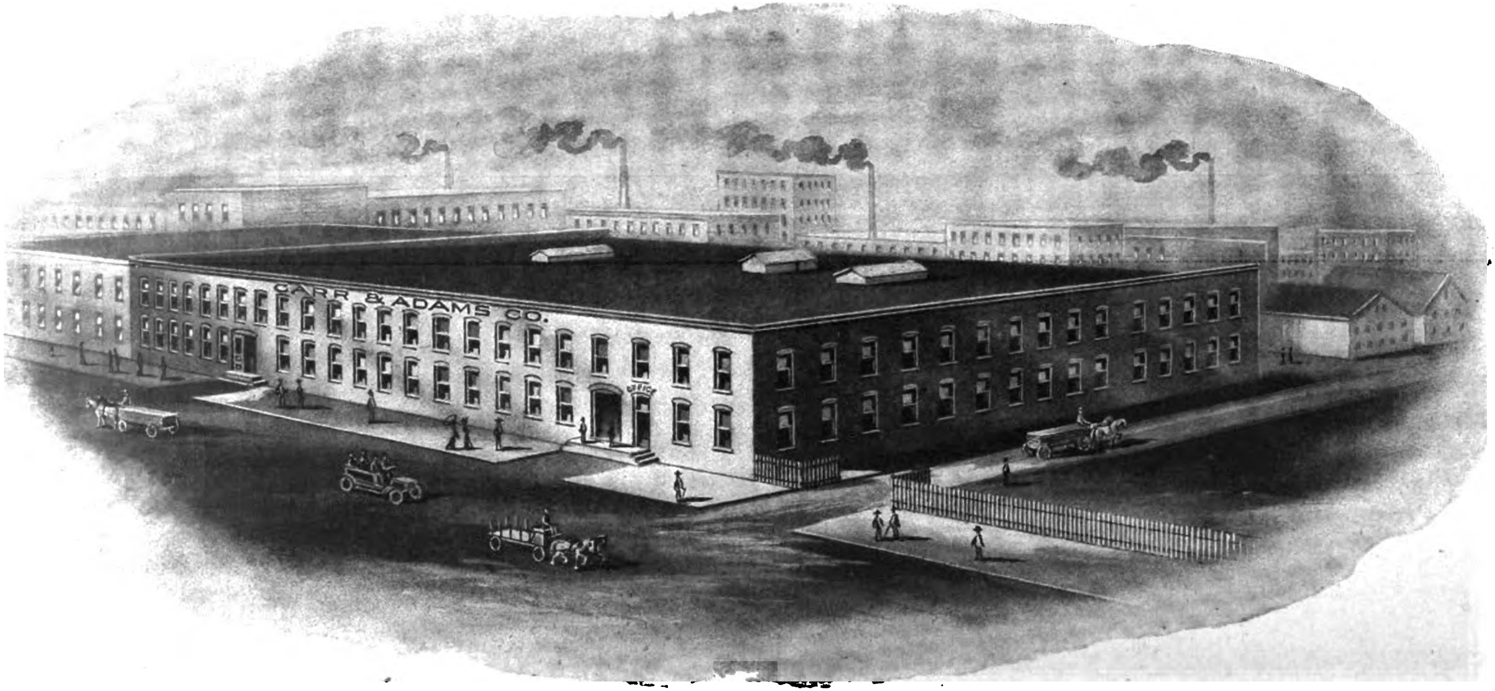

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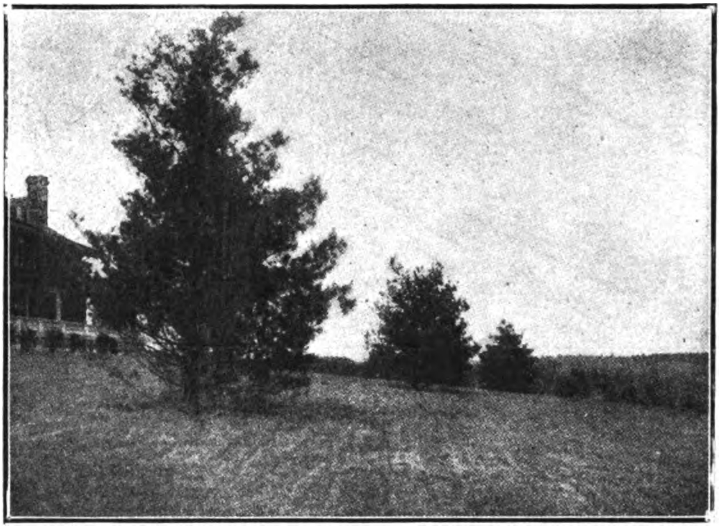


Let us be thankful in this harvest time of 1906 that we live in the grand state of Iowa. Let us be thankful for the prosperity attending the farmers, the smaller towns and young cities and our capital city, Des Moines. Let the spirit of joy, engendered by a full appreciation of our blessings, fill every heart to overflowing. It is this spirit that prepares us for greater and higher things. And these things are surely coming to Des Moines and Iowa.

HON. CLAUDE R. PORTER

Democratic Nominee for Governor of Iowa

THE MIDWESTERN

Volume 1 Number 3

NOVEMBER, 1906

CLAUDE R. PORTER

CHARACTER SKETCH

HENRY C. EVANS

CLAUDE R. PORTER sat up and took notice of things political early in life. He was born in 1872, the year the democrats nominated an abolitionist for president against Grant. His natal month was July, and that vicious campaign was then fairly at its height.

It is said that the environments and influences of the times in which a man is born have to do in molding his character. The twelve years succeeding Mr. Porter's birth have not been surpassed in political strenuousness in American history. Whether or not this state of affairs influenced the trend of his life, certain it is he early developed a thoughtful concern for the more serious things of human life.

His father was an ardent Greenbacker and a friend and supporter of General Weaver. The first time General Weaver ran for congress Appanoose county was in his Congressional District. The General was that year, and subsequent years, a frequent visitor at the Porter home, and the enthusiasm, earnestness and fighting proclivities of these old political John the Baptists are among Mr. Porter's first recollections.

Southern Iowa in those days was a veritable battle ground, politically speaking. From 1878 to 1890 there were seven congressional elections in the "Bloody Sixth." The fusionists carried the district five times; the republicans twice, and at no time did either party have a majority of more than seven hundred. Every man was a politician. Every boy big enough to march and shout was a politician. Claude Porter was marching and shouting, and it was under these environments he reached his majority in 1893, and cast his first vote for president three years later for Wm. J. Bryan.

Mr. Porter early developed an appetite for knowledge. After his school days were over at home he entered Parson's College; from there he went to the St. Louis Law School and was graduated in the law. He returned to Centerville where he began his practice of law soon after reaching his majority.

At the age of twenty-two his party nominated him for county attorney, but he was defeated by thirty-five votes. The following year, 1895, he was elected to the legislature from the strongly republican county of Appanoose, and was re-elected in 1897. Entering the legislature when only twenty-three years old, he attracted state-wide attention, and during his second term in 1898 he was made the standard bearer of the democratic party in Iowa and polled 173,000 votes for Secretary of State.

In 1899 he was elected to the senate from the Davis-Appanoose district, and was re-elected in 1901, resigning the latter part of his term to accept the nomination for county attorney, to which office he was elected.

Mr. Porter's home county, Appanoose, is strongly republican, having given Roosevelt 1,863 majority out of a total vote of 5,349. His repeated elections from that county indexes the estimation in which he is held by his home folks.

Mr. Porter's legislative record is as free from error as the conscience and judgment of a pure and brainy man could make it. He was always at his post, and was diligent and painstaking in his duties to the state. He was specially interested in the adoption of laws ameliorating the condition of the miners. He was the author of a law that perfected the frequent payment of miners' wages and prohibited the operators from holding back earned wages.

Mr. Porter soon became the leader of his party in the senate and was appointed on the special legislative committee to investigate and report on the condition of the state institutions. Perhaps his most distinguished service to the state was here rendered. The principal part of the labor devolved on him, and the State Board of Control was the result.

Mr. Porter is an Elder in the Presbyterian church and was a delegate to the Synod just held at Vinton. He is a fraternalist, holding membership with the Elks, the Knights of Pythias, the Knight Templars and other associations. He enlisted in the Spanish-American war and was appointed Sergeant-Major of the 50th Iowa. He is married and has one child.

His standard of success is not accumulated wealth, but rather a clean life, personal righteousness, good friends and good books, love of family, education.

Claude Porter stands six foot in his stocking feet and looks and thinks like Lincoln. He is the Abe Lincoln of Iowa, barring Lincoln's humor. He is big, rawboned and angular. He would come nearer taking a prize in a brain contest than a beauty show. He is a dangerous antagonist in debate. His talk is of the sledge-hammer sort. He does not talk unless he has something to say, and seldom tells a story. He avoids superfluities. He does not say "I am here tonight," or "I arise to say," or "I want to say to you." He goes directly after a proposition and his argument is as unanswerable as the multiplication table. He drives nails and stops long enough to crimp the ends. He does not talk one thing one day, or one year, and another thing another day or year. He believes and talks the same things between campaigns that he believes and talks during compaigns. He never effects sarcasm or causticity. He simply strikes and strikes hard. An illustration:

In his opening speech at Ottumwa, Mr. Porter referred to the celebrated shelter plank in the republican platform of 1901. After quoting Governor Cummins on this platform Mr. Porter said:

"After these events it was announced to the shepherds watching the protected flock of the East, that a new star was seen in the West; that a new idea was born, christened, and to be known forever as the 'Iowa Idea.' That, like the proverbial mustard seed, small in its beginning, this idea was to grow until it encompassed the nation; to it every knee should bow and acknowledge it as the salvation of the people from an evil and sin-cursed tariff. How could it fail, when its champion was one who was strong and courageous, mighty in battle, who never would forsake or desert it?

"Our governor, war-like and terrible, marched up the hill.

"Our republican friends again met for a state convention with the 'Cummins republicans' still in control, but when the platform was published to an anxious state, no shelter plank was to be found.

"Our governor had marched down the hill."

Iowa is a fertile field for brains, but it takes gray matter of the grayest kind to bring a young democrat into special prominence in this good state. Politics in Iowa offers nine chances of failure to one of success for a democrat. Mr. Porter's public record is most remarkable from every view point. It is explained only in the fact that there is something remarkable in the man. His entrance into public life was not of his own choosing. He never sought office. He never announced himself as a candidate for a nomination. Fully advised as to the extraordinary status of politics in Iowa this year, he did not seek or desire the nomination for governor. His superior mental powers alone have not brought him to his present status. Other men fully as intelligent, more ambitious, more astute, have failed. Mr. Porter is not a diplomat. He builds no political fences; he couldn't organize a machine. His successes have not been planned. He is a plodder rather than a plotter. Wherein then, is his power ?

The answer is easy to those who know him. Given high intelligence, keen analytical powers, no question ever confronts him for solution that he does not weigh it in the moral scale. Having thus treated it, having found the right, no power of party, no pleading of friend, no personal interest, can swerve him from proclaiming the right. A searcher for truth can always find the truth. The man who takes pains to find the right takes pleasure in doing right.

Mr. Porter's query is not: "Is it policy?" but "Is it right?" No other personal platform could ever have saved him for the public from his political environments.

In the old days no democrat ever hoped that any good could come out of Appanoose. It is a republican county, with a republican county seat, located in a republican judicial district, a republican congressional district, a republican state.

A democrat locating in Centerville, in contemplating a political career, could not escape Dante's conviction when he saw the gates of hades: "Abandon all hope ye who enter here!" No democrat with political aspirations would locate in such a community, which proves that Porter had no thought of political preferment.

Superior, indeed, must be the mental and moral equipment of the democratic boy who but fourteen years after his majority rose out of this community which since the war has buried the aspirations of every man of his political faith in political oblivion, and stands today with fair chance of Iowa's chiefest honor.

When God created his noblemen He planted a lot of them in Appanoose county, Iowa. There are the Stantons, the Bakers, the Bradleys, the Drakes, mentioned only as types of the whole population, some of them democrats, some republicans, some now for Porter, some against him, but all oaks among men.

To this type of men, not to the individuals mentioned, is due Claude Porter's presence and position before Iowa's people. They recognized his worth and preferred him over his fellows. They have given him to the state, and his future is with them and theirs rather than to the partisans of his own political faith.

PEACE

Sweet Peace, gently spread your sheltering wing
O'er storm tossed souls that never sing;
Bring quiet, fullness of love, and grace;
Reflect your light in every face.

—*Lena L. Horton.*

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF IOWA AUTHORS

NO. 3. WELKER GIVEN

ADDIE B. BILLINGTON

HAPPY is the man whose choice of a literary career is aided and abetted by home surroundings, who finds inspirational genius in the companionship of his wife. Such are the ideal conditions in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Welker Given, honored residents of Des Moines. This genial couple are as distinctly united in literary tastes and tendencies, as they are in traits of character

Mr. Given had an early schooling in Washington society, whither he accompanied his father, then an officer of Congress. Later he graduated from Columbia College. He came to Iowa from Ohio with his parents in 1868. He began newspaper work on the Des Moines Leader. In the '70's he grew into high favor with Hon. J. S. Clarkson, then and for many years Iowa's foremost editor and influential political leader. He was associated at various times with the Des Moines Register, the Iowa City Republican, the Marshalltown Times-Republican, and the Peoria Transcript. His most pretentious editorial work was on the Chicago Tribune, where he served six years under the Horace Greeley of the West—Hon. Joseph Medill.

Mr. Given filled the important position of private secretary to Governor Buren R. Sherman, and moved with the office from the old to the new capitol. He was the bearer of the first message to the legislature in the new legislative halls.

Mr. Given held a place through different campaigns in the literary bureau of the National Republican Committee. Two documents written by him, Anti-Imperialism, and Lincoln 1864-McKinley 1900, had a circulation of over a million each.

Through all these years of strenuous newspaper routine and mingling with men and affairs Mr. Given had been dominated by his higher literary sense. He found time and opportunity for visits to Chicago, Boston and Washington, and feasted his inner soul on treasures found in the larger libraries. His reading covered a wide range, but his ever-recurring thought turned to Shakespeare.

Mr. Given's first awakening to the beauties of the Bard of Avon came from an unusual source, dating back to his early stay in Washington. Under the tutelage or companionship of two men, whose labors attracted his boyish interest, he drank in draughts of profound learning. One, Thomas U. Walker, architect of the modern extension of the capitol, famous for what is considered the finest modern specimen of pure Grecian architecture, Girard College, was also an artist of considerable ability. The other, Constantine Brumidi, was a fresco painter from Rome, who often took the boy to the dome to watch his decorative work. Both were great lovers of Shakespeare. Welker frequently quoted Shakespearean character and cited lesson to be learned from the dramas, while Brumidi recited passages with fervid force, having commited them in his native Italian.

From his first study of Shakespeare Mr. Given was especially drawn to the women characters. Like another of Shakespeare's followers, who declared that the poet's "heroes were all women," he thought the women in the plays were stronger in some sense than the men. Among all the women portrayed the character of Desdemona perplexed him most. He could not reconcile her personality and her conduct, particularly her marriage to the Moor. He felt that the difficulty lay with the commentators and critics, not with Shakespeare, that under a right understanding of Shakespeare the discrepancy would disappear.

For that reason Mr. Given entered into a study of the Blackamoor mentioned in pre-Shakespearean plays, as distinguished from the white or Spanish Moors. He found an ambiguity which lent itself to powerful dramatic effect, the white Moor being in many respects an elevated and romantic character, while the Blackamoor was regarded as repulsive. On that double chord of interest Shakespeare probably relied to produce his greatest dramatic success with Othello.

Following this original view Mr. Given made a study of hymeneal poetry of that time and showed how its methods were used by Shakespeare to present the marriage of Othello and Desdemona as purely spiritual, or what might be termed platonic. Through a long general study of Shakespeare and Elizabethan literature this puzzle of Othello seemed to haunt him. He interpreted Desdemona as a character of heavenly purity, a being in whom the physical was subordinated to the spiritual, Desdemona "saw Othello's visage in his mind."

Mr. Given was brought to the point of publishing "The Othello" through the Shakespeare Society of New York and the London Publishing House. (1899.) With the prefatory title-line: "Have We Misunderstood Shakespeare's Moor?"

This earnest writer, hailing from the Middle West, launched "The Othello" upon the sea of venturous authorship. His book voiced a vigorous dissent from the long cherished views of authorities and actors. Although, as he knew, there had always been marked disapprobation of the situations in the play. Charles Lamb, for one, was disgusted when he saw the Blackamoor and the lovely daughter of Venice. The somewhat waning popularity of Othello as a scenic production, notwithstanding it is the most modern of Shakespeare's plays, gave proof of its inconsistencies. The gradual whitening of the Moor was evidence of the repulsive features of the play.

Mr. Given was surprisingly flattered by the reception accorded his book. He had the eminent satisfaction of having praise awarded it in England, Scotland, and Germany, where its merits were more ardently discerned by Shakespearean scholars. Mr. W. O. Bates, the great Shakespearean scholar said in a letter to Mr. Given: "The literary world is indebted to you for a vitally important discovery. * * * The book is a monument to your insight, research, and reverence." Professor Bonney dignifies it as "a bold and successful effort to spiritualize Othello." Appleton Morgan, president of the Shakespeare Society, New York, one of the greatest living authorities, calls it "an epoch-making work."

Mr. Given's views more nearly coincide with those of Coleridge than any of the early commentators. He finds that he is closer to Hudson, the great English author, than to any other commentator of the present age. In his etherealized version of a virgin-pure Desdemona, he has recorded an enduring plea for reverence to womanhood.

Mr. Given is now engaged upon a book which will appeal to the reading world, because though wrought out in story form, it will give the history of Lincoln's life in Washington. By a singular coincidence he is indebted to his Washington friends, Messrs. Walter and Brumidi, for the impulse that set his love aglow for Lincoln. What first interested him was Lincoln's admiration for Shakespeare. Brumidi told him that while in the White House, Lincoln wrote a letter to Hackett, an actor who took the part of Falstaff, in regard to his interpretation of Shakespeare. Newspaper wits made merry over the fact that "Old Abe" ventured to interpret Shakespeare.

These Washington friends were intimately acquainted with Lincoln, and told young Given of the lofty side of his nature. Their opinion was that Lincoln was not then duly appreciated, but that time would reveal his finer qualities. The democratic friend and ready joker would be less prominent and the true dignity of the man would be apparent. This predilection for Lincoln culminated in later years through an estimate of that remarkable man gained from Mr. Medill's reminiscences of Lincoln in his early life in Illinois, confirmed the opinion given by Brumidi, that the popular idea of Lincoln was too shallow.

Mr. Given has cherished in memory the glimpses of Lincoln caught during boyhood, and has the greatest reverence for his personal character. His book deals almost entirely with Lincoln's [illegible] in Washington and his association wi[illegible] limited circle of individuals, under [illegible] circumstances, however, as to compri[illegible] wide scope of interest and significance.

THE CONJURE WOMAN

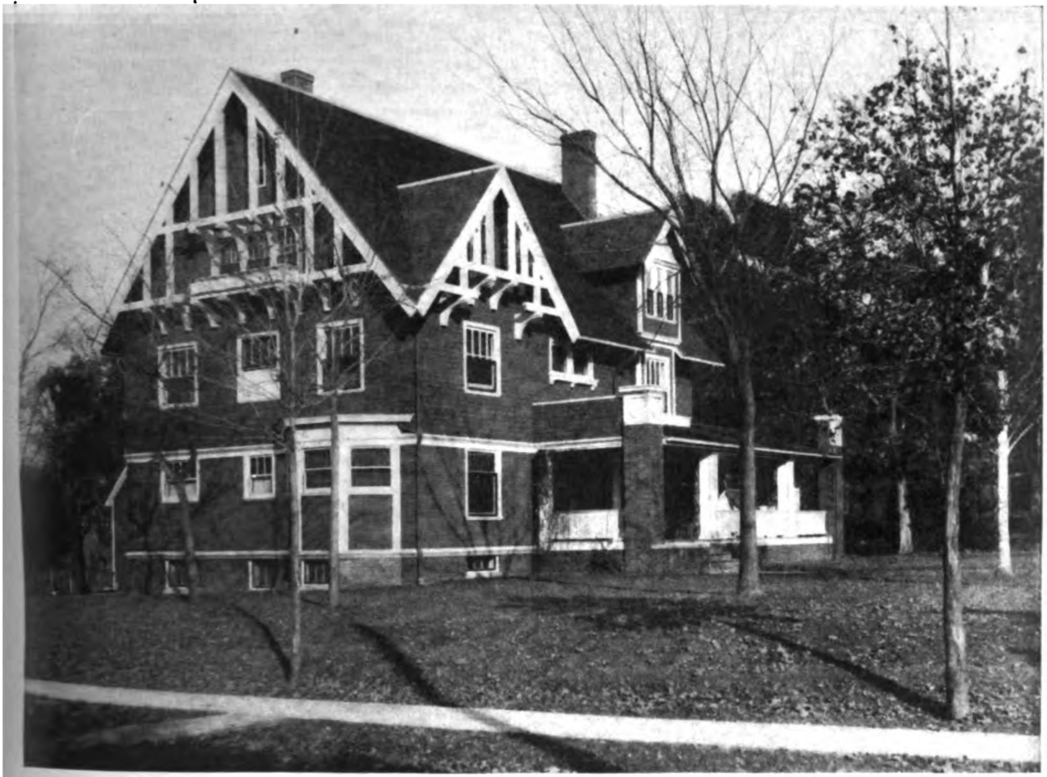
I

Dat ole Aunt Tempy, she wot live
Yander in de grove, she give
Sumpin' to ou' muley cow,
An' no soul cain't milk her now,
An' we all's hogs, dey runs and squeals
Lak some un chase 'em troo de fiel's
An' more'n dat dah's ole Uncle Saul
Cain't sca'cely use his laigs at all
An' say she's conjured him we know.
Ya-a-ap'm! dat's so!

An' wanst dey was a 'oman, too,
Heerd all 'bout what Aunt Tempy do,
And she gwine ax her, so she sayed,
To kyoro de risin' in her haid.
Aun' Tempy mighty mad dat day;
She nuvver had a wu'd to say,
But gin a cur'ous kin' o' cough.
Dat 'oman's head hit fell smack off
An' rolt across de cabin flo'.
Ya-a-ap'm! dat's so!

Wunst me and Uncle Isham's Bill
We climbed up to de window sill
At ole Aun' Tempy's an' peeped in,
An' doh dat pizen 'oman been
A-cookin' sumpin' in a pot;
Smelt mighty bad, I dunno wot.
She spat 'er hands toge'r, like dat,
An' 'gu a-talkin' to de cat!
Den we lit out to'ds home for sho'.
Ya-a-ap'm! dat's so!

—*Paul Dayot.*



COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN

D. W. Corley Residence on Ridge Road

THE CHEERFUL CAPTAIN

There once was a sea-captain, jolly and gay,
Who'd dropped his old anchor in many a bay,
And sailed his old craft over many a sea;
No mortal was more philosophic than he.

I've heard this old captain quite often declare,
"'Tis useless, my mates, for to grumble and swear."
So when the winds raged, he just whistled a tune,
Feeling sure things would calmer become pretty soon.

And when a dead calm made his vessel stand still,
He whistles that same little tune with a will.
He said he "calc'lated" he'd soon raise a breeze,
And the wind, sure enough, soon made "landlubbers" sneeze!

Sometimes he grew homesick for wife, lad and lass;
So he whistled that tune, to make time quickly pass.
He whistled "in furren parts" when he felt sad;
He whistled when home, because then he felt glad.

And as we all travel o'er life's troubled sea,
Why won't this same rule work for you and for me?
Let's whistle the storm-clouds all quickly away,
And whistle in sunshine, because we feel gay.

HON. JOHN NATHAN SMITH

Democratic Nominee for Congress in the Seventh District.

HON. JOHN NATHAN SMITH

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS IN THE SEVENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

C. O. HOLLY

IT IS OF the highest importance that a biographer or historian write fairly and honestly as to the public man or people of whom he writes. If one without vanity or affectation truthfully write or speak of public men, he is doing that which is very essential to the life of free institutions.

Men's reputation is founded chiefly upon character and action; and such reputation is sacred, both to the individual and to the public, not to be trifled with on slight provocation, but the public has a deep interest in knowing, not merely that in public life men are good or bad, but in being posted as to the exact facts.

It has sometimes happened that men of small merit and of cheap character have been extolled so generally by various methods of paid publication that many good people have been led to put too high an estimate upon them, while on the other hand, it has sometimes occurred that through error, self interest or some cause, the same agency has unjustly injured the reputation of good and competent men and thereby deprived the public of the benefit of their ability.

Men may differ as to how frequently these things have happened; and yet all must admit that such occurrences have been sufficiently frequent to be something of an evil and to require the intelligent voters to sift carefully all sorts of information in regard to the life and character of men they support for official position.

The father of the subject of this sketch is Nathan R. Smith, one of the most prosperous farmers of Polk county. For many years he was a citizen of Jasper county, Iowa. Though a well-to-do farmer and a member of the minority party, such was the confidence of the people in him that he was frequently elected as a member of the Board of Supervisors, where he was noted for his business sagacity, fearless honesty and for saving Jasper county thousands of dollars.

In estimating the value of a man from a standpoint of character and general worth, mere ancestry and pride of birth are of slight consequence; and yet, the fact that a man's father is an Iowa farmer, prosperous, honest and noted for his thorough going character, is of great value to such a son, especially when it appears that the son has inherited these worthy tendencies.

The subject of this sketch, like his father, is a farmer, and has selected that occupation as his life time employment, and has shown himself to be living up to his opportunities in an age of agricultural and commercial progress by adding to his knowledge of farming a good thorough education.

He was born on the 17th day of December, 1879, on a farm in Jasper county, Iowa. He attended the graded school at Kellogg, Iowa, where he graduated in 1897, taking the honors of his class. He worked on the farm one-half of each day, attending school the balance of the time.

The race makes progress as it mingles thought with labor; and in no better way can wholesome and steadfast character be developed, the mind improved and sympathies broadened and deepened, than by a study of mechanics, art, science and literature, accompanied by manual toil in the great fields.

After finishing his school course at Kellogg, he took a three-year literary course in Drake University, and in addition thereto in 1904 received a diploma from the law department of Drake University, one of the finest law schools in the West.

In addition to having been born and reared in one of the finest of Iowa farm homes, his good education, excellent knowledge of farming and the needs of farmers, he is a young man of most excellent physical endowment, having been counted as one of the best athletes at Drake University at the time he attended that institution. Young, sound in mind and body, of good character and splendid family, his future is rich in its promise of usefulness in his day and age.

On the first of September of the present year, the democrats of the seventh congressional district of this state, in Des Moines, with fine enthusiasm and with many expressions of good will and affection, presented this young man to the people with great hope and expectation, as the nominee of the democratic party for congress in this district. It was thought by many on this convention occasion that the people were close to the border line of a great crisis, wherein mere partisan zeal would be lost in patriotic devotion to cleaner and better government and more honest elections.

From all over the land come reports of fraud and political corruption, and so persistent and numerous are these rumors, that only the most giddy optimism can close the ear of patriotism or repel a feeling of dismay. The mere fact that those who profit by sharp practice, unjust exaction and dereliction of duty, see no occasion for anxiety, need not deter a prudent and conservative electorate from a close analysis of present day conditions as well as the character of men who officially are looked to to relieve such conditions.

It was felt to be wise, or at least patriotic, to recognize these conditions and in so doing to select a candidate for congress in this district, not on account of political influence, his wealth or social status, but rather to select a candidate whose heart and sympathies would be with the people in the great contest quickening into life everywhere just now between corporate monopoly on one hand and the rights of the people on the other.

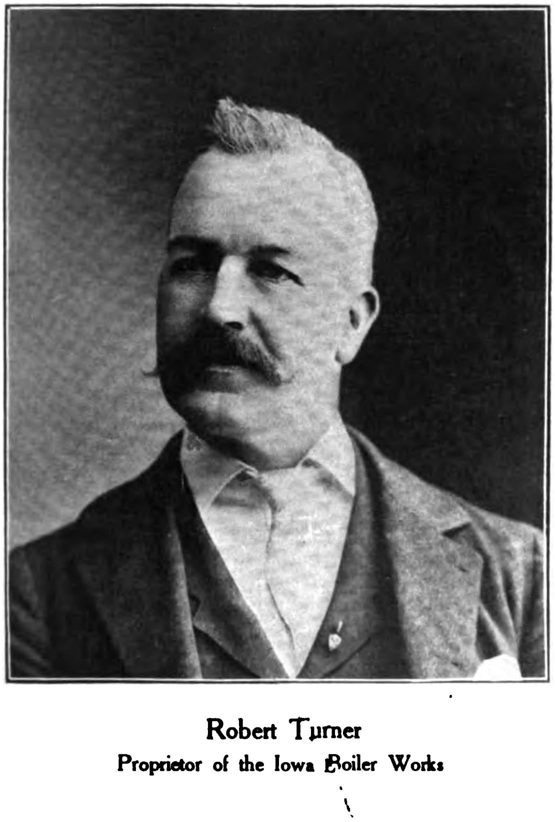
It is true the opposition candidate for congress in this district is a man of mature years and of considerable experience. However, one who has grown gray in official life during a period wherein political corruption seems to have saturated nearly every department of government; and, one who has acquiesced in such untoward conditions, even if he has not profited by them, is not one naturally to be selected to reform such conditions.

Mr. Smith, it must be admitted, is young, and yet it is in the eyes of our young men that we must look for history in advance of what the republic is yet to be. It is frequently true that long continued power and wealth and exalted station unfit men for the highest exhibition of patriotic devotion. No fact is more thoroughly settled in history than that a surfeit of public favor and continuous scheming to keep in power, unfits the perpetual office holder to see clearly popular rights. It is one of the chief arguments against monarchial institutions that the king's tenure of office is perpetual. The same evil sometimes exists in republics where officials perpetuate themselves in office by fraudulent elections or the use of enormous quantities of money.

It sometimes happens that mere outward show of power, experience or wisdom, is not the highest evidence of character or moral worth. There was a time in Jewish history, according to the scriptures, in which the people clamored for a king. They desired the gilded display and pomp of kingly power, the same as was seen among the heathen nations about.

Finally God, through His prophet Samuel, selected a man to be king of Israel. The selection was to be made from the sons of Jesse of Bethlehem. Samuel the prophet informed Jesse, who had his sons gathered together for the choice. Jesse had many sons; and the men of mature years, of soldierly bearing and of great physical strength and experience in war, were brought in before the prophet. Each and all were rejected and Jesse was asked, "Are these all of thy sons?" Jesse in astonishment said: "Oh, there is one, a youth, a mere stripling, out in the wilderness tending a few sheep." The old prophet said, "Bring him in." When David came in it was noted that he was youthful, ruddy cheeked and goodly to look upon, and yet, in the estimation of his father, hardly fit to be a king. The old Hebrew prophet said at once, "This is the man." David was anointed king of Israel; and while he was not without fault, he still made the greatest king Israel ever had.

The boyish David had herded his father's sheep out on the wilderness plains of his native land. The soft sunshine, fresh air and the clean fields had been the great detergent that had cleansed the moral nature of David and lifted him into communion with the Infinite. Israel had to go into the country among the husbandmen where the people dwelt in tents, lived in the fields, were inured to manual labor and the struggle of life, to find a youthful and the greatest king of the Hebrews; and likewise we might with great profit more and more go out into the highways and byways of manual toil to select the honest, educated and strong from among the so-called laboring classes to fill official position. Before we shall greatly relieve the corrupt political conditions which have so long existed in this congressional district where poll books have been burned, ballots have been stolen and money used in elections without stint, we will need to use more care in the selection of our congressional candidates, and especially not to select those who have been the especial beneficiaries of these evil conditions.



Robert Turner
Proprietor of the Iowa Boiler Works

Residence of Chas. H. Tower, Fortieth Street and Ingersoll Avenue

A LEGEND OF '45

By the Author of Robin Grey

I WAS in the nursery at the time as you can understand; but the chief person of the tale was my father's closest friend, and he was my counsellor in some little passes of my life in after days. He never mentioned this business himself; but my father, who knew the particulars brawley, used to tell it to me often, and he bequeathed the story to me as one of his most valuable legacies."

The old man's face brightened, and his voice became firmer as he proceeded.

"You see yon picture hanging on the left of your mother, Balquherrie?—that was your grandfather, Hugh Outram. You see what a black-a-vice chiel he was, and I can tell you there was a fire in his een whiles he made some folks say he had the gift of second sight. At any rate, he had the pith of a giant in his arms, and the courage of a lion in his heart. He could love—like a mother; he could hate—like a jealous wife. My story is about him. He courted Mistress Graham, of Eskbank; he followed her night and day, he was devoted to her body and soul—in fact he was clean crack about her. But she was won by Corbet of Dowiemuir. When that became known, Hugh Outram shut himself up here in Balquherrie, and would have no speech with any living creature for a while.

"At last my father got speaking with him, and showed him the duties he was neglecting because of a disappointment that could not be helped, but could be easily enough mended. Hugh stepped out of his shell, and took up the work that was appointed for him in seeing after the welfare of those dependent upon him. When he was told that Mistress Corbet had been brought to bed of a daughter, he said, 'Lord smile on the bairn,' although he never could be brought to say that he forgave Corbet.

"Prince Charlie raised his standard in Glenfinnan, and Corbet was the first to place himself under it, with all whom he could influence. Hugh took arms with the government within a few days after; but my father, who served with him, was satisfied that he decided on this course more because of his hate for the man who had won his lady than because of his love for the house of Hanover. No doubt he had his thought of meeting him in battle, and once, at the mention of the possibility of it, my father was frightened by the fire that flamed in Hugh's een.

"Be that as it may, he did his duty well and bravely. He would have prevented Cope from marching like a stray goose into the north while the rebels were, unchecked, marching on the south, but his word was not heeded at the time. The prince made a brilliant run over the country; and at length the Duke of Cumberland chased him back to Culloden, where the Stuart cause was drowned in blood. After the battle there were days and weeks of persistent pursuit of the fugitive rebels. The mercenary were pitiless; and men of our own country consented to, or took part in cruelties that will shame the victory so long as the memory of them lasts. But Hugh Outram was disappointed if he had been calculating on coming across Corbet. So far they had not met.

"He had command of a company of Hessians—the most malignant, because the most indifferent, of all pursuers—and he was in chase of a score of rebels who were making their way to the West. My father had twenty-three lads left of forty whom he had led from Pitnafour, and he was on the same track as his friend. Reports had been received that the scattered fugitives were rendezvousing in Lochaber, with the intention of making a stand yet in defense of the Stuart, in spite of what had happened. The duke was mightily wroth at this, and was not likely to show mercy to those who fell into his hands, still less to those who failed in the savage duty intrusted to them.

"As it happened the companies of Outram and of my father met in Glendhu, within three miles of Dowiemuir. They encamped for the night and the two friends slept together in a shepherd's shieling. In the cold gray of the morning they were aroused by a Hessian who acquainted them that he had traced a rebel officer to a farm house distant only half a mile. They marched instantly to the place, surrounded the house, and the search commenced hot and furious. Nobody appeared to offer them opposition, and the house was as quiet as if there were not a living creature in it. The officers remained outside, and soon the fellow who had raised the halloo stepped out of the house carrying a greeting bairn in his arms. After him walked a lady with hair and dress disarranged, and a face white as a Holland sheet, but steady as a rock. She pleaded with them piteously to spare the life of her bairn, and the soldiers threatened to stick it on the point of their bayonets unless she confessed where the father lay hidden.

"She begged them to spare the child but would not answer the question.

"The bayonets were fixed, the bairn raised high in the arms of a big rascal as if holding it ready to be impaled.

"Still the woman pleaded and would not hear the condition on which alone her prayer would be granted.

"They said they would count six, and then proceed to the execution if she did not yield. They began to count, and she did not flinch until she observed Outram, who was grimly watching what passed. Then she trembled to her heels and groaned, sinking on the ground, for she concluded there was neither pity nor mercy to expect from him for the wife and infant of Corbet of Dowiemuir.

"It was the lady herself Outram was looking at; his enemy and all that was precious to him was at his mercy. No man ever had a fairer opportunity of wreaking a terrible vengeance on his foe, without moving a finger; he had only to remain silent, and he was assured of the utmost retaliation for whatever he might have suffered.

"He turned to my father, who was curious as to what he would do.

"'You must command here,' he said, with big sobs in his throat, and turning his back on the scene: 'But save the bairn and spare the woman.'

"The child was placed on the ground beside its mother, who looked with wide parched eyes at her preserver, recognizing his kindness and yet doubting him. She seemed to have lost the power of moving or speaking; but when she saw the soldiers set fire to the house at the four corners, she started, clutching the bairn to her bosom, trembling and moaning, her bloodshot eyes leaping from her head in fright.

"When she saw the flames spring up to the thatch, and heard the burning joists crackle, she leaped to her feet and walked straight over to Hugh Outram.

"'Sir,' she said, 'you were once my friend; it was Heaven's will that I should lose your friendship; but you are a man, and I a woman nigh mad with pain. My husband he lies in there, sick and wounded sore, so that he cannot move, and, without help, must die in the flame. You are his foe, at home and in the field; but sir, he is my husband and the father of my bairn, and—I love him.'

"Hugh Outram stood glowering at the blaze that was working out his worst spite. The devil bade him stand still; but he looked at the woman's face; he listened to the greeting bairn, and he made answer:

" 'Madam, your husband was my worst foe, but he shall not make me the less your friend. He has taken from me my best hope, but he shall not take from me your respect or my own.'

"She first stared at him not knowing what he meant to do, and aye the house was burning and the flames grew bigger.

"He cried to my father: 'Turn your face another way, Pitna, that you may not see me. Call off the lads, haste down the glen with them, and I will deliver the traitor to you without fail.'

"My father guessed what he was meaning and in pity for the lady did not say a word to the contrary. He called the soldiers together, and making them believe that the rebel had escaped down the glen, led them away in full chase.

"Outram asked the lady where her man was hidden; she feared to answer, for she had heard him promise to deliver the traitor. He pointed to the burning house, saying, 'Trust me.'

"She told him what he required to know, and he marched into the house, the flames hissing at him and scorching his clothes, the beams crackling above him and tumbling about him, the smoke fluffing in his face choking and blinding him. But in spite of flame and smoke, he made his way to the hiding place of the rebel, and found him lying as though he were already dead. Outram lifted his enemy in his arms and carried him out from the fiery grave to the place where Mistress Corbet was on her knees, praying God to help and shield her true friend.

"He laid him down on the ground beside her. First she looked at her guidman, and saw that life was in him yet, and next she looked up at her friend, but she could not speak a word. She saw that the hair was nearly burnt off his head, and his left hand was scarred, so that it bore the mark until the day he died. She tore her gown, and tied a strip of it around his hand. Then she got water from the well and bathed her man's head and face, while the babe was croodling on his breast.

"Outram got a horse and conveyed them five miles up the glen to a shepherd's bigging near Loch Fey—he was obliged to hold Corbet in the saddle the whole road; and there was no speech passed between them.

"But when he had seen Corbet bestowed in the cot and was going away, the lady lifted up her bairn—lassie, I ought to have told you—and bade her kiss him. The wee thing put her arms around his neck and cuddled him, and he trembled like a willow in a storm. Mistress Corbet stooped down with big tears in her een now and kissed his hand.

" 'God bless you, sir,' was all she could say.

"He went and looked at Corbet where he lay, helpless and insensible, but beginning to breathe in a natural way.

" 'He will live,' said Outram, stepping to the door, 'and I hope you will be happy. Think on me whiles; I am paying a high price for a place in your memory—and I am content.'

"She did not understand then how high the price was that he was prepared to pay; but afterwards she heard it all from my father.

"To him Outram went as fast as he could, and found him at the place where they had camped during the night.

" 'I promised to deliver the traitor to you, Pitna,' he said, as quietly as though there was nothing out of the ordinary in what he was doing, 'and I keep faith with you. I am he—there is my sword.'

"He laid the sword down and my father took it up, after staring at him a minute, fancying he was mad.

" 'I understand you,' Pitna answered, 'I know what you have done, and—although it was rash and perilous—damn it, sir, I think you acted nobly. Take back your sword; I can keep a secret.'

" 'No,' said Outram, shaking his head, 'that would involve you in my treason.'

" 'He went straight to Cumberland himself, and the duke received him graciously enough; for his repute was high.

"'What is the penalty, excellency, for an officer under your command who aids a rebel to escape?' he asked.

"'Death!' cried the duke, loud and fierce.

"'Then I yield to my fate,' he said, and told what he had done.

"'His grace was furious, and Outram was arrested, but his past services pleaded for him, and the President Forbes, with other gentlemen of weight, whose adherence to the government was beyond doubt, joined in an appeal for clemency. The duke had not the grace to appreciate Outram's conduct, but he had discretion enough not to proceed to extremity in such a case as this. So the only punishment inflicted on Outram was the cancelling of his commission, and that he did not regard as any loss.

"He was liberated and spent his days usefully at home."

NIGHT

The day, with slow, reluctant feet,
  Has slipped behind the purple hills;
And night steals out with laughter sweet,
  To hang her stars o'er limpid rills.

High o'erhead the frozen moon
  Like some pale ghost glides through
    the night,
A troubled spirit, ever doomed
  In presence thus to haunt the night.

THE PRICE OF LOVE

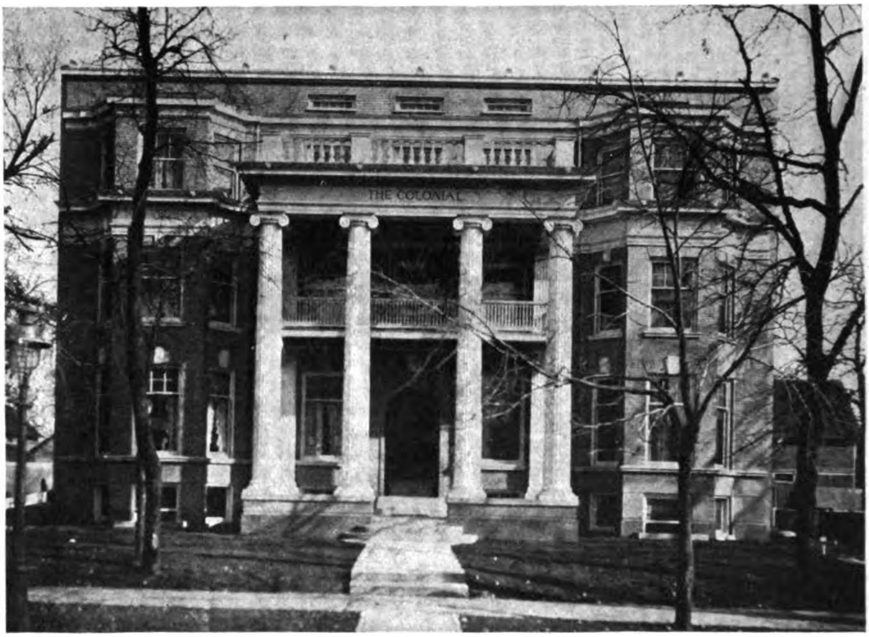
CAROLYN M. OGILVIE

Once a man spent many years searching for Love. He had looked upon Wisdom's face, and had bowed his head at the shrine of Beauty. But Love he found not.

Riches and honors came to him. Life opened up to him, a golden vista. Heredity had favored him and all the future looked glorious as a vision of the blessed. But Love came not. In legislative halls, in banquet rooms, in splendid homes where beauty and wit were supreme, vainly he sought her, and at last, because he found her not, the days passed along on leaden feet.

But the hour came. By the great bound of his heart he knew her. He reached out eager hands to clasp her. But she drew away, pointing to the companion by her side. Love's face was tender and fair as a summer's dream. Her eyes beamed with joyous light. Her lips curved in a smile. But her companion was pale and wan and sad as fate. "To accept me," said Love, "thou must accept my companion, by whom I am ever accompanied, and without whom I cannot live. Her name is Sorrow. She will bring heartaches and many griefs. But Sorrow has ever followed hard upon the footsteps of Love. Name thy choice, to accept or reject us both." He lifted his head. Long he gazed at the sad face of Sorrow. Long he pondered over the grace and sweetness of Love. He seemed to see in her eyes the promise of life everlasting, of unimagined fulness of being. But also he saw the promise of storm and misery, of crushed hopes, of thwarted ambition, of Peace slain by the hand of Love. Life's pathway, before so smooth and fair and golden, became a tangled maze, the end of which was hidden from his eyes. But Love stood pleading with silent lips. Before the look upon her face, before her outstretched hand, his heart grew heroic. The ideal lover of all fiction, Tolstoi's creation of Vronsky, was not more brave of heart, more true to the divine instinct in his soul. The future might lie in the valley of the Shadow of Death. He leaned forward and kissed the silent lips of Love. And together, shadowed by the pale figure of Sorrow, they passed into a new day.

COLONIAL APARTMENTS, 913 FIFTH STREET



COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN

Colonial Flats on Fifth Street

A LOVE CHARM

BARONESS VON BUELOW

"MA chere Berthe!" The loving tone in which she used to call me still echoes in my heart. I shall never forget the hours I spent with her in her magnificent palace in the Eternal City. From its windows one could see all Rome and the Tiber. Sunshine sparkled on the castle of St. Angelo, on the roofs and even on the aloe shrubs upon the walls, and the blue vaults of the Italian sky rose above the whole scene. Whenever I was permitted to visit her I used to await her appearance in a large, lofty hall hung with Gobelin tapestry; the ceiling was vaulted with splendid stucco ornamentation. The figures in the tapestry appeared so lifelike in their well preserved tints that they filled me with uneasy dread.

After a time one of the white, polished folding doors with gilt handle would open and admit a small and exceedingly graceful figure, such as may occasionally be seen among families of true blue blood. Though still youthful in form and manner, and at a certain distance in features also, she made a curious "chifonee" impression. She appeared to me almost like a sprite, and even in broad daylight like one of the figures in the tapestry room come to light. But as she spoke the words "Ma tres chere Berthe," the apparition vanished and the old marchesa stood before me.

We used to converse in French, which she pronounced with the inimitable Italian accent, as all Italians do, even when they belong to the great world, and she really was a "grande dame," "principessa" of royal lineage. Her husband, the old marchese, still occupied a high position in the state, although he was already old and fragile. Whenever I came he never failed to greet me and would also pay his wife some delicate attention, placing a footstool under her feet or fetching her a cushion. This she would acknowledge with courtly grace and grateful smile, which, however, much resembled the fixed smile of a mask, for every line in her face was hidden by powder. Yet it touched me to see the old couple exchange their friendly smiles.

Once, when I remarked this to the marchesa, she said, "Chute! He is quite devoted and deeply attached to me. N'en parlez pas, ma chere enfant, he is bound to me forever, the poor marchese, by a love charm." I laughed.

"Do not laugh, cherie, I will tell you the story." Which was as follows:

"We were engaged, as is the custom among our families—Convenances? Oh! At least I had not been consulted! He and I, we were as formal in our intercourse as young people were obliged to be in those days. We were never left alone together. When he came to see me and when he left me, I dutifully gave him my hand and he dutifully kissed it. He called me 'mademoiselle' or 'madame,' and I called him 'monsieur'—and—oh, mon enfant, I loved him ardently, with all my soul! I longed passionately to know if he also loved me, for he had never told me so.

"At last I could bear it no longer. I was burning to hear the truth, and I began to fret and worry. My old nurse, Petronella, one day found me in tears. She was in despair, for she adored me, and at last she found out my secret; I confessed it to her in a whisper. 'So you wish the marchese to love you,' she whispered back to me. And with a blush I said 'Yes.'

"'Then listen to me, carissima,' she said mysteriously. 'I know of a love charm, a sure one, and one that is not at all difficult to obtain: a single drop of blood from your ring finger must be dropped into his food or wine. Let him but taste your blood and he belongs to you forever. It is an old and well-tried love charm which never fails.'

"Then she told me how Angelina had tried it with Beppo, and Pietro with Barbara; how they had loved each other forever after, to the end of their lives. I scorned the idea. 'But how silly! What an odd thing to do!' Nevertheless I thought of the love charm again and again. At last the wedding day was fixed. I—alas—I still knew nothing, for, dear child, the marchese was always very shy, only at that time I could not know this. I became desperate. 'Ah, va—va bene!' thought I; 'it must be tried.'

"The marchese had come over to pay his respects, and present me with a boquet of roses, murmuring some compliment on my charming appearance, but at the same time he only looked down and avoided my glance. What could I do? I had already consulted all the oracles of love, as young girls often do—stripped flowers of their petals, saying: 'He loves me—he loves me not'—and yet none the wiser.

"'In half an hour we dine!' I must go down to Maitre Seronino. And I slipped into the kitchen. Seronino was our old cook and had a fatherly affection for me. When I was a child he used to present me with so many sweet things and gave me so many attacks of indigestion that I was at last forbidden to enter the kitchen. Seronino was occupied in garnishing one of our old traditional family dishes on a silver plate. It was eel in champagne jelly. It was to be served up that evening. The good old man was delighted to see me, and asked me what he could do to please me. I begged for some preserves, and he quickly disappeared into the stateroom to fetch some for me.

"I was now alone, and quick as lightning I drew a pin out of a bow and bravely made a deep prick in my ring finger. Soon the red blood flowed and I let a drop fall upon the jelly, making a mental note of the spot where it had fallen—it was under the red crab claws—Ah! mon Dieu! now the deed was done, and like an evil doer I fled out of the kitchen and up the stairs. When the marchese led me afterward into the dining room, my hand, which rested on his arm, trembled so violently that he looked at me in astonishment, but I was beside myself with fear.

"Would that particular bit be given to him? What would happen if it were given to one of the others?—Good heavens—At dinner I talked a great deal, I laughed, my cheeks burned; all eyes were upon me in amazement.

"At last the eel in jelly was brought in, and the butler placed the dish on the table to display this *chef d'oeuvre* of the culinary art. To the surprise of everyone I suddenly seized the dish and drew it toward me.

"'This is an old family dish,' said I, 'may I help you to some of it?' And in an instant I had placed the fateful morsel on his plate. He thanked me, although somewhat surprised, and raised his fork. 'Now it will happen,' thought I, and suddenly overcome with deadly fear, I could not bear the sight and springing up, stifling my sobs, I rushed wildly out of the dining room.

"When I got to my own room I sank

upon the bed and burst into hysterical tears. 'Oh, mon Dieu, que faire!' My sister, my mother and my father soon followed me in alarm; they all asked me what had happened, and were much concerned. They thought I must be very ill. 'The marchese is much alarmed,' said my mother. As I went on crying they sprinkled me with lavender water and eau de cologne, darkened the room and brought me lemonade; then they left me alone to rest. They stole out on tiptoe, and when they had gone I sprang up and paced the room.

"What would happen now?

"I could not bear to stay in the house; I threw a veil over my head, intending to step out into the garden, but by my door—there he stood! I screamed with surprise, but he was already beside me, and for the first time in my life he put his arms around me and whispered to me: 'Oh, ma chere Marie, how you have alarmed me!' and he looked at me anxiously and tenderly. I stood there trembling and did not dare to look up. 'Oh, mon Dieu, yes,' the love charm already held him bound!

"Then he led me down into the garden, he took my hand in his, and what we said to each other—for we were alone for the first time in our lives—You shall hear it some day when the right time has come, for it is much too soon yet, and you are much too young, chere Berthe, but what I felt later when I was by myself again, and what I thought, and how oppressed my heart was, for this love had only been gained by the love charm—was it right? Was it not a terrible sin? With what dread I now stood before him, heard his loving whispers, saw his looks of love—felt—for the ice was now broken.

"Tormented by remorse I could not sleep at night, and all day I wandered restlessly over the palace. Then came the holy communion before the wedding, and I went to confession. I whispered all my anguish and remorse and the reproaches of my conscience to the good father confessor, then I waited in nameless suspense to hear what he would say. Did that not sound like soft laughter behind the grating? I raised my head and he spoke to me, not severely, as I had feared, but kindly, in quite a fatherly manner.

"'There is no such thing as a love charm my daughter. The love of your betrothed is a precious gift from God; value it as your dearest possession, and consider it too holy to trifle with again.' Then he scolded me a little, and finally ordered me to confess all to the marchese in expiation of my fault. I left the church much relieved.

"But how could I ever tell him about it?

"If you ever go to Milan, chere Berthe, to visit our old palace, you will see in the back garden, under the cypress trees, the old Neptune grotto by Suffetin. The gurgling water spouts clear as silver into the marble basin. The Spanish jessamine grows luxuriantly, and the creeping roses twine their branches round the entrance to the grotto, hanging in festoon from tree to tree in the month of May; and it was May then. I made my confession to him there, on the day before our wedding."

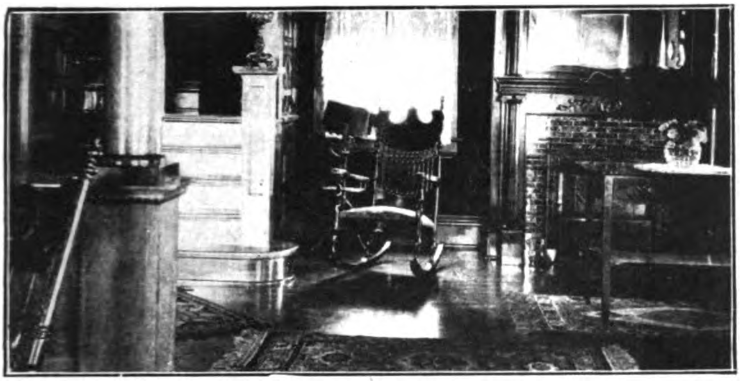
The old princess had related her history in her own lively manner, faster and faster. I listened to her with breathless attention. When she paused, "What did he say?" I asked softly.

She gave a little cry. "What did he say? He laughed and laughed till the tears came; then he informed me that he had not tasted a single morsel of the famous dish, for after I had rushed away in tears, no one, and he least of all, could eat anything more—at least he could not remember it—and he begged me to compose my heart for ever, and to rest for ever and ever assured of his love—without any love charm.

"But I," continued the old princess eagerly, "I have nevertheless felt quite sure that he did eat it, and that he is still to this very day under the love charm."

"And I think so, too," said the marchese, who had been standing behind her chair for some time. He dropped a full-blown red rose into her lap, and as the old principessa looked down with a happy smile, the old marchese bent over her and kissed her hand chivalrously.

It was one of those happy pictures which can never be forgotten—because—well because they touch the heart.



Interior of Residence of Charles H. Tower, Fortieth Street and Ingersoll Avenue

Mrs. Tallboy's "American Board" Guests

"IF EVER I open my house again to strangers, you'll catch a white blackbird!" exclaimed Mrs. Tallboy, as she came up stairs. She was flushed and tired. All the morning she had been in the kitchen, the oven door opening and shutting with a bang, and the air resounding with the beating of eggs and pounding of crackers. It was the first Tuesday in October. The great annual meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. was to be held in C——— this year, and this was the day when it would begin, with its influx of visitors from every part of Christendom. "There is an ocean of things to be done yet," continued Mrs. Tallboy to her aunt, who had just dropped in for a moment, "and I'm tired to death now." She sat down in an attitude of utter dejection, with an armful of fresh towels in her lap.

"Louise," said Aunt Eliza, "it's because you won't give up your besetting sin. You can't look me in the face this moment and deny that you've been making three kinds of cake when one would do, and rolling croquettes, like Martha, instead of giving your guests cold ham, like Mary. How many are you going to have?"

"Four! Fool that I was to say that I'd take so many when the committee came round last spring! A minister and his wife, from Fileno, Me. (wherever that may be)! and a home missionary and his wife, from out West somewhere."

"Well, dear, it's not for your own pleasure you undertake it . Don't forget that, and I'm sure the Lord will help you through."

"Faith and fatigue never go along together with me, I find," answered Mrs. Tallboy, taking up her towels with a sigh.

She got through with all that her high ideals of housekeeping demanded barely in time to dress herself and meet her guests, when they arrived before tea, with a smile, which to their eyes, bore no suspicion of forcing. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Brock, of Fileno; he tall and thin, with a gentle stare over his spectacles, as if he called back his ideas from another world with an effort; she, thin also, but small, worn and anxious looking, in a well-preserved black dress of the style of a dozen years back, and an aggressively high, showy, feather-laden bonnet (presented by the village milliner for this occasion), that bore no relation whatever to the meek, little head under it, with its knot of thin gray hair, and a face so patient and sweet. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, the other two, were younger and more sprightly, with a heartiness and a Western frankness that stood out in striking relief from the quiet, subdued manner of the Brocks.

The supper was excellent, and went off well. That lifted Mrs. Tallboy's spirits a little, as did also her husband's cheerfulness at the sight of his well-filled table.

But the fatigue was still there and the rebellion that she had consented to all this trouble for perfect strangers. She had given up her own room to the Brocks. When she went to bed she had to go to a closet off their room for her slippers. Through the partition she heard—involuntarily, at first—this conversation:

"Josiah, isn't this a beautiful room! Why, I can't help thinking all the time that it's just a dream, my being at a Board meeting. How stunned I was when Mrs. Marvin said to me that morning, 'Mrs. Brock, the whole parish is bound you shall go this year,' and clapped that money into my hand. Won't they all be pleased when they hear what a delightful family we were assigned to?"

"Yes," answered the minister's slow, high-pitched voice, "we're highly favored every way, Amanda. Mrs. Tallboy seems to be really delighted to have us"—here he paused as if hunting for something, "I was almost afraid that you'd forgotten my clean collar for tomorrow, but I've found it in the bottom of the bag. You know you were so excited, dear, yesterday, when you were packing—it wouldn't have been strange."

"Well, it's nothing to wonder at if I was," answered the other gentle voice, as if half laughing. "It's the first outing I've had for fifteen years, you know." Then she went on excitedly, "O, Josiah, to think that for three whole days not a hand's turn to do, and I'm going to those grand meetings, and shall hear and see men I've read of all my life! And then the music from such a great congregation! Why it just took me off my feet at the meeting tonight! And such a lot of old friends as one keeps coming across that you haven't seen for years! And then tomorrow we are going around a little between times, to see the city and the sights. I declare, Josiah, it does seem too much for me!"

"No, Amanda," answered the minister's voice, with a tearful quiver in it, "you deserve every bit of it. Let us kneel right down now, and thank the Lord for His goodness to us."

Mrs. Tallboy left the closet softly and her eyes were running over when she went back to her husband. "I'm ashamed of myself for listening, and yet I'm glad I did. I never should have dreamed how happy we were making these good Christians, putting pleasures into their lives they will never forget. What am I—ungrateful, fretful creature!—that such a privilege should have been given to me and my house! Why, this sweet, frail-looking woman has eight children, she told me at tea, and her husband's salary was raised to eight hundred dollars! And she hasn't been away from home for a single day for fifteen years. Oh, won't I see that she has a good time now! And I began to like the Haywards, too, such frank, whole-hearted people, no trouble at all to entertain. John"—with a little sob—"let us kneel down together, as we used to when we were first married."

It was a happy but tear-stained face that Mr. Tallboy kissed when they rose from their knees.

Somehow the guests did not seem after that like strangers, but friends. And the meetings, where thousands met filled with a single thought, were full of inspiration and kindled to a glow that made the minor vexations of life too small to be noticed. When the hour of parting came on Friday, it was with real regret that Mrs. Tallboy watched the retreating forms and valises disappearing down the street.

The next spring came a letter from Mr. Brock announcing the death of his wife.

"I knew, dear friends, you would sympathize with me in my great bereavement, though you knew my wife so little, and I wished to tell you that the brightest spot in her last year was the time of the Board meeting at your house. It seems that she already suspected what suffering was before her. But those days of rest and real pleasure were like a special blessing sent before her trial. She often spoke of them in her last terrible illness. I can never thank you enough that you gave them to her."

Mrs. Tallboy could not speak as she handed the letter to her husband.

Three years after the Tallboys' son—a wild boy—went West, much against their wishes. In a few months he was taken ill, and consumption, long in his system, seemed inevitable. It was a long, sad journey for the anguish-stricken parents, their only hope to reach him before he died. At the station, in the little far-off settlement, what should first greet their astonished eyes, but the cheerful, red-whiskered face of Mr. Hayward!

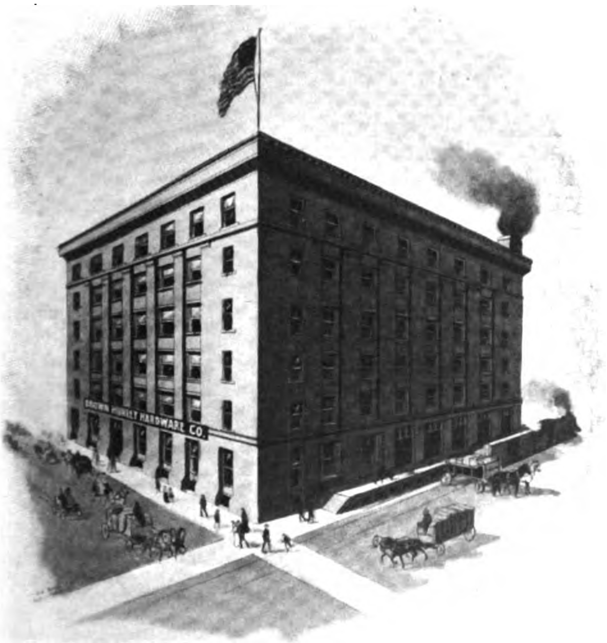
"Your son is at our house!" he exclaimed, with a hearty grip of his strong hand, first one, then the other. "We have a room all ready for you. Keep up your courage. I think he is going to pull through."

Who can picture the thankfulness of that mother's heart when he told her how, in hearing her son's name, Halifax Tallboy—"there's luck in odd names as well as numbers sometimes," he said smiling—he had gone at once to the ranch where he lay, dying of poor care and poor fare, and brought him home that very day to his wife, though they had moved into their rough little house but two days before, and were still "all in a heap."

Already the beautiful nursing they had given him was telling on him, so the doctor assured Mrs. Tallboy. Quite as much as the signs of returning health, the parents' hearts bounded to see in their wayward boy a new humility of spirit, and a thoughtfulness of others.

The next afternoon Mrs. Tallboy was sitting in happy silence beside his steamer chair, on the little porch, facing the glorious mountains. He took her hand softly, "The night Mr. Hayward brought me here I fainted from weakness, and they both thought I was dying. He kneeled down by me and prayed for me—and for you, mother. I never heard such a prayer. It went to my heart, that and his kindness before. I said to myself then, for the first time in my life, I, too, will be a Christian, whether I die or live, and I mean it still, mother."

Can you imagine the depth of feeling in Mrs. Tallboy's voice, as she said to her husband that night: "Oh, what if I had refused to take any guests at the meeting of the board?"


BROWN HURLEY HARDWARE CO.

Home of the Biown-Hurley Hardware Company, Des Moines

An Old Trunk

By MINERVA THORPE STEVENSON

THE last employees of the great banking and clearing house of Robins, Robins & Co., had received their presents and gone home happy. The business for the year was finished and the books closed. Two members of the firm still remained, and were seated in the private apartment of the legal adviser.

One of these gentlemen was Mr. James Robins, the senior partner, a man of fine ability and indubitable judgment. He was very attractive in his manners and of such commanding presence, that people gave him their confidence and entrusted him with their money without any solicitations on his part. The popularity and success of the house was due to him. He was well in the fifties, yet there was no gray in the rich brown hair that crowned his massive head.

His companion, Mr. Edmundson, was the legal adviser of the firm. He was much younger than Mr. Robins, and his countenance revealed more intellectual vigor, while his manners and movements evinced an energy that was untiring. He was more distinguished in appearance than Mr. Robins. His hair, which originally vied with the raven in color, was now as white as the snow capped peaks in the Rocky mountains. His eyes were a deep blue, and shaded by dark lashes of uncommon length, gave him an expression of self-absorption. There were lines in his face which told of wounds that would never heal. The history of his life was a surmise, as he never, under any circumstances, alluded to his past. He had the most fascinating and pleasing personality. His lips had that rare curve of exquisite refinement, but too flexible for strength of will. Women adored him and men trusted and respected him, yet this man had a secret locked in his heart which was making him old before his time.

These two gentlemen were great friends, and each admired the other. They had been associated in business many years and had perfect confidence in each other's ability and veracity. When Charles Edmundson first came into the house, he began in a very small position, doing some clerical work. He was very serious and devoted to his business and showed such tact and dauntless courage, in the management of some of the weightiest matters the house had ever dealt with, that they rewarded him by appointing him to his present position, and later admitting him to a junior partnership. He was a graduate from one of the best law schools in the country. Robins & Robins were father and son, the latter being a mere figure head, as he detested anything that pertained to work. His father permitted the most unreasonable extravagances, but never protested and even excused the most overt acts.

Tonight, Robins, Sr., and Mr. Edmundson, sat and smoked, with the most complacent and satisfied expressions upon their physiognomies.

"I feel highly gratified with the amount of business we have done this year," said Mr. Robins.

"You have good reasons to be," replied his companion.

"The deposits have increased 25 per cent, and the loans are better secured than they have ever been, except poor Kingston, who has overdrawn and his property is in rather bad shape. I feel very sorry for that fellow, for he has been ruined by the vanity and extravagance of his wife. She has affected airs which he could not afford. I have heard that he remonstrated, but to no avail, so he has been compelled to caution some of the houses about giving her unlimited credit."

"What a dreadful humiliation for a husband and certainly a most unenviable position for a wife," said the lawyer.

"I suppose such things should not be

repeated and I would not do it if I feared repetition, especially as it came to my ears in the manner it did. One of the girls employed by the Kingstons, and they have three beside a coachman, is a cousin to one of the girls in my wife's employ. She told our girl that Mrs. Kingston sent out invitations for a company and had to recall them because Mr. Kingston told the caterers and the florists that he would not pay the bills. Of course there was a storm over the affair and Mrs. Kingston has not yet recovered from it. I suppose if she had any way to support herself, or could obtain sufficient alimony, she would get a divorce."

"I think it is an outrage that any man has to support a woman who simply lives with him because she cannot support herself."

"Yes, it is awful, but Kingston is in luck compared to some fellows. I know a family in this city, whom people in general think an ideal one. I believe the husband is devoted, but the wife is a regular Delilah. She would betray her husband into the hands of the enemy if he did not turn over every cent, which he makes by just or unjust means, into her keeping. It would be all right if she kept it, but she habitually and systematically spends it on her friends, while the man devoutly believes in her."

"The world is full of troubles," said Mr. Edmundson, "I am glad to live apart from it."

He always avoided subjects of this kind, so to change the drift of conversation, he alluded to Kingston's position toward the bank, remarking that before another check should be honored, he would have a talk with him.

"That is correct and it will save trouble and unpleasantness, to say the least. By the way, Edmundson, come up home with me this evening. We are going to have an anniversary affair. My wife and daughter told me yesterday, to be sure and ask you. I beg your pardon for not remembering. Don't let them know that I forgot."

An expression of pain passed over Mr. Edmundson's face while he began to excuse himself.

"It is most informal, I assure you and we would be glad to have you join us I know that I have done wrong in not asking you sooner, as you undoubtedly have something else on hand now. I might have expected that."

"I have nothing at all. I intend going to my rooms after I have written a few letters."

"If that is the case, let me insist upon your accompanying me, for I think you will enjoy it. Only a few friends will be with us, and by the way, a young lady who is to sing at the cathedral tomorrow, has promised to come. Walter, my son, recently met her in Philadelphia, and was charmed with her. She belongs to an opera company, and her voice has attracted a great deal of attention. She is especially good in oratorio and sacred music. It is through Walter's influence that she is to sing."

"What is her name?"

"It is Zarah Trebuh."

"Is she French, German, or American?"

"English or American, I think, but I really do not know, as I have not seen her. She arrived at noon and Walter met her at the train, and from there took her to the Colonade. She is to have a rehearsal at the church this evening, after which she comes with my son, to our house. It is a great concession on her part, but my wife and daughter were very pressing in their invitation and she consented to come. You understand, Walter about has his way with women," remarked the deluded father.

"Yes he seems to have."

"I should like very much to have you meet her, as I want your opinion of her. If you will accompany me, I think we should go now. It is already late and we will have no time to lose."

"Really, Mr. Robins, I hope you will excuse me to your family. Some time when you have no company at all I will be glad to accept your invitation. I care very little for strangers. In fact, I am averse to meeting ladies and as to holidays and keeping anniversaries, I detest the custom. I wish I could pass them over without realizing that they ever came. Conditions were different with me once. I have tried to forget the past, but anniversaries have a tendency to recall it. I hope you will excuse this allusion, which is of no interest to you."

"On the contrary, anything of interest to you does interest me," said Mr. Robins, as he extended his hand, "I quite understand. I will make it all right with the ladies. I wish you good-night, and heartily wish that I could help you."

"There is no help for me, but I thank

you and hope you will enjoy yourself. Good-night, sir."

"Go over to the cathedral tomorrow, Edmundson. You love music, so do not deprive yourself of that pleasure."

"Yes, I do enjoy music more than most people, I think. Perhaps I may go over."

After Mr. Robins had gone, Charles Edmundson remained in the same position until he had finished his cigar. Memory was rife with him. It was taking him back and unlocking the doors of a house which once was the abode of the dearest idol of his life, leading him into sweet-scented garden, where a little maid moved among the flowers, and like a humming-bird, hovered over them and inhaled their perfume, while her pure spirit drank deep draughts of delight from the hearts of the roses, which she adored.

Her head had borrowed its gold from a sunbeam, her eyes were as dark and tender as a fawn's and her nature as gentle as the dove, which called to its mate in the bay tree, down in the glen.

This little maid was Hetty Hubert. He saw her change and grow to womanhood, and fifteen years ago he had married her.

She was his first sweetheart. He remembered the day in June, in that self-same garden among the roses, she had placed her little hand in his and promised to be his wife, forever and for aye.

"Do you love me, Hetty?"

He could hear her answer through all the mist of years:

"Why, Charles, I have loved you all my life."

He remembered how she looked on her wedding night. She was radiant in a simple gown of white satin, with a spray of real orange blossoms in her hair. He could smell them even now, as there is an intoxication in their perfume which one never forgets.

"Oh, Hetty," siged the unhappy man, "oh, tell me, why did I ever leave you? How could I abuse your confidence?"

"Would to Heaven we had the power to change the current of our lives before we are engulfed in the maelstrom of despair, where we sink all our happiness, and our peace of mind is wrecked forever."

That day, Mr. Edmundson had ordered the porter to clear out his private office, a small room which opened into the one he was occupying at present. It contained a desk which held his personal effects, where he wrote his personal letters, and where he transacted his individual affairs. Boxes, papers, old letters, cast off hats, and what not, the accumulation of years. When it had all been removed a trunk was brought to light which had been covered up for so long a time that it had almost been forgotten, as he sat full of melancholy and brooding over the past, his eyes encountered the trunk.

"There is another relic of the past, another anniversary affair. It arrived ten years ago this night, I wonder what it contains?"

He had often thought of opening it, but never had the courage.

"I guess I'll look into it now."

He took from his pocket an enormous bunch of keys and tried one after another but none of them would fit and he looked around the room to see if he could find anything to pry off the hinges.

Finally he discovered a piece of iron and a screw driver. He hesitated a moment. Must he open it? Could he bear to look into that grave of the past? A strange longing had taken possession of his senses. He never received any information concerning the trunk, yet he knew it was from his wife. He remembered destroying some of her letters before the trunk came and of returning others without opening them. Her tenderness and kindness annoyed him because they were a reproach to him, therefore he dreaded to read them. Then she wrote no more, at least, he received no others. If he had known that she would really stop writing altogether, he would not have returned the letters unopened. She had always been so patient and forgiving, that he wondered what could have come over her at the last.

In the meantime he had succeeded in opening the trunk. He felt it almost a sacrilege to disturb the articles. The first object was a large shawl of fine texture; it was his first purchase for her soon after their marriage and she always prized it for that reason. The next was a blue cashmere dress with frills upon it and white lace at the throat. She had worn it the last time he had seen her. Taking it out he pressed his face upon it, while his eyes burned and his heart throbbed. He could smell the white rose perfume still upon it. He placed it reverently beside the shawl. Next came some books. They were presents, which he had given her before their marriage. Then there was a box, which on opening, disclosed a child's suit of kilts, a little cap, and a little pair of half worn shoes. His heart told him that they were his little son's. Without a doubt, the last clothes he had ever worn.

Oh, the anguish of that moment. The strong man could no longer restrain his emotions. He cried out, "Oh, my little son, my beautiful child. It is cruel, it is horrible that I shall never see you again. That I must go on to the end, through all the long desolate years of my wretched life and never feel again, the joy that I felt at being your father. Never again will I feel your little arms about my neck and your soft, warm cheek pressed against mine. Your baby voice will never more gladden my ear. Oh, death, thou fearful and insatiate monster, why wouldst thou take to thy hideous charnal-house, that tender, innocent child?"

When his misery had spent itself in bitter complaint and he was sufficiently composed to look further, he opened another box. Removing the folds of white tissue paper, he uncovered Hetty's wedding-dress.

"Ah, time, in your merciless dealing, why have you not borne me past recalling memories of that night? I cannot endure it; I shall go mad."

Still he gazed at the dainty folds of satin. He could see Hetty's radiant face, he could feel her little hand in his, he could smell the orange blossoms in her hair.

At the bottom of the trunk he found some letters. Two of them were some he had returned to her, unopened. One was unopened. It had never been posted.

How his hands trembled. Where was Hetty now? Perhaps dead like the child. The last news he had heard of her, her father had written him. He could recall it word for word.

"I suppose, from your protracted silence, that you have resolved to withdraw your support and protection from my daughter, your wife. I have submitted to your neglect of her as long as I propose to, so henceforth I advise you not to attempt any communication with her. I shall immediately take steps to relieve you of the burden which she has been to you, and cheerfully reinstate her in my home, that I may comfort her in her great sorrow over the loss of her child. [illegible] conduct I should judge that you were completely lost to all feeling of sympathy or humanity."

At the time Edmundson received this letter, there was a halo of circumstances around and about him which made his nature impervious to appeals from his own wife. Even when her father had mentioned the fact that his child was dead, he read the dreadful fact as though he did not realize its meaning. Now the shadow had passed. The halo, the impenetrable something that erstwhile had ensconced him, had disapeared into nothingness and he stood unprotected, while his heart was a target for merciless memory to tear to pieces and no balms for the wounds which were gaping and bleeding.

The letter she had never posted ran thus:

My Dear Husband: Today a second letter which I wrote you had been returned to me unopened. I do not understand how such things could happen, unless it is because you were away for some reason from your business and your co-workers thought you were here at home. I had written you of our baby's death, how to the last he asked for you, and the last words he ever spoke, that we understood, were, "I loves you, papa." I wrote and told you of his awful condition and prayed so, that you might be able to come. He so often begged for you. Oh, to think, my darling, that this consolation was denied you. I cannot write about it, for my heart is breaking. I think I could not live if you were not left to love and console me. When I see you I will tell you all about our baby, now an angel. He is buried beside my own sweet mother. You remember the wonderful old willow by her grave where we used to sit when we were children. He sleeps beneath it. Papa is so good to me, but he is not my baby's father and my heart cries out to you to comfort me. I will put this letter in the trunk I am sending you, also the other two which came back to me, to show you that I did write to you, for when you get this trunk I know you will open it and I will feel sure about your getting this one and also the others. I will come to you as soon as you say I may, which I pray will not be long. I am kneeling as I write and praying that God will bless you and soon let me see you. I need you so badly. "God bless you again," is my prayer. Your bereaved and unhappy, but ever devoted and faithful Hetty. P. S. Please darling, do not let me wait for news from you, I feel so desolate. Your own Hetty.

"She never wrote to me again after that trunk came. Poor little Hetty, what has ever become of you?"

"Wretch that I am," he exclaimed.

His thoughts were dark. His mind was agonized.

"Oh, Hetty, my little Hetty. I swear by the memory of our angel child that I will search for you through all the world until I find you, if it be that God has spared your precious life. Oh, what a monster I have been. No wonder that you never wrote to me again."

He felt for the first time how shamefully he had wronged the loving, trusting woman, his child's mother. He realized that he had destroyed his own happiness and he felt himself the most despicable of his race. Had the thought of retribution come too late? Perhaps she, too, were dead. The agony of the possibility nearly distracted him. He resolved that he would find her if she were in the world. In this thought he found comfort.

It helps people to make resolutions as it gives them courage to act, to live.

That night at the throne of mercy there was a petition from one who had not appealed for help in a decade.

After this, a sort of calm came over the troubled spirit of the self-abased husband. It was the reaction after the storm. He went to his room and to sleep.

Charles Edmundson slept until nine o'clock. The sun was shining brightly on the beautiful Easter morning and he felt that there was a new interest in his life. He thought of his resolve. He had made lots of money and would devote it to finding his wife if she were living. He remembered Mr. Robins had mentioned that there was to be some excellent music at the cathedral today. He would go and listen to that and in the afternoon he would take his first step toward the execution of his resolve. He would write to Hetty's father. How dreadful to contemplate that so much time had passed. Ten years! Perhaps he was dead also. He could write to the postmaster or mayor of the place and find out if Mr. Hubert were still living and then write. One thought harassed him sorely. He remembered in the letter from Hetty's father, he had said that he would take steps to have his daughter released from him. Of course, he meant that he would have her divorced.

He deserved it, he knew he did, that he should lose her forever, but he hoped so much that Hetty had not allowed such a proceeding. He ate his breakfast and picked up the morning paper. After glancing over the general news he looked for the churches. The program for the cathedral was the best. Then he would go there and listen to the artist his friend had spoken about. There were press notices from all over the country saying her voice was one of the most beautiful and wonderful. She would sing twice, first, Ave Maria and then Handel's Largo. By the time he reached the church there was hardly standing room, so he took a position beside one of the posts which supported the gallery where the choir was located. All the best local talent was present and the music was good. Finally the violin was heard and Mascagni's Ave Maria was played, the organ accompanying, then so softly that one could hardly hear the voice, so low, so sweet, then louder and louder until it seemed that the church could not contain the beautiful voice. How heavenly, how divine. Men and women felt the power of magnetism so much, that rude as it was, they felt compelled to try and steal a glance at the singer.

"She sings like an angel," said one.

"Oh, she is heavenly," said another.

Her hands were clasped, her eyes raised, and those who stood near enough, saw tears on her lovely cheeks. Her heart was in the song and she neither saw nor heard those about her.

The congregation seemed to have stopped breathing. What was in that voice which thrilled Edmundson? He had never before heard anyone sing like that. What could her name be? He remembered it was strange to him and a peculiar one. He now recalled spelling it from the paper, Zarah Trebuh. She must be a new light in the operatic world. He wished he was in a position to get a look at the face of one who possessed such an exquisite voice.

She sang again. The weird music of the largo had a much deeper effect upon the audience. Edmundson thought he could feel his hair rising and a coldness creep over him. He must wait outside and try to get a glimpse of the singer, as he was never before so much affected in his life. He reached the stairs by which the members of the choir would descend. One after another passed. At last two ladies, one the organist, whom he knew by sight, came down slowly, the other a stranger, a slight person, with such a pale face and attired in such elegance, and yet so simple. Her movements were grace itself.

They reached the foot of the stair and all eyes were directed toward them. Zarah Trebuh had a veil drawn over her beautiful countenance and she seemed to be unconscious of the attention which she attracted. When she raised her eyes at all it was to her companion's face. Edmundson took his position near the door, on the side where she must pass. His eyes were rivited upon her face and by that instinct which makes one return a gaze, she raised her own and looked straight into his. She turned a shade paler and sighed deeply.

"Are you fatigued?" asked her companion.

"Oh, no, I was only drawing a long breath. You have a very large congregation."

"Yes, the church is always full. Of course on occasions of this kind, when we have special music, there is an awful crowd. I think you created a deep sensation. I never saw an audience so attentive before."

"Is that so? I did not notice. I love to sing in churches more than anywhere else. Will you not come with me to my hotel?" asked Zarah of the organist.

"I should be delighted, but my mother is ill and I must go home to her. When do you go back to your company?"

"In the morning. I am so glad that I need not go tonight for I prefer to rest. I will see you again."

She took her carriage and drove to her hotel.

Edmundson was near enough to hear her call to the driver the name of the hotel where she stopped. What made this woman of such interest to him? Was it because there was something so like his wife about her? She was slight and looked so young. He would go to the hotel and perhaps he might get another glimpse of her. Perhaps she would appear at dinner, but she did not, her meals must have been served in her rooms. If she had seemed like most singers, he would not have hesitated one moment to send up his card and a bouquet and would have been admitted to her presence at once, but this retiring, modest woman who avoided attentions, what excuse could he offer in order that he might see her. He thought he would try the role of an interviewer for one of the papers. He could try and if he did not succeed, he would at least lose nothing, so he wrote on a card:

"A reporter for the Herald, begs the pleasure of an interview with Miss Trebuh. If she will grant one, the readers of the Herald will deem it a great favor."

He called a bell-boy and sent him to the lady's room. She occupied a suite and was alone in her private parlor when she receiveed the card. She felt inclined to refuse. She was accustomed to seeing newspaper reporters, but never relished their visits. It always seemed to her that these men were gratifying their personal curiosity at the expense and annoyance of the artists, and placing the odium at the door of the public.

It was a few moments before she gave an answer to the boy, which was in the affirmative. No sooner had he disappeared than she wished to recall her decision.

"These people are a nuisance," said she.

In the meantime she put on her hat with the hope that the interviewer would think that she was going out and would not stay long. In a short time there was a rap at her door and Charles Edmundson entered.

"Miss Trebuh," said he, in a quiet and business-like voice, but did not mention his name. "I hope I am not interfering with some engagement?"

"Oh, not seriously. Pray be seated."

"You are very kind to grant me this interview. I hope the interest the people feel in you will reconcile you to such an annoyance as answering questions about yourself and your divine art."

"There is little to interest one in myself and not a great deal to tell about my singing."

"No doubt you are satiated with compliments, but honor should be paid where honor is due. I had the good fortune to hear you sing today and could you have realized the effect your voice had upon the audience, it certainly would have been gratifying."

"I am glad the music was appreciated. I, myself, am devoted to it."

“Where have you studied?’ ’

“In New York for two years and three years in Paris.”

“How long have you been singing in public?”

“Only a few months in this country.”

The earnestness in Edmundson's manner and his tone of voice, made her start, but the change, his very white hair, and clean shaven face, his eyebrows and lashes were still black, how like this man seemed to her Charles, but surely much older. In the shadow in which she sat, the man's eyes were black and Charles, she remembered how well, had blue eyes and black hair. The change in those two features literally transformed him.

Edmundson looked at and criticized the woman closely. She was so like his wife, but the modern dress, the arrangement of the hair, the pale oval face, the sad droop of the lids, the constant and peculiar twitch about the corners of the mouth, as if repressing some emotion, also changed her face, so if by chance it might be his Hetty, he did not recognize her.

“Were you born in this country?”

“People in Europe did not think it necessary to ask that question. They seem to know Americans by instinct.”

“Then you are an American? I congratulate the country upon its being the land of your nativity.”

She wished the interview would end for she did not care to talk of herself, while he felt that he would give worlds to interrogate her at will and not cause her annoyance.

“The people of our city will be charmed to know that you belong to us, that is to our own America. Will you tell me in what state you were born and if you have relations?”

“My dear sir, it is very painful for me to answer those questions.”

“Forgive me, but let me plead my own interest. You are so like a friend, a very dear friend, whom I once had, that I had a vague hope you might have accidentally been related to or have known her.”

Zarah trembled. What must she do? This man, too, was so like someone she had known. An answer came whether she will it or not.

“I have no female relatives and I have so recently lost my father, my very dear father, my last living relative,” she could say no more, her tears and emotion choked her utterance.

“Forgive me. I am sorry to have called up memories which affect you so deeply.”

He dropped his eyes from her face upon the card in his hand, on which her name was written. It was turned upside down and he read it backwards. Trebuh spelled Hubert. Hetty's middle name was Sarah and she had changed it to Zarah, to use an adoptive. He held his breath and looked at her again. She was also looking intently at him. He arose and advanced a step.

“I pray that I may not be mistaken, but was not your name Hetty Hubert?”

She clasped her hands together and such a look of agony came into her sweet face and she answered, “Yes,” so low and with such suppressed anguish in her voice, “and you?”

“One whose name I dare not mention. He whom you must hate for his injustice to you.”

She moaned and shook her head while the tears fell fast over her cheeks which were as pallid as death.

“Alas, I have had such a fight with my heart and to find that I have accomplished nothing.”

“What do you mean, Hetty?”

“Do not let us discuss here the unhappy condition of our position.”

“We are quite alone. Pray speak on.”

“I was trying to accustom myself to the belief that I should never see you again.”

“Did you wish that you would not?”

“It is cruel to interrogate me, give me time, another day.”

“Let me speak but a few words. I do not hope for pardon. I have forfeited all claim upon you. I know I have no vindication, as the sufferings I have caused you will admit of no exculpation. Such wrongs cannot be atoned for and I see it all too late. Bear with me just a moment longer, for by the memory of our child I must plead my cause.”

“It will kill him to hear you speak of him.”

“But for his sake, please let me speak.”

“God only knows what I would have borne for his sake,” said she, “but you left me no choice.”

“I know, I know, but let me tell you, by some strange circumstance, I never opened that trunk you sent me until last night.”

“Why?” almost pleaded she.

“In the first place it was months before it reached me, as I had changed my business. You remember I was then in L——?"

"Yes, it was there I sent the trunk and I never heard from you after and I had no heart to write again."

"I received a letter from your father just after the trunk came. I suppose you remember its contents?"

"Yes, I do and I pleaded with him not to send it, but in the end he thought he was right and I was persuaded so, ultimately."

"I cannot tell you why I did not open the trunk. If it had come to me at once, possibly I should have done so, but by some inexplicable cause I did not. Had it happened that I had opened it much suffering for both of us would have been spared, in fact, that hapless circumstance is answerable for your accursed wrongs. A realization of my own sorrows makes me understand how you, who were so tender and trusting, have been crushed."

"Ah, you cannot comprehend what I have endured. I waited years for the letter which never came and finally, when hope was dead within me, I thought I should go mad, still I never confessed to my blessed father that I had lost faith in you."

"Oh, this is too much. Tell me that you despise me, that you would like to kill me. If your gentle nature could hate and force me to expiate my sins, I might hope for forgivenness and pity to appease your wrath, but when I think how you have suffered, and so uncomplainingly, it unmans me. I will never have the courage to ask forgiveness, should I die in craving it."

"I have long since forgiven you for all that I have suffered, for I never believed that you willed me an unkindness or that you wronged me wantonly."

"The craven, despicable wretch that I have been, and you the angel, denounce me and send me forever from you. Last night when I examined the contents of the neglected trunk and found such mute evidences of my heartlessness and read the letter you so confidently sent me, I resolved not to relinquish my search until I had found you and if needs be, I should travel the world over. I have more to be thankful for than I can ever express. I did not dream that my dearest hope was so near realization. I was full of dread that I should never see you again."

"And now that I have seen you, I must atone for the past as best I can. I have been most successful in my business and have accumulated money, sufficient to provide you with all that you could desire."

"I can make my living and it is best that I should."

"It is hard for any woman to make her own living, however agreeable the work may be. It is the necessity that she must labor which makes it so disagreeable and especially for a person of your sensibilities."

She shook her head, deprecatingly, while the tears fell fast over her cheeks.

"Do not refuse me this boon for all that I have is yours by right and I long to place my entire wealth at your disposal."

"I do not want your money, Charles."

"I shall not afflict you with my presence. I will not ask that, for I know it is past hope and that I must bear the consequences of my own mistake, but I wish to repair as far as possible, the injury I have done you, for in making you comfortable I shall find what poor satisfaction there will be left for me on earth, for truly, I have lost all."

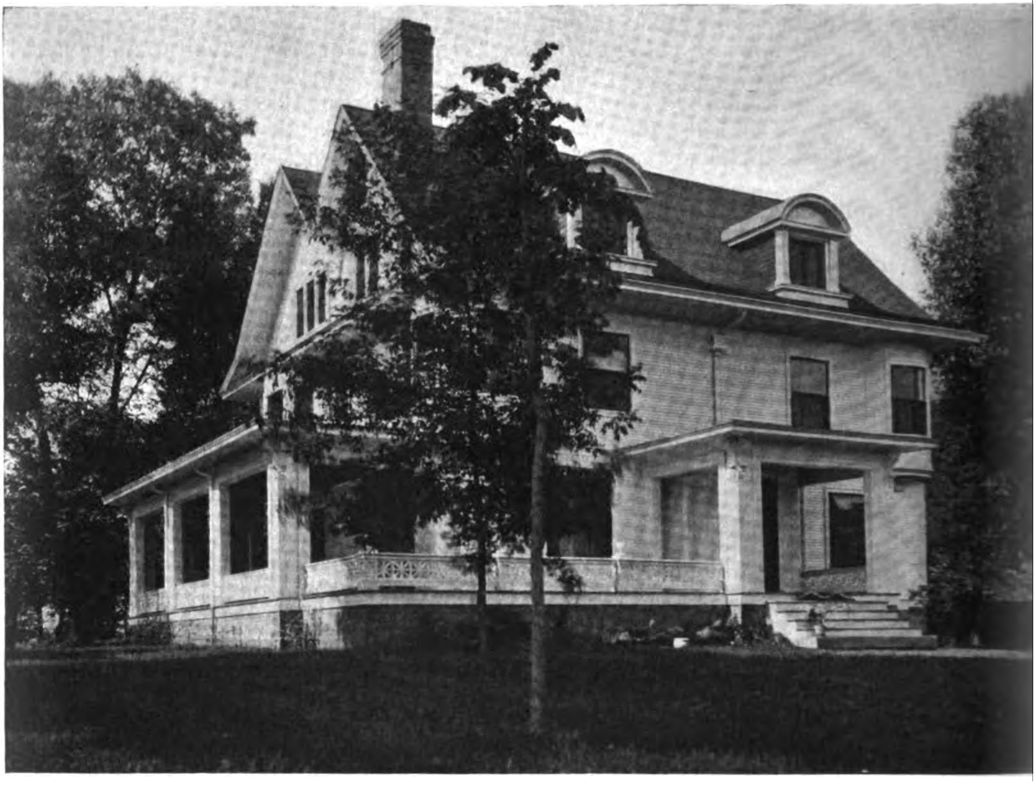
"Thank heaven that I always had faith in you and never permitted myself to feel that I was mistaken."

"Oh, Hetty, my wife, then you do not despise me?" She held out her little hands to him while he clasped them in his own, and said, "Why, Charles, I have loved you all my life," and the tone of her voice was the same as which thrilled his heart in the garden so long ago.

Wonderful Truths

In my reading during the week I came across this: "There is great power and strength in the realization that the great principle of intelligence, love and truth never ceases to work through us, except when we acknowledge or recognize another power."

Does not this sentence make you stop and think? Do you acknowledge any power of evil? If not, does not the principle of good only, work through you? Why then do we acknowledge an evil power, when here is rest, peace, joy—in the knowing that only good works through us and for us—if we so will—that is, if we are willing?



COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN

Arthur Reynold's Residence on Ridge Road

FULFILLMENT

I dreamed. An Angel stood beside my bed
As I awoke his radiance filled the night.
And while I marvelled at the wondrous sight—
"For *happiness,* kneel down and pray!" the angel said.
And so I knelt and prayed as ne'er before
For *strength untold,* for *purity,* for *truth,*
For *hope,* for *faith,* for never ending *youth,*
For *health,* for *wealth,* for *good* in bounteous store.
The Angel spoke, "Now lift thine eyes above
The selfish things of earth, ***death*** bids them cease,
And pray again for everlasting peace
Unto they fellow-men and oll of *love!"*
Once more I prayed. My life grew strangely sweet;
My heart was filled with happiness unknown.
"Go forth!" the Angel said, "and greet Thine Own,
Thy prayers are answered and thy joy complete!"

—*Clint R. Carpenter.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

WONDER what other people think of Ridgways. It seems to me a queer venture. In each of the big cities where it is published, are half a dozen big newspapers, contain in their Sunday edition es more readable stuff than 's can possibly get together. h of these papers publish a Sun- azine, a good deal better than 's. I think the experiment the ing thing in modern journalism. es go, and some not.

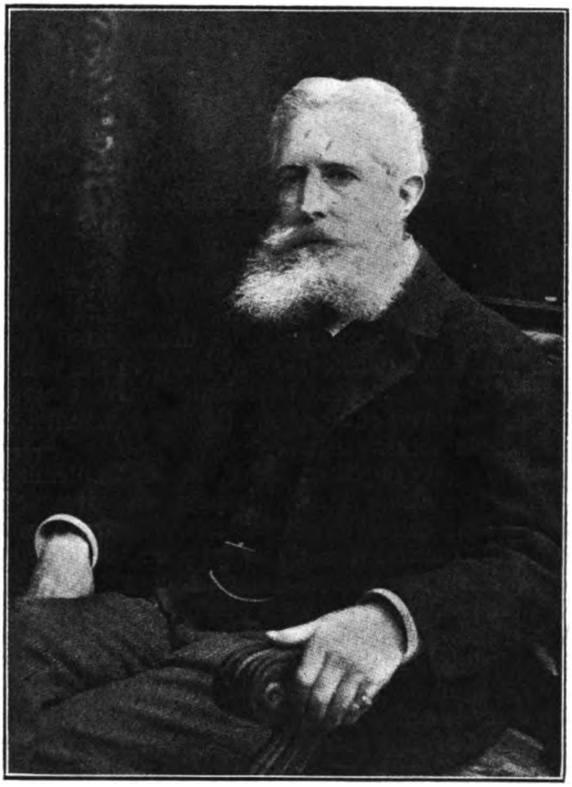
bert Parker is doing his greatest his new story, begun in the Oc- per's. The story is called "The ," and he has put several years' k on it. It brings its hero, a Quaker carefully reared in the ystem of his pious sect, into the ack of the abounding life, intrigue, d *secret* conflicts of Egyptian official *society, and* a vital drama is precipitated very early in its pages. The story is superbly illustrated by Andre Castaigne, who gathered the material for his drawings during a prolonged visit to Egypt.

John Fiske, the American historian, was an ardent lover of music and himself no mean musician. Furthermore, he was extremely corpulent and felt the hot weather painfully. He was once delivering a course of lectures at a summer school in a small city of the middle West. The heat was terrific, and adjoining the house where the lecturer stayed was a church where an ill-matched but zealous "quartet" practiced and performed during all hours of the torrid afternoons and evenings. One evening, seeing the famous man sit for a time unoccupied and apparently oppressed by this combined affliction, the young daughter of his hostess attempted to divert him by offering him a new novel, then just becoming popular. "I think 'The Choir Invisible' is perfectly splendid, Mr. Fiske," said she. "Wouldn't you like to read it?" "My dear young lady," said he, "the only choir in the world in which I could feel any interest at this moment would be the choir inaudible."

With its September issue the Critic disappeared. It was incorporated with the new Putnam's Monthly, which is to be a reissue of the magazine which was started in 1853 by the late George P. Putnam. The following found in the current number of the Critic among the notes of "The Lounger"—a department that is to be continued in the new magazine—seems to have a special significance: Years ago, when I was in daily journalism, "shakeups" were of common occurrence. We never knew whether we were going to hold our positions for twenty-four hours or twenty-four years. As a matter of fact, a good many of us held them as long as we cared to, sometimes longer than was good for us, but there was always a degree of uncertainty in the newspaper world. Nowadays, it seems to me, there is quite as much uncertainty in the world of magazines and weeklies. As many changes have taken place in the last five years on the staffs of monthlies and weeklies as used to take place among the daily journals. It was not always so. If a man was with a magazine he generally stayed there, and there you were sure to find him. If you went away for a few years and came back he would be at the same desk. But nowadays you go into a magazine office and hardly see any of the people that you saw there five years ago.

Perhaps every librarian in Iowa could duplicate the section of Miss McLoney's report relative to the inferior class of books read by the Des Moines public.

One reason for this lies in the fact that really literary people buy the books



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

they want to read. Another local reason is the ridiculous position of the library itself, too far away from the center of civilization for the reading public. It is a significant thing that the City Federation of Women's Clubs feel it necessary to open reading rooms down town for the use of school children. Nothing so absurd was ever done in Des Moines as the building of the public library in its present location . But, to return, the people are not up to the standard we might wish for them. I think much blame attaches to the way reading is taught in the public schools. You don't find any man or woman who was brought up on the old McGuffey's readers, and who learned every story and who could repeat every line of poetry from the First to the Sixth reader; you don't find them reading trash. A taste for good things was instilled into their minds when young. Such a taste could never be satisfied with the unreadable trash which needs such frequent renewing at the city library.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company surely landed a winner when they got Earle Ashley's "Blindfolded." If you know anything at all about book reviewers, you know that they scarcely ever read a book at all. They just glance through it. I knew a woman in Des Moines who could do twenty books a day. How much do you suppose she read? But I read every word of "Blindfolded" and wished there were more. So fascinating and artful a story has not appeared since "The Lady of the Tiger." Mystery envelops one from the first chapter. The mystery deepens until the very end and leads one on like a mirage, and then all is made clear. To begin an outline of this wonderful tale would be clearly impossible, for I could not go on without telling the whole story, and then my reader would not care for the book. One thing that is especially dear in this book are the little scraps of description here and there. They are vivid and wonderful. You feel the rain in your face. You see the stars leaning down. You are bathed in the sunset flame. You hear the bells along the coast in a night of fog. Then from your scrap of dreaming you are plunged into the tense action of the story again. You are caught by the hand and pulled along whether you will or no. Your whole self is absorbed until at last, with the revelation of the mystery, you draw one long breath, then lay the book down with a sigh, to think it is over at last!

Club Talk

Mrs. Anna Ross Clarke
Press Club

The Women's Press Club

Unique among all the thirty odd federated clubs in Iowa's capital city is the Women's Press Club of Des Moines; a professional club, comprising only toilers for remuneration from the pen; standing out only for co-operation and helpfulness in its own ranks, yet reaching out along broad literary lines and creating an atmosphere the influence of which is beyond reckoning.

When, ten years ago, in April, 1896, nine young women, representing the various departments, editorial to reportorial, of the local press, came together in the Y. M. C. A. parlors, following adjournment one Women's Club day, to formulate the idea of a Press Club, slight indeed was their expectation of the strong organization of today. They were busy women, all, hence their first thought was that the monthly meetings must be made a source of pleasure and profit, and not a burden on their time; thus the funda-
original incorporators and patrons, Wm.
mental principle became, somebody to talk to them, to interest them.

Lack of good material there has never been, for Des Moines, and Iowa, and often sister states, have responded gladly, and so high a degree of merit has been maintained that throughout the years, and today, invitations to the Press Club are prized—frequently sought.

Of the nine charter members, one, Mrs. Martha Callanan, is dead; one, Jessie Lee Willcox, withdrew, needing to husband her strength for her daily work; one, Mrs. Young, removed some years since with her husband to the East. The remaining six, Mrs. Alice Wilson-Weitz, Mrs. Anna Ross-Clarke, Mrs. Carolyn M. Ogilvie, Mrs. Clara Greene, Mrs. Ella Hamilton-Durley, and Miss Nelle Wallace-Matthews, are still contributing to the local papers, and all are loyal workers in the Women's Press Club.

One of these charter members, Mrs. Clarke, occupies this year the presidential chair. Capable, resourceful, possessed of more than ordinary executive ability, she has always been counted one of the strong members, and from the first secretaryship to the last presidency, there has never been a year when she has not been chosen for some office in the club. As a writer Mrs. Clarke ranks with the best in America. Her work has appeared in many of the best journals of both East and West. It is characterized by a fresh and breezy realness in her descriptive parts and by a deep intelligence and knowledge of human nature that is unusual in even older writers.

In the year 1902, when the first year book was published, the membership list numbered twenty-seven, nine of these being outside of town. The last year book contains a list of fifty-two members, fully half of whom reside throughout the state, with New York and California represented by former Iowa women who retain membership, although so far removed.

The program for this year is distinctively Iowa, divided into six sub-heads. In September the historical and political phases were set forth most ably by Professor Shambaugh of the State University of Iowa, the meeting, which occurred at the State Historical Building, being a most auspicious opening for the new year. In October educational features were the topic, a very interesting talk by Superintendent Riddell of the city schools being followed by a masterful paper upon John Locke by Dr. Henry Sabin, whose life-long honored connection with Iowa educational interests led the club members and guests present to wish that the time would have allowed more of Dr. Sabin's own views, in addition to the thoughts put forth for Locke.

Subsequent divisions of the "Iowa Idea" will be library matters and book reviews in November; the drama, in December; music and art, in January; ending with publisher's day, including the subject of advertising, at the February meeting. Mrs. Alice Wilson-Weitz is chairman of the program committee, and to her belongs the credit of originating the year's work, although in carrying it out she has received able assistance from the members of her committee.

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB

In her inaugural address, Mrs. Mitchell sounded the keynote for the year's definite achievement in every department. The address was a fine one, and showed the new president to be keenly alive to the needs of the club and enthusiastic regarding its possibilities. It may be expected that the club shall take some big steps forward during the year. The art department held two enthusiastic meetings on the 9th and the 23d.

Mrs. Berryhill and Mrs. W. W. Witmer were the leaders.

A delightful department is that of history and literature. Mrs. F. T. Stephenson, one of the most scholarly women in the city, is the leader. This department meets on the Thursdays alternately with club week. Three of Ibsen's plays have thus far been considered. Doll's House, Rosmersholm and Brand.

D. A. R. NOTES

We are pleased to present to our readers this month the fine picture of the Iowa Vice-President General of the D. A. R., Mrs. William Drayton Bushnell, of Council Bluffs. Mrs. Bushnell is a woman of wide acquaintance among the D. A. R. and makes friends wherever she goes. She will be present at the D. A. R. Conference of the middle western states, October 26th and 27th, in Iowa City.

MRS. WM. DRAYTON BUSHNELL OF COUNCIL BLUFFS

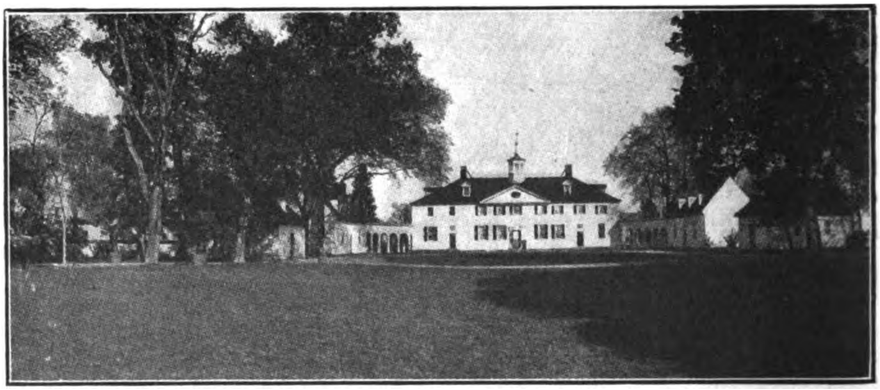
Vice-President General of D. A. R. from Iowa

Mrs. Hazen I. Senger is regent of the Keokuk Chapter. This chapter has thirty-two members. They have an ambitious program for the year's work, of subjects pertaining to revolutionary heroes and times.

The De Shon Chapter of Boone has fifty members and has been doing splendid work and their year book presents a most attractive menu for the coming season. Mrs. Nettie M. Wohl is the regent.

The year's program of Abigail Adams Chapter of Des Moines opened auspiciously October 8th at the home of Mrs. Klingman. Mrs. Loper gave a retrospective glance of the chapter's work, also a summing up of ends reached by the D. A. R. in the state. Mrs. Loper, while of the newer members of the chapter, is proving a popular regent. With a membership of one hundred and fifty, and new applications every month, great things are ahead of Abigail Adams Chapter.

The regent of Council Bluffs Chapter is Mrs. Susan L. P. Dudley, who has many friends in D. A. R. circles all over the state. February 22d, June 14th, and July 4th, are their flag days. Readings, music, and patriotic addresses make up an attractive program for the year.



MOUNT VERNON

A few years ago, during a heated campaign in Maine, Thomas B. Reed was to make a speech in a small town on the line of one of those roads known for slowness. Becoming disgusted at the delays, he accosted the conductor, who, becoming impatient at his growling, said: "If you are not going fast enough, why don't you get off and walk?"

Reed replied: "I would, but the committee does not expect me until the arrival of this train."

Webster
1906

MRS. F. W. WEBSTER

Conductor of the Midwestern Art Department

Art and Its Teaching

How I Obtained Three Turner Landscapes

August Bilz

It was just a small square piece of white paper, evidently just put up, that caught our eye one morning as we were wending our way along one of the streets of Munich, near the Royal Academy of Art, and as we stopped to read, that in the afternoon in one of the nearby studios, an artist with an English-sounding name was going to put up all his belongings at auction in order to realize money immediately to go to the gold fields of Klondike. So we decided out of curiosity more than anything else that Mrs. B. should stop there in the afternoon and see what the artist had.

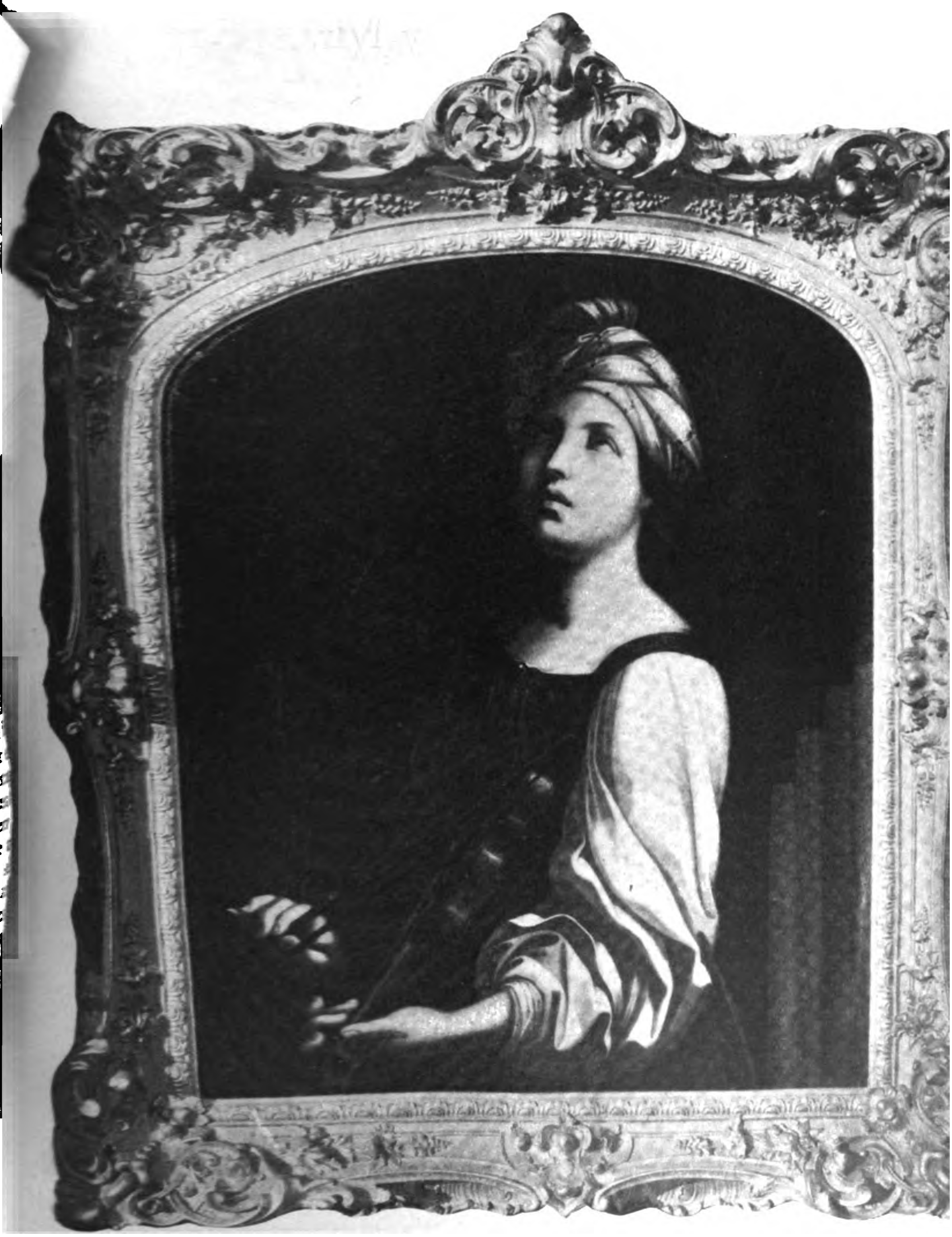
It did not take Mrs. B. long to come back out of breath to inform me that she had seen some Turners on the wall, but was not sure if they were to be sold or not. We decided to attend the auction. Arriving at the place we found ourselves in a small ground floor studio, fairly well filled with a mingling of students and second hand dealers of the immediate neighborhood. A slender, small faced young man whom we found out to be the artist, was assisting the auctioneers to dispose of his paintings, those with frames on being bought by the second hand dealers, usually bringing less than the frames were worth. The sketches without frames were bought by the students. A great many of them went for a song. We looked for the Turners—there they were before us now, and no doubt about it, they were Turners. Had we not spent over three weeks in London but a short time before and hardly [illegible] anything of the town but the National Gallery—had we not studied Turner day after day? No, there was no mistake, and, oh! how beautiful they looked to us, and why was no one else paying any attention to them?

Soon all the paintings and sketches were sold. The young man made his way through the crowd to the other end of the room where the three paintings hung that we had had our eyes riveted on for the last hour, and brought them to the front, "Now," he said, "here are some paintings that I should not sell. They were left to me by my family and are by the great English landscape artist, Turner. I am sacrificing everything for one great chance. These will go the same as the others."

It was very evident from the start of the bidding that Turner's fame had not reached here.

The artist became very much excited at the lack of appreciation shown, put in a good strong bid himself, and with but one other final competitor we finally won out and carried our treasures home in triumph.

We had them submitted to the best authorities in Munich who pronounced them gems and genuine Turners. One, a seascape, appears to be of his earlier works, showing intense feeling for atmospheric results; the other two are in the rich illuminous and fluent style so noticeable in all of Turner's later works.



THE BEAUTIFUL SAINT CECELIA
Owned by Mrs. J. S. Kidd of Des Moines

The Saint Cecelia, Owned by Mrs. Kidd

This St. Cecelia, said by critics to be an original Domenichino, was bought by Prof. Wilhelm Fricks, in Lexington, Kentucky, from a Sicilian monk who claimed it was given to him by the Queen of Italy when Naples was ransacked by Napoleon. He had testimonials to show that he was father confessor to the queen at that time and she gave it to him instead of money. He said the queen in handing it to him, said: "Here, Father, is meat and drink for you." The exquisite coloring in the painting shows it to have been the work of a master.

Art in Des Moines

One does not of necessity have to visit New York city or the European cities in order to study art. Many good examples of the old masters may now be found in the cities of the middle West.

The Art Institute of Chicago, the Detroit Museum of Art, with its James E. Scripps Col., the galleries of Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha, are filled with examples of the masters in ancient and modern sculpture and painting.

Even in our own city of Des Moines, which does not yet boast of a public art gallery, we have many beautiful works of art. Quite a number of the finest of the modern ones are owned by the Des Moines Women's Club. In this collection are original paintings by George Inness, C. A. Cumming, Edwin Lord Weeks, Henri Guinier, Souza Pinta, C. E. Baldwin, George H. McCord, Wilber A. Reaser, B. De Hooge and many others. These form the nucleus of what is hoped will be the Free Public Art Gallery of Des Moines.

Many fine originals and more very fine copies made directly from the originals by the finest copyists, are found in the homes of and belonging to private individuals here.

Among the finest of these are the collections owned by Major S. H. M. Byers, Mr. J. D. Edmundson, Mr. August Bilz, Mr. L. Chamberlain, Mrs. J. S. Kidd, and Mr. E. S. Frank.

The Byers collection contains "Madonna," by Guido Reni; "Monk's Head," by Velasquez; "Old Holland Fishing Scene," artist unknown; "Princess and Parrot," by Freeman, an American artist; "An Autumn Sunset on the Rhine," by a Duesseldorf artist; "The Young Shepherd," by Hawkins; "The Fortune Teller," and "Head of Roumanian Girl," both by Pfyffer of Zurich; "Autumn Sunset on the River Isar," by Wex; "Village Burning at Night," by Hanthorst; "Lake Maggiore," by Robert Schultze.

This collection contains many beautiful copies from Rembrandt, Murrillo, Raphael, Guido Reni, Le Brun and others. In the Edmundson collection are some very beautiful originals, one especially, "A Game of Chess," showing the interior of a palace in Carlsruhe, by A. Goffoli, attracts especial attention. There is also the "Arch of Titus," by R. Guili, and "A Street Scene," and "Italian Peasant," both by Indoni. The Edmundson home contains many interesting works of art aside from the fine paintings.

E. S. Frank owns an original Gobelin Tapestry and fine old copies of masters. August Bilz owns three Turner landscapes, and Mrs. J. S. Kidd the beautiful St. Cecelia shown on preceding page.

During the past year the Detroit Museum of Art has lost by death two of the A. Moore, a member of the first board of trustees, and James E. Scripps, who presented to the museum a collection of seventy-five old masters; among these are a a Rubens costing $23,520 and an "Immaculate Conception" by Murrillo.

The collection is called the "James E. Scripps' Gallery of old Masters," and is one of the finest in the West.

The Art Institute of Chicago has a fund, the income from which is to be applied to foreign traveling scholarships for American born students who have not previously studied abroad.

During the past year the Institute has had an enrollment of two thousand three hundred and seventy-seven students.

Miss Belle Hunt, who has a studio in Chicago, has just finished the illustrations of a child's book, "Lady Holly Hock and Her Friends." This contains over sixty illustrations in both colors and black and white. Miss Hunt is the well known miniature artist whose home is in Des Moines.

The Greek Lamp Book Shop expects soon to open an art exhibit of especial merit.

THE BUSY MAN

Once there was a business man
As busy as a bee;
For not a thing but business cares
The slightest time had he.

He had no time to stop at home,
He had no time to play,
He had no time to greet his friends,
So lost them day by day.

He had no time his children's love
And confidence to gain;
He had no time to see his wife,
And they were growing twain.

He had no time to pleasure take
In money he made fast;
He had no time for present joys,
Nor sweet thoughts of the past.

He had no time to laugh or sing,
To love or mourn or pray;
He had no time to give to aught
But deals closed every day.

He had no time to eat or sleep,
But snatched a bit of each;
He had no time for all the good
Life placed within his reach.

And so years passed—he had no time
To live, as one could see,
But he had time, at last, to die—
Time for eternity.

A CASE OF SUSPICION

Louise Everett Ralston

IT WAS unconscionably late when the Tigers finished their game of whist, and Orville Van Cott started like a culprit as he saw the hands on the big clock in the corner almost at eleven. He explained hurriedly to one or two of the boys that he hadn't time for a "night cap," but must run; for one of the children was ill and he should not have come at all, except to do honor to the guest of the evening, a noted whist player. Twenty minutes after he had so hurriedly pulled himself into his coat, he carefully opened the door leading into his wife's and his private apartments in their lovely home in Rutland Place.

A light was turned low and a soft fire burned in the fireplace. The fragrance from a low dish of violets filled the room, their own dear little place where they talked and laughed and kissed each other good night. Off this little sitting room, opened the children's room, and his own and Jane's bedrooms. He sat down by the fire, with a comfortable feeling that all was well. Perhaps Jane would come out for a little talk by the fire. He would ask about Bobbie's sore throat and tell of his splendid score in the game. If she did not waken, he would slip in to kiss her goodnight. After a moment he decided to get ready for bed, then sit down by the fire.

Dear—how pretty his room was in the sweeping glow of the electric light. Soft pinks and creams in the walls and hangings; the light Navajo rugs with a touch of blue and pink in them; the mahogany bed with its spiral posts; and chiffonier and dressing table all spread with exquisite embroidered pieces—everything bespoke wealth and refinement and also that an artist's eyes had seen to the effect.

What a girl Jane was! What a treasure! To think that he had married a girl of wealth, of exquisite beauty, of ardent temperament and withal of most womanly sweetness, who looked well to the ways of her household.

Then what a mother she was, insisting that the two little boys sleep in the room by her's, while a nurse maid had charge of the baby girl. And then—to think that Jane wasn't much more than a baby herself!

He was back by the fire in his pajamas and bedroom slippers. Just a baby—yes, Jane was really a child—only twenty-one. He believed she was looking pale of late. He must send her down to the sea shore again. And then he remembered oddly enough, how they had spent ten days in a wild spot up on the Maine coast the year before, and how Jane had reveled in her freedom. Grandma Van Cott had taken care of the children and the house. Why, Jane had swung in a hammock and read by the hour, among other things, "The Conqueror," over which she wept real tears. Then in their rambles she had run and shouted at play and when they went over the rocks one evening to a dance at the hotel, she had danced every dance until two in the morning, and was so fascinating and so lovely in her excitement and happiness that he fell in love with her all over again.

Suddenly the clock struck twelve. Well, Jane slept sound, surely. He would slip in and kiss her and then go to bed. He had been in to look at Bobbie, who slept quietly. He stepped softly into Jane's room—why, there was a light by the dresser! and—Jane was not in bed!

Orville Van Cott, steady nerved man of affairs, felt suddenly faint and put his hand out to the wall for support.

Jane might have come home a hundred times and not found him in bed—and perhaps would not have fainted. But in this, her first failure to be in bed when her husband came in she had given him a distinct shock.

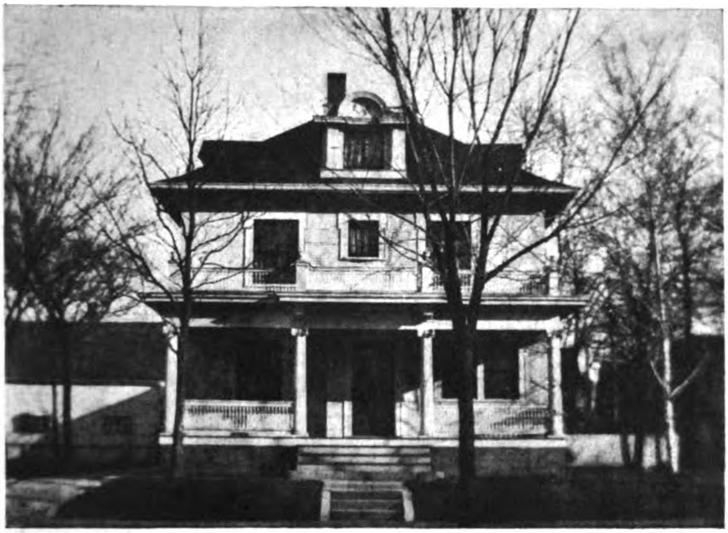
For a moment he thought of calling the servants. No. He would look for her himself. Perhaps she was in the library, or had fallen asleep down stairs on a couch somewhere.

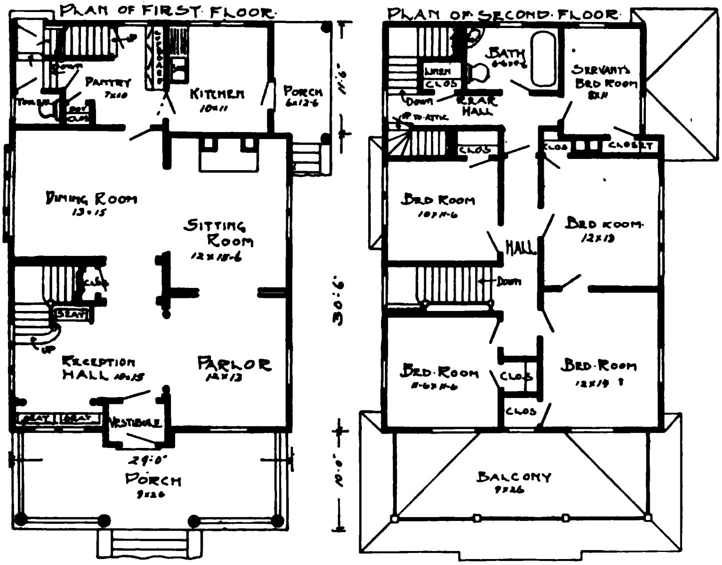
He caught up a candle and lit it. In five minutes he came back to the room with white face, bulging eyes and shaking fingers. He stood in her room and stared about. Horrible suspicions assailed him. The articles on her dressing-table were in disorder, as if she had made a hasty toilet. Something shining lay on the floor. Poison—could it be! He caught it up and dared not look at it.

Why should Jane, his darling, his wife, poison herself? O, the babies, and—

"Why dearest! What are you doing?" and Jane, in her white cloak and ermine, stood in the doorway looking at him.

Mr. Van Cott fell limply into a chair. From his hand rolled the bottle. Jane ran to pick it up, her eyes filled with horror. Had her husband been imbibing too




PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR
PANTRY 7x10
KITCHEN 10x11
PORCH 6x13-6
TOILET
DINING ROOM 13x15
SITTING ROOM 12x15-6
RECEPTION HALL 10x15
PARLOR 12x13
SEAT
SEAT
SEAT
VESTIBULE
UP
29'-0"
PORCH 9x26
11'-6"
30'-6"
10'-0"
PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR
BATH
LINEN CLOS
SERVANT'S BED ROOM 8x11
DOWN
REAR HALL
UP TO ATTIC
CLOS
CLOS
CLOSET
BED ROOM 10x11-6
BED ROOM 12x13
HALL
DOWN
BED ROOM 11-6x11-6
CLOS
CLOS
BED ROOM 12x14
BALCONY 9x26

HOUSE AND PLANS

C. E. Eastman, Architect

C. C. PUGH

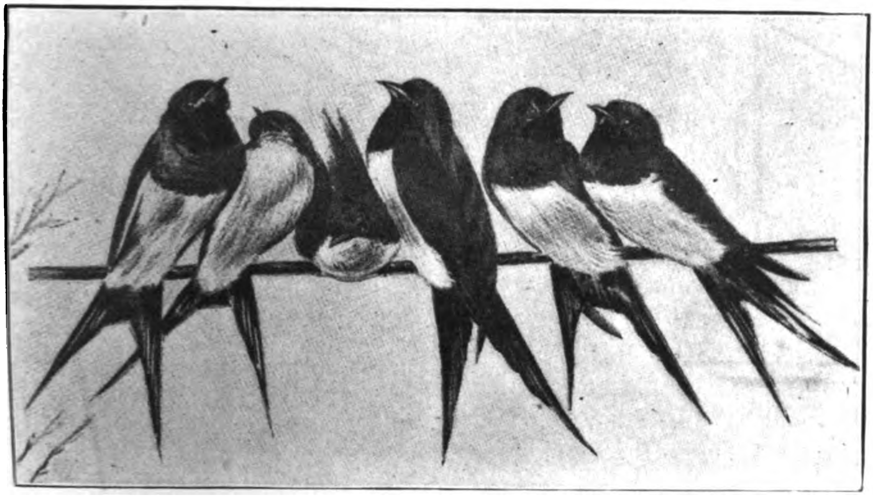
Real Estate and Investments

freely? And if so, why out of a bottle in her bedroom?

There was a pregnant pause. Then Jane's soft laughter brought Van Cott back to his senses.

"That's just the last bottle of the Duchess Hair Tonic, that I carelessly knocked off my table just as I was going away, and hadn't time to pick up. You see, the Davis's had an extra seat in their box for grand opera this evening and begged me to go, and I so longed to hear Lucia once more—it carried me back to my girlhood."

A little later, as they sat by the fire, Van Cott said: "Jane, do you think that tonic would be good for my bald spot? I noticed tonight at the club that I'm the only young fellow in the crowd who is losing his hair."



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered
joys,
In the beautiful dawn of youth.
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide,
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide.
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours, if you'll only give them room.
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed,
When your hear the cry of a brother's
voice,
The sob of a child in need.
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave.
Open the door of your heart.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Thomas B. Reed and Hunting

John S. Wise used to be at one with Thomas B. Reed, the former Speaker, in the opinion that hunting of all kinds is cruel sport. The two were talking on the subject once, when the big man from Maine said: "I never shot but one bird in my life. I spent a whole day doing that. It was a sandpiper. I chased him for hours up and down a millstream. When at last I potted him and held him up by one of his poor little legs, I never felt more ashamed of myself in all my life. I hid him in my coattail pocket for fear somebody would see how big I was and small the victim, and I never will be guilty again of the cowardice of such an unequal battle."

The Angelus Bird

When traveling in the forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spaniards call this singular bird a bell-ringer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day, morning, noon, and night. Its song, which defies all description, consists of sounds like the strokes of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner, that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird.

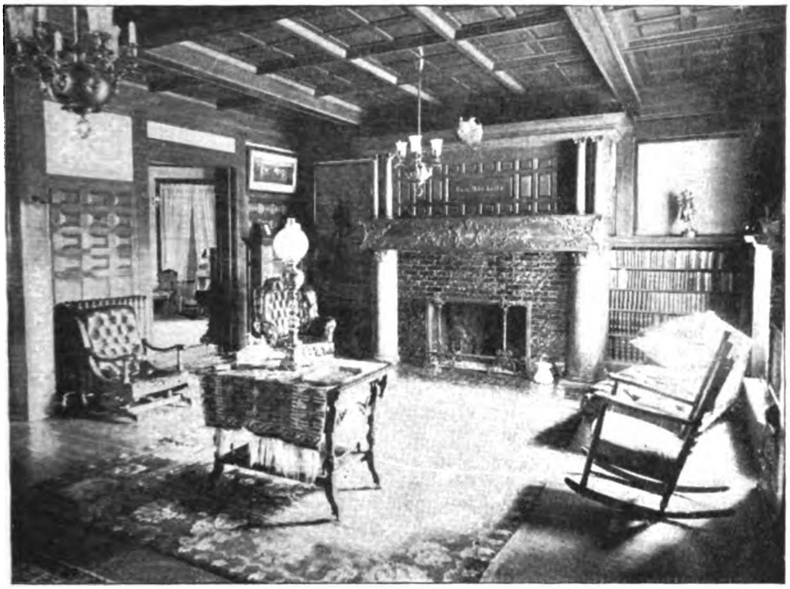
The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay, and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black arched feathers on its beautiful head; it is of conical shape and about four inches in length.

A Persian Horse

"Persian horses," says Mrs. Bishop, in "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan," "are to be admired and liked. Their beauty is a source of constant enjoyment, and they are almost invariably gentle and docile. It is in vain to form any resolution against making a pet of one of them. My new acquisition, 'Boy,' insists on being petted, and his enticing ways are irresistible. He is always tethered in front of my tent, with a rope long enough to give him considerable liberty, and he took advantage of it the very first day to come into the tent and make it apparent that he wanted me to divide a lemon with him. Grapes were his preference, then came cucumber, bread, and biscuits. Finally he drank milk out of a soup plate. He comes up to me and puts down his head to have his ears rubbed, and if I do not attend to him at once, or if I cease attending to him, he gives me a gentle but admonitory thump. I dine outside the tent and he is tied to my chair, and waits with wonderful patience for the odds and ends, only occasionally rubbing his soft nose against my face to remind me he is there. A friendly snuffle is the only sound he makes. He does not know how to fight, or that teeth and heels are for any other uses than eating and drinking. He is really the gentlest and most docile of his race. The point at which he draws the line is being led; then he draws back and a mulish look comes into his sweet eyes. But he follows like a dog, and when I walk he is always with me. He comes when I call him, stops when I do, accompanies when I leave the road in search of flowers, and usually puts his head either on my shoulder or under my arm. To him I am an embodiment of melons, cucumbers, grapes, peaches, biscuits, and sugar, with a good deal of petting and ear-rubbing thrown in."

Not Ashamed to be Kind to Animals

Abraham Lincoln would as soon have cut off his right arm as have spent a summer in the Adirondacks shooting deer for fun. Grant was noted for his kindness to dumb animals. So was Garfield. Sherman was vice-president of the Missouri Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Custer changed his line of march to pass around the nest of a mother bird and her young. No Southern general ever rode a mutilated horse. Wellington, the greatest of English commanders, gave special orders for the protection of a toad in the garden where it had established its home. The Queen of England was the head of the humane work in that country.



Hall in the Robert Fullerton Residence

I AM THE FAMILY CAT

I can fold up my claws
In my soft velvet paws,
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done;
  For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking
Through sunshine and shower;
  For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter's night,
When the ground is all white,
And the icicles shine
In a long silver line,
I stay not to shiver
In the moonbeam's pale quiver;
But curl up in the house
As snug as a mouse,
And play Jack Horner
In the cosiest corner,
Breaking nobodies laws,
With my chin on my paws;
Asleep with one eye and
Awake with the other;
  For I am the family cat.

POOR AUNT MARY

Mrs. Flint was a very stern woman, who demanded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house.

"But, mother——" said John.

"John, I told you to shut the trap."

"Yes, but mother——"

"John, shut that trap!"

"All right, mother, if you say so, but——"

"John!"

John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went by and the storm howled and raged. Two hours later later the family gathered for tea and when the meal was half over Aunt Mary, who was stopping with Mrs. Flint had not appeared. Mr. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions; John answered the first one.

"Please, mother, she is up on the roof."

MUSIC AND THE PLAY

Shubert Attractions Find a Home in Des Moines.

The hope of many Des Moines theater goers to be able to see all of the big independent attractions, which up to now were debarred from showing here, was gratified, when Mr. J. B. Reeve took over the "Mirror Theater" and after many changes and improvements turned same into the "Shubert Theater."

The house was opened October 3d with "Before and After," a very clever and pleasing farce, by Leo Dietrichstein. A large and appreciative audience crowded the theater on the opening night, and were greatly pleased by this excellent play, in which the author actor played the leading part, supported by a very capable company.

There are many good shows promised by Mr. Reeve to his patrons this season, among them Eddie Foy, in "The Earl and the Girl;" DeWolf Hopper, in "Happyland;" the author's dramatization of Dixon's book, "The One Woman;" Pete Daily, in "The Press Agent;" "Veronique;" "The Social Whirl;" Blanche Bates, in "The Girl From the Golden West," and David Warfield, in "The Music Master."

To this list of attractions are new ones added almost daily and a great many of the best plays of the season are to be seen at this house.

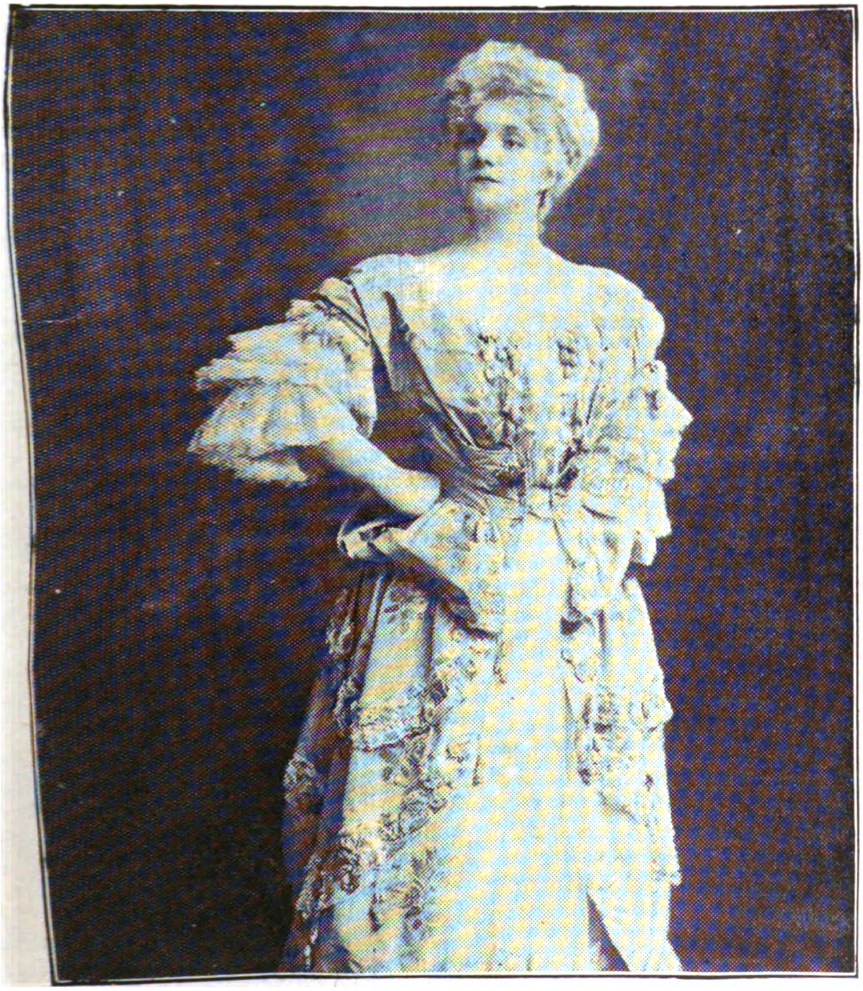
Paul Kann.

Fritzi Scheff's engagement in Boston will be limited to two weeks, or a total of fourteen performances. The curtailment of her engagements in both Boston and New York has caused considerable comment among theatrical managers generally, because in each instance she has played at every performance to the utmost capacity of the house and there was every indication that she might do so indefinitely. The purpose of her manager, Charles Dillingham, is revealed by his program for this season. He is too wise a manager to confine the knowledge of his possession of such a star as Fritzi Scheff to New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, but wisely determines to give the public of all the large cities as far west as St. Louis and New Orleans an opportunity to hear Fritzi Scheff and see his sumptuous production of "Mlle. Modiste." In order to do so this season he has limited his tour. This has been made necessary by the fact that he is under contract to take Miss Scheff and "Mlle. Modiste" to London to open there the second Monday after next Easter.

Richard Strauss achieved a brilliant triumph in Cologne where his opera "Salome" was the sensation of the recent operatic festival in that city. Strauss personally conducted the opera and after the performance was called to the footlights fifty times to respond to the hearty and continuous applause of the enthusiastic audience. The critics unite in proclaiming him the foremost musician of Europe today and are anxiously awaiting his new opera "Electra" on which he is now hard at work.

Annie Russell's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been favorably received in New York although neither in voice nor physique is Miss Russell specially fitted for the role of "Puck" but her performance is graceful and likeable and with the superb mounting at the new Astor Theatre bids fair to have a long run.

Leibler & Co. have found in Martin Harvey a star for Eugene Presbrey's dra-



YVETTE GUILBERT

Who Appears at the Des Moines Auditorium, October 31

matization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way." The dramatic rights of the novel were secured for the uses of Kyrle Bellew. Friction between Bellew and George Tyler led to the English actor's capture by Charles Dillingham, and Liebler & Co. found themselves with a play that might be valuable or valueless, according as to whether they could find an imposing hero. In Martin Harvey, Liebler & Co. will have one of the best actors England has ever sent us. His tour of this country was a sad financial failure, it is true, but it was due to his selection of bills and to a handicap that is domestic more than artistic.

There is a good prospect that Cyril Maude and Marie Tempest will appear together in the same company under the management of Mr. Frohman. This, however, would not be until after the run of "Triplepatte," the play by MM. Bernard and Godfernaux in which Mr. Maude will make his first appearance under the Frohman management.

George Ade is preparing to spring a novelty upon the theatrical world in the shape of a college play in which the cast will be composed almost entirely of girls, only two masculine performers taking part in the production. Mr. Ade himself styles the forthcoming production "a girl's play."

Mme. Modjeska has decided on three of the plays that she will give on her forthcoming tour. They are three of her familiar favorites: "Marie Stewart," Schiller's stilted fabrication of history; "Macbeth," and that immortal piece of sentimentality, "Camille." Jules Murray is arranging the tour.

Some of the Good Things for the Season in Chicago

Leoncavallo with his entire orchestra and prominent vocalist of the LaScala, Milan. Two appearances, Saturday afternoon, November 3, and Sunday afternoon, November 4, at Orchestra Hall.

Herbert Witherspoon, basso, song recital, November 18, at Music Hall.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, piano recital, Sunday afternoon, December 2, at Orchestra Hall.

Mme. Emma Eames, first and only appearance, in song recital, Sunday afternoon, December 9, at Orchestra Hall,

Kneisel String Quartette, Wednesday evening, January 2, at Music Hall; second appearance.

Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra, Sunday afternoon, January 6, at Orchestra Hall.

Olga Samaroff, piano recital, Sunday afternoon, January 13, Music Hall.

Walter Spry, annual piano recital, Thursday evening, January 17, at Music Hall.

Rudolph Ganz, first appearance after his return from Europe. His annual piano recital Sunday afternoon, January 2, at Music Hall.

Moritz Rosenthal, piano recital, Saturday afternoon, January 26, at Orchestra Hall; first appearance.

George Hamlin, song recital, first appearance after his return from Europe, Sunday afternoon, January 27, at Music Hall.

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, Wednesday evening, January 30, at the Auditorium.

Moritz Rosenthal, piano recital, second appearance, Sunday afternoon, February 3, at Orchestra Hall.

Mme. Schuman-Heink, song recital, Saturday afternoon, February 9, at Orchestra Hall.

Joseph Hollman, violincello recital, Sunday afternoon, February 10, at Music Hall.

Mme. Melba and her concert company, Saturday afternoon, February 16, at the Auditorium, only appearance of Mme. Melba in Chicago.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, piano recital, Sunday afternoon, February 17, at Music Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Petschnikoff, joint violin recital, Sunday afternoon, February 24, at Music Hall.

Watkins Mills, song recital, Sunday afternoon, March 3, at Music Hall.

Arthur Hartman, violin recital, Sunday afternoon, March 10, at Music Hall.

Emilo de Gogorza, baritone, song recital, Sunday afternoon, March 17, at Music Hall.

Alois Burgstaller, song recital, Sunday afternoon, March 31, at Music Hall.

Kneisel String Quartette, fourth and last appearance, Wednesday evening, April 10, at Music Hall.

Max Heinrich, baritone, later in the season.

The New Theatre in Chicago has had a great run of patronage. On the opening night Sir Thomas Lipton was present, in the Alexander Revell box. A tea room is a popular feature, where one may go to visit with friends between acts. No music is played between acts, nor during emotional passages.

There is a rumor in the air that in the near future Des Moines is to have a really modern new theatre, with sufficient stage room for the largest shows. Some out of town men have been looking the field over and have faith that such a project would meet the approval of the general public.

Hon. Chas. O. Holly, of Des Moines

Mr. Holly, the author of the sketch on John Nathan Smith as candidate for congress, found on another page of the present number of this magazine, was the "Scratcher" candidate for mayor of Des Moines last spring. He came within a few votes of election. A great many think he was elected, but defeated by manipulation. He is noted as an able lawyer. He is a man of the highest integrity, and one of whom Des Moines may be justly proud.

From the Back of Envelope Used by the Des Moines Department Store

Des Moines has a population of 85,000.

Des Moines has cheap coal in abundance.

Des Moines has 112 miles of water mains.

Des Moines has an immense jobbing trade.

Des Moines has forty farm implement houses.

Des Moines has Iowa State Fair every year.

Des Moines has three great daily newspapers.

Des Moines has fully 250 important factories.

Des Moines has forty-nine schools, public and private.

Des Moines has fifty-four newspapers and periodicals.

Des Moines has ninety-four churches—all denominations.

Des Moines has a large Auditorium, seats three thousand.

Des Moines entertains eighty conventions annually.

Des Moines supplies paving brick to other cities.

Des Moines has thirteen colleges and technical schools.

Des Moines is the home of forty-four insurance companies.

Des Moines has nineteen steam roads in and out of the city.

Des Moines has 10,000 telephones in use—two systems.

Des Moines has 100 miles of gas mains (Dollar Gas).

Des Moines has six express and two telegraph companies.

Des Moines has ninety-six miles of electric street railway trackage.

Des Moines has nineteen banks, with twenty-five million deposits.

Des Moines has twenty-eight hotels, ten of which are large and important.

Des Moines has interurban lines, to the north, south, east and west.

Des Moines will have the largest department store in Iowa in 1907.

Des Moines postoffice business is equal to that of any other city in the U. S. of twice its population.

Manufacturing, including coal output, per year, $20,000,000.

Jobbing and wholesale, $40,000,000.

Retail—all lines, $25,000,000.

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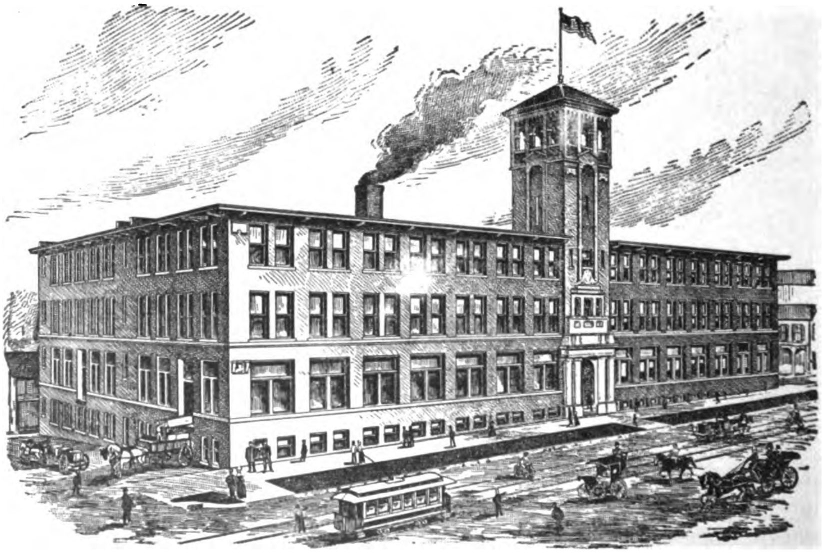
EDITORIAL

YESTERDAY was a dream-day. Never did mid October smile more serenely in Italian valley or upon vineclad hill of France than here upon our Iowa prairies. The air was mellow and rich with the fragrance of orchards and vineyards near by. Far down the valleys of the 'Coon the purple haze of Indian Summer rested like a benediction. From a distant tree top came the caw! caw! of an itinerant crow, and from some unseen hillside where the grass is still green, the tinkle of a sheep bell. To my own little door plat where the uncut grass was fresh as in May, a redbreasted robin, with saucy turning of his head to watch me and many a flirt and flutter, came to hunt for his dinner. Some chirping wrens were busy the livelong afternoon among the dry sunflower stalks, eating the seeds with a wonderful relish. The leaves fell sighingly from the trees until the ground was covered with a tufted carpet of yellow and crimson. The sumach bushes flamed scarlet in the golden light of the late afternoon. Such a delicious warmth filled the universe, it seemed that the world was dropping asleep with a smile upon her face. The drowsy day slipped into a night of stars and a slender ghost of a moon, with a little sighing breath from the south, that whispered, "Goodbye, happy day! The harvest is ended, the summer is gone. Goodbye!" And today the change came. The dawn drifted in gray and cold. The rain drips from the eaves of the house and from the bare branches of the trees down upon the dead leaves with a dreary sound. The south wind sobs and mourns and lifts the tangled grass like some ghoul hunting for graves. Two or three chickens, with drooping tails, are picking along the side of the street. In the vacant lot hard by, a stray cow, covered over with little rivers of water, is chewing her cud and steaming when the wind grows colder, as if she had just been dipped from a boiling cauldron. The trees look wild and weird against the dull sky. The fire upon the hearth drops low. The sobbing wind shifts around westward and grows more keen and cold. Far down



CHAMBERLAIN MEDICINE BUILDING

The beautiful, big home of the Chamberlain Cough Remedies, Des Moines

COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN

Dr. Lowell Chamberlain's Residence on Grand Avenue

the muddy street, a funeral procession is starting from a cottage door. The hearse is a white one, and the coffin very short. Poor baby, to be put away from light and warmth and love on such a day. The night will come with no stars, and the wind will cry and moan like a lost soul in the darkness. But waking in your warm bed to listen, you will remember the perfect day and fall asleep to dream of a like tomorrow. For a kind providence has so constituted the human heart, that in spite of sorrow and storm and dreary days, hope spring there eternal.

The Greatest Need

Above wealth, above refinement, above education, above wisdom, above all things that go to the making of an ideal state in an ideal home, love is the one grand factor, the one crying need. Life is a little thing, a short space of years at best, and to live it through and to have missed love in childhood from father and mother is the saddest thing, the most terrible thing that could befall a human soul. I do not mean the undemonstrative affection so many claim for the children they bring into existence. Few mothers or fathers would own to it that they did not love their children. I mean the real living love and tenderness that fill the heart so full that it runs over in words, in kisses, in fond caresses. I mean love-words, "dearest," "darling," "my dear." I mean the good-night kiss from mother and father; I mean the dear hand upon the little one's head and cheek, and all the soul of the child expanded because of love—the one master, the royal king who can command as no other power in the universe can.

Harriet Martineau, in her autobiography, sends out a cry that ought to touch the core of every mother's heart, "I had no childhood," she says: "My mother loved me, of course, but she never said so."

You remember Topsy and Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin, do you not? Mrs. Stowe gives us a mournful picture there, and the keystone of all is love.

Topsy, who was so bad that nobody could manage her, is asked by Eva: "What makes you so bad, Topsy?"

"O, nobody loves me!" is the burden of the little black girl's reply.

"Why, I love you Topsy!" says Eva. And the fountains of the child's heart are broken into tears, and after that the good follows.

She knew that in spite of "Miss Feely's" kindness to her, that she would "just as soon touch a toad;" she did not love her, and so could not control her.

I have seen such pitiful things in the homes of good people. I have seen young girls led off into bad company because their mothers did not keep them near to them by demonstrative affection. I have seen children of twelve or over watch with hungry eyes the caresses given to younger ones. I have seen them neglected before grown, and obliged to find love, or its counterfeit, outside of home.

Parenthood is the most divine relation in the world. Its demands are infinite, and yet it is so often lightly undertaken.

Wisdom, goodness, nobility, strength and patience are needed—and above all love. The child who has these qualities united in his parents is indeed blessed, and neither life nor death will find him unprepared for duty.

An Incident of the South

To find out the truth in regard to race prejudice in the South one must live there for a space of time. A family from the North recently removed to South Carolina. The oldest child, aged six, was sent to school As soon as it was known that she was a Northerner, the children evinced the greatest interest and curiosity about her. Gathering about her one recess, the leader of the crowd demanded insultingly: "Are you a republican or a democrat?" "I don't know," faltered the innocent little girl.

"Well, do you eat with niggers?" asked the boss.

The child answered, no.

"Cause if you do," said the leader, "you are a republican. But, say, she doesn't eat with niggers, so she's a democrat, all right," and the child was from that time on received with open arms.

A Lesson

An old caretaker in the public gardens of Boston recently observed that the tame squirrels that are constantly fed by visitors to the gardens, have grown degenerate.

He said that relief for many generations from the necessity of gathering and hoarding nuts, which is the habit of the wild squirrel, has occasioned a loss, or at least a disregard, of this instinct, and that the squirrels no longer lay in a store for winter, but depend upon the charity of visitors. In other words, they had become "sturdy and unashamed little beggars."

During his summer vacation the Rev. Dr. Hillis observed the same thing in some college grounds where the squirrels are fed. He noticed, also, the activity of two wild squirrels in the Maine woods, working busily from morning until toward nightfall, with short intervals for play, carrying nuts and cones and corn to their winter granary in a cavity in an old stone wall. And he draws the natural moral against the pauperizing of animals or men by indiscriminate giving. "Lessons that many books could not teach youth," he writes, "these squirrels can give. Plainly, getting comes through working and keeping is through using. The intellect is a knife that rusts when neglected. Memory is a spade that is the brighter the more it is used. Any faculty that is neglected shrivels and perishes. Work is good fortune."

Work is not only good fortune, it is a necessity to other things besides getting food to eat. The artist must work to keep his eye and his hand up to the mark. Singers and public speakers suffer from too long disuse of the voice. Muscles deprived of work or exercise become flabby. By neglect the writer's thinking faculty grows dull, and the student's zest loses its freshness. Keeping to his analogy, "who knows," the preacher asks:

"Who knows whether to congratulate or send messages of sympathy to the rich young men carrying pockets full of money to college in these September days? Many a college boy, feeding a squirrel to its own destruction, does not discern the tempter standing behind him. The boy gives the squirrels peanuts and the father gives the boy a stuffed purse. Poverty is a curse, but work is a blessing. It is easy for a youth to lose his paradise. It is easy also for the youth to keep his Eden. But the angels at the gate are named Industry, Self-Reliance, Prudence and Forethought."

This is a sermon in a nutshell, for human squirrels to crack. Prevision, work, the saving habit and dependence upon one's self are as necessary to the young human animal as to the bushy-tailed denizens of the woods.

A Safe Retreat

The psalmist speaks of the secret place of the most High. Longfellow, in his "Saga of King Olaf," gives to the world a beautiful picture of a heart refreshed by abiding in this place, secret only because unknown to those who seek it not.

As torrents in summer
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains.

So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining.

Keep sweet. When the angry word, the bitter taunt, the uncharitable judgment rises to the lips, leave it unsaid. Uttered, it becomes an arrow that rankles in the heart of another and in your own heart; suppressed, it is a triumph over the meaner part of your own nature, and it helps you win other triumphs. Simple kindliness is the brightest jewel in the crown of character. The brilliant remark that leaves a sting shines by a false light. The word that is uttered in the spirit of consideration for others has in it a divine glow.

Whatever we believe or do not believe, whatever party or sect we belong to and however opposed to this party or sect to that of our neighbor, we still can afford to be tolerant and broad-minded. These divisions that separate us are only seeming, while the tie of a common humanity that unites us is very real.

Ofttimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically there was a little, toiling steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with refluent tide, no man knows where. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down stream and been heard of no more.

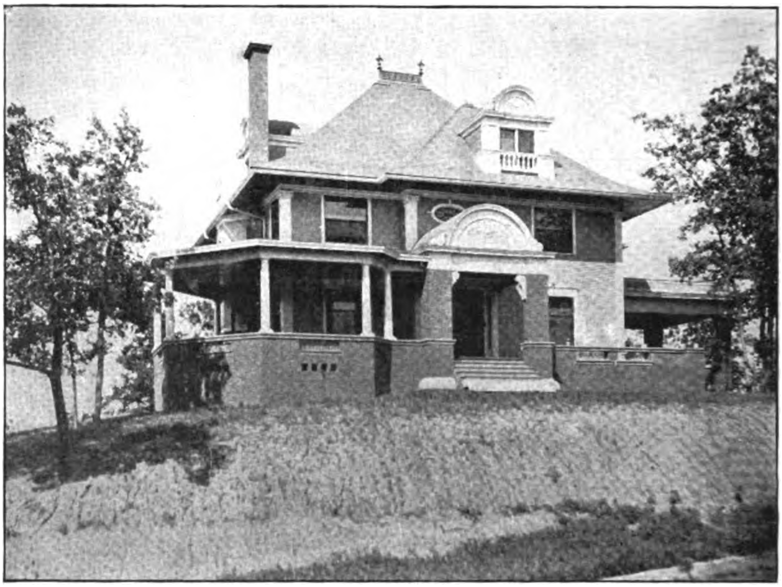
Book Agent—"Madam, can I interest you in a new book entitled 'Our Home Life?'"

Neglected Wife—"No, thank you; but here's my husband's business address, go see if you can't interest him."

"I'd like to pay a fitting tribute to your husband's memory," said a minister to a woman whose husband had recently died.

"He didn't have any memory," was the unexpected reply. "He couldn't even remember to mail a letter."

You are told you should love your neighbor as yourself, but if you love yourself meanly, childishly, timidly, even so you shall love your neighbor.—*Maeterlinck.*



COURTESY OF LIEBBE, NOURSE & RASMUSSEN

Residence of H. B. Wyman on Arlington Avenue

The Message to Garcia

EDWARD SHRIVER

Every man and woman who handles a business independently must frequently feel the force of the truth voiced by Elbert Hubard in his "Message to Garcia." The reason that most people do not succeed is that they are not in any way capable of carrying a message to Garcia. Say to your man: "Can you carry a message to Garcia?" He answers without hesitation: "I can!" He asks no questions, who Garcia is, where he is, how to reach him—not a word. He simply takes the message and finds his own way, and "delivers the goods." That man will do things to make the foolish world blink and wonder. One great trouble with people is their lack of self esteem and of self confidence—both engendered by conscientious effort, which must always bring success.

Fear blocks the way. De Quincey speaks of the lion across the pathway, which as one approaches proves to be nothing but a delusion of the distance. Our orthodox religious training more than anything else, has engendered fear in the human heart. First, fear of God, our Father, who is all-wise and all-loving. Fear of ourselves follows naturally. How many times I have heard it preached from the pulpit, "Think not more highly of yourselves than you ought to think." But how highly ought one to think of himself? The child of God, perfect spiritually, the reflection of God's image, and an heir to the kingdom.

Should this royal one think meanly of his heritage? Should he not rather go forth with a heart full of love and confidence and gratitude, because he is a child of omnipotence, of perfect wisdom, of joy? Should he not be so filled with the assurance of divine guidance and of divine help every moment of the day, that failure would be impossible? For God works through his children, and the glory is His.

So fear and failure are criminal. They are denials of the power of God, and in so far as we, of our own accord, deny and get away from the good things provided for us from the beginning of the world, just so far will we punish ourselves and our lives will be a failure. Claiming our divine heritage, each of us can carry the message to Garcia. Denying it, we must fail.

What's the Matter With Des Moines?

REV. F. W. HODGDON

When this question was put to me for honest answer my reply was fashioned like a flash in the familiar phrase, "Des Moines is 'all right.'" This is the reply that I stand by. I do not mean, of course, that Des Moines is perfect. Nothing made by man is. What I mean is that the situation of the city is so strategic, the plan of the city so pleasing and the quality of her citizenship so enterprising in business, social, religious and educational ways, while at the same time too stable to be stampeded by the cheap and hysterical, that whatever blemishes she has as a municipality will be corrected from within by her abundant sanity and vitality. Her private virtues will push out through some day and fashion her public countenance. In this faith only can any attempted reform be effective. Any criticism made upon such a municipality as this should be made only in love as a frank recognition of faults which can be corrected and which her superb possibilities make it eminently worth while to correct. It should be done just as a fond and expectant parent watches the development of his child and frankly recognizes his diseases and faults and bravely calls them by their real name, however ugly, as the first necessary step toward treatment.

This figure of the child is not only suggestive of method, but it is especially pertinent in the study of Des Moines conditions, for the evils we combat are almost entirely those that attend rapid development rather than degeneration. They are the faults and diseases of municipal childhood.

The first impression that one gets of this child is that the little fellow is dreadfully dirty. Dirt is a factor always in childhood. We are acquainted more or less with the physical dangers that filth engenders. We are not so conscious of its stupifying effect upon moral and intellectual life, but the danger is just as real and more far-reaching. It would take a demigod, for example, to uphold the dignity of the law and give it even the semblance of sanctity in the old court house. A new, clean court house will have a moral significance in this county. Where is the man who loves cleanliness that does not go right home, take a bath and hang his clothes out in the air after a visit to the city hall? The place smells and looks like politics. It has no business air. All the patriots in the nation couldn't persuade the common voter that the ballot is as sacred as the Bible after he had been compelled to vote where I voted for two years—the barn at the cemetery. When I returned home the folks knew I had voted. They could smell my patriotism. Matters like these and our filthy streets which require only brooms, soap and water, we shall become ashamed of as we grow up. One of the first indications of dawning municipal consciousness will be a good "wash." The moral power of water is but little understood.

Our municipal child suffers also from a skin disease which is at times exceedingly irritating to him, and so disfigures his face as to make repulsive to his neighbors. This disease manifests itself in a superficial eruption—red and dark blotches—known as newspaper headlines. Des Moines is not alone in this affliction. It is prevalent all over the country. The pest hole seems to be New York. Des Moines is not so bad off as some of her sisters, but she has it badly enough. Now these words need not apply to all of our publications, nor to any of them all the time, or they may apply to all of them some of the time. They apply simply to the conditions they describe wherever and whenever found. In the first place it is bad for a city to have a public print tell the naked story of shame, even though every word be true. A crime which an editor or a publisher would not talk over with his family in private he has no right to print for the public. It is of no use to argue that publication of crime will prevent crime. Imitation is a far more powerful instinct of the human mind than repulsion. Any man who has learned to ride a bicycle knows that the surest way to run into a post in those days of his learning was to say, "I won't." The mind is made to work positively, not negatively. Any criminologist will testify that the publication of the revolting details of crime is not followed by a wave of virtue, but too often shows most astounding imitations. For any publisher to defend such publications on the ground of public good is nonsense. The logic of such a declaration would make the philanthropist study the annals of crime of every kind to publish and circulate the most hideous examples among our boys and girls as a beneficient warning. It is never published except by those who cater to morbid feelings and who are willing to debauch the public for private considerations. Our city suffers constantly from this sort of thing.

But that is not all. We suffer not only from naked truth concerning evil, but we suffer from deliberate falsification. I have been quoted over and over again in the public prints of this city as saying things I never said. Language has been put in my mouth which was so slovenly, ignorant and ungrammatical that I was almost as much ashamed of that as of the sentiment expressed, even though the sentiment were false to my mind. I have had so-called interviews published when I never saw the man who made up the interview. I have been told by many others that they have been constantly put in a false position before this community by just such methods. What license has a newspaper to lie? When a newspaper will resort to such extremes to get a circulation it puts itself on the plane of the many catch-penny devices that infect our modern life. Men, brilliant enough to dupe the public so, have brains enough to know that to claim that a growing circulation is its own justification add insult to injury. To cater to a morbid taste for sensation is no more honorable or beneficent than to cater to a morbid thirst.

To seek to stir up faction and strife, to defame character, to be false in statement so often as to make almost every reader incredulous and so breed a suspicious state of mind, to distort speech with misleading headlines, to print stories of crime never committed in order to bring some official into ill-repute who isn't any too good to begin with, and to withhold other information as a blackmailing device, thus misleading the public—all this debauches the public in my humble opinion more than the saloons and gambling hells and brothels. All over the country our cities are suffering from this kind of affliction. Des Moines is favored above many municipalities, but Des Moines has too much of it.

The other condition to be deplored is that our city administration is elected on a platform of politics, not business. Men are chosen because of availability, not for their ability. The city is growing rapidly, enterprises are flourishing, the best men are exceedingly busy. It is cheaper for them to be taxed for costly inefficiency or even "graft" than to neglect a remunerative enterprise to look after public affairs. They are out of politics because there is money in it. The politicians are in because there is money in it. The business and professional life of the city vents its disgust and irritation in curses which sometimes rise into a threat, and then, relieved, plunges into deeper absorption in private affairs.

The politicians get in out of the storm, huddle together, grin and wait. Then when the public gets absorbed again these parasites begin to suck its blood once more.

By the splendid business enterprises that flourish in our city, there should be demanded not tools in the city hall, but business ability like their own. It will be for their ultimate good, for their good depends upon the health of the city. From my point of view the large corporations couldn't do a more strategic thing than to demand that in their relationship with the people they treat with men whose ability and sagacity match their own. We need a government in this city on a platform of "business, not politics." It is well to "boost" Des Moines. The promise of the city justifies it. But before we hold our municipal child up too high into the public gaze let us wash his face, train his tongue to tell the truth and avoid the dirty story, and teach him to handle himself with political decency, self-control and intelligence among his fellows.

* * *

Grace Jackson

Grace Jackson, our dear little Grace Greene Jones that was, now Mrs. Will Jackson, is spending a month at home, and will sing in the cantata being prepared for reproduction by Dean Howard. Mrs. Jackson is having a royal reception from her hosts of friends who love her for herself as well as admire her great talent. Her work has brought her everywhere she has appeared, the greatest successes. Of most charming presence and graciousness of manner, and possessing a glorious voice, she has already made a warm place for herself in the heart of the public. A few of the press notices are given:

Mrs. Jackson is a singer of songs. From out of the wilds of Des Moines, Iowa, she comes, with no capital nor influence to boost her along save a charming personality and a voice of nineteen semitones, but when she lets out a few of those notes—well, everyone leans forward and whispers: 'You're It, Little Girl, You're It." Miss Jackson never sings trash, even if she does warble on the vaudeville stage, and good musical comedy is yearning for her. She can render "The Brilliant Bird" from "The Pearl of Brazil"—Patti's standby—without the old-timers thinking she's cheeky, and after that, naught more need be said." —New York Standard.

"Grace Jackson, the lyric soprano, has a magnificent voice, a splendid range and sings most brilliantly. For her enthusiastic encore she rendered her old old-time melodies with such expression as endeared her to the hearts of her audience."—The Press, Winnipeg.

"Grace Jackson, the lyric soprano, during the week at Keith's (Boston) was compelled to respond to three and four encores at each performance."—Herald.

"Grace Jackson, a concert singer, is a new-comer in vaudeville. She has a soprano voice of great purity and range. Her high notes—she reaches F above high C—are wonderfully clear, almost bird-like. Yesterday she sang the Romeo and Juliet waltz song, "Ora Meria," from the Cerelleria, and "Down Upon the Swanee River." She responded to many encores."—Telegraph, New York.

The Women's Club and Mrs. Treadway

On the evening of the "Boosters" day the Des Moines Women's Club, who had postponed their meeting from afternoon to evening, had the pleasing of hearing Miss Treadway, of Dubuque, deliver an address on Civic Art. A fine audience of members and their friends assembled to hear her. Mrs. Treadway is beautiful in manner and appearance, and spoke without the use of notes most intelligently and eloquently upon her topic. Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, president of the club, was at her best and added much to the pleasure of the evening by her gracious presiding. A number of others were asked to speak. The evening was in every way a success and gave evidence of the good work yet to be effected by this organization.

OUR TRIP

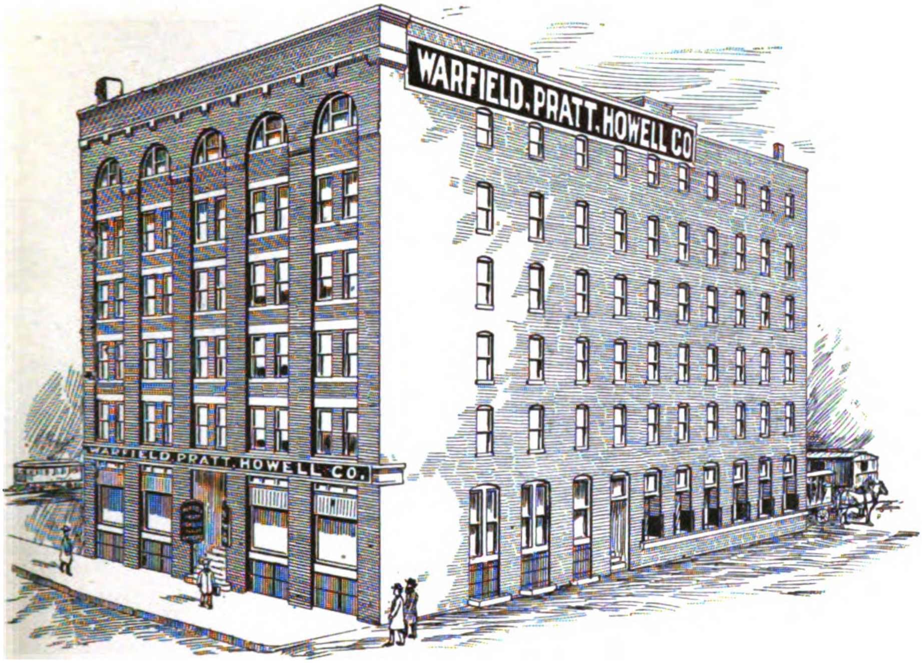
On the afternoon of Manufacturers' Day several of the Midwestern's friends offered their automobiles for the use of the Press Club party who had accepted the invitation of the Midwestern to visit some of the "open house" manufacturers. Mr. John Cownie, Dr. Walston, Dr. Lawrence and Mr. Leonard, of the Bartholomew Automobile Company, were the ones who offered this great kindness.

After the first visit, twenty of the Press Club attending, it was clearly impossible that all places of interest could be seen in one afternoon. So many places were left until another trip, which the same party will soon make. The Agar Packing Company was the first place visited by many, it and the Des Moines Hosiery Mills being the farthest away, and both receiving crowds of guests all day long. Other places visited by sight-seers were the Heywood Candy Company, the Carr-Adams Company, Sheuerman Skirt Factory, Farmers' Co-operative Company, Brown-Hurley Hardware, Luthe Hardware, Chamberlain Medicine Company, Keith's Furnace, Garr-Scott Company, Puck Soap Works, East Side Planing Mills, Eagle Iron Works, Iowa Boiler Works, Paper Box factory, Schmitt-Henry Company, Kratzer Carriage Company, Green Furnace Company, Beckman Bros., Linseed Oil Works, Des Moines Park Driving Company, Tone Bros., Klondike Incubator Company, Beatrice Creamery, Iowa Dairy and dozens of other places, where a royal welcome was accorded each visitor. Souvenirs of many kinds were given, but perhaps the most unique were the sprays of Scotch heather presented to the Press Club by Mr. Robert Turner, of the Iowa Boiler Works.

At 4:30 the Midwestern party drove to Shannon & Mott's mill, where they had been invited through the courtesy of Mr. Ben Lockwood and Mr. Shannon, who received the guests. Captain Clark, the head miller, showed the party through the mills, explaining the process of making Falcon Flour from the raw wheat up to the fine, snow-white flour. The southwest door of the little room on the second floor was then thrown open and a sight pleasant to the eyes greeted the party. A long table was spread in the center of the room. Falcon food boxes were used for seats. A huge yellow pumpkin filled with fruit formed a center piece for the table with autumn leaves strewn about, and the walls decorated with leaves. Mrs. Carss, the well-known demonstrater for Shannon & Mott, then served a delicious luncheon of three courses. Each guest was presented with a package of Falcon Pancake Flour at departing. Mr. Shannon, Mr. Lockwood, Mrs. Carss and Mr. Applegate, who had a share of responsibility in the arrangement, all came in for a vote of thanks from the company.

SOME OF OUR PLANTS

We give below a partial list of our manufacturing plants. The list does not contain coal companies and many of the smaller factories: Reliable Rug Factory, Mason Motor Car, Allward Glass Co., Agar Packing Co., American Iron works, American Linseed Oil Co., Albrecht, Frank (cigars), American Lithographing Co., Arctic Ice Cream Co., Armstrong Press (general printing), Asbestine Stone Works, Barber Asphalt Co., Balzer Pressed Stone works, Baker Machinery Co., Bankers Cabinet and Supply Co., Beckman Bros. (pumps, etc.), Beatrice Creamery Co., Benham Garment Co., Beats All Washing Machine Co., Brody Manufacturing Co., Walter Boyt Saddlery Co., Blue Point Packing Co., Biltz Sign Co., Bayer Tanning Co., Bair Cabinet Co., Campbell-Russell Co. (job printers and publishers), Capital Creamery Co., Des Moines Saddlery Co., Des Moines Incubator Co., Des Moines Tent and Awning Co., Des Moines Edison Light Co., Des Moines Trunk Factory, Des Moines Ice and Cold Storage Co., Des Moines Paper Box Mfg. Co., Des Moines Bridge and Iron Works, Des Moines Casket Co., Des Moines Pants Co., Des Moines Skirt and Corset Co., Des Moines Bakery Co., Des Moines Water Works Co., Des Moines Gas Engine and Electric Co., Des Moines Gas Co., Des Moines Nursery Co. (trees, etc.), Des Moines Mfg. and Supply Co., Des Moines Co-Operative Brick Co., Des Moines Wire Works, Des Moines Broom Co., Dempster Mfg. Co., Dale Brick Co., Des Moines Bonnet Frame Co., Deiser, Albert A. (mince meat), Eagle Iron Works, Elaterite Paint Co., East Side Planing Mill, Elimino Medicine Co., Enamel Brick Co., Frost Pressed Brick Co., Flint Brick Co., Farmers' Co-Operative Creamery Co., Gabrio, W. F. Co. (cigar



**Building of the Warfield-Pratt-Howell Company, Wholesale Grocers
Corner of First Street and Court Avenue, Des Moines**

mfr.), Green's Foundry and Furnace Co., Globe Baking Powder Co., Globe Machinery and Supply Co., Globe Tanning Co., Gilt Edge Ice Cream Co., Goodwin Tile & Brick Co., Homestead Co. (newspaper publishers), Heywood Candy Co., Capital City Carriage Co., Capital Mantle Manufacturing Co., Carter Windmill and Tank Co., Capital Skirt Co., Cutler Bros. (bakery), Chamberlain Medicine Co., Capital City Woolen Mills, Capital City Woolen Mills (pants making department), Cownie Glove Co., Co-Operative Brick Co., Campbell Heating Co., Creamery Package Manufacturing Co., Cohen, J. R. (cigar factory), Carr-Adams Co. (planing mill), Capital City Bottling Works, Crystal Packing Co., Casebeer & Barnes (gunstocks), Crescent Furnace and Foundry Co., Des Moines Engraving Co., Des Moines Cabinet Co., Des Moines Marble and Mantel Co., Des Moines Hosiery Mills, Des Moines Clay Mfg. Co., Harrah & Stewart Manufacturing Co., Harbach, L. (furniture, upholstery, mattresses, etc.), Harris-Emery Co. (garment making), Hebbel, F. W. (cigar manufacturer), Iowa Pipe & Tile Co. (two plants), Iowa Printing Co. (general printing), Iowa Seed Co. (green houses), Iowa Boiler Works, Iowa Lithographing Co., Iowa Machinery & Supply Co., Jewett Typewriter Co., Kratzer Carriage Co., Kenyon Printing & Mfg. Co., Klondyke Incubator Co., Keystone Skirt Manufacturing Co., Klumb, Phil, Cigar Co., Koch Bros. Printing Co., Stern, M. & Son, Star Engraving Co., Swigert & Howard (shirts), Schmidt-Henry Mfg. Co. (furniture), Street Car Power House and Car Shops, St. John & Barquist Co. (sheet iron), Smith Cream Separator Co., Shackelford Brick Co., Shannon & Mott Co. (flour mills), Steel Roofing and Stamping Works, Sartor, W. R. ("She" cigar), Sutherland Millinery Co., Schermerhorn-Shotwell Co. (butter), Seick Tent and Awning Co., Sefren & Glick-

man (furs), Tone Bros. (spice mills), Talbott-Eno Printing Co., Watrous Nursery Co. (trees, etc.), Western Newspaper Union, Welch Printing Co., Weeks D. & Co. (patent medicines), Waterbury Chemical Co., White Bronze Monument Co., Western Granite Co., Wragg Nursery Co. (trees, etc.), Younker Bros. (garment making department), Lederer & Strauss Co. (millinery), Lagerquist Carriage Co., Law & Burkeman (bank and office fixtures), Martin-Culbertson Co. (planing mill), Miller Printing Co. (general printing, books, etc.), Mennig & Slater (pickles and vinegar), Musgrave Co. (scales, etc.), McFarland Ice Cream Co., Motor Components Mfg. Co. (automobile parts), McCray, C. E. (sign manufacturer), Merchants Safe Account System (fire proof safe account system), National Biscuit Co., Northern Artificial Limb Co., Northwestern Suspender Co., Nysewander, Joseph (bee-keepers' supplies), Purity Candy Co., Puck Soap Co., Pitt Carriage Co., Prouty-Bowler Soap Co., Pearsall Manufacturing Co. (extracts, etc), Reliable Rug Factory, Register and Leader (job printing and engraving).

An interesting place to visitors who are looking into Des Moines factories, is the Northwestern Suspender factory, of which Mr. W. A. Cooper is president and manager. Suspenders of every variety are made here, all up-to-date and swell enough to suit the most fastidious taste. This company also handles neckwear of all sorts for men and has a full line of handkerchiefs.

Minerva Thorpe Stevenson author of the story "An Old Trunk," in this number of the Midwestern, is one of the most talented writers in the west and her published books have won her a high place and much praise from the public. Her plays have been given with success on several occasions and one is in preparation for the coming season.

Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl" is as funny as ever and drew a crowded house at the Shubert. Seldom has a play been put on more perfectly or more gorgeously than was this one. The costumes were exquisite, the girls more than ordinarily beautiful and the music fetching. Mr. Reeve, the Shubert manager, has so far scored nothing but successes.

Sweet Violets

The most deliciously fragrant and beautiful of all flowers and the finest of all for evening wear. We can deliver to you in any part of the U. S. the choicest selected blooms at 40 cts. per bunch of 25. Elegant carnations 50 cts. to $1.00 per dozen; all charges prepaid and safe arrival guaranteed. Prices higher at holidays. Artistically arranged floral designs and decorations for weddings, funerals, etc., a specialty. Catalogue of cut flower work, first of the kind ever published, free to flower lovers on request, if you mention this paper.

IOWA FLORAL CO. Des Moines, Iowa.

WALKS AND TALKS

Our Cover Picture

FEW artists have done a more beautiful picture than the one presented on our cover this month. The subject, Miss Marion Laws, a talented Des [illegible] girl, was worthy of the skill of [illegible] artist, Mr. F. W. Webster. Miss [illegible] is the pupil of Mrs. Goodrich and [illegible] a lovely lyric soprano voice of which [illegible] teacher and friends expect much in [illegible] near future.

Mr. Mason and His Autos

A visit to the Mason Automobile factory is well worth while. There one meets the smiling and genial "Ed" Mason as he is familiarly called in Des Moines, and his assistants. Forty men are employed in the work rooms, and every one is a skilled laborer, as the work is difficult and intricate. The faces of these men must appeal to the most casual observer to be of unusual intelligence. They work with seeming pleasure, as all men should work, and with keen interest in what they are doing. Although it was predicted to Mr. Mason that he could not succeed with a plant in Iowa, his success from the very first has been remarkable, and the plant must soon be enlarged to enable the meeting of demands. At present, every car is ordered far ahead. Nobody can ride in a Mason and not be delighted with its smooth and even running over the roughest roads. It certainly is well adapted to the western country roads. Mr. Mason is to be congratulated, and Des Moines also.

The Kimball in Des Moines

The name of "Kimball' has grown to be a family word in Des Moines as well as all over the middle West. It stands for a manufacture of high grade and the Kimball piano stands in the front rank in every particular, in beauty, in wearing quality, in sweetness and strength of tone, and in ease of touch. One may find it in the most splendid homes in the city, and in the humblest ones, everywhere a source of pleasure and of culture and refinement. Mr. Randall, the manager of the Des Moines branch, is deservedly popular and knows how to handle his stock to the very best advantage.

Laws Made by Dartmouth Men

Some years ago the selectmen of the town of Hanover, N. H., decided, in their wisdom, to collect a poll tax from every Dartmouth student of legal age.

The boys said nothing to this, but quietly decided that if they paid taxes, they would also vote. So they turned out in full force at the annual meeting.

Having strength enough to secure control, in less than five minutes they had elected students to the positions of moderator and clerk.

Thirty minutes from the time the meeting was called to order the town of Hanover had gone on record as having voted to (1) build a brick schoolhouse 500 feet long, 10 feet high and 2 feet wide; and (2) to build a plank walk from Reed Hall, in Hanover, to Lebanon, N. H., in which town was a female seminary.

The tax collector did not trouble Dartmouth students for many years after that.

A Successful Show

The Pure Food Show proved more than ever successful this year and far outstripped all previous records, both in attendance and interest. It certainly was a splendid display and gave evidence of most business-like handling. Mrs. Sanborn, who has made so many friends in Des Moines, proved as delightful as ever and her lectures were given to a crowded room. An added interest this year lay in the fact that electricity was used for cooking, which was a revelation to all who saw its uses and admired its cleanliness. The Falcon Flour was used in all the demonstrations where flour was needed. Out of town people were especially delighted with the management and success of the show.

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Congregationalism in Des Moines

REV. JOHN COMIN

SOMETHING over fifty years ago a missionary of the Congregational Church, after a tour of inspection, advised the Home Missionary Society to waste no money on Iowa, for the reason that it would never be inhabited except along the water courses. That the supidest man should have made such a prophecy less than sixty years ago seems incredible to the prosperous Iowans of today. For if Uncle Sam keeps a granary, Iowa certainly lies near the heart of it. As this article is being written, the farmers of Iowa are gathering a crop of corn estimated at something over 400,000,000 bushels. Only last week a Grundy county farmer sold his crop of potatoes, grown on three hundred acres of land, for $27,000. A fair return for one season's work. With hardly a foot of unproductive soil, this "desert" is enriching two and one-half million people, as cultured, religious and law-abiding as are to be found anywhere on earth, and has fairly earned for itself the descriptive title so applied to it, "The New England of the West."

Fortunately for Congregationalism, and we believe for Iowa as well, the Missionary Society disregarded its agent's advice, sent its missionaries to plant everywhere the double standard of religious liberty and education, and to see that the new state should be taught good habits in its youth. As a result of the work of these men, some of whom are with us yet, Iowa has today three hundred fourteen Congregational churches, three hundred sixty ordained ministers, 36,456 members, and property worth $3,500,000. How little can the wisest man know of the possibilities of the future!

The Congregational wave struck Des Moines in the year 1857, and as it passed on to the westward, left behind a lusty little child, born of good ancestors, but if anything, a trifle under weight; for Plymouth church was organized with only eleven members. However feeble numerically, the little church was self-reliant, and determined from the first to be self-supporting. So when its first minister was called and an offer of $300 yearly came from the Home Missionary Society, it was promptly declined. Poor and weak, if you like; but dependent. No! And so from that day to this, Plymouth Church has not only been able to care for its own needs, but to lend a helping hand to the needy elsewhere.

For the next twenty-five years the history of Plymouth Church is the history of Congregationalism in Des Moines. And the first twelve or fifteen years of that history is interesting chiefly to those who had part in it.

It was during the ministry of Rev. A. L. Frisbie, D. D. (1871-1899) that Plymouth Church was transformed from the village chapel, one of a thousand, to the city church, known to Congregationalists throughout the United States. Coming to Des Moines just at the time when it was changing from the little village on the frontier to the great Hartford of the West, with a tact rare among men, Dr. Frisbie lifted the church to its present position of wealth and influence. It was he who gave it its distinctive character. With a fine sense of the fitness of things and the true dignity of worship, he persistently refused to cheapen its service for the sake of winning popular applause. And it speaks well for the taste of the people of those days that you had to go early to Plymouth Church, if you wanted a seat.

It is not surprising, then, that a church so conducted, soon gathered into its fold a large number of the most substantial citizens of Des Moines. While a number of other churches have a larger membership, none wields a more commanding influence.

Though Dr. Frisbie resigned active leadership some years ago, he still renders the church—and shall we not say the city—efficient service as Pastor Emeritus. So much has he endeared himself to the entire city, that I fancy there is hardly a minister of any denomination who would feel much offended, if some old pioneer of his church would make it his last request that Dr. Frisbie lay him in his last resting place. It is no disparagement to the ability and faithfulness of the pastors Plymouth has had in the past or may have in the future, to say that Dr. Frisbie's will always remain the historic pastorate of the church.

The close of that pastorate brings us well down to the present day. With the next pastorate begins a new epoch in the history of the church. When Mr. Van Horn came to the city in 1900 the crowds attracted by his unique methods and musical eloquence soon made it apparent to the most conservative that a new and larger church was an immediate necessity. So the old red brick building at the corner of Seventh and Locust, around which clustered so many sacred memories, was sold and torn down to make room for one of Des Moines finest hotels. Within a year the people moved into the present beautiful structure at the head of Eighth street. The new church seats about 2,500 people, but it is not an uncommon thing to find every seat filled and occasionally people are turned away.

Last year under Mr. Van Horn's successor, Rev. F. W. Hodgdon, the church reached high water mark in efficiency, receiving into membership one hundred and eleven persons and giving more for expenses and benevolences than ever before in its history.

Since 1885 Plymouth Church has had to divide Congregational fellowship with three other churches, Pilgrim on the East Side, North Park in the North and Greenwood Park to the West.

Of these, North Park, with about two hundred and thirty-five members, is perhaps the strongest. Hemmed in on all sides by a number of vigorous churches of other denominations, it has, to a certain extent, a constituency peculiarly its own, and is destined some day to be one of the strong churches of the city. Meantime it is just now passing through the period of root growth, the slowest in any plant. Other years will reveal the stem and flower.

Pilgrim, with the field of the entire East Side to itself, is just at present marking time. Without a leader, it is earnestly looking for the man who can do for it what Dr. Frisbie did for Plymouth on the West Side. When the hour has struck, the man will be there.

Of all the smaller churches, Greenwood Park has the alluring opportunity. With some of the strongest business men of the city in its membership, and located on Thirty-fifth street within a stone's throw of the wealth of Grand avenue and the comfortable competency of Ingersoll avenue and the North, and with no other church within a mile, Greenwood Park Church needs nothing but energy to make it one of the finest churches in the city. It, too, is in its infancy. Barring some unpardonable blunder, it will in due time come to its own.

No history of Des Moines Congregationalism would be complete without some reference to another church, the Union Congregational, colored. Against the advice of some of the leading Congregationalists of the city, a few colored people decided two or three years ago to organize a Congregational Church. The only encouragement they could get was that if they could succeed without financial aid from the other Congregational Churches they would be received into fellowship. And succeed they did. The best judgment of us all has been put to confusion. Under the efficient leadership of their pastor, Rev. H. W. Porter, they have bought a lot and built a beautiful and commodious brick church. This pastor of theirs is a man to be reckoned with. He is a man who does things. The church building is in good part the work of his own hands. If you will work with him, he will be glad of your help, if not, he knows how to go it alone. The colored people of Des Moines have no better friend or efficient leader than Mr. Porter. He deserves the confidence and assistance of all Des Moines people, white and colored.

Now for a word of criticism. The strength of Congregationalism is also its weakness. For cohesive power, it depends entirely on fellowship. Up to the present time organized authority has been almost entirelv depudiated. When we get a little nearer the Millennium, fellowship will be the only authority recognized among Christians of all denominations. But average human nature is a little too weak as yet to depend on fellowship entirely. The feeling of fellowship is a variable quantity. Organization is constant. We often need the fly-wheel of organization to carry us over the dead centers of our enthusiasm. Congregationalism, lacking this equipment, has often been unable to throw all its force upon the strategic point at the opportune moment. As a result many churches which might have been Congregational, at present are Baptist, Christian, Presbyterian or Methodist.

Congregationalists have always cared more for the truth than for the label it bears. As a result there are a great many Presbyterian Churches scattered all over the West which were built with Congregational money. But what's the difference whose heifer it was or who held the plow, so the plowing was done? You haven't measured the strength of the Congregational Church when you have counted its members. The nation owes a debt to the many devoted men educated in her institutions. It is at least a question whether any other denomination can show as many authors, teachers, judges and leaders of thought, in proportion to its membership, as the Congregational. Everywhere Congregationalists have stood for two things—liberty and enlightenment. Beside the church, invariably stands the school. Like the irresistable forces of nature, Congregationalists make little noise. They seldom shriek. But when the harvest is gathered, it will be found, I doubt not, that the Congregationalists were not idle at seed time.

◆

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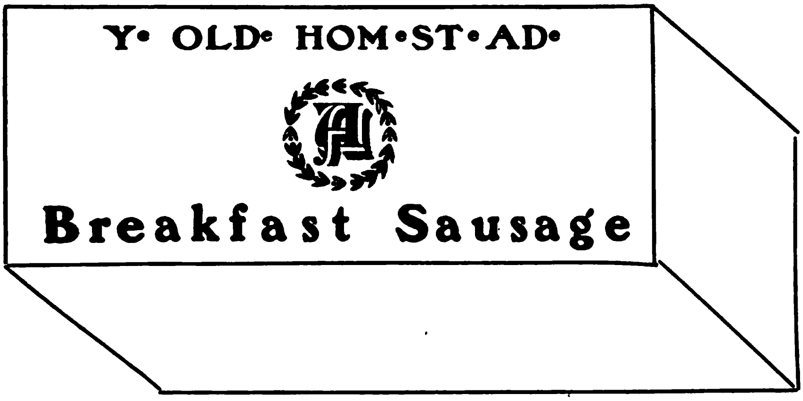
Your Breakfast
Will be



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REV. JOHN COMIN
Pastor of the North Park Congregational Church

Rev. John Comin of the North Park church is one of the most gifted and highly educated of the younger men in the western church. His article in this number of the Midwestern will be appreciated by our readers.

Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie has grown old in the service of Plymouth church in Des Moines. Faithful and true he has made here a host of durated friends. His work for the church at large and in Des Moines has been effective and he stands as a fine type of the man and the pastor.

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REV. F W. HODGDON
Pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church

Dr. Hodgdon, pastor of Plymouth church, is a man who has the courage of his convictions. Because of this he has been both misunderstood and misinterpreted. In a speech before the City Federation of Women's Clubs last spring he both praised the good things in Des Moines and pointed out her faults. The newspaper notices were so lacking in justice to Dr. Hodgdon that he was asked to write again for the Midwestern upon the same topic. Dr. Hodgdon preaches to a large audience of cultured people, who love and admire him, both in and out of the pulpit.

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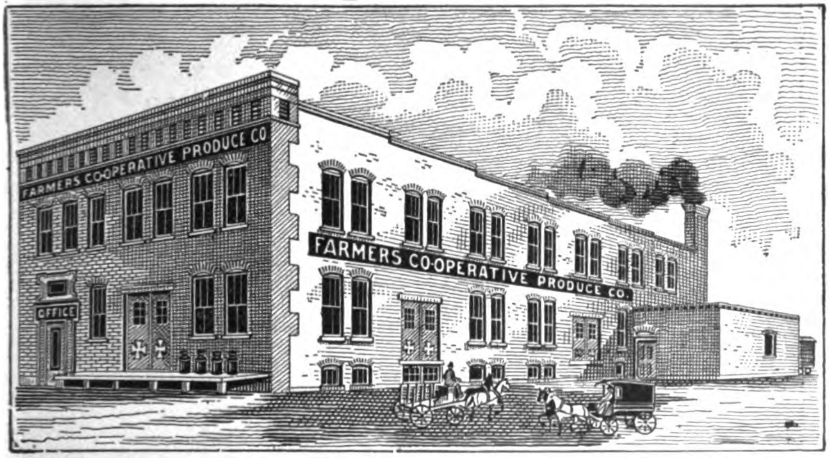
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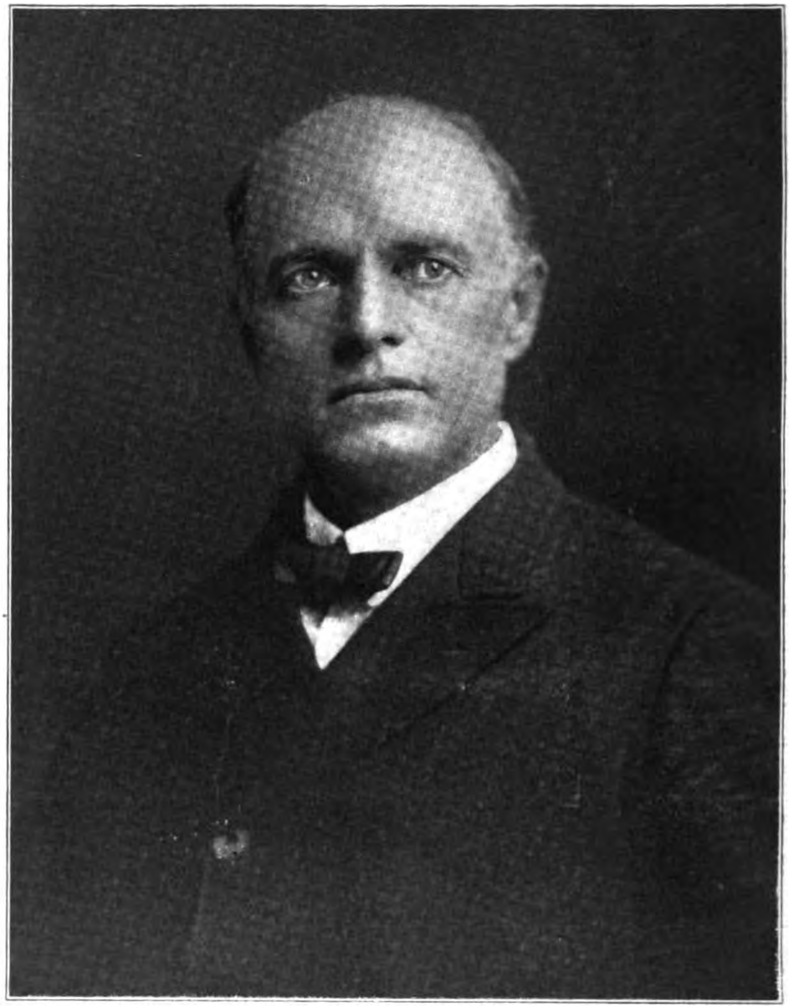

HON. H. C. EVANS, OF DES MOINES

H. C. Evans, author of the sketch of Claude Porter in this issue of the Midwestern, was born in Bloomfield, Davis county, Iowa. He is a democrat of the Bryan kind; was postmaster at Bloomfield under Cleveland's first administration, when but twenty-four years old. Was appointed head of one of the bureaus in the Treasury Department under Carlisle, during Cleveland's second administration. Three years ago he was on the democratic legislative ticket of Polk county. He is a prominent Des Moines lawyer.

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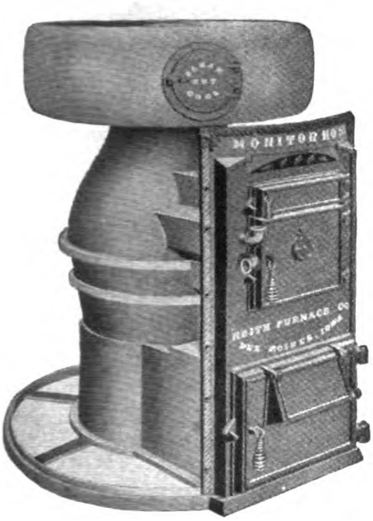

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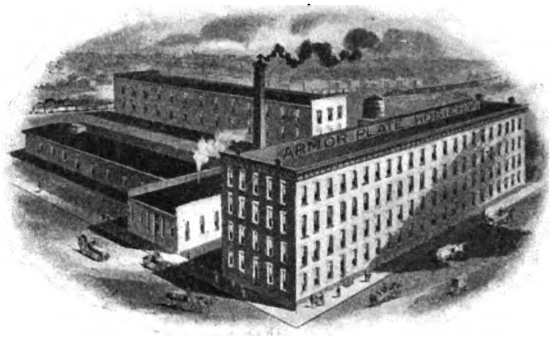

Des Moines Hosiery Mills

The Home of Armor Plate Hosiery

It has been well demonstrated to the people of Des Moines during the past few weeks that within the limits of the city are a sufficient number of large plants to entitle Des Moines to be called a manufacturing city. And not least among these manufacturing plants is the Des Moines Hosiery Mills, manufacturers of the "**Armor Plate Hosiery,**" situated near the Fair Grounds on the extreme eastern edge of Des Moines. All of the surroundings of the Des Moines Hosiery Mills are pleasant, the land lying high, and pretty little cottages in the immediate vicinity. Its air of cleanliness and homelikeness makes it appear like the eastern factories from which all unpleasant features are as nearly as possible eliminated.

The plant of five large buildings covers several acres of ground and several new buildings are being planned for.

There is no more interesting place in Iowa than these mills. Stepping in, one is greeted by the pleasant offices where stenographers and clerks are busy and the hum of the knitting machines is heard. The most beautiful and perfect system and order prevail everywhere. The knitting machines fill one long room. The thread for knitting stockings is bought in the East and South. The capacity of the four hundred machines is 25,000 stockings per day. Two hundred and fifty employes are constantly at work and the output of the mills is something enormous. After the stockings are knit they are colored, being originally white.

The process of coloring is an interesting one. The first dipping turns them a pale green; then they are colored a deeper green, put on forms and passed through a flame for singeing. The third and last step in the coloring process colors them a fast black. They are then washed thoroughly in soap suds, the soap being manufactured of olive for the purpose.

Then comes the drying process and the pressing; then the sorting, stamping and packing in boxes. The boxes are placed in racks in the immense warehouse to await packing for shipment.

The employes are a superior looking lot of people and the work is pleasant, more care and exactness being required than actual strength of body, as the wonderful machinery does the work in all departments. The mills are now working on full time and it is difficult to keep up with their advance orders. The hosiery put out by this factory is of most superior wearing quality. Every grade is manufactured from the coarse and cheap ones up to the very expensive and fine ones. An order once received from a house, that house always repeats again and again. Their goods are well named "Armor Plate Hosiery," as they are difficult to wear out. The plant was established in 1893 by H. M. Rollins and others and the venture has been successful from the very start. The present company has for officers: H. M. Rollins, President; J. F. Norton, Vice-President; R. E. Rollins, Secretary and S. F. Kneeland, Treasurer.

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Fall Term Opens Sept. 4, 1906, Other Terms Open Oct. 15, Nov. 27, and Jan. 2, 1907.

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Board $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per week. Tuition in College, Normal and Commercial Courses, $12.00 a quarter All expenses three months $45.40; six months $85.47; nine months $124.21. Free scholarship to one person from each county. School all year. Enter anytime. 2000 students annually. Catalog free. Mention course in which you are interested and state whether you wish resident or correspondence work.

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The Patton SHOES

"The Patton Shoe" a fine Goodyear Welt Shoe for Men and Women *with pride*, is *one* of the *specialties* that has made

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The Wholesale Boot and Shoe House of the West

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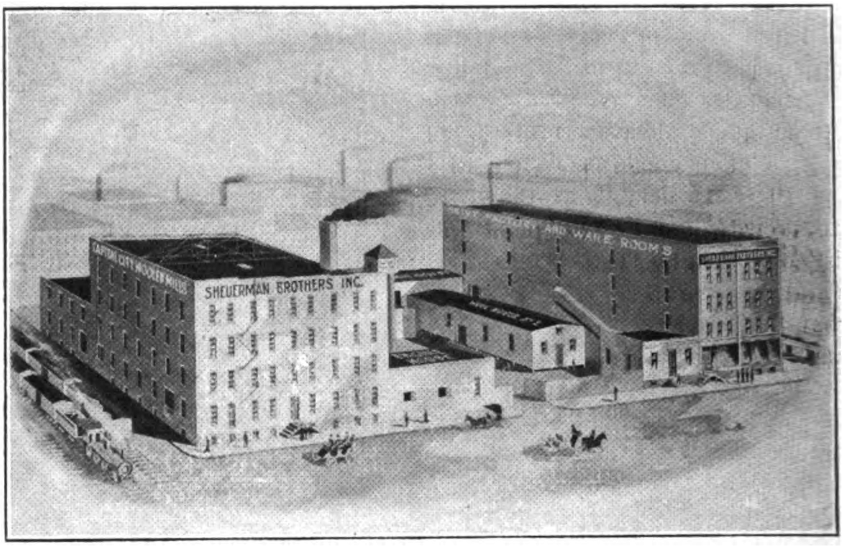
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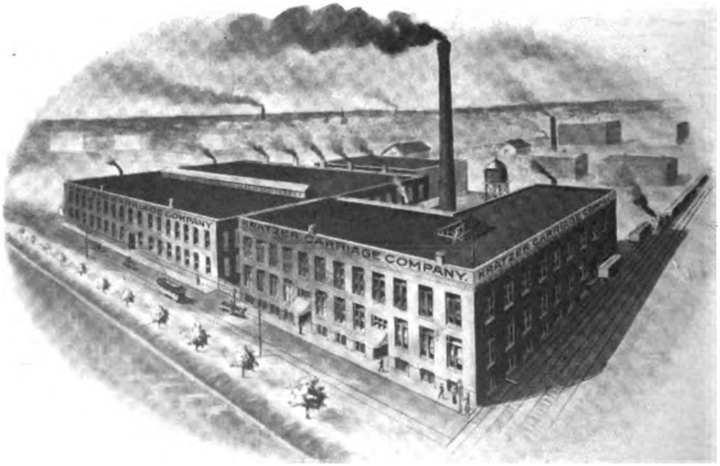
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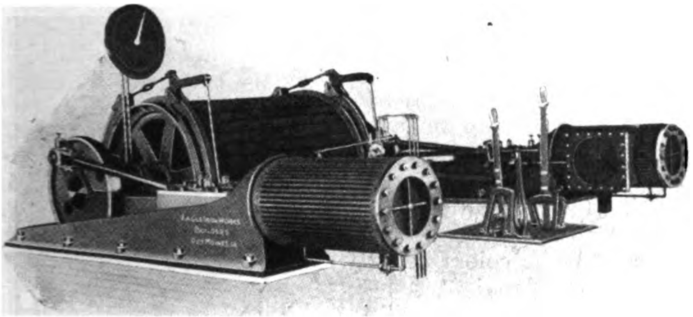

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with the best of satisfaction and economy. It is a simple question but one which means a great deal in your home today and for years to come. You can get a GREEN FURNACE with very little more expense and a great deal more satisfaction, and the extra expense will be saved many times in your fuel bills.

It will be just as easy to get a GREEN as any other kind. What is your decision? Write us or come in and see us, and we will explain why we make the foregoing claims.

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THE FLINT BRICK AND COAL CO.

Four miles north of the business center of Des Moines on the banks of the Des Moines River is to be found the plant of the Flint Brick & Coal Co. This is reached conveniently by the Flint Valley car line, which leaves 6th and Mulberry. The company owns over 27 acres of ground and has coal leases on over 300 acres. The business commenced in 1893, the mining of coal and the making of brick commencing simultaneously.

The pit of the company is located north of the wagon road, which leads down to the plant, and a forty to fifty-foot face of shale has been exposed, the colors being blue, red and gray. Mining is accomplished by drilling and blasting, the drills entering the shale about twenty-five feet. Into the drill holes are inserted charges of dynamite which, upon explosion, form pockets. Into these pockets are dropped mines, composed of black powder and Judson powder, which are fired by electricity and are singularly effective in dislodging huge quantities of shale. The working of the pit is accomplished in two benches, the upper bench being convenient for working in rainy weather. The distance from the pit to the plant is about 200 feet and the material is hauled in double-dump cars by a wire hoist to the end of a canvas conveying belt which conveys the material down a double chute to two nine-foot Eagle dry pans.

From the pans the clay is elevated to the second story by a boot elevator to a rotary screen and the screened material passes then by chute to an eight-foot pugmill and thence to a Penfield brick machine. The brick are cut nineteen at a time by a Bucyrus side-cutter and are then repressed in three Eagle presses. From the off-bearing belt they are stacked on cars, each car holding about 500 brick. They are then conveyed to a twelve-track steam drier. A waste heat drier is being installed, also of twelve-track capacity, by the Rodgers Engineering Company, of Chicago. At the present time, the brick are dried in forty-eight hours, but greater speed is expected in the waste heat drier.

From the drier the dried brick are conveyed to six rectangular down-draft kilns of the Eudaly type, having ten furnaces on each side, straight grate bars and using block coal as fuel. The power plant comprises a 300- h. p. corliss engine, supplied by the Murray Iron Works of Burlington, and four eighty-h. p. Eagle flue boilers. The stack for the boilers is 125 feet high, with a five-foot opening, and constructed of Flint brick. The water is obtained from the Des Moines River.

Work is carried on in the plant practically all the year around and about 150 men are employed in the brickyard and the coal mine.

All the products of the company are handled by the electric car line which runs to the plant. An electric switch engine is constantly in attendance for the moving of the loaded and empty cars and, through this electric line, all railroads entering Des Moines can be reached for shipping purposes. Down town deliveries are made in the same way. The plant is going to make paving block and at the present time is manufacturing pavers of brick size. The handling of the plant's products by electricity has effected a considerable saving, full-sized railroad cars being brought to the plant over the street car line, obviating all necessity of transfer of the products on arrival down town.

On a hill behind the plant is located the company's coal mine which has a 180-foot shaft. The vein of coal is from three to six feet in thickness and seven mules are employed in the mine. As the mine is only 200 yards from the plant, the fuel can be landed at the kilns and boilers at an exceedingly low cost and quite a number of important fuel contracts are filled from this mine in the city of Des Moines.

The products of the plant are paving brick and face building brick. The latter is of a rich dark color and has been used extensively in the public buildings of Des Moines. Of the important buildings in which the Flint face brick were used to great advantage may be noted the Capital City State Bank Building, the Brown-Hurley Hardware Co.'s building, the Crocker Building and the Warfield-Pratt-Howell Co.'s building.

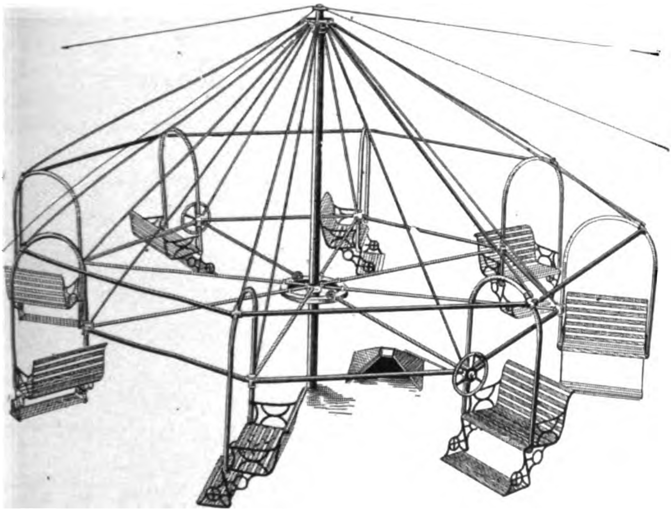
The plant was founded by W. L. Brecht, whose death about two years ago was greatly regretted by the clayworkers of the state. The succession of management devolved on Mr. Brecht's two sons. The president and treasurer of the company is W. H. Brecht; vice-president, C

"Boss, I did not steal your chickens, I done raised them in a Klondike Hot Water Incubator, and between you and me I got a 100 chicks from a 100 eggs."

Write For Our New Free Catalogue.

Klondike Incubator Co.

Des Moines, Iowa.



"Swing and be Merry"

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S. M. DUNLAP, V. Pres,
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Des Moines Park Swing Co.

Manufacturers of

PARK EQUIPMENTS

Circle Swings, Lawn Swings, Knock Down Metal Frame Settees, Wood Seats, Hammock Racks, Waste Baskets, etc.

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Des Moines, Iowa.

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PLEASURE AND POCKET BOOK of every buyer.

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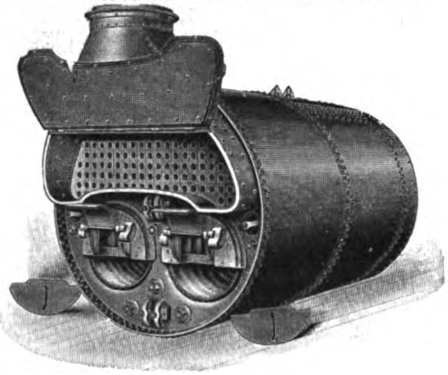
DES MOINES, IOWA.

W. Menig and secretary, E. A. Brecht. There are three Brechts in the brick business in Des Moines. The plant shows abundant evidence of the capability of the management and W. H. Brecht, the head of the enterprise, has good reason to be proud of the appearance of the plant.

Many of the streets of Des Moines are paved with Flint pavers that are giving general satisfaction.

IOWA BOILER WORKS



Makers of everything in the Boiler Line
Those interested call or write us and we can save you money. Corner East Third St. and Court Ave.
DES MOINES, IOWA.

PURE
LINSEED OIL

The life of the paint depends upon the quality of the Oil used. For a satisfactory, durable job of painting specify the Capitol Brand of Linseed Oil. No better Oil on the market as none better can be made.

Our ground Linseed Cake made from screened Flaxseed is the cheapest, because best.

MANUFACTURED BY

Des Moines Linseed Oil Works

It would be a shame to run the risk of spoiling a FINE TURKEY like this

by cooking it in anything but the oven of a

GAS RANGE

Gas is the cheapest way to cook, saves your time and keeps you

Clean and Cool.

Des Moines Gas Company.

Makers of Everything in
Mill Work

Interior Finish, Mantels, Hard Wood Finish, Counters, and Shelving, Bank Counters.
Odd Size Work a Specialty

All Work Guaranteed
EAST SIDE PLANING MILL
W. C. JAEGER, Manager.
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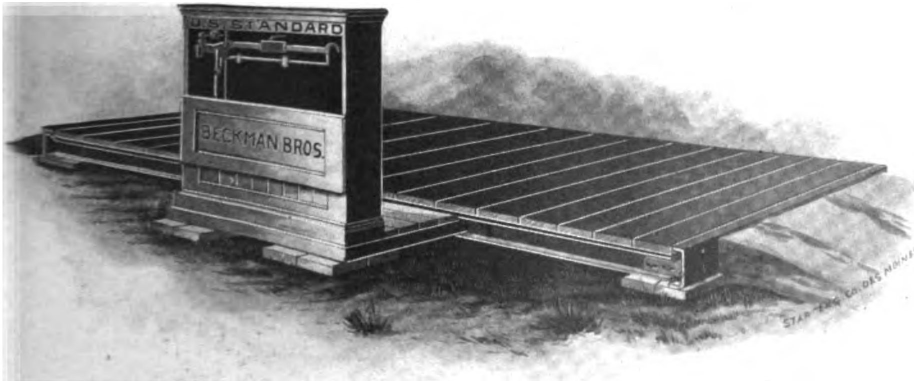
New American Steel Frame Pitless Farm Scale



PIT OR PITLESS
ALL BEARINGS ARE TOOL STEEL. ALL BEAMS ARE BRASS. NO LOOSE WEIGHTS.

Our scale differs from all others. It is in a class by itself. It has no rigid cast-iron bearings, the platform swings and hangs on eight steel faced clevises.

BOTH PHONES. BECKMAN BROS., FIFTH & RACCOON STS.
DES MOINES, IOWA.

Read How Interesting Boxes Really Are

No Wedding is Complete without the Little Fancy Wedding Cake Boxes

Christmas Gloves
Bon Bons
Bon Bons

Friends are always pleased to have a piece of the bride's cake and when it is neatly tucked in a dear little wedding-cake-box there is no remembrance a bride can give that would be better appreciated. We Make Them in All Shapes.

We also make a specialty of Fancy Candy, Glove and Tie Boxes. Those who know "WHAT'S WHAT" know it's the thing to send your Xmas Candies, Gloves, Ties, etc., in a handsomely made box.

A Word to the "Merchant Man" We can make you a SHELF BOX that can't be beaten. Made to endure hard usage. Edges bound with cloth.

In Fact We make any kind of a pasteboard box you may want. Prices Always Right.

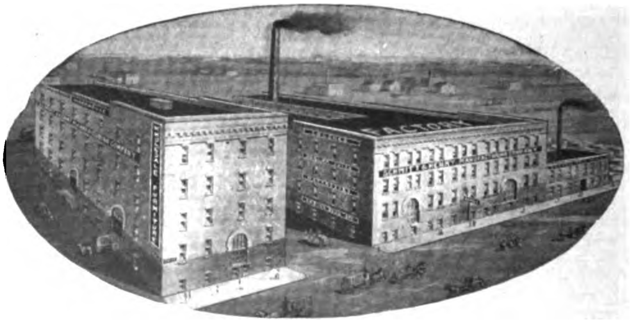
Both Phones. DES MOINES PAPER BOX MFG. CO. Des Moines, Iowa

Schmitt & Henry Mfg. Co.

Des Moines, Iowa

Manufacturers and Distributors of

Furniture of all Kinds



Home of the Celebrated, Guaranteed, Indestructible Hand-Made Couches and the Guaranteed Cotton Felt Mattresses. None Better Made.

SCHMITT & HENRY MANUFACTURING CO.,
EIGHTH & ELM STS. DES MOINES, IOWA.

The MIDWESTERN

$1.00 A YEAR
10 CENTS A COPY

DES MOINES, IOWA

VOLUME 1
NUMBER 4

December, 1906

Gold Jewelry

of the Higher Class

It's a positive relief to encounter "Schlampp" styles after viewing ordinary showings. Somehow or other, there is more "art," more "tone," to a piece of Jewelry purchased here.

Express packages (valuable ones, too) are arriving daily — Gold novelties of a grade and nature out of the ordinary are continually being added to

Des Moines' Choicest Exhibit of Jewelry

If you put off purchasing until Christmas is right at hand, as you have done in the past, you will encounter the same old objection—crowds and exhausted stocks.

Frank Schlampp Co., Jewelers,
INCORPORATED Sixth Ave. and Locust

SELECT YOUR PRESENTS

From our Gorgeous Christmas Display of attractive, tasteful and practical articles for Men and Boys. Come here and you will find suggestions enough to satisfy the most exacting.

We give a list of useful things for gifts—look it over— come and see the goods.

Smoking Jackets	$3.50 to $12.50	Silk Mufflers	$.50 to $4.00
Lounging Robes	$3.00 to $12.00	Silk Handkerchiefs	$.50 to $2.50
Fancy Vests	$1·50 to $6.00	Swell Neckwear	$.50 to $2.50
Silk Umbrellas	$2.50 to $12.50	Fancy Socks	$.25 to $2.50
Lined Kid Gloves	$1.00 to $6.00	Pajamas	$1.00 to $6.00
Dress Gloves	$1.00 to $3.00	Scarf Pins, Cuff Links	$.50 to $3.00

FRANKELS'

513-517 WALNUT

An Honest Investment

One year ago we urged you to buy Snow Storm at 15 cents per share. To-day it brings $4.50 per share—$30 for every $1 invested. Good dividends being paid and the stock is going on up to $10 per share. It is in the famous Coeur D' Alene District. Now I ask you to buy

EAST SNOW STORM

At 25 cents per share. It adjoins Snow Storm. We have proved that it has the same veins. I am sure that with development East Snow Storm is going right up. Snow Storm will help carry it up. Honest development will help carry it up. No man can read the future, but it does look reasonable that with all those conditions, East Snow Storm must have a marvelous advance. One Spokane banker writes me he expects to see it $1.50 per share or higher in less than one year.

MINING NOTES

I just give you these notes which show the wonderful possibilities of mining. You can have great profits if you will put your money where I tell you. I am putting my own money and the money of my clients in East Snow Storm. Do likewise. Read the following notes:

Belmont, $6.75 per share; Jim Butler, $1.50; Midway, $2.70; Montana, $3.90; Booth, $1.30; Goldfield Mining, $1.90; Jumbo, $4.25; Laguna, $1.80 per share. Those are some of the prices today on Nevada stocks. When you remember that twelve months ago practically all of those were selling at less than (50) fifty cents per share shows the possibilities of mining; and many of those stocks are going higher.

Several Des Moines people bought North Franklin in the Coeur D' Alene district at 8 cents per share ten weeks ago. There has been a boom in the stock and a reorganization of the company. The stockholders here have been notified that if they want to sell at 25 cents per share they are to send their stock to a certain bank in Spokane where it will be taken up promptly. Better than three dollars for one in ten weeks is good enough.

Couer D' Alene Eagle is one of the coming mines of the district. A little of the stock is offered at 25 cents per share. We fully expect it to touch the dollar mark in less than one year. They have found a great ledge that has proved rich. It is now rated as a mine and not a prospect. We like to place our clients in Coeur D' Alene Eagle, for it's safe and good.

With two tunnels being actively driven ahead on East Snow Storm, with the great Snow Storm going steadily upward we can see no reason why East Snow Storm is not to go to $1.50 per share or better very soon. We are placing the stock at 25 cents per share. We want our clients to buy this stock. It's going to be an easy matter to handle their stock for them in a few months at a large advance.

The Spokesman-Review of Spokane says the Coeur D' Alene is the district for the small investor, for the reason that the men who are getting rich there are men who started a short time ago with small means. That they have a high sense of honor as to the handling of the funds of small investors, as well as of the larger ones; that they get the ore quick which gives quick advances in price, and an opportunity to make large profits. They are also keeping the district clean of "fake mining." They are doing legitimate mining and are making fortunes for the investors. We ask you to investigate as to East Snow Storm, located in the Coeur D' Alenes. No rash promises are being made by the company. They simply say " we are making a mine," and they are pushing development rapidly with good results. The company expects the price to advance rapidly. One year ago we asked our clients to buy Snow Storm at 15 cents. Today it sells above $4.00 per share. Now, we say buy East Snow Storm at 25 cents per share. Buy all you can carry. Buy it in perfect confidence. It's going up. It's going to make you good, clean money. The one client who has bought of us the largest block of East Snow Storm is a banker at Pittsburg, Pa., who made many thousands out of Snow Storm. He knows the district and he says he fully expects East Snow Storm to simply duplicate in a large measure the advances of Snow Storm, and he is backing his faith with his money. You can do as well. One thousand shares, $250.

This stock goes to 50 cents per share very soon. Send your remittance for the stock and wire reservations.

If you wait until it's proved as great a mine as Snow Storm you will pay close to five dollars ($5.00) per share. It would be nice, of course, to wait always until these great mines are developed and then buy in at a prospect price. But you can't do that.

If you post yourself on the Coeur D' Alene district you will want to invest your money there. Four years ago it produced four million dollars. This year it will produce over twenty-five million dollars. It is expected to reach forty million next year. A wonderful district where men are getting rich in an honest, legitimate way. The best buy in the district, we fully believe, is East Snow Storm.

500 Shares	$125
1,000 Shares	250
2,000 Shares	500

LET ME HAVE YOUR ORDER

310 Crocker Building **C. C. PUGH,** *Des Moines, Iowa*

There are cogent reasons for buying your furs here

IN the first place we are fur manufacturers. We employ expert service and you are therefore less likely to buy a fur which might prove unreliable. We are practical fur men and that means a great deal to the customer.

In the second place, we are absolutely responsible. A house with fifty years' standing gives you a guarantee of dependability of the strictest and strongest character. And you should certainly know that in the matter of buying furs, an assurance of the merchant's responsibility is of the first consequence.

Thirdly, you will find our line the most comprehensive in the West. You will find here everything in large furs—seal coats, otter jackets, squirrel jackets, nearseal jackets, Persian jackets, jackets of electric seal and brook mink. Moreover you will find everything in small furs, ermines, chinchillas, sables, Persians, etc., etc. Lastly, you will find that in view of quality, our prices are invariably the lowest.

YOUNKER BROS., Inc.

Des Moines, Iowa

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For many have a fortune made.

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Fair woman is planning what to give father, brother, husband or sweetheart. As usual, we suggest something to wear, and offer richer assortments than ever before.

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We invite inspection while assortments are complete—no obligation to buy.

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If you want your Home Grounds and Parks to be Beautiful and Inviting

M. J. WRAGG, The LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT and CONSULTING HORTICULTURIST

Can do it. He furnishes the varieties of

TREES, SHRUBS, HERBACIOUS PLANTS, Etc.

That are adapted to our soil and climate—and they grow.
You make no mistake by going to WRAGG. He has had a life time of experience and knows just how to take care of everything in the plant line.
Large trees for Park and Street Planting a Specialty.

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NO MORE $15 NO LESS
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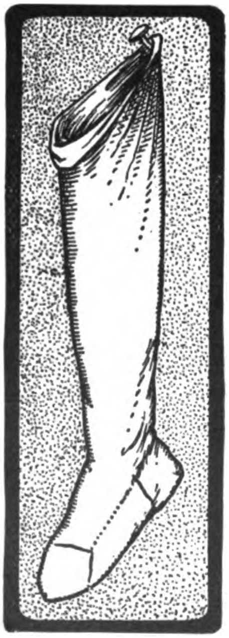
Make your Christmas dinner complete, with a pitcher of **Poncele**, that Clear, Sparkling and Absolutely Pure Drinking Water.

There is nothing so delicious, or so essential to good health as pure drinking water, and by no other means can it be obtained than through our perfected process of Distilling and Aerating.

You can not afford for a minimum cost of less than three cents per day to take chances on the health of yourself and your family, by drinking water that is not pure and is likely to be contaminated with disease germs of every description.

Eminent Physicians prescribe **Poncele** for the **health drink**, and affirm our statement that if used continuously one will become immune from disease.

Take no further chances; give us your order today.



Hang up the Baby's Stocking,
And be sure you don't forget
That the Dear Little Dumplin'
Darling,
Has never tasted
Heywood
Chocolates
yet.

Don't be afraid to let your children eat all they want of our candies, for they are **absolutely pure.**

For the Xmas Trade we are putting out the finest line in the city.

What gift would be nicer or sweeter to give your friends than a beautiful box of

Heywood Chocolates

Artistically put up in from 1 to 5 lb. boxes.

MADE IN DES MOINES

BY HEYWOOD CANDY CO.

Christmas 1906

The Midwestern

Wishes for

A Merry Christmas

For All Its Friends and Readers

IN these closing days of the year, the management of The Midwestern speak from hearts full of gratitude to the many loyal and true friends who have so generously shown their appreciation of our efforts to establish an Iowa magazine. Only the kindest treatment has been shown us. Our subscription list is growing rapidly from voluntary subscriptions. Letters of congratulation and good cheer reach us every day, and have come from as far away as California and New York and even from Europe. Our well established exchanges from New York and Boston praise The Midwestern. All of our competitors in Des Moines, the editors and the business men and daily papers have been most generous in their efforts to assist us. In view of these facts, The Midwestern starts in the new year with confidence. Its existence is no longer questionable. It is no longer an experiment. Its future is full of promise. We most gratefully give the credit of our success to the general public, the daily press of Des Moines, the weekly press of Iowa, and the business men of Des Moines and elsewhere. We shall hope to merit the faith given to us and to surpass the expectations of even our best friends during the coming year.

How nice and cozy your home can be on

Xmas Day

If you have a good warm fire;and what a satisfaction to know your coal bin is full.

We can supply you with the best and cleanest coal in the market.

Our kinds are

Hard Coal, Ocean Smokeless, Kentucky and Iowa Coal.

Globe Coal Co.

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Mutual 1658- PHONES- Iowa 678

Des Moines, Iowa.

For the Best and Most Durable Travelling Equipment, demand goods with the

A. B. C.

STAMP ON BOTTOM

What could be nicer for a Christmas Gift than a Good Trunk, Suit Case or Travelling Bag?

Write us for

"TIPS TO TRAVELLERS"

Abel & Bach Co.,

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You will find a full line of

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We also carry everything in the

DRUG LINE

and are making a specialty of Almond Cream an exquisite hand lotion for 10c a trial bottle.

Prescriptions carefully filled.

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READING LAMP

Have your Light
on the Table.
Right where you want it.

Over 100 Styles
in Stock.
Call and See Them.

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413-17 LOCUST

205 EITHER PHONE

Merry Xmas

Why we are doing the Business:

We make clothes that appeal to men of sense.

That are worn by men of refinement, cultivated taste and good standing in society.

CLOTHES THAT ARE THE VOGUE.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS.

Nicoll The Tailor

WILLIAM JERREMS' SONS.

P. S.—Let us help you make yourself a Christmas present.—G. W. M.

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SHOPPING

BY MAIL

TRADE MARK

You are no doubt aware of the splendid reputation for good results in the

"Hanan" Shoe $5.00 to $6.00
"Walk-Over" Shoe $3.50 and $4.00
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FOR MEN and WOMEN

Book "M" of Styles, Mailed free.
We Pay Express or Mail Orders.

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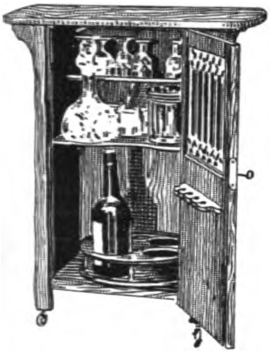
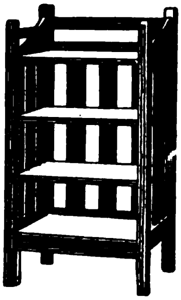
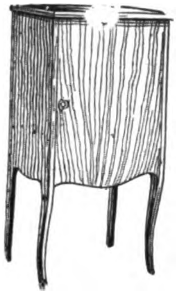
Everything for the Home







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Lace Curtains and goods to match them. Cooks and Ranges, Hot Blast Heaters. Velvet and Ingrain Carpets Rugs of all sizes.

MEADOW GOLD BUTTER
SOLD BY
DES MOINES' SPECIAL GROCERS.

When You Buy Crackers
BUY Blue Point Oysters,
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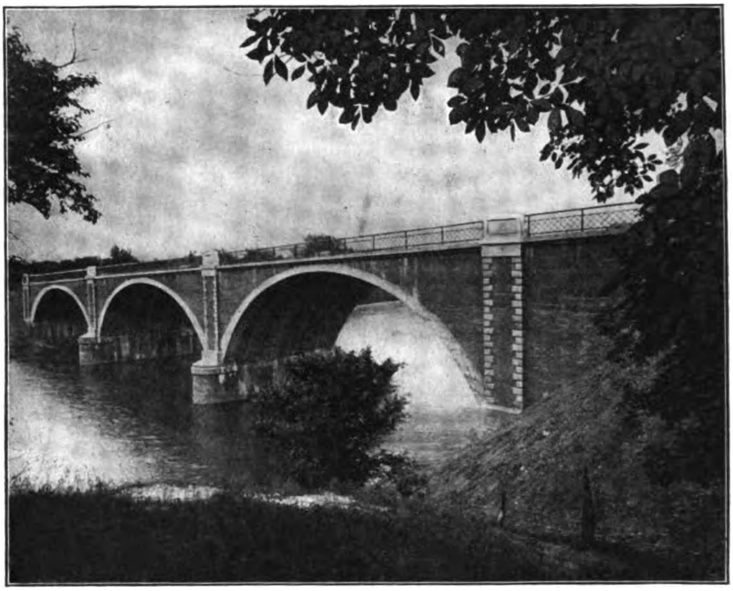
The Finest Things in the Cracker Line. Made by the
Independent Baking Co.
They carry over 150 kinds of cookies. Other kinds of crackers also.
I. B. C. CO., AL. GREFE, Des Moines, Iowa.



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It aptly chosen, and fittingly framed, make

Permanently

Pleasing

Christmas Gifts

We believe our present array of Water Colors, Oil Paintings. Copley Prints and the like, to be the finest ever brought together in Iowa.

BAKER TRISLER CO.,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GREEK LAMP

510 Walnut St. DES MOINES.

There's a

Merry Christmas

in the

Kodak Box

A No. 2 Brownie Camera, with a daylight developing box. film, printing paper, chemicals, trays, mounts, everything needed for making pictures is included in this complete outfit, including Holly Box.

PRICE $4.00, Worth More.

We have more expensive outfits for the older ones.

DES MOINES PHOTO MATERIALS CO.

521 Locust St.

Engleen-Eade Drug Co.

We have the
Largest and Finest Line of Leather Goods
in the City.

Consisting of Ladies' Hand Bags and Purses,
Bill Books, Letter Cases, Card Cases, Etc.

406 Walnut *601 E. Locust*

The Western Musical Herald

WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor.

THE Western Musical Herald is a monthly review of music in the West. It covers the musical news of the leading western cities and in addition, that of the smaller communities, college conservatories, music clubs, etc. A file of the Western Musical Herald will be a musical history of the West. Subscription is $1.00 per year and every music teacher, musician and music student should be a subscriber. Send for sample copy.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL HERALD

220 K. P. BLOCK DES MOINES, IOWA

Santa Claus wants to get his order in early at

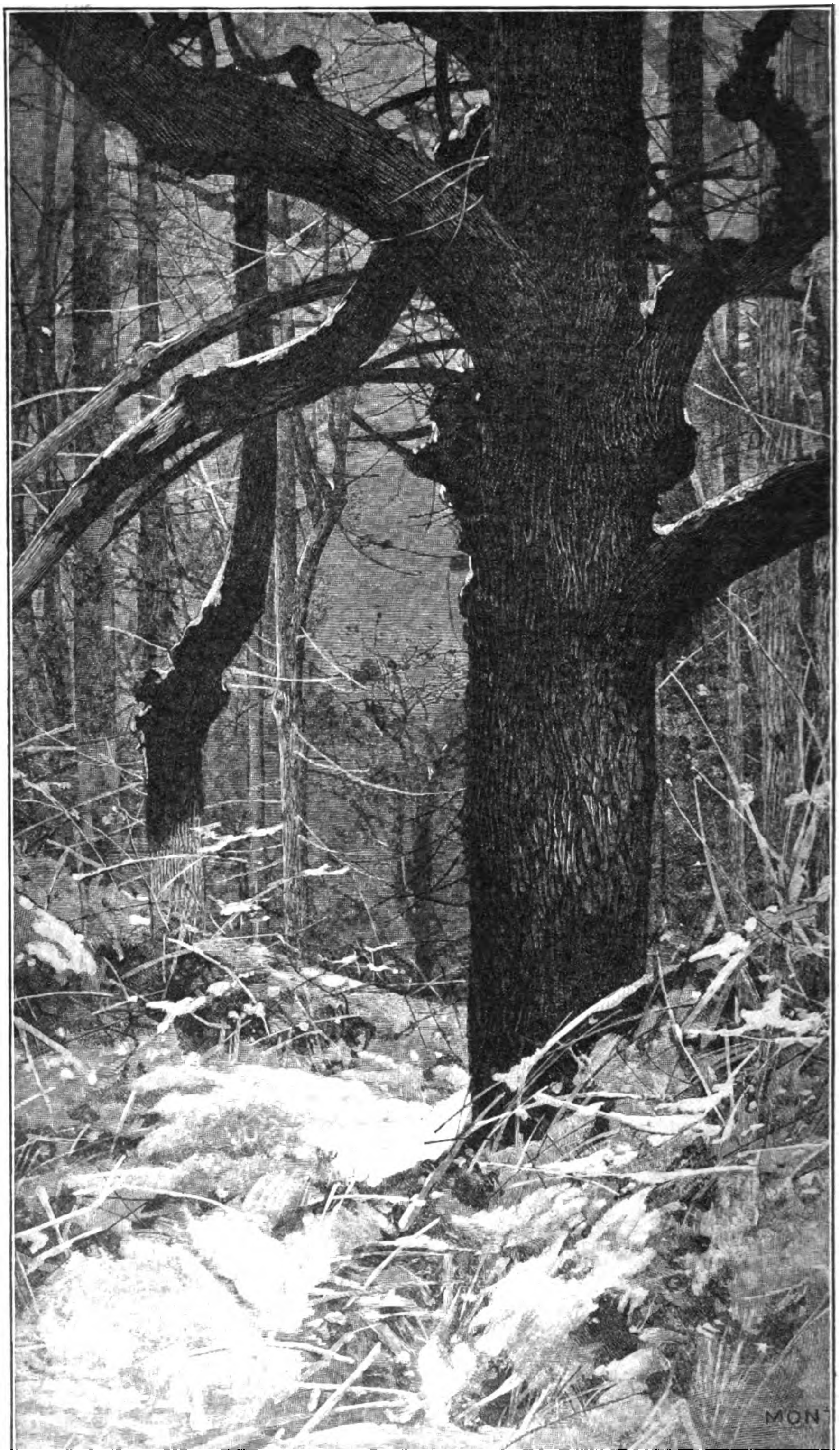
Yoshida Bros. Seventh St.

He knows where the nicest Xmas Gifts are to be found

We have a full line of JAPANESE GOODS

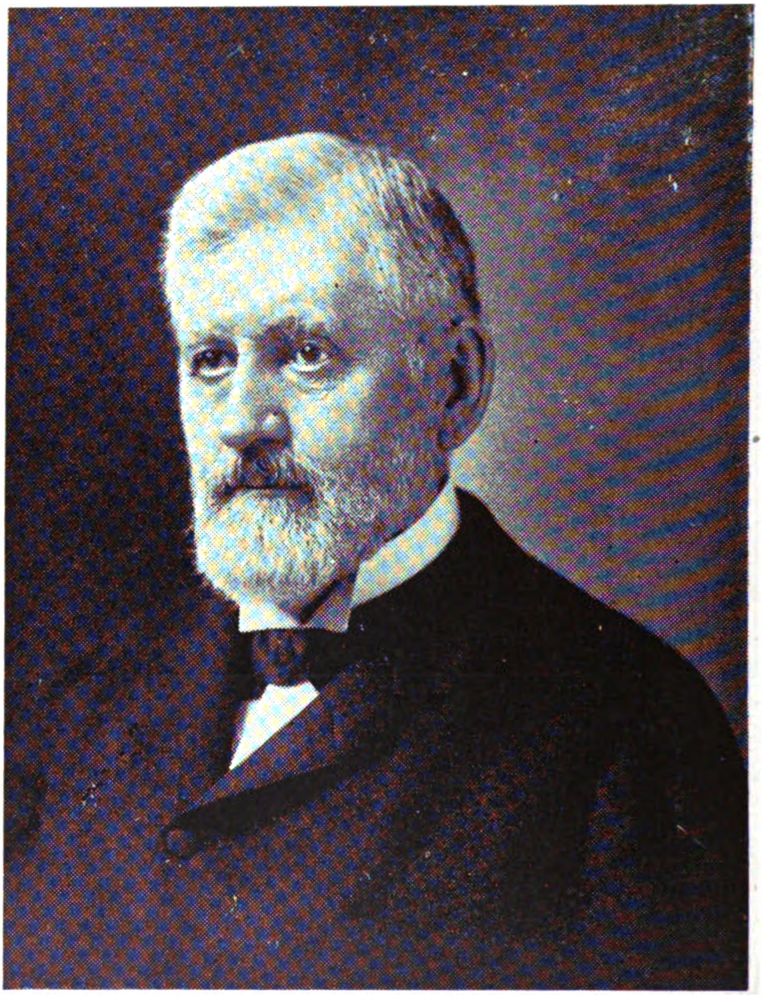
These are just what you want to give your friends for Xmas. Everybody wants presents they can appreciate and Jap goods are always appreciated. Come and see the things we make. They are beautiful, yet not expensive.

YOSHIDA BROS., 7th St.


MON

And all the angels in heaven do sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth do ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

—*Old Song.*



SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON

THE IOWA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS

MALCOLM MacKINNON

SIMPLY because the Iowa congressional delegation has been the subject of much fulsome praise during political campaigns and on other occasions when conditions combined to give the Iowa orator on the platform or in the forum the free range he requires in order adequately to vent his feelings with regard to the commonwealth and everything connected with it—simply such exhibitions of bad taste by wordy and undiscriminating eulogists are not sufficient in themselves to drive one to the opposite conclusion that the men who represent this state in congress are monumental examples of mental mediocrity. People who talk more than they think are as numerous in this part of the country as elsewhere. It is to that class of persons that the discussion of the merits and achievements of our politicians has been chiefly left and, so far as any record shows, the truth about the Iowa delegation has never been told or seriously attempted to be told. Hawkeye senators and congressmen either have been pictured as indispensable pillars in the structure of the national government, Atlases carrying the world of the public welfare on their shoulders, or they have been portrayed as ignominiously batted into position on railroad rate regulation and other legislation through vigorous application of the big stick of public opinion and federal patronage in the hands of President Roosevelt.

Contrary to what one may read in newspapers of any of the districts, there are no towering figures of the statesman class, the Roosevelt and Cummins kind, among the present incumbents. Justice demands, however, the statement that, as men in and out of public life measure up, these representatives of Iowa in the national legislature are found to be on the level of the higher grade. Without ex- reers. In alarm they brought pressure ception, so far as proof beyond a reasonable doubt has been produced, they have endeavored to do their duty by their constituents and by the nation at large, groping earnestly for a larger conception of what should be done now in the light of the probabilities of the future. Practical business men by training and temperamental inclination, they are not profound students of economics. The social unrest and the question of whitherward are we drifting, problems that worry the stripling Stokeses and the Pattersons, do not give the average Iowan any deep concern, and our senators and congressmen have not become red-eyed from loss of sleep over them. But they excel in the messenger boy service that is a chief part of the work of the representative. They run errands in Washington to an extent that causes one to marvel at their physical endurance as well as their patience. They excel also in the important function of getting re-elected, applying to their canvasses all the familiar arts of the politician, siding in with and vociferously voicing what they find to be the majority sentiment of the home folks on this or that subject. They assume the oracular on these occasions and look a great deal wiser than they have any right to be, considering that they have been looking out upon the world from Washington, the worst possible place to get a true perspective on what the public is hoping and thinking. Contrast the action of the Iowa delegation from afar off, giving aid and comfort to the movement to defeat Governor Cummins for renomination this year, with their evidently lively and immediate appreciation, upon their return to the saner atmosphere of their constituencies, of the suicidal effect success along that line would surely have had on their own ca-

Representative W. P. Hepburn

to bear upon the state committee to decide the convention contests on their merits, told Mr. Blythe he would have to be good and not order an open bolt, and thereby caused bitterness of soul for the northwest Iowa editor whose ambition, from a distance, they had been aiding and abetting. Washingtonitis is in a visional disorder always epidemic at the national capital, and few there are who do not contract it in a more or less virulent form. The men from Iowa, be it said, have at least the merit of making a quick recovery.

Both the Iowa senators are very noted men. That Senator Allison has been a most useful servant of the state and the nation is universally admitted. He is not the sort of man who, either by his personality or his positions and methods, appeals in the slightest degree to the hero worshipper. He has been described as the wisest of the wise, by those pleased with the results of his efforts, and denounced as timid through ignorance and silent because he has nothing worth saying, by those who by nature dislike a compromiser. Whether his habit of holding judgment in abeyance has become petrified into an inability to make up his mind, as hostile critics do not hesitate to asservate, is one question. Whether his caution and failure ever to slop over are evidences of a wisdom little less than divine, as his friends declare, is another. Both had best be left to the devotee of the fifteen puzzle and other nearly unsolvable problems. The limits of this article, at any rate, forbid any discussions of the pros and cons of these matters.

Senator Dolliver is much more transparent. He is a man like unto other men. He is honestly eloquent and eloquently honest, if the expression is permitted. At one time he could declare with truth, in a reply to a question submitted by an Iowa commercial body, that he was convinced that railroad rate regulation was wrong in principle and would be vicious in practice, and only a year later he could with equally clear conscience, appear in the role of one of the foster parents of

Representative W. I. Smith

the modified Esch-Townsend bill which, as the Dolliver-Hepburn measure, is now on the statute books of the nation. The senator was violently against the policy of control of the railroads in the first instance and just as violently in favor of it in the second. He was sensible enough to change his mind and courageous enough not to care who knew his shifting position. The really interesting thing about Dolliver, however, is that he is a thorough party man, has no use for mugwumps and other classes of independents; thinks that, if there is going to be any salvation, it will have to come through the republican organization. He is perfectly sincere in this opinion and his conduct has always conformed to it. The result is that he is becoming more and more strongly intrenched in the esteem of those who belong to the same political division.

There is not enough difference between the congressmen to warrant taking them up otherwise than in the numerical order of their districts. Thomas Hedge, of Burlington, is serving his fourth consecutive term. He declined a renomination. He is a man of fine education, a graduate of Yale college and Columbia law school. He is a leader at the Iowa bar. Moreover, he is an old soldier, which means much in Iowa politics. If a veteran should dynamite the departments at Washington, there are many who would believe he had a sufficient reason for the act. Men who would think nothing of turning the state over to the domination of the railroads are elected with general enthusiasm to the legislature simply because they wore the blue. This is mentioned because his being an old soldier creates a complication to be overcome in the analysis of Mr. Hedge. There is no reason deductable from his record, however, that he could not have gone to congress even if he had not served as a volunteer in the field. He has been a good servant of his constituents and though a majority of people in other parts of the state fancy Congressman Hedge is a mere puppet, his neighbors and others who know him intimately assert he is independent in thought and fearless in action.

The youngest and to many persons the most interesting member of the Iowa delegation is the congressman from the second district, Albert F. Dawson. He is not yet thirty-five years of age and has been aptly described as "greased lightning." Everything he has got out of life he has dug out by his own efforts. Few have had a more unfavorable start in boyhood; few, it is predicted, will rise higher. He is of the new type of public servant, the modern business man who is so rapidly taking the place so long held by the long haired, prince alberted "statesman" of a slower and more dignified era. Dawson is the sort of chap who can answer your letters by return mail, get you what you want if you ought to have it, keep his district in a good humor by obtaining generous appropriations, and make himself so useful in congress as to place other members and the executive department itself under lasting obligation to him. He is one of those on-the-spot fellows that are such a satisfaction. He is thoroughly manly in everything he does. That his district appreciates him is shown by the fact that while he was barely swept in on the Roosevelt wave of two years ago, he has just been re-elected by nearly ten times the plurality he had then.

Benjamin P. Birdsall is doing good service for the third district and has been re-elected to a third term. He is a lawyer of distinction and, like so many other members of congress, came from the district bench. He has not achieved very much fame beyond the borders of his district, but he is really one of the strong men in the lower branch of the national legislature.

Gilbert N. Haugen of the fourth district had a varied business and political career before he was sent to congress. His next term will be his fifth. To an

Representative J. A. T. Hull

outsider the interesting thing about Mr. Haugen is his taking a position in favor of Governor Cummins' candidacy for renomination, doing it early and getting personal benefit of conformity to an almost unanimous sentiment among the republicans of his part of the state.

There is nothing commonplace about Robert G. Cousins, of the fifth. He has risen to that height of distinction when cigars named after him have a ready sale all over the country. He is an orator of dulcet tones and chaste diction. He is accused of making only one speech a year. Guilt in such case would be a mark of merit in most men, but it is seriously charged against Mr. Cousins as a shortcoming. This shows in what high regard his utterances are held. He is also a hale fellow well met and that, too, contributes to his success in frequent reelection by amazing pluralities. He has been chosen for an eighth term.

Major John Fletcher Lacey, of the sixth, after long service, has been retired by the voters of his district. He was caught between the millstones of the factional grind in Iowa this year and as a result a democrat will succeed him. Having proclaimed himself a "standpatter from Standpatsville" he sought to "support the whole ticket" with the result that, according to his own account of it, "the progressives" vetoed him and his own

Senator J. P. Dolliver

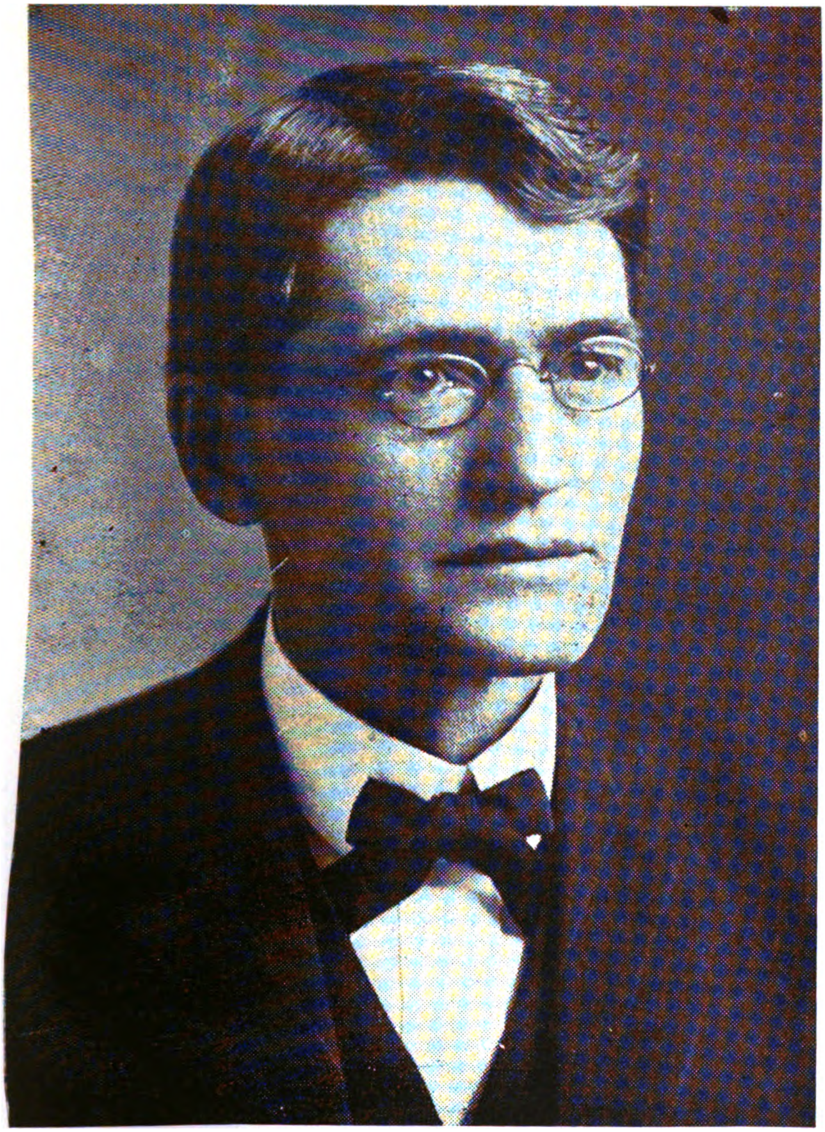
factional associates "knifed" him. The facts probably are that there was defection from Lacey on the part of voters in both factions. Then, too, his defeat is partly to be accounted for by his growing unpopularity with the miners that make up a considerable portion of his constituency. The major is of the intellectual type of man. His appearance indicates this and his work as an author confirms it. He has written some law books that are regarded as being good authority in the courts. He is an old soldier. It is not unlikely, in the opinion of politicians, that he will be groomed by the standpatters as their candidate for the gubernatorial nomination two years from now.

Captain John A. T. Hull, of Des Moines, represents the seventh district and is admittedly one of the men who amount to most in the conduct of business in congress. He is at the head of the committee on military affairs, as its chairman. He brought the army post to his home city and is working for its enlargement, as well as for a million dollar government building. He does things and the practical people of his district give more heed to the results he obtains than they do to stories of his alleged $50,000 corruption fund in the nomination fight against Judge Prouty. One of the few rumors of the recent campaign consisted in an accusation by former Secretary of State Dobson that Captain Hull received campaign funds from John D. Rockefeller, the indignant denial of the outraged captain, the suit against Dobson, brought with formidable array of learned counsel, and Hull's eventual "vindication" through Dobson's apology

Representative R. G. Cousins

and retraction in consideration of dismissal of the action for damages. They do not care in Des Moines how large a fund Captain Hull uses in his campaigns, or where he gets it, as long as he does things for the good of the town. Some folks are brash enough to declare the handwriting is on the wall and that the next will be Hull's last term for a certainty. There is no reasonable ground for such an opinion, unless it is the rumor that the captain, for business reasons, will decline a renomination.

William P. Hepburn is not only an old soldier, but he was educated in a printing office. This combination beats four aces in Iowa politics. It makes one's position absolutely impregnable. Moreover, Hepburn, as Hull is, and as Dawson will be, is a real leader in congress. From living in the "Q Reservation" and being consistently opposed to appropriations for improvement of navigable rivers, he gained the reputation with many people of being a "railroad tool," "Blythe's agent," and other naughty



Representative D. W. Hamilton

things. President Roosevelt, however, credits the eighth district man largely with the passage of the rate regulation bill. The congressman's enemies insist that his attitude on that measure merely indicated his sense of the necessity of avoiding the shower. To enter into the merits of the controversy would require much original investigation and space far beyond that permitted for the present article. Just how nearly Congressman Hepburn approximates to being a "pure patriot" must remain for the present a mooted question.

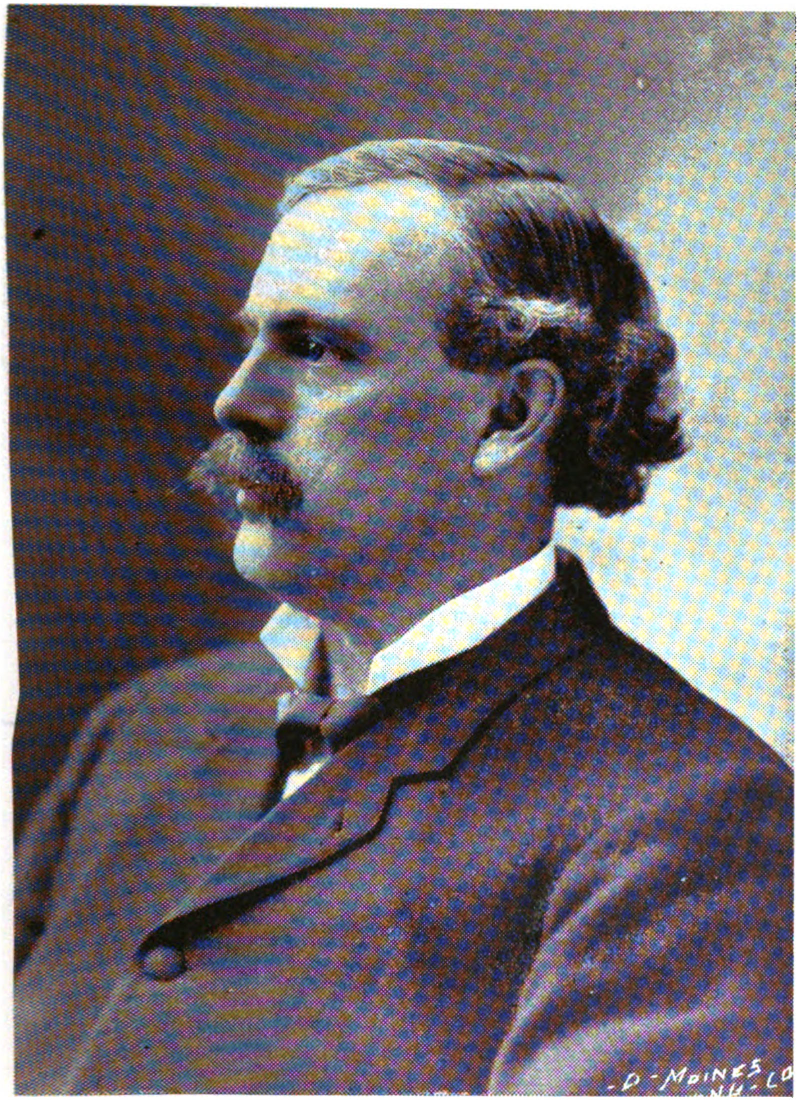
Walter I. Smith, of the ninth, is one of the most effective campaign speakers in the whole country, and one of the best story-tellers. He is a learned lawyer and immensely popular with his fellow members of the house as well as with his constituents. He was district judge for many years and brings the judicial attitude to his work in legislation.

James J. Connor, member from the tenth district, lives in the same town as Leslie M. Shaw, the secretary of the treasury. This is a recommendation to Congressman Shaw in the opinion of some republicans and otherwise in the opinion of others. It is interesting, on

Representative Charles A. Kennedy

that account, to note the report from Washington that the two townsmen of Denison scarcely speak as they pass. However this may be, Judge Connor, as he is familiarly known, is rapidly becoming one of the best known of the Iowa delegation. He was elected first to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of J. P. Dolliver, when the latter became United States senator after the death of Senator Gear. Judge Connor was on the district bench for a long time. He is serving his third term in Congress. He was greatly in demand as an orator during the recent campaign.

Elbert H. Hubbard, of the eleventh district, is chiefly known, outside of his neighborhood, for his loyalty to his friends. He supported Geo. D. Perkins earnestly for the nomination to the governership last summer and when Governor Cummins, another warm personal friend, was named by the state convention, he gave him his cordial support, in face of the fact that Mr. Perkins, in a disappointed and embittered state of mind over imaginary wrongs, sought to return evil for good by attempting to accomplish



Representative Benjamin P. Birdsall

Mr. Hubbard's defeat. The present is the eleventh district member's first term.

Charles A. Kennedy, of Montrose, Lee county, is the congressman-elect from the first district. He was a member of the house in the last session of the Iowa legislature. He is regarded as a "progressive," and that classification probably suggested the campaign rumor that Mr. Blythe and the "standpatters" of the first threw their support to Mr. Kennedy's democratic opponent. At any rate, the victory was won by a narrow margin in a district usuallv heavily republican.

Daniel W. Hamilton, democrat, successful over Major Lacey, in the sixth, is a lawyer of Sigourney. He is an extremely bright man and likely to become a leader on his side of the house.

Young Business Men of Des Moines

Arthur Reynolds
President Des Moines National Bank

Paul B. Sawyer
Superintendent Edison Electric Light Co.

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

MARY MALONEY, VAGRANT

By J. L. Harbour.

"AH, HA, Mary Maloney! Here you are again, eh?" The Clerk of the Police Court laughed as he took his pen and wrote in the great register of arrests:

"No. 17—Mary Maloney, vagrant."

"I s'pose it is vagrancy," he said. "That's what it's been for the last two times."

Sometimes the entry was "d. d.," which was the facetious clerk's abbreviation of "dead drunk." Again Mary Maloney would be charged with petty larceny, disturbing the peace, or some equally grievous offense contrary to the law.

She stood before the great, rusty stove in the dirty room that reeked with foul odors, and was dark even at noonday. The windows had been so long unwashed that the light came through dimly.

John A. Baal
Manager of the Carr & Adams Co.

Harold Wells
Director in the L. J. Wells Livery Co.

She was an old woman, clad in very old and ragged garments. Her stockingless feet could be seen through the holes in her ragged shoes; a thin cape was around her shoulders; a little plaid shawl was tied loosely over her gray hair, a part of which the wind had loosened, and it fell over her pinched and wrinkled face.

She held out her lean and skinny hands, blue with cold, to the fire.

The snow melted from her garments and formed in a black pool at her feet.

She sat down on a stool by the stove, resting her elbows on her knees and holding her face in her hands.

In all this world of forlorn, miserable, starving old women, there was not one more miserable and forlorn than old Mary Maloney as she sat there, a pitiful, suffering soul, whose whole life had been one of misfortune, want and neglect, and for whom there could never be an earthly haven of rest and peace.

She had not her usual air of defiance, and no oaths passed her shrivelled lips at the young clerk's sneering words.

It was the day before Christmas. The facetious clerk reminded Mary of the fact by jocosely remarking:

"Why didn't you stay out of here until after Christmas, anyhow, Mary? Or is this your Christmas spree nipped in the bud? Now you'll likely go up for sixty days at least, right in the holiday season. It will be Lent when you get out, and, of course, you're not worldly-minded enough to cut up any high jinks then. I should think you'd hate missing your Christmas dinner, and going to church to-morrow, and——."

"For God's sake, have done with that."

The old woman rose to her feet, lifting her bony hands with an appealing gesture. Her harsh voice quivered and her head sunk low on her breast. She fingered nervously at the ragged skirt of her dress.

"A joke's a joke, young man," she said, "but I ain't in the humor for jokin' now. I ain't feeling half well."

She coughed painfully and clutched at her wrinkled throat. "Caught cold some

John Hogan
Teller Marquardt Savings Bank

J. E. Campbell
President of the Campbell-Russell Co.

way or nuther. It's mighty cold. I'm half froze. Is to-morrow Christmas?"

She turned her bleared eyes toward the clerk and brushed the stray locks of gray from her face.

"Of course tomorrow's Christmas. Didn't you know it before?"

"No."

"Honest, you didn't?"

"No! Why should I be pertickler 'bout rememb'rin' it? Christmas ain't no more to me 'n any other day. It ain't much of a day to a woman as has to spend it in jail or in the streets."

But Mary Maloney did not spend that Christmas in jail. The police judge was something of an anomaly among his kind, for he had a tender heart.

He had always had great sympathy for Mary Maloney, and had, in times past, been most lenient with her.

He had even tried to do something toward getting her a home in some charitable institution; but the old woman had a fierce hatred of all charitable homes. She would rather have died in the streets than to have gone into one of them.

When Judge Hamilton came into his dreary little court room and found Mary Maloney the only offender against the laws he said to himself:

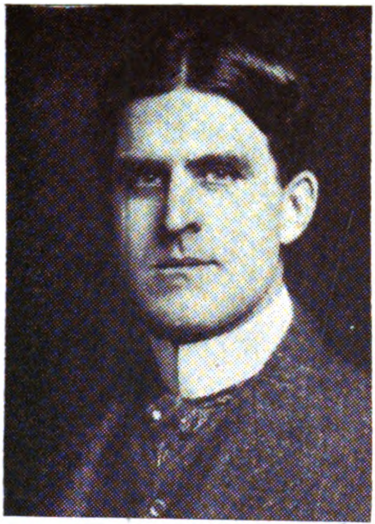
"I'm not going to send that poor old creature to jail on the very day before Christmas. Law's law and justice is justice, and all that, but I shall snap my fingers at both this time, even if I am deposed from my high office for so doing."

"Here, you, Mary Maloney," he said, "I'm not going to send you up the very day before Christmas. Can't do it. Now here's $2 for you, Mary Maloney. They'll pay for a comfortable bed for tonight, and a good dinner tomorrow. It's a shame an old woman like you can't always have both. Go and have them for one day and night, and a merry Christmas to you."

Before the old woman could recover from her astonishment, the generous old judge was among the crowd on the busy street.

The old woman sat before the fire, passing the silver dollars from one hand to the other.

John Collins
Electrical Contractor



Gilger E. MacKinnon
Cashier Mechanics Savings Bank

"God bless the man," she said, "He is a gentleman, he is. He's an out-and-out white man. Won't I celebrate this Christmas in good style now! This'll buy me rum, gin, brandy—no, never!"

She rose suddenly to her feet and stood tall and erect, her lips compressed. She brought her clenched fist down in the palm of her open hand, and, stamping her foot with excitement, cried out:

"No! no! no! I will not! I'll not spend a penny of it 'ceptin' as he told me to! I'll be a decent woman for one Christmas day."

It was nearly dark now, and the old woman tied the shawl over her head, drew the thin, short cape tightly around her throat and went out into the crowded street.

It was very cold indeed. The air was full of snowflakes and the wind was blowing furiously. It came sharp and biting through the old woman's rags; it moaned drearily around corners and down long streets; it came in angry gusts, so fierce and strong that the old woman was carried quite off her feet once, and fell to the frozen ground.

She rose slowly and painfully, and hurried on. Before the door of a cheap lodging house she stopped. She entered and asked the clerk for supper and a room. He eyed her sharply, and said bluntly:

"Must pay in advance if you've got no luggage."

"Oh, I've got money," the old woman said quickly, fumbling first in one pocket and then in another, while a look half of fear and half of perplexity came into her face. "Leastwise I did have some money —two silver dollars. It can't be that I've lost 'em. I—I—they was give to me—"

The clerk interrupted her savagely:

"Oh, come now, none of that! I know you of old! You have two dollars! Too thin! You're Mary Maloney, the vag. Out with you!"

He opened the door as he spoke and pointed into the darkness.

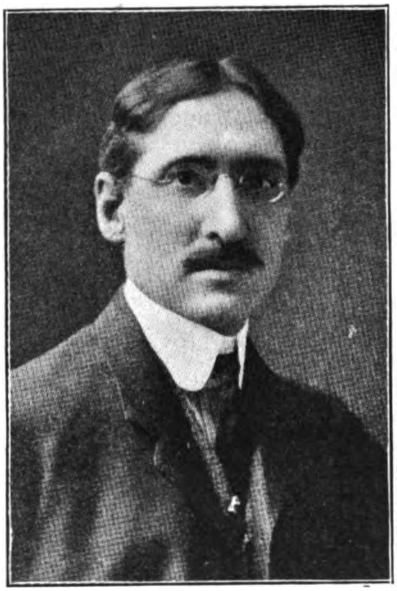
"But I did have two dollars," persisted the old woman, still fumbling at her skirts. "I ain't lyin' a bit. Don't turn me out a night like this! I'm freezing an' sick an' old! Let me jest set here by the fire. Oh, don't, don't, don't."

For the clerk had caught her by the shoulders and was pushing her toward the door, out of which he roughly thrust her in spite of her tears and pleadings.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF IOWA AUTHORS

NO. 4. EDWIN L. SABIN

ANNA ROSS CLARK



Edwin L. Sabin

AMONG Iowa writers none holds a warmer place in the hearts of his large body of readers than does Edwin L. Sabin, whom Iowa, and especially Des Moines, will always proudly claim, for although Rockford was the town of his birth, his parents removed to Clinton so soon thereafter that the incident barely repays mentioning. Throughout his younger days, and even his earlier years in the State University, it is not remembered that he ever showed any aptitude with his pencil, although the care-free, boyhood days in the river town were the inspiration in after years for his delightfully realistic stories compiled in "When You Were a Boy."

Before completing his course at the University Mr. Sabin, in his senior year; went with a party composed of members of the faculty and alumni to the Bermudas and Key West; it was a scientific expedition, and he, not being eligible as an alumnus, was taken as a correspondent. His letters to various Iowa newspapers, collected in a scrap-book through the loving thoughtfulness of one dear to him—his mother—furnished subsequently the passport to his newspaper career when, upon his return home, he invaded the reportorial field, doing assignments on the Des Moines Capital, later upon Davenport, Clinton, Peoria and Chicago papers. Seven years after leaving the University with the Bahama expedition, he returned to Iowa City, graduating in the year 1900.

Edwin Sabin is an indefatigable worker. Literary honors have not come unmerited nor unearned. The best part of each day, from early morning until mid-afternoon, finds him always at his desk. After, he seeks rest and recreation out in the woods, getting close to Nature, his wife his constant companion in his long tramps.

In the University Battalion Mr. Sabin was prize corporal, and this single incident furnished material for a large number of his earlier poems, which found ready acceptance in Puck, Judge, Truth and Munsey. Recalling also these poems, one would think that his wife's name is "Mabel," to her so many verses are indited—but it isn't, as all the friends of Mrs. Edwin Sabin, who was Miss Carrie Nash, of Chicago, know.

His pen is versatile, humorous often, and especially in his exquisite bits of verse touching upon childhood, often borders on pathos. Both in poetry and in prose some of his best work deals with child-life—oddly, too, for there are no children in the Sabin family.

Edwin Sabin's published books are: The Magic Mashie," a collection of golf tories originally put out singly through he magazines; "When You Were a Boy," which also appeared first as a eries of sketches of boy-life, and then in ook form; "Beaufort Chums," issued imultaneously with the last named, a delightful story for boys. His verses, which may be found in almost any new magazine one picks up, appeal direct to he heart. Sometimes they bring a reminder of Eugene Field, sometimes of James Whitcomb Riley, but always they bear the stamp of originality, of a Sabin individuality and charm. Here is one of his earliest published poems, from Puck:

Easter day in the Philippines—
Such an event by custom means
A walk to church, a service there,
And homeward stroll with a maiden fair.
Here—a day in the trenches spent,
Where I'm everlastingly keeping Lent
By giving up what I most prefer—
A sight of home, and a glimpse of her.

Easter day in the Philippines,
An Easter dinner of bacon and beans.
Lord—or in lieu of you, Uncle Sam—
Give me a chance of some peas and lamb!
Let me exchange this garb of blue
For garments correct in cut and hue,
And put me in line with other men
On their way to church at half past ten.

Easter day in the Philippines.
My heart is hungry for other scenes.
I wonder who in the deuce will go
To drive with a certain girl I know,
And had she rather that I appear?
And is she conscious I'm sitting here
Several thousand miles away,
Longing for her on Easter Day?

This bit of verse from an old St. Nicholas is full of understanding of child-life:

Ralph and Harry and Dick, these three
Resolved to travel by land and sea,
And Indians fight, and tigers slay,
And come back home for Christmas Day.

Ralph made ready his jack-knife bright;
Harry his bow and Chinese kite;
Dick had only a sword of wood
But he sharpened it up as best he could.

They planned their pockets they first
would cram
With bread and butter, and lots of jam;
And meet in the barn at two, about—
And how do you think it all turned out?

Ralph was caught at the gooseberry jar;
Harry was sent on an errand far;
And Dick (the terrible war-like chap!)
Fell fast asleep in his mother's lap!

At present, because the climate is in his wife's favor, Mr. and Mrs. Sabin are making their home in Denver, and amidst new surroundings the author has found new and desirable material for his facile pen.

(Continued from page 29)

She looked wildly around. No one was near. Every door was closed. She shivered and trembled with cold. She shrank in a pitiful, helpless way from the fierce wind and driving snow.

With slow and painful steps she went wearily back toward the busy part of the town to beg or steal. There was nothing else between her and death that bitter night. Poor, old soul!

Three blocks from the lodging house she came to a little brick church, into which many people were going. As the door opened she could see a glare of brightness and could hear a pleasant murmur of voices mingling with the shouts of children. Above the door hung in letters of green the words, "Welcome All."

"Wonder if I, old Mary Maloney, the vagrant, would be welcome," said the old woman grimly. "Wonder if they wouldn't put me out spite o' all their fine words. The hypercrites! They can't any more'n put me out, so in I'm going!"

She walked boldly in and sat down in a corner near the door.

The merriment of the Christmas festival was at its height, and no one noticed her. To her surprise no one offered to put her out.

Children were shouting, parents were laughing, and altogether too much engaged to pay heed to the strange old woman. She sat in a corner under the gallery, half hidden by a wooden pillar.

After awhile there was music and singing of songs and chants. The music sounded sweet and solemn to the weary, sinful old woman bending forward to catch the words—words she had heard in long ago days and forgotten until now.

Then a child sang in a clear, sweet voice:

"Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee forever to dwell in my soul;
Break down every barrier, crush out every foe,
Oh, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

Mary Maloney—old Mary, the vagrant, hid her face in the ragged shawl she had taken from her head. Her past life came before her shrinking eyes—unclean, sin-burdened, repellant. She shrank from it. She could have shrieked aloud with the agony and repentance that filled her soul.

Above her in the gallery four voices sang:

"For God so loved the world,
That He gave His son,
His only begotten son,
That whosoever believeth in Him,
Should not perish, should not perish,
But should have everlasting life."

A smile came into the old woman's wrinkled face; there were tears in her eyes.

She left the church in a dreamy, dazed condition of mind. Her thoughts were so confused that she did not know or care where she went.

She did not seem to feel the cold as she wandered aimlessly down the street. There was a smile on her face as she went on past sweet and happy homes, and by open doors of shops in which was so much of the food for which she was starving.

She did not ask for shelter. She put aside with a smile a hand held out toward her with money in it, and laughed aloud when the man said:

"The old woman's crazy."

She wandered on until all the houses were left behind, until she could not even see their cheerful lights.

There lay before her at last the flat, open, desolate prairie beyond the town, on which the snow lay cold, steely and smooth. The sky was black above her; the wind tossed and tore her ragged garments; it blew the little shawl from her head and carried it out of sight. Her eyes were filled with the blinding snow, her feet were wet and freezing. But she minded it not at all.

Her heart was singing: "Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;" then her stiffening lips would try to form the words, "Oh, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

She was feeling warm, now, but oh, so sleepy.

Soon her halting feet stopped. Slowly she sank to her knees, they lay at full length upon the ground.

The soft snow came silently down and enshrouded her still form.

Then, breathing the words, "Whosoever believeth * * should not perish * * * everlasting life," Old Mary Maloney, the vagrant, was at rest.

First Church of Christ Scientist, Marshalltown. Erected 1903.

Robert Mathews

The Farewell of the Fairies

A Poem read by the author at the Women's Press Club "Author's Evening"

They came in the dusk and the darkness
To the bed of the boy who had grown
From a wee, dimpled, golden-haired baby
To a lad who six summers had known.

They hovered above the fair sleeper,
Then into his dreams drifted down
And showed him the hearts he was breaking,
Hearts of Fairies of childhood renown.

And first came the Prince and the Beauty,
Who slept in the Magical Wood,
And roused the dear head from its slumber,
As only the Fairy Prince could.

Then all of the fairies and goblins
Climbed up on the boy's little bed
And kissed their good-byes to their playmate,
And all of their fare-ye-wells said.

The Babes in the Wood stood before him
And waved him a baby's adieu;
He saw them drift off through the forest,
Where robins then hid them from view.

And Jack, who murdered the Giant,
Would ever in Giant-land be,
"I'll cut it again at the bottom
And pull the stalk up after me."

And there stood the fair Cinderella
And blew him of kisses a score,
Then called for coach and her footmen
And sped to the land of No More.

Then bawled the bad, bold, browny Bluebeard:
"I'm off to my castle anew,
And never will tidings more reach you
When I of my wives kill a few."

And dainty Red Ridinghood stood there,
As tearfully bade him farewell,
Then wandered away through the Woodland,
Where the Wolf ate her up he knew well.

Then Great Big and Big and the Wee Bears
Came tumbling down onto his bed;
"Who milk from our bowls has been drinking
You care now no more," the Bears said.

At last there was none save the Sandman;
Just then did the fair head embark
Again on the ocean of slumber,
So the Sandman slipped off through the dark.

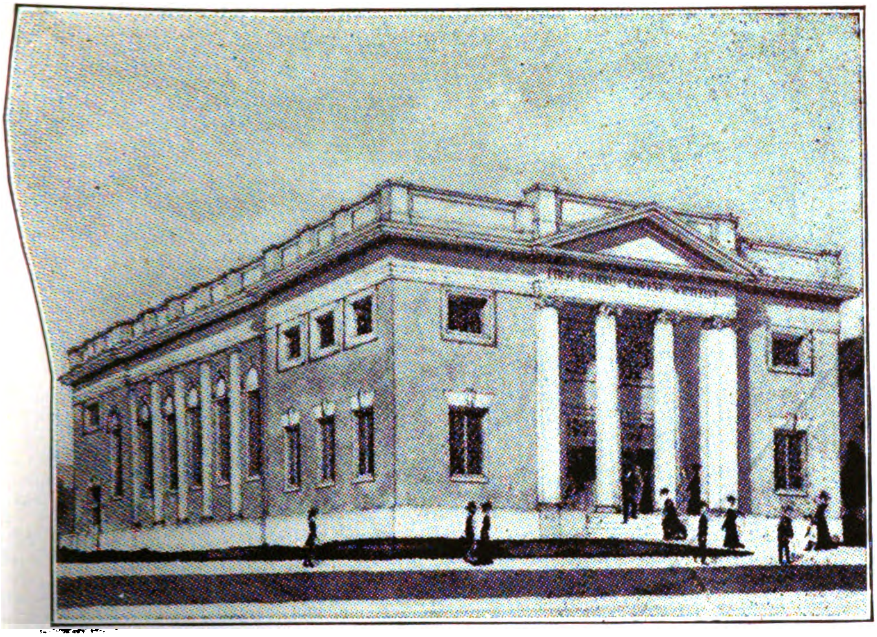
The dreamer awoke in the morning,
Hugged tight his new slate and his rule,
Nor saw the tear start as his mother
Sent him off on his First day at School.

The wee, dimpled, golden-haired baby,
Who once all the Fairies had known,
Had told her farewell like the Fairies,
To Boyhood from Babyhood grown.

Robert Matthews.

MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY

Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, and Author of Its Text Book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures."



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, DES MOINES
Erected in 1903 at a cost of $30,000.00

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN DES MOINES AND IOWA

JOHN L. RENDALL

FORTY years ago there was but one Christian Scientist in the world. Today there are about one million earnest Christian people who find themselves unspeakably benefited, helped beyond measure and deeply grateful to God that they have been permitted to participate in the unbounded benefactions of this new, yet old, religious teaching. The history of Christian Science in Iowa would be inadequate and incomplete did it not begin with some mention of the work of the God crowned woman whose loving labors for humanity have resulted in an achievement unparalleled in the world's religious history, and made possible the spread of this healing gospel, not only in Iowa, but throughout the whole world.

The following encyclopedic reference to Christian Science and its Discoverer and Founder appears in the December, 1901, number of the Current Encyclopedia, published by the Current Encyclopedia Company, of Chicago:

"The Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science and author of its only textbook (Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures), Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, was born in Bow, near Concord, New Hampshire. Her parents, of Scotch and English extraction, were Mark and Abigail Baker. Among her more distinguished ancestors were Gen. John MacNeil, the New Hampshire general who won distinction in the war of 1812, and Gen. Henry Knox of Revolutionary fame. Mrs. Eddy was educated at Ipswich Seminary, Sanbornton Bridge Academy, and by private tutelage of Professor Sanborn, author of Sanborn's grammar, and her brother Hon. Albert Baker, an alumnus of Dartmouth College. Her chief studies beyond the rudimentary were natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, Watt's "On the Mind," Blair's Rhetoric, Wately's Logic, Moral Science, Locke's Metaphysics, and Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French. She united with the Congrega-

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, SIOUX CITY, IOWA
Erected 1897
This church is now too small for the congregations, and plans have been drawn for a larger church.

tional Trinitarian Church at about the age of twelve years, continuing in this communion until she established the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., in 1879.

Mrs. Eddy began writing for the press at sixteen, and wrote many years under various noms des plume for leading magazines in the North and South. In 1843 she married Col. George W. Glover, of Charleston, S. C. After his death she married Dr. Asa G. Eddy, of Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Eddy became early engaged in various works of a religious, philanthropic, and patriotic character, being connected by membership with many societies, among which may be mentioned the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Boston; the Society for the Suppression of Vice, New York City; the Victoria Institute, London, England; and the Daughters of the Revolution, having been made a life member of the two latter.

Mrs. Eddy now resides in Concord, N. H., where in the seclusion of a suburban home, she conducts the religious movement of which she is the head. Her character is an exalted one, her life consecrated to God and humanity. With tireless devotion she labors to re-establish the primitive Christianity of Jesus of Nazareth and make practical his teachings in healing the sick and overcoming sin."

As above stated the First Church of Christ Scientist, Boston, Mass., was established in 1879 with twenty-six members. In 1893 the membership had increased to 1,545. The membership June, 1906, is 40,011, of this number 4,889 were admitted June 5, 1906. In 1875 Mrs. Eddy published the first edition of the Christian Science Text Book, Science and Health with Key to Scriptures. In 1892 this book had run through seventy-one editions of a thousand copies each. In 1902 it had reached a circulation of 223 editions of one thousand each, at the present time this book is in its 418th edition of one thousand copies each. In addition to Science and Health, Mrs. Eddy has published other works, namely, Unity of Good, Retrospection and Introspection, No and Yes, Rudimental Divine Science, Christian Healing, People's Idea of God and Miscellaneous Writings, besides many articles which she has contributed to the Christian Science Journal and Sentinel. In 1881 Mrs. Eddy received a charter from the state of Massachusetts for the Massachusetts Metaphysical College of which she became president. In 1883 Mrs. Eddy established the Christian Science Journal which was the first denominational periodical. Since that time the Journal has been supplemented by the Christian Science Sentinel, published weekly, and by the Christian Science Quarterly, which contains the Sunday lesson sermon used in all of the churches of the denomination. From 1879 to June, 1900, there were 415 churches and societies organized in which regular services are held. By October, 1901, this had increased to 661. There are at present 949 churches and societies in which regular Sunday services and Wednesday evening meetings are held.

Christian Science was introduced into Iowa about the year 1886 by the pioneers of the movement. Its beginning was necessarily humble, occasionally a few people being found who would listen to the (at that time) unheard of doctrine, that Christ's religion included healing the sick as well as the sinner. At first its mission was confined to the larger towns, and in such places as Des Moines, Sioux City, Davenport, Cedar Rapids, and other of the larger places meetings were called and later steps were taken toward establishing organized churches. The rapid growth of Christian Science in Iowa, as elsewhere, was primarily because of its positive results, because of its health-giving, peace-bestowing teachings; because it made practical that which Christ Jesus taught as to the sufficiency of "God with us," to heal all diseases, all discords to comfort, sustain, invigorate and save humanity from all that which "maketh or worketh a lie." As with any radical teaching of truth, many misconceptions concerning Christian Science have arisen, and strange to say a large percentage of the opposition to its teachings has come from Christian ministers. Some of the "stock" objections are as follows: That it denies Christ. That it denies a personal God. That it denies the reality of sin. That it denies the identity of a personal Devil. That it denies the Atonement, the Resurrection, etc., ad infinitum. To take up these points categorically would take more space than is allowed in this article. I will however state as follows: The Christian Science text book, Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, teaches the certainty of "God with us" as infinite Mind, infinite Principal, Spirit, Life, Truth, Love. It teaches that God is personal in the sense of His being the one infinite Person, but not in the autropomorphic sense. Christian Science teaches that Christ Jesus the Son of God—was and is—humanity's Saviour and Way-shower. It teaches the efficacy of the Atonement, the fact of the Resurrection and Ascension and accepts and emphasizes every fundamental and

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST
DENISON, IOWA
Erected 1904

JOHN L. RENDALL, C. S. B.
Publication Committee for the Christian Science Denomination in Iowa

essential teaching of the Bible. In addition to all this it has taken an advanced position on the subject of Christian Healing, insisting upon practical demonstrations of the complete teachings of our Master. This is the feature of Christian Science which constitutes its chief distinction from other religious teachings, and this is the vital and fundamental element which makes it the power for good in each community which it is at this time. Slowly but surely the thought of Christian people is being changed and in some instances the orthodox Churches

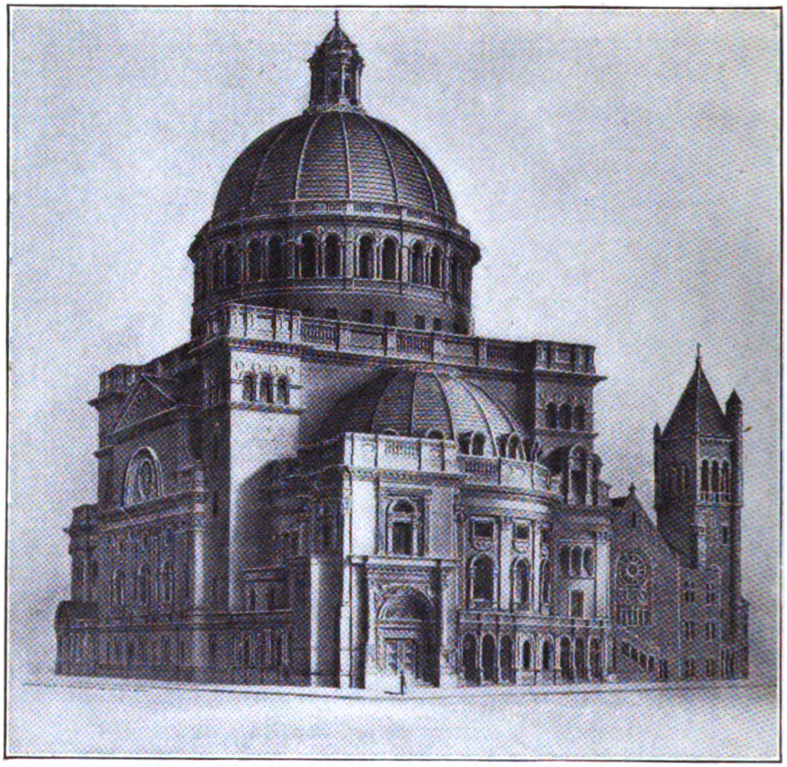
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST
DAVENPORT, IOWA
This will be torn down and a new church erected in the near future

are beginning to make tardy acknowledgment that Christian healing should be practiced as an essential and integral part of the Christian religion. The teachings of Christian Science as regards a "Personal Devil," sin, etc., are found to be in accord with the teachings of Jesus, who in defining Satan said: "When he speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own for he is a liar and the father of it." It is generally believed that Satan (the liar) is the father of sin (the lie) and as the Bible states: "No lie is of the truth," that which emanates from Satan is not true and is therefore unreal in the true definition of reality. It is thus seen that the only reality of sin lies in the fact that it has been universally accepted as real and thus "deceived many," until eradicated by the Christianity which Jesus taught.

There are in Iowa about sixty churches and societies of this denomination, holding regular Sunday and Wednesday evening services for the dissemination of its Christian teachings. Some of these churches have an attendance of 200 to 400 at each service, others are as yet quite small, but all are imbued with the spirit of gratitude for the privilege of giving to their community the priceless truths of God's ever-presence and power. Many of the Iowa churches have erected their own church buildings. One of the first of these was the church at Sioux City. Beginning with a handful of people it had its first meetings in private houses. The growth soon demanded larger quarters and this continued until it became necessary to build a church. In 1897 this church was built and dedicated free of debt. This church has prospered and its growth now demands a new and larger building which will be erected in the near future.

Mason City, Marshalltown, Denison, Davenport, Burlington, Washington, Waterloo, Independence, Ottumwa, Mt. Pleasant, Des Moines, and other places, have their own buildings, and in other cities lots have been purchased and plans are being considered.

The movement in Des Moines had its inception in 1887. Many persons belonging to the most prominent families in the city, having experienced its beneficent results, became ardent advocates of its teachings. Meetings were held in private houses and the healing gospel was gratefully received and disseminated. Gradually the interest increased, more, and still more people were healed and

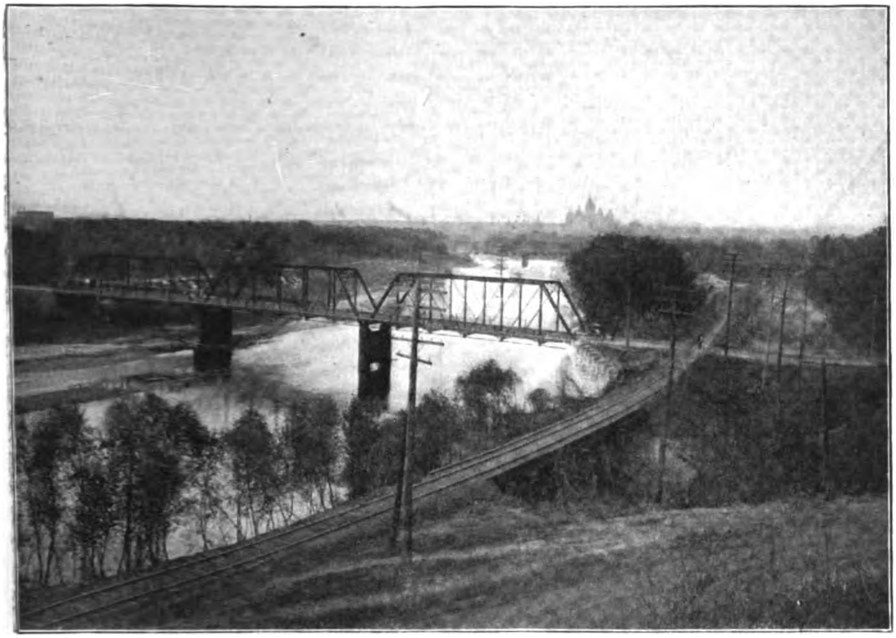


THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, BOSTON, MASS.
The Mother Church and its extension, erected 1906, costing $2,000,000.00. Dedicated free of debt June 10, 1906

benefited, physically, morally and spiritually, until it became necessary to engage a hall in which to hold the meetings. In 1892 the church was organized and reorganized in 1900. Its growth has been steady, its prosperity undiminished, its influences for good incalculable. In 1900 a Building Fund was started and in 1903 a church costing about $30,000 was built. This church seats 700 people and is rapidly filling up. This church maintains a free reading room which is located in the church building and is open to the public each week day from one to five p. m. At this reading room all the authorized Christian Science literature may be procured and read. Every Christian Science Church maintains a free reading room of this description. Each Christian Science Church also maintains a Sunday School for the children where they learn the simple verities of Christ's religion as taught in Christian Science.

The time is rapidly approaching when intelligent, thinking people can no longer be misled, prejudiced, biased or warped in their estimate of the intrinsic value and essential worth of Christian Science as an increasingly important factor in the redemption of humanity. Its teachings are comprehensive in their scope, practical in their nature, satisfactory in their results, their logical ultimate being the Christianization of the whole world.

The history of Christian Science in Des Moines proves conclusively that faithful, earnest effort along right lines meets with its reward. The church is now recognized as an important factor in the religious work of the city. Since Christian Science has become better understood a great change has been gradually taking place in public sentiment concerning it, much of misconception as to its teachings has been eradicated and it is recognized that its adherents are not fanatics, but are intelligent, law-abiding, earnest, Christian people, filled with love for humanity. Gradually is it being understood that Christian Science stands for all that is purest, highest and best in each community. Its teachings foreshadow the coming of time spoken of in Rev. 21:4. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."



South Ninth Street Bridge

A WOMAN IN THE CAMP

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH

HAMLIN GARLAND

MARTHA HOLLAND was a bride of less than six months when she received her marching orders from her husband. She was requested to join him at Masinee. Her heart was very heavy when she took her seat on the sleigh laden with camp supplies and utensils. She knew it meant a long separation from her parents and her young friends, and she looked back at the group at the gate with eyes blurred with tears.

The country grew wilder as they went north. The pine woods thickened and all signs of cultivation disappeared. The road grew at last to be merely a winding track in the sun-bright snow. It grew silent. At times when the bells on the horses' harness were still, nothing could be heard but the wind's low snarl in the pines, or the crackling of a twig settling under the snow. The camps drew farther apart, and to the young wife it seemed as if the world were being left behind.

At the Falls Holland met her, and she felt a shock of disagreeable surprise at his rough look.

"O Henry! What makes you wear a beard? I don't like it."

He laughed. "Too much trouble to shave, Mattie. You'll like it after you get used to it. Are you tired?" he asked with abrupt tenderness.

"Yes. How far is it yet?"

He pointed to the fine, rounded outline of Old Masinee. "We'll soon be there."

They moved off on the widening trial which cut across the elbow made by the river. The sun grew low, and faint clouds drew across it, and the wind strengthened. The bells jingled pleasantly, and the drivers shouted from sleigh to sleigh, but they could not soften the effect of wilderness over the young wife.

They came at last upon the camp. It consisted of three little low log huts; one for teams, one for the men, the other for the kitchen. A little creek ran by, deeply smothered in snow.

A dozen red-shirted men came pouring out of the large hut and raised a shout of welcome. They looked rough and wild to Mattie, but they swarmed cheerily about the team, unhitching, and unloading the furniture.

A tall old man came forward to say,—

"We're mighty glad to see you, madame."

"You bet we are," said two or three others. "We've had a hard scuffle with Ralph's cooking."

"Mattie, Miller, my partner."

Mattie shook hands with Miller, whose round, smiling face she liked at once.

"And this is your headquarters," continued her husband, throwing open the door of the other shanty. She walked in and looked about. At one end was a small kitchen partitioned off with rough boards. A broken old stove was roaring with heat there.

"Here's where we eat," said Ralph.

The central portion of the room was the dining room. It had a long table running along the middle with benches at each side. It was lighted now with candles, and on the table were some tin plates and some rough knives and forks.

"And this is your room," Henry said, opening the door into another apartment at the opposite end of the long hut.

It was a rude place to bring a bride. The walls of logs were plastered with mud. The dresser was a board nailed to the wall. The partition had large cracks and knot holes in it, and the apartment was bare of even a bed. A lump rose in the wife's throat. She looked away for a moment at the window, with a set look in her eyes as she crowded down her discontent. The men swarmed in noisily, bringing the bedstead and chairs and the few little things which had been given the young couple at their wedding.

She stood by while Henry and Miller arranged the bed and hung up the little looking glass. Then she unpacked her trunk and got out her extra dresses and her brush and comb, trying all the while to conceal the tears which dripped down upon her hands.

After Ralph went back to the cooking, and Miller returned to the barn, she broke down and wailed,—

"O Henry, I can't stand it here—I just know I can't."

He sat down by her side on the trunk. He was not a rough man, and he was touched.

"Now, now! Don't cry, Martha, you're tired and homesick. You'll feel all right when you get up to-morrow morning."

She sat passively while he went all over the ground again.

"You know it saves us a lot of money, Mattie, and if we buy that farm next spring we'll need every cent, and besides it makes it easier for me and Chubb."

"Oh, but it's all so lonesome!"

"Lonesome! with fourteen men around? Well, now, it'll be lively enough when you get to cooking for 'em. You won't have time to get lonesome."

She said nothing more, but sat dumbly there while the men swarmed in and ate the evening meal with much clatter of tin dishes and very little talk.

"Where's the woman, Hank?" some of them asked. "Ain't she goin' to set at the head o' the table to-night?"

"She's tired," he apologized. "She don't feel like coming out." He added, "You'll see her in the morning; she'll cook your breakfast for you."

The shrill yell which greeted the good news brought Mattie to her feet in terror.

"Three cheers for the woman who bosses the boss."

"Ralph, you're *'aus ker speilt.'* "

Their loud laughter did not provoke a smile in Mattie's eyes. She lay down on her bed and cried. She was only a girl of eighteen, and this was so far away from her modest little romance.

It was dark when she heard her husband call her. She started up in alarm. "What is it, Henry?"

"Four o'clock, time to get up. Wake up, don't you know where you are?" He shook her gently.

She remembered, and struggled slowly awake. It seemed like the middle of the night. Faint streaks of light came across the room, but they were from the candles in the dining room. She heard a strange sound, a snarling, humming roaring sound; it was the wind in the pines. She dressed hurriedly, for it was very cold, and when she came out into e kitchen she was not yet awake. Her et stumbled and her eyes dreamed.

Old Ralph, with his red arms bare to e elbow, was laying huge slices of beef a great dripping pan.

"Good morning, cap'n," he said to her. I'll just absquatulate"—

"No, no, please go on. I don't know ything about what to do."

"You've cooked for harvest hands and reshing crews?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, often."

"Well, just figure on a threshing crew f twenty-eight hungry men, and you'll ave the needs of our gang of fourteen."

She watched him while he fried the steak and filled the tea pots and took p the beans and biscuits. At last he took down the horn and blew a short snort. There was heard a scuffle, a shout, and the men tumbled into the room like a herd of steers into a cornfield. They ducked their heads at her as they passed; one or two said "Good morning" as if the effort were colossal.

She helped about the table, and the struggle was soon ended. They scraped in the beans, caught up some chunks of brown bread, heaved up the tin cups full of tea, and shoved back and disappeared with slow mutter of laughter.

Miller and her husband came in a little later and sat down to eat with her. They ate almost as swiftly and silently as the others and then Henry said:

"Ralph will stay and help you get dinner, Mattie; and try and get the hang of things today, so I can have Ralph tomorrow," and then they rose and went out. It was not yet light, and the wind was roaring in the tree tops. There was something terrible in this grim dawn.

Old Ralph showed her the various boxes and barrels of food, and how to coax the stove, and how to wash the tin dishes wholesale, and many other things which long experience at dodging work had taught the male cooks.

At noon the men came tumbling in again with appetites like wolves. It was very hot and close in the little kitchen, where the meat sizzled and the potatoes steamed. Ralph was kindly and patient in all things, even taking her suggestions about cleaning up things with great composure.

Once or twice during the afternoon Henry pulled rein to shout just for the pleasure of seeing her come to the door. Occasionally some driver could be heard singing, but mainly all sounds were lost in the snarling moan of the pines.

At night, after supper, the men went into their own quarters. Henry and Chubb worried over some figures and the record of the logs, while Mattie and Ralph did up the evening work.

This came to be the regular routine of the camp life. On the second morning Old Ralph shouldered an ax and went out with the rest of the men, and Henry said:

"Well, Mattie, you're chief cook and bottle washer now. If you need any help, just blow on that horn there and we'll come. If you toot twice, we'll know you want something mighty bad and we'll come a-whoopin'."

All about was the wilderness of pine and tamarack, laden with snow. By day all was silent, save the click-clack of the axes and the perpetual moan of the pines. At night the wolves and owls and wild cats awoke and uttered voice. Mattie drew close to her husband then and was glad to hear the noisy laughter of the men. But in the early dawn, just after the men took their way into the dark woods-roads, or at night, just before they came to camp she felt the wilderness like a visible presence marching in upon her. This feeling came upon her with terrible force the third morning. It was cold and cloudy. The wind roared through the pines like a mighty river washing a pebbly beach; its grinding snarl was intolerably desolate and pitiless.

She seized the long tin horn which hung by the door, but the thought of her husband stopped her. What could she say in explanation?

This was her life. Up every morning at four o'clock to cook cakes and steak for the ever hungry men. Then two or three lonely hours of cleaning up the camp, then the attack upon dinner. A noisy, hearty quarter of an hour of dinner, and then silence again and the voice and presence of the pines.

II.

As it drew toward Christmas, Mattie grew childishly eager to go home. She had never been away from home so long before. Her desperation made her brave to the point of saying:

"Henry, I want to go home for a week."

"I don't see how we can spare you, Mattie."

DR. O. H. LONGWELL

President of Highland Park College

"But I can't stand it here any longer, it's so lonesome."

"O nonsense! with a crew of fourteen men around! If you'd settle your mind to staying here you'd be all right." There was a note of impatience in his voice.

Mattie's throat filled up and she stammered, "You don't think of me, how hard I work and how lonesome it is for me."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't snivel about it," he said irritably. "Of course, it's hard work. We all have to work hard; that's what we come up here for. I can't spare Ralph just when the sleighing is best. There may be a January thaw, and I want to finish up the lumbering business this winter." As he talked his voice grew softer, but he could not take away the effect of his harsh, contemptuous tone. Mattie heard him in silence, with set face wet with tears. She had supposed he could never speak to her like that.

Sunday was a noisy day. The men played games and sang, or went hunting. They ate more, if anything, than on week days, and Mattie was busy most of the day. It was on Monday morning that she made up her mind to an epic deed.

"I'm going home," she said with dermined straightening of the lips.

As soon as it was light, she put on her armest clothes and cautiously opened e door to be sure none of the teams ere in sight. It was a dazzlingly bright inter morning. The roads curved away ito the forest, deep furrows in the al-iost unstained snow. The sun threw a olden sheen over it and stained it with urple shadows. The trees were silent; verywhere the frost glittered. The ring f the axes was very distinct to her ear, o still were the pines. It was like setting a oat into unknown waters, but her resoluion did not waver now. She closed the loor behind her and started on her long ind lonely walk to Masinee to take the tage.

Up on the hillside the swampers' axes rang, the sleighs creaked to and fro, the trees crashed falling steadily, the logs rumbled on the skid-ways, the oxen snailed the logs out of the tangle of boughs, the saws rang, and the hearty voices of the men made up the pleasant jangle of sounds the logging crew enjoys.

Henry called to Ralph, "Say, Ralph, what time have you? My watch must be fast."

"Twelve-thirty."

"That's what mine says. I wonder what's the matter with the woman. I guess I'll go up and see."

"Guess you better. The boys have been looking at the sun for an hour, and my stomach's been saying 'cub-berd' for some time."

Henry went up the road to the shanty feeling that something had bothered and delayed Mattie, but when he saw the chimney—there was no curling smoke this time—he quickened his pace to a run. She was sick perhaps—or an accident! He dashed the door open. The room was silent and cold. He called as he ran into her room. He stood there astonished, confused. His mind reasoned upon the cold stove, the orderly room. She had been gone since morning, that was evident. What had happened to her?

He seized the horn and blew two blasts upon it, then ran to the stable and down to the spring looking for footprints. The men came rushing down out of the woods. Their voices clamored in his ear almost before he knew it.

"What's the matter?"

"My wife is gone," he said.

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. Something must be the matter with her. See if you can find her tracks."

They bent to the ground, but the road was so hard her steps did not show for some distance. At last they found them. She had hurried down the road.

"She's gone to Masinee."

"She's gone to catch the stage," said Ralph.

"What makes you think so?"

"She asked me a few days ago when the stage left, and I told her about ten. She's on her way to her mother's."

Henry thought for a moment. Then his rage flamed out. "I'll bring her back." The men moved away a little. "Ralph, go back and get dinner. I'll go after her."

"No use now, Hank," said Chubb. She's on the stage. You can't get off till to-morrow. Keep cool now. She's all right."

"I'm going anyway," the husband said. "I can't stay here till I know where she is," and he started off down the road on the run.

"Come back and take a horse," yelled Chubb, but he kept on.

"The woman got homesick," said Ralph. "I don't blame her much. She's only a girl anyway, and Christmas comin' on."

III.

As Mattie entered the door the Adams family rose up from the table with a clamor of expletives.

"Well, for Peter's sake!" "Where'd you drop from, Mattie?" exclaimed her mother and sisters.

"Home for Christmas?" asked her father.

"I'm here to stay," she sobbed, as she ran to her mother's broad bosom to hide her face.

"Had a row, Matt?" asked her sister, Nettie.

"N-no, I've just—just run away; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Well, there, there! Don't bother about it now. Nettie, put on a clean plate. Sam, stir up some fire and heat some tea. I s'pose it was hard work."

"I didn't mind that, but it was so lonesome, and I wanted to see you." Again her head went down on that sheltering breast.

"There—there! Wanted to see her ol' mammie; course you did, and it's all right. Now don't 'oo worry, there—there!" She patted the hysterical girl on the back and made little soothing sounds to her. At last the runaway sat down to supper with tear-stained cheeks and ate heartily.

"I'm awful glad you've come, Mattie. We're goin' to have a dance here tomorrow night."

"What'd you run away fer? Wouldn't he let you come?"

"No. He said he couldn't spare me."

"How'd you get down here?"

She set her cup down and distress came back into her face. "I had to steal"—

"Good land o' mercy! Well, Marthy Adams, you *are* doing things— Stole—who of?"

"Him."

Mrs. Adams was relieved. "Oh, well, I guess you earned it. How much'd you take?"

"Ten dollars and seventy cents. All there was in his wallet."

"Well, did you ever! Hiram Adams, do you hear what your daughter is a-tellin' of?"

"I do, mother, but I ain't responsible. She always took after you."

Mrs. Adams rose up in wrath. "Well, I never! Do you accuse me of being a thief?"

"Oh, no, of course not," he replied. "You never had any chance. I never had ten dollars to steal."

They all laughed and sat down to the table to enjoy a meal together.

It seemed so good to get home again. The light, the dishes, the homely smells, the clock ticking on the shelf, the cat by the stove, all the homely things which had been so dear since childhood, every figure in the tidies, every stripe on the wall—everything was dear and sweet.

Well, she would not leave it again. Of course, all was over with her and Henry. He would never forgive her, and she would live here sadly and quietly for the rest of her life.

But she went to sleep beside Nettie, while Nettie was telling her about Ned Peasley.

IV.

She was dancing the next evening. It was about nine o'clock. She was quite gay and girlish as she threaded the figure of the dance. She was, in fact, laughing heartily at Peasley, who danced like a negro at times to please the girls, when the door opened and her husband looked in.

Henry pushed the door open and entered slowly, with a gloomy face. He looked dangerous. His face was uncouth with beard. His coat was faded and his gray shirt collarless. His brows were drawn down sharply over his keen eyes.

"Stop the dance! Where's that wife o' mine?" he asked.

A gurgle of outcry followed.

"Hello, Hank!"

"Just in time."

"She's here."

The dancers fell away from the young wife and she stood confronting him, pale and silent. He looked at her, his arms folded sullenly.

"I want that wife o' mine," he said, advancing toward where she stood dazed, uncertain what to do.

"Oh, Henry, I didn't mean"—

He caught he by her outstretched arms and drew her to him. His face blossomed into a smile of loverlike joy.

"Go ahead with y'r darned old fiddle," he said. "I've got a pardner."

And in the clamor of questions and gurgle of laughter, the fiddle had difficulty in making the measure of "Honest John" heard.

STANZAS

I saw the virtuous man contend
  With life's unnumbered woes:
And he was poor—without a friend—
  Pressed by a thousand foes.

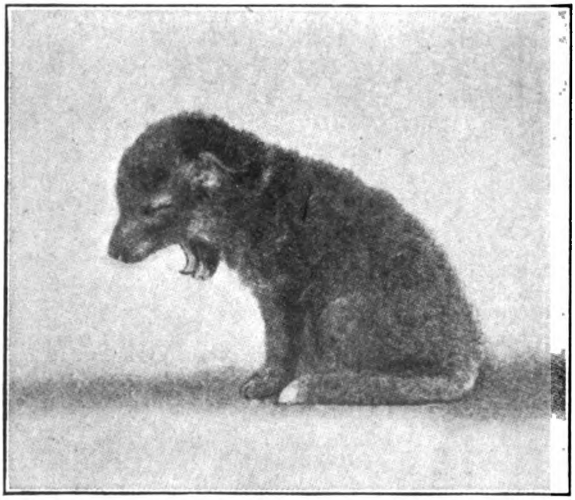
I saw the Passions' pliant slave
  In gallant trim and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave—
  His life a summer day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
  And joined her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
  And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding power
  Which rightly suffers wrong,
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,
  But Virtue, late and long.

Mrs. Neva Davis-Scott and Little Son, of Belfast, Ireland
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gray, of Des Moines

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



How the Bears Ate the Squash Pies

IT APPEARED large, round and golden in the November twilight. *What! the moon?*

Dear young people, who was talking about the moon? *I referred to a squash pie.* Can't one tell a story in one's own way?

It was in one sense a pie of a thousand—that is, for excellence. Numerically, it was one of six baked during the afternoon of the day before Thanksgiving by Mrs. Samuel Parmenter, who lived in a township in northern Maine, surrounded by pine woods and by the society of Mr. Parmenter and the children. These were Jack, who was twelve years old; Benny and Bobby, the twins, who were six years of age; and dear little two-year-old Luella Adeline Amelia.

* * *

Jack and Benny and Bobby and Luly had watched their mother make that noble squash pie and its fellows. They had hindered her—they called it helping her—while she made the pastry. She had pared and sliced and boiled the squash, and Jack helped her sift it, an Bobby stirred in the milk while she bea the eggs, and Benny suggested an extr spoonful of sugar to each pie, and Luly in her high chair by the table, looked o laughing with pleasure—which was perhaps the best help of all. By twilight th pies were baked and set away in the little pantry to cool. When Mr. Parmente came home from the woods, with hi axe over his shoulder, everybody tol him, from Luly up to "mother," that th pies looked remarkably good.

* * *

The kitchen was small and the fire i the oven had been hot; therefore the little pantry which opened from the kitche needed a current of fresh air, and Mrs Parmenter sent Benny to raise the window, and keep it open by sticking a nai into the woodwork of its frame. Whe the family went upstairs to their bedrooms under the roof the window wa forgotten.

The twins were soon asleep, but Jack lay awake, for the golden orb of th November night—the moon I mean thi time, not the squash pie—cast a beam o light across his pillow.

"Hope I shan't be moonstruck," h thought to himself. Then he heard noise out-of-doors on the turf, somethin like the heavy steps of a stout perso walking with clumsy rubber boots. Jack was out of bed in a minute and at th little gable window. Putting forth hi head he could see a large black figur that resembled a fat man in a fur coat peeping in at the window of the pantry which was directly beneath the windo where Jack was watching. He looke beyond; a few yards away from th house were two smaller personages similar in shape to the intruder at the pantry. This visitor leaned in at the window, then took out one of those pies an dropped it upon the ground, where i broke in pieces. Now the smaller creatures came running, and each possesse himself of a share of the pie. It was black bear with her two little cubs.

Bears in northern Maine are rathe good-natured neighbors. They have way, it is true, of borrowing ears of cor and honey-comb and fruit, and they ar orgetful as to repaying of the loan; but very one has known that sort of neighbor upon two feet instead of four. *These ears rarely attack any person unless provoked; and who would think any better f a bear who would see his wife shot nd his babies carried into captivity without using his natural weapons of defense?*

But Mrs. Bear ought to have asked leave of Mrs. Parmenter before borrowing those pies. So thought Jack; and he hastened to awake his father, who, having heard the story, came from his bedroom with his gun, and followed by the boy, went noiselessly down the stairs into the kitchen. By this time the bear had divided two pies between her cubs before helping herself to any. She heard the footsteps on the kitchen floor and made with one paw an odd signal to the cubs; and the chubby little fellows toddled and tumbled away as fast as they were able. The mother bear did not follow them immediately. There was a chance of danger, she knew; but there was also a chance of more pie. When she saw Mr. Parmenter and his son she began to think the situation serious. She dropped upon all-fours and moved off, with her lumbering gait, a distance of about a dozen paces. There she paused, stood up again upon her hind legs and thrust her paw—which must have been strongly flavored with squash pie—into her mouth and sucked it vigorously. Then dropping both paws in a comical attitude she looked squarely in the face of Mr. Parmenter, as if to say: "Here I am, caught in the act of stealing pies for my cubs. You are witness, judge and jury. I plead guilty, with extenuating circumstances."

Mr. Parmenter raised his gun, aiming at the bear. Then he lowered it. "Jack," said he, "I have a great mind to let her go. *You say she fed those pies to her cubs.* I guess mother would feel pretty sorry if she hadn't a piece of pie to give the twins tomorrow. And it don't seem hardly right, when we are just about to thank Providence for mercies received, to kill a creature for taking a bit of what has been provided. I guess when the Governor appointed Thanksgiving Day for folks, there was nothing said in the proclamation *about it being fast-day for bears. Jacky, I'm going to spare the old creature.*"

Jack took a pie—tin plate and all—and threw it out of the window toward the bear, who fell upon it joyfully.

"Jack, my son, are you crazy?"

"No, father; but that pie was a little burnt on one side, and—and the old bear hadn't any. *That makes three pies for the bears, and leaves three pies for the Parmenters.*"

Reed's Only Bird Hunt

Thomas B. Reed used to tell the following: I never felt more ashamed in all my life than I did one day after killing a bird. I never shot but one bird in my life. I spent a whole day doing that. It was a sand piper. I chased him for hours up and down a mill stream. When at last I potted him, and held him up by one of his poor little legs, I asked a small boy who had been looking on what he thought of it. "Oh!" he replied, "I was only thinking how big you are and how small the bird is."

Horse Caprices

All horses have their fancies, and know perfectly well whom they have to deal with. I am just now exercised with Whitefeet, a sorrel mare which I bought young, and has lately come out of the hands of a professional breaker with two or three tiresome whims. I do not think that he understood her. When an unbroken filly she was most obedient to me. One day I found her in the drawing-room. To reach it she had walked into the house by the front entrance, and after traveling a corridor some forty feet long, had passed through three doorways. There she was, examining furniture, smelling knick-knacks, and looking out of the window. I expected a scene, since she was as good as wild, having never been made acquainted with saddle, bridle, or shoe. Yet she behaved like a young lady; not only daintily walking about among chairs and tables without damage, but exhibiting solitary self-consciousness, especially when she came to look at herself in a mirror. This she did with much interest, getting first one side of her face and then the other into the most appreciable position. It seemed to me that she smiled. When she had gazed her fill, I said, "Now come out, my dear." Then she put her warm, velvety nose into the hollow of my up-lifted hand, and followed me, as I walked backward like a courtier, into the paddock. And yet the professional breaker had found her hard to manage. She was evidently too refined for him, and resented his coarse manners.

Nature's Preserve Closet

What do the winter birds live on? That is a question which has puzzled many people who have not had the time to dip into the secrets of nature study. "A Peep Into Nature's Preserve Closets" by Maude Gridley Peterson, in the November number of *Suburban Life* reveals the mystery. The common sumac is bobwhite's staff of life, while the bittersweet, black alder, cedar berries and other wild things form the winter food of other birds. The article is delightfully written and one of the features of a number which is filled with interesting contributions.

Pain Enduring Animals

The manner in which animals and birds endure pain should awaken the sympathy of all thinking people. Horses in battle furnish a striking example of this power of endurance. After the first stinging pain is felt they make no sound, but bear it with mute wondering endurance, and when in the silences of the night a groan comes from the battlefield it is because of loneliness—the craving for human companionship which is so necessary to once domesticated animals.

A dog will go for days with a broken leg without complaint, but the pleading, wistful look would attract attention from anyone not totally blind to all sensibility.

A cat, wounded by stick or stone, or caught in some trap from which it has either gnawed or pulled its way, will crawl to some quiet out of the way place and endure silently agony which we could not endure.

Cattle will meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound. The wild dove with shot from the hunter's gun burning in its tender flesh will fly to some high bough or lay upon the ground and die, and no sound will be heard save the dripping of blood upon the leaves.

The stricken deer will speed to some thick wood and there in pitiful submission await the end.

The eagle stricken in high air will struggle to the last, but there will be no sound of pain, and the proud, defiant look will not leave the eyes until the lids close over them and shut out the sunlight they loved so well.—*New York Herald.*

A Camp Pet

The most interesting pet of the Sierra Madre camp was a baby bruin, captured at the time the mother was shot. Upon arrival of this little captive silvertip in camp, the assembled campers witnessed a pathetic incident that spoke as plainly as words of love that passeth understanding, even among wild animals. The hunter who had killed the mother rode in with the skin of the old bear athwart his horse's back. At the skin the cub took one sniff, then leaped upon it, clawed it, licked it, emitting the while cries of joy which soon turned to howls of grief. Mother was recognized, why did she not respond to baby's overtures? Thereafter the cub was happy only when sitting in some hunter's lap or while being coddled like a child.

USEFULNESS

O, Thou to whom a secret prayer was sent
That work less arduous might my hands employ,
That sordid cares and trials be removed,
And pleasant tasks be given to enjoy--
Today I thank Thee for the boon withheld,
For curse instead of blessing it had been;
Today I thank Thee for a life so filled
With useful labor, and for peace within.
To realize the joy of usefulness,
To learn to love the work so many shun,
To lift with ease responsibility,
And feel a partnership with Thee begun—
Oh, this is blessing greater than I asked,
Far better than I knew Thy hand has led;
Now make me strong and fearless to the end,
And in Thy love to willing service wed.

Ida Iden Holly.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

Maurice Moeterlinck

AMONG the many attractive books for girls shown in advance of the holiday season is a story by Alice Tweed Baily called "Roberta and her Brothers." Every character in the book is thoroughly human and Roberta is a very loveable and darling girl. Her experiences are all delightful, and her few trials add to the interest of the story. Both girls and grown-ups will enjoy this book. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

* * *

"Fairy Stories Related from St. Nicholas" will have a big sale for holiday gifts. Some of the most gifted American story writers are represented and the illustrations are beautifully done. (Century Company, New York. $2.00.)

* * *

A translation from the French of Mary E. Safford is attracting much attention. It is an automobile story called "The Enchanted Automobile." The heroes are two boys of royal birth who go touring in the auto of the Enchanted Merlin and see wonderful things. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.00.)

* * *

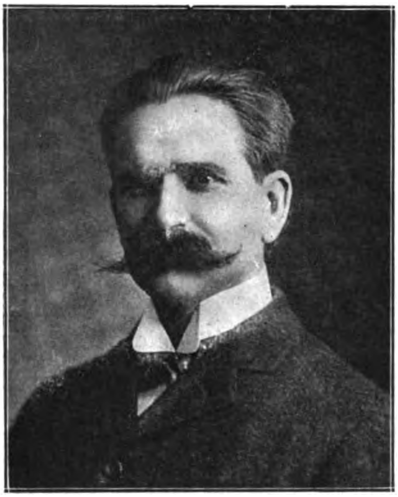
Mrs. Deland is doing better things in each book that comes from her pen. "The Awakening of Helena Richie" is one of the finest pieces of imagination writing in the modern world of letters. This is no passing novel, to pick up and put down with the reading, and forget in a month. No, indeed! On the contrary, the story takes hold of the reader and sways him and possesses him and lives with him ever afterward. It has in it the great purpose, the intense realism and that sort of individual appeal that made George Eliot immortal. Once read, the book will be a treasure. It is put up by the Harpers. $1.50.

* * *

Making Marriage a Success

"In business, if problems arise, a man seeks to master them; if inharmonies threaten to eclipse his success, he seeks to remove them; he does not let things drift or work themselves out in some way; he knows it is his business to find out where things are wrong and how he can set them right; he does not shut his eyes to troubles, and think that he is curing them by obscuring them. Men are often resigned to conditions in their home that they would never surrender to in their business; they often accept as inevitable in their home life what they could change if they only would. It is cowardly to accept any wrong condition if any amount of effort will right it.

"People often fan themselves into the serene self-satisfaction that they are



A. W. Dudley
President Iowa Business College

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BUSINESS COLLEGE

Iowa Business College

bravely accepting fate when they are really only too mentally lazy or morally inert to take a bold, firm stand to win the freedom of thought and action they desire. There are little rifts in the lute of marriage happiness that, unnoted and uncorrected, widen until the music of sweetness is lost. There are little differences that a few moments of listening, a few moments of kindly wisdom and explanation will set right, but foolish pride may deter, and a heart is wounded; unrest, vague misunderstanding and suspicion dethrone confidence and a sad growing-apart may darken the years.

"Sometimes the lack of proper understanding comes from that moral cowardice that seeks only to preserve 'peace in the family.' This is a false peace. It is treason thus meekly to surrender, shutting out the true, white light of real peace for a silent suffering protest which eats into the heart."—*From the November Delineator.*

* * *

Where Life is not Measured by Money

The editorial in Suburban Life for November describes most delightfully life in the suburbs at this time of the year. "When in the city our winter provisions were kept at the grocery store. November found us with nothing particular to be thankful for. We earned money and ate it, slept on it, wore it and roofed under it, we lived on money—not much, to be sure, not enough to hurt us; but living on money is not like living on a lot of land all your own, or on wild raspberries that you have picked and watched your wife jam, or on the hundred other delectable things that you find growing here on the border, and that have in them no taste of the city and its money."

* * *

Fattening Oysters

The oyster-eating public is already familiar with the process of fattening adopted by some unscrupulous dealers in oysters, says *Country Life in America.* This consists merely in throwing the oysters into fresh water which they absorb in large quantities and become plump. The flavor is thereby injured and there is danger of infecting the oysters with typhoid fever. At Lynnhaven, Va., the United States Bureau of Fisheries has been working for several years on a plan to establish an artificial fattening bed for oysters. The oyster lives chiefly on diatoms and other microscopic marine plants. These plants require for their growth a large supply of inorganic salts in the water. The necessary plant food is supplied by putting commercial fertilizers into the water. The fattening bed must be in shallow water so as to have a relatively high temperature. A wall is maintained around the fattening ground so as to retain the fertilizer and diatoms. Even after the diatoms have multiplied enormously the oysters receive no benefit from them unless a current is maintained in the water to carry the food to the oysters. Salt water is pumped in to prevent the fattening beds from becoming too fresh, and a little lime is added to the water to prevent the growth of algae and other plants which would give a disagreeable flavor to the oysters. Too much lime, on the other hand, will destroy the food plants of the oyster. The process seems somewhat complicated, but it has been demonstrated to be feasible and to yield fine results in the number and quality of oysters.

PHOTO BY WEBSTER

Annie Quint, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. U. Quint

PHOTO BY WEBSTER

Anna Pierce, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pierce

PHOTO BY WEBSTER

Jessica Gorham, Niece of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Cokenower

Three Young Friends of The Midwestern

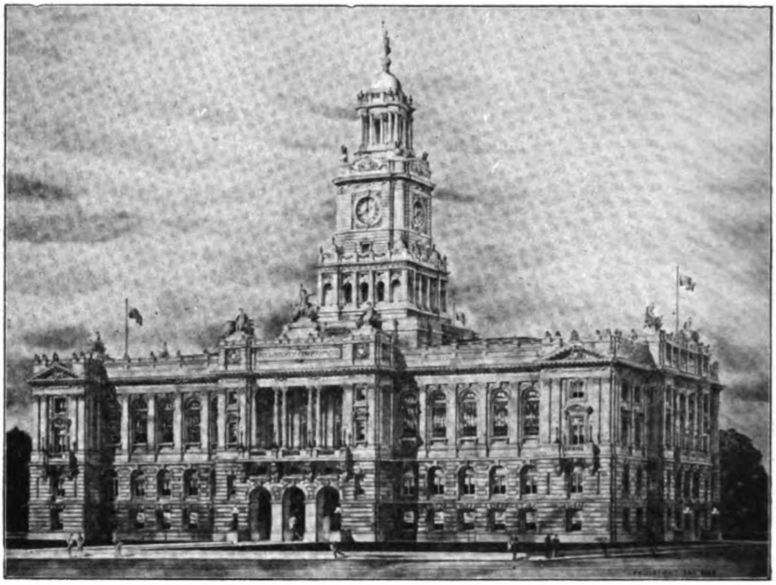
Judge Hugh Brennan

The re-election of Judge Hugh Brennan to the district judgship gave universal satisfaction among Iowa republicans. During a residence of thirty-nine years in Des Moines, Judge Brennan has made for himself a high place in the esteem and confidence of the general public. From 1890 to 1894 Judge Brennan filled the office of city solicitor. After that he continued the practice of law, until in 1904, he was appointed district judge, and in the following month was duly elected to the office. In the primaries he had strong opposition, but was an easy winner for the place. Judge Brennan is a man of such integrity and sterling good sense that he has won a large circle of warm personal friends who rejoice in his success. He is in every way deserving of his title and of his position.

Judge Jesse A. Miller

One of the most popular of the young attorneys of Des Moines was elected district judge at the recent election, and now it is no longer "Jesse," but "Judge" Miller, recalling his uncle of the same name, whose memory is still fresh in the minds of many old friends in Iowa.

Judge Jesse A. Miller is one of the youngest judges in Iowa. He is a graduate of the state university and the university law school, and began the practice of law in Des Moines in 1891. He is a native Iowan. He was assistant attorney general of Iowa for three years, and court attorney of Polk county for four years. He brings to the bench unusual gifts of mind and character and will be a credit to the Iowa bar.



PROUDFOOT & BIRD
ARCHITECTS

SUITE 712 CROCKER BLDG.
DES MOINES, IOWA

Polk County Court House

Des Moines, Iowa

THE POLK COUNTY COURT HOUSE

THE very first thing the stranger in the capital city of Iowa sees after he has emerged from the clamor and confusion of the Union Station, is a magnificent gray stone building, a triumph of architectural skill. Those who come back again after an absence of ten or twelve years look with pleased surprise and astonishment at this stately building which has risen over the spot where the unsightly old red brick temple of justice used to stand. They feel a glow of pride and are quick to tell the stranger, "Oh, yes, I used to live here."

All of Polk county is proud of its new court house. It will henceforth be only secondary to the state house in interest to visitors to the city. At first one is struck with the mere classic beauty of the building. It is built of gray stone after the French Renaisance style of architecture and is crowned by a slender gray tower which rises high above the main building and affords a splendid outlook on the surrounding country.

Four majestic marble figures of Justice stand guard over the imposing main entrance on Fifth street. Behind these figures, supported by carved marble pillars, is a beautiful recessed balcony where visitors love to go and look out on the busy street below them. The stone for the building was furnished by H. W. Schlueter & Son. Three hundred and seventy-five cars of Bedford stone were used in the walls. This firm also supplied the steel and mason work for the tower.

The tower alone weighs 1,400 tons. Its entire weight rests upon four gigantic brick pillars reinforced with steel columns which transmit the load to the foundations that are seventy feet square and four feet thick.

No less pleasing to the eye is the interior of the building. Here are long corridors supported by stately white marble columns, grand iron and brass stairways, and the footsteps echo across floors of terrazzo, one of the most beautiful floor materials on the market.

One comes upon cozy little balconies where one may pause and view the beauties about him. Pillars of scagliola marble support the ceilings on both the second and third floors. Looking up into the dome one is reminded somewhat of the administration building at the Chicago World's Fair. The light filters softly through stained glass in the top of the dome, two on each of the four sides. walls. Eight graceful statues with arms upraised are placed about the base of the dame, two on each of the four sides.

Yet it is not in mere beauty of design that the new court house excels. It commends itself as heartily to the practical man of business as it does to the aesthetic artist. It has more floor space and greater length of corridor than any other building in the city outside of the capitol. In dimensions it is 150x250, is four stories high and has a total floor space of 150,000 feet or over three acres.

Underneath the beautiful curves and lines there is displayed a shrewd and cunning grasp of the utilitarian side, and it is evident the building was planned for practicality as the main object. That this could be attained without sacrificing the grace and artistic beauty of the edifice is a high tribute to the architects, Proudfoot & Bird.

After leaving the ground floor on which are the offices of the county surveyor, coroner, assessor, county superintendent, overseer of the poor and general storage rooms, one ascends the broad iron stair case and reaches the first floor. Here are the offices of the recorder, the treasurer, the auditor, the sheriff and the supervisor's offices. Five court rooms are located on the second floor, four large rooms and a smaller one. The clerk's office, also located on this floor, is as roomy and convenient as could be desired and is a welcome change to the men who have for so long been confined in the cramped and dusty quarters of the old court house. The office extends from the second story to the attic, giving two balconies for storage above the main floor. These are reached by winding iron stairs. In this office the most modern conveniences known to the business world have been placed, $12,000 having been paid by the county to Baker-Trisler for this purpose.

On the top floor are the county attorney's office, court reporter's headquarters, grand jury rooms, ladies' parlors and four extra petit jury rooms.

One of the features of the furnishing of the court house is the steel furniture. All of the desks in the various offices, the cabinets, etc., are of steel, thus absolutely protecting all the valuable papers from fire. This steel furniture is not at all unsightly. It is painted green and gold to harmonize with the decorations. The court rooms are elegantly equipped throughout with massive mahogany furniture; $53,805 was paid for the furniture of the court house alone. It was supplied by the Des Moines Cabinet Company, the Art Metal Company and Davidson Bros.

Men who built the new court house:

Proudfoot & Bird, architects; George H. Youngerman, superintendent; E. Van Dyck, rain leaders; Columbia Fireproofing Company; H. W. Schlueter, cut stone, mason work, tower, steel for the tower; Gateway City Steel Tank and Roofing Company; Capital City Brick & Pipe Co., mason work, etc.; L. H. Kurtz, plumbing; Berggren Electric Company; W. S. Fraley, plastering; Chas. Weitz & Sons, carpenter work; Twin City Iron & Wire Works; Casini Mosaic Tile Company, cement, etc.; Holbrook Mantle & Tile Co.; H. W. Loyer, painting; Allward Glass Company; Henry Marble Co., scagliola; Mutual Telephone Company, wiring; D. J. Braun Mfg. Co., lighting.

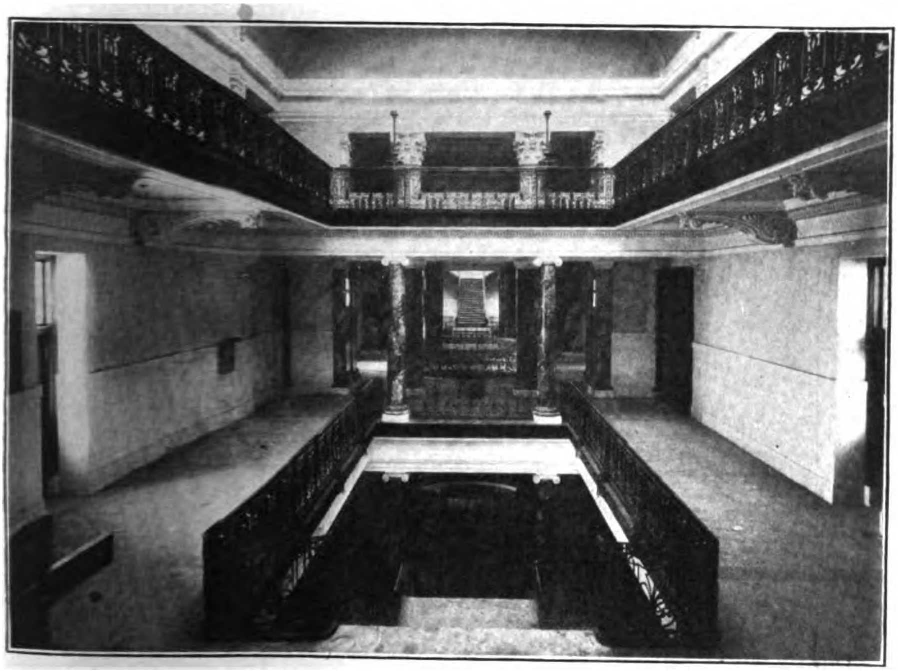
Judge James A. Howe

Judge James A. Howe, district judge, is a native of Michigan, although he has lived in Iowa for twenty-six years. He is a graduate of Drake University, receiving the honorary degree and in addition to the regular degree of graduation. He was county attorney of Polk county for four years, 1895 to 1899. He was elected to the bench in January, 1903, and re-elected in 1906.

During his years of law practice in Des Moines Judge Howe has taken high rank both as a jurist and a citizen. A man of education, culture and especial fitness for his work, he is something far superior to the ordinary standards set up for a judge of the district court.

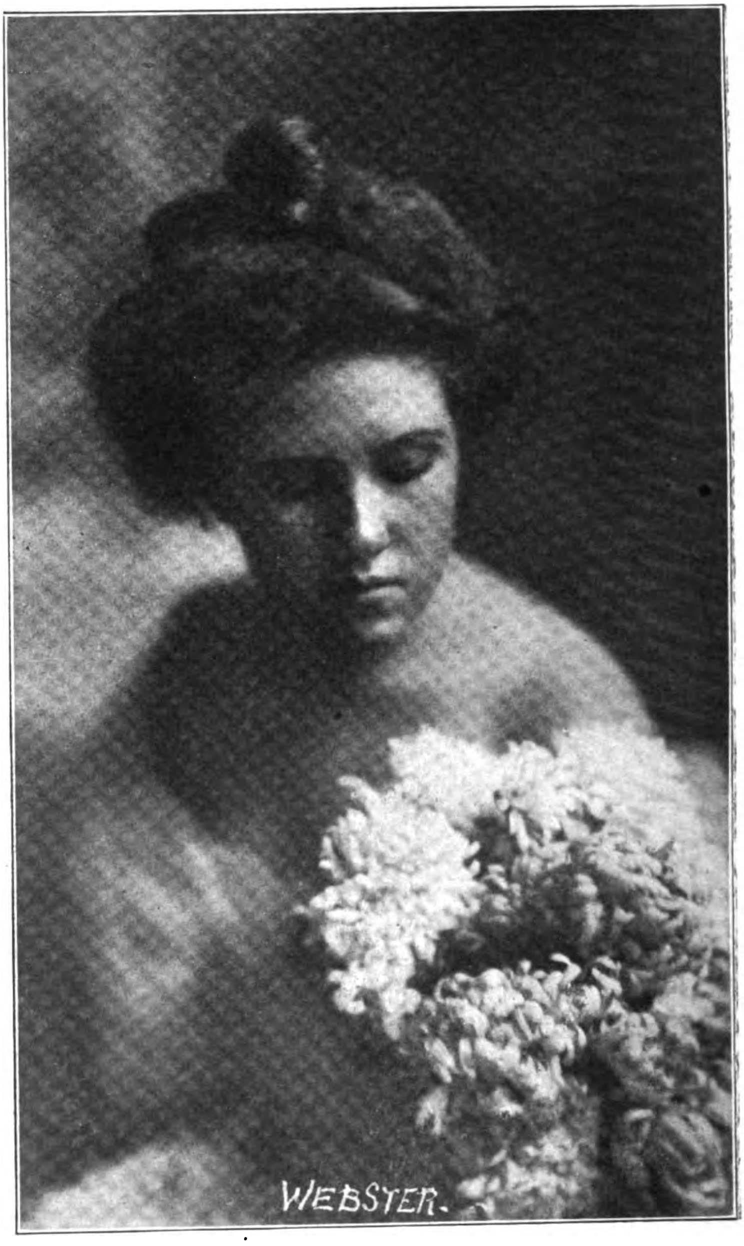
Especially does Judge Howe excel in fairness and coolness of judgment, and he is well known to be an all around big man in heart as well as intellect. To him is assigned the criminal division, also the juvenile court. The probate business also passes through his hands, making in all an immense amount of work.

Especial interest is being felt all over Iowa in the juvenile court and it is a matter for great congratulation to the state and district that it comes under the jurisdiction of Judge Howe. All who are admirers of Judge Howe's abilities as a lawyer and of his worth as a citizen will look forward to higher things for him in the coming years.



Interior View of Polk County Court House

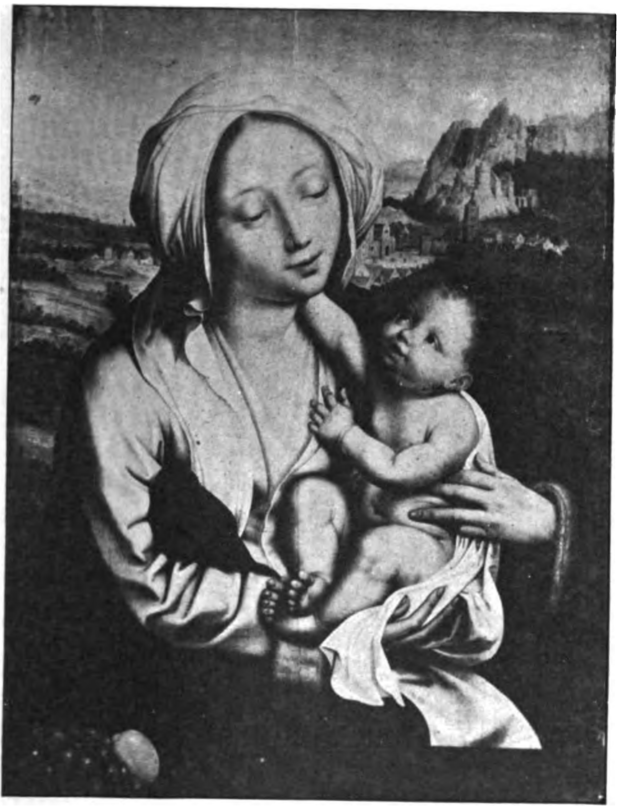
Interior View of Polk County Court House



Art Study by F. W. Webster

ART IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Edited by Mrs. F. W. Webster

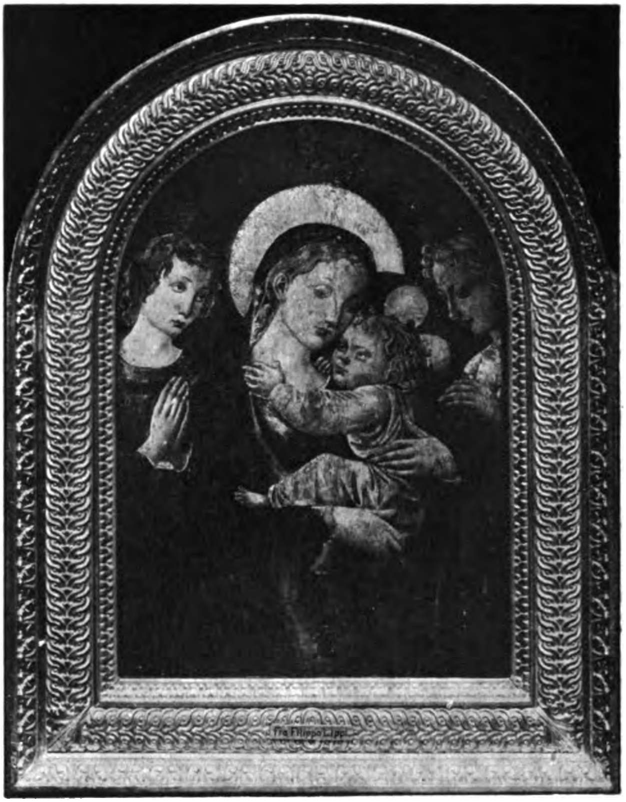


The Virgin by Quentin Massys
In the James E. Scripp's Collection, Detroit Museum of Art

A very fine example of Quentin Massys' style is the Virgin seated in the open air, holding the infant Jesus on her knee. The child embraces the mother with animation. The background, which is perfectly finished, is a rocky landscape with castle and city at the right, and minute figures walking in a public square.

Quentin Massys was the one man through which the transition from the earlier to the later Flemish style was accomplished. Perhaps in no other painter's work will such a change be noticed as in this early example of his work and "The Miser's" No. 14, which is in his later style. The one is so conventional in composition, subject and handling; the other such an actual picture of life without regard for tradition. This example of his work was secured by Mr. Scripps from the private collection of Sig. Casa Murata, director of the Pitti Palace Gallery, Florence.

One of the very good early Italian



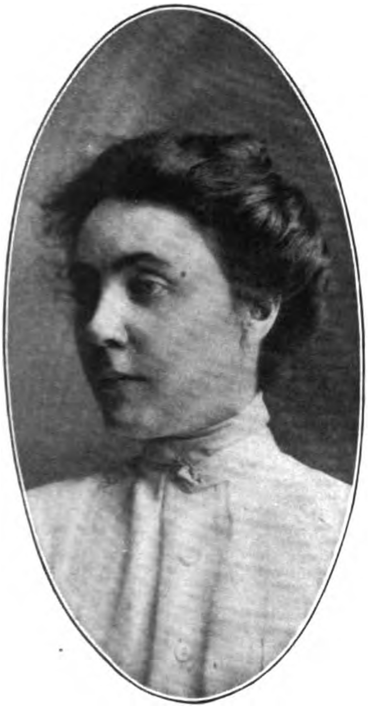
MADONNA
By Fra. Filippo Lippi. In the James E. Scripps Collection
Detroit

paintings is a fragment of a work by Fra Filippo Lippi (1412-1469). Lippi entered a monastery of the Carmelite monks when quite young, just at a time when Massacio was frescoing some of the walls. He was much interested in the work and studied with this master. Being in love with life and tempted by its inducements he ran away from the monastery, abducted a nun, and gave up cloister work for his art and pleasure. His painting procured him immunity for the offense. He is reckoned as one of the greatest of Italian masters. His work differs from that of Fra Angelico and Massacio, whom he studied, in being more realistic. His temperament expressed itself in his painting with the result that he left the high idealism and gave a better idea of actual life. In this picture the Virgin stands holding the infant Saviour on her left arm. Two saints stand one on either side in attitudes of adoration.

Perhaps the most striking picture in the collection is the "Immaculate Conception" (our cover) by Murillo, the great Spanish master (1613-1682). His most famous pictures are his representations of the Immaculate Conception, of which there are known to be twenty-five in existence. The doctrine of the immaculate conception, or sinless nature of the Virgin Mary, has been one over which many controversies have taken place, causing from the fifth to the thirteenth centuries much serious dissension in the church and much horrible persecution. Even the artist in painting the subject was compelled to follow rules laid down by the inspector of the inquisition.

The picture was taken from the Royal Palace at Madrid during the Peninsula war by the French, DeSalle, whose daughter sold it to a well-known London dealer.

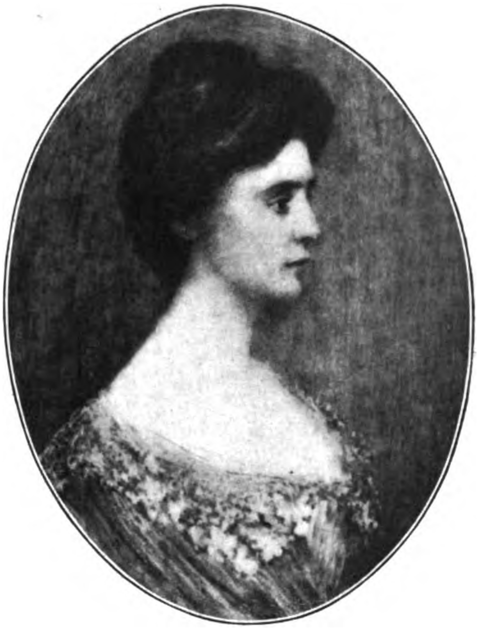
He in turn sold it to the King of Holland for $20,000. At the sale of the king's pictures it brought $15,480. In 1857 it was sold to W. H. Aspinwall of New York, at whose death it was sent to London, where it was purchased for the Detroit Museum. It is number 84 in Charles B. Curtis' Murillo collection.



Miss Isabel Hunt

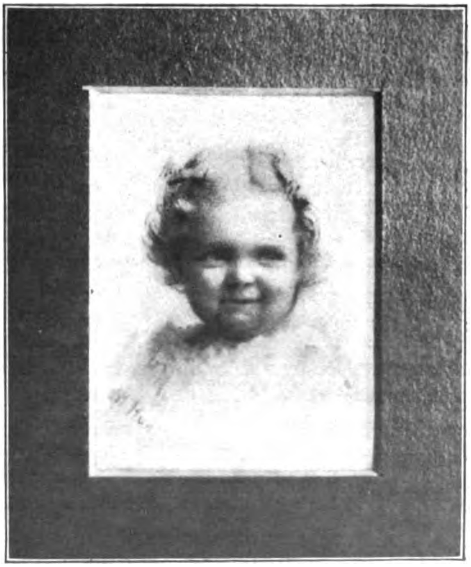
Recent miniature paintings of Miss Hunt that were on exhibition in the annual exhibits in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Miss Hunt is also showing some fine work in the annual exhibition of oil paintings by American artists in the Chicago Art Institute.

The St. Louis School and Museum of Fine Arts has added many aquisitions to its collections during the present year.

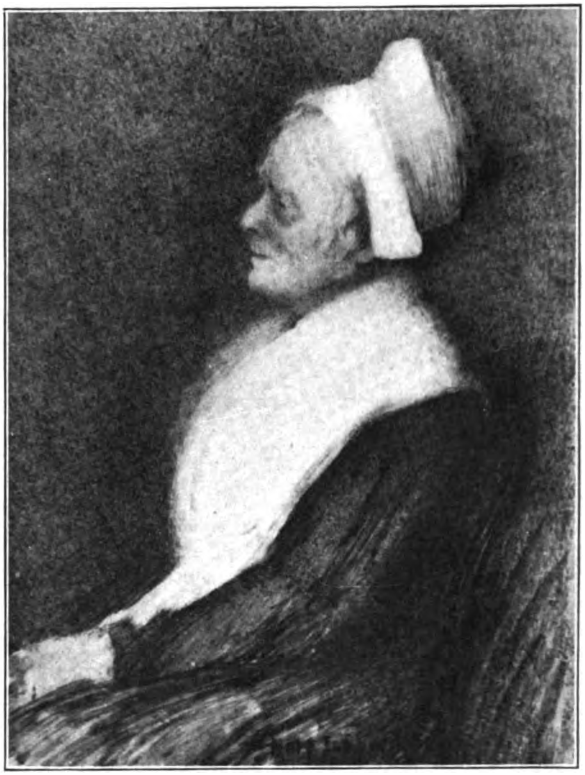


From a Miniature by Miss Hunt

An attendance of over six thousand people is the record for one October Sunday afternoon. The importance of an art museum as a civic action cannot be overestimated, and if Des Moines does things, as the slogan announces, we may soon have a free public art gallery here.



From a Miniature by Miss Hunt



Portrait Study

The Art Institute of Utah is supported by funds from the state treasury. It provides for a lecture course to be arranged by a lectureship committee to be delivered before the students of the institute and branch colleges: The University of Utah, certain normal and industrial schools and county teachers' institutes, thus reaching the active and important educational centers in the state.

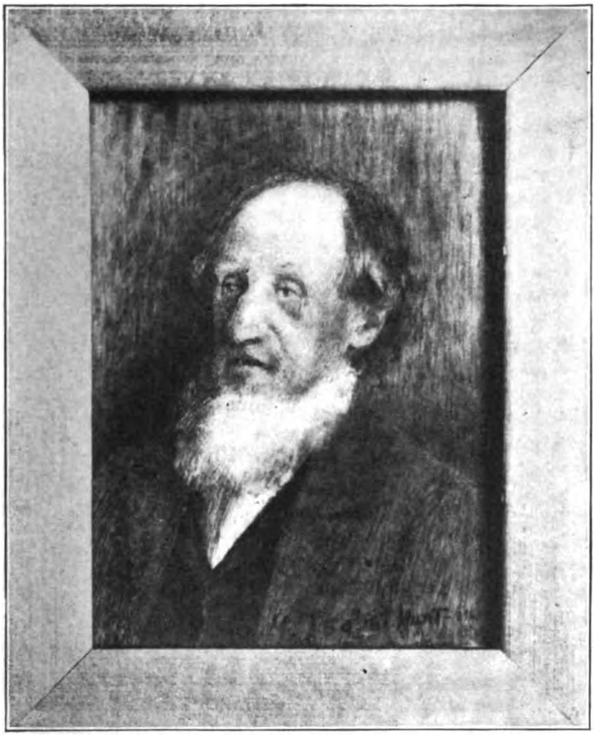
An annual art exhibit is provided, for which shall not be held consecutive years in the same city, so that the large cities in turn will have the advantage of current exhibition. If the exhibits are circulating ones a number of large cities can be fafored each year. Utah is certainly to be congratulated and other states would do well to follow the example and in a few years we would have a national art that we could well be proud of.

Ruskin calls art "Knowledge in the heart."

Chicago is in love with art and seems only to want to purchase the most expensive things. At a recent auction sale by local painters, over one hundred pictures were sold that averaged less than twenty dollars each. One dealer during the past year has sold hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of paintings by well-known European artists.

When American people begin to appreciate American artists we can begin to have hope for a national art.

"Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art that of the want of mind of a weak man. A foolish person builds foolishly and a wise one, sensibly; a virtuous one, beautifully, and a vicious one, basely. * * * For a man may hide himself from you, or misrepresent himself to you, every other way, but he cannot in his work; there be sure you have him to the inmost."—Ruskin.



Miniature by Miss Hunt

The Hamilton Art Gallery is soon to have a new home, removing from Fifth street to the New Hub building on Seventh, where they will have beautiful rooms, well suited to the display of their fine collection. This well-known firm carry the finest line of art studies, pictures, etc., ever shown in Des Moines, and are recognized as leaders in the business. A visit to their studio well repays the lover of beautiful things.

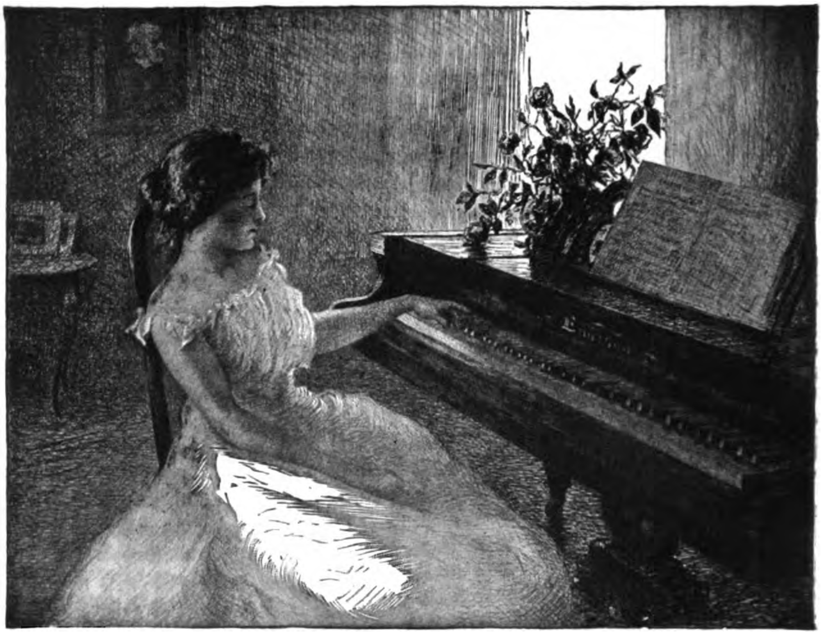
Letters

Letters from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thoughts a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's powers were mean,
For minds could then meet minds with heav'n between.

—*Aaron Hill (1685-1750.)*

THE NEW HOME
OF THE **HAMILTON ART CO.** AT
307 Seventh St.
Is now open for Xmas Shoppers. Don't miss coming.
We have the most complete display of
FINE ART in Iowa
Come and pick that Xmas gift out for your friends. You could get nothing nicer to remind them longer of your friendship.
Hamilton Art Co.

MUSIC AND THE PLAY



COURTESY OF E. H. JONES & SON

The beautiful picture shown above was prepared for The Midwestern by the Emerson Piano Company, of Philadelphia. It is particularly appropriate in this art and Christmas number.

Musical comedies come, go and are forgotten, but the sweet strains of the various musical numbers in "Fantana" which was presented at the Shubert Theater November 16th to 18th, will surely linger for a long time in the ears of those that heard them.

Such pleasing songs as "The Farewell Waltz," "My Rickshaw of Bamboo," "Laughing Little Almond Eyes," "The Song of the Pipe" and "Just My Style," as sung by Miss Mae Botti and Mr. George Whyte are certainly treats long to be remembered. Mr. Raymond Hubbell's music is of that catchy sort that is both artistic and pleasing to the popular taste, and Miss Botti and Mr. Whyte are two excellent singers, who deserve great praise for their work. The comedy lines in the hands of Mr. Harry McDonough, Miss Georgia Bryton and Mr. William Blaisdell could not be more happily placed. Mr. McDonough's rendering of the vaudeville burlesque number, "That's Art," Miss Bryton's Cockney song, "My Word," and the clever dancing and singing of "La Dance Parisienna" by Mr. Blaidsell, were both funny and very artistic.

It is to be regretted that Des Moines play goers do not get the chance to see real good musical comedies such as "Fantana" instead of some Hodge Podge musical jumbles that travel under an assumed name. The staging of "Fantana" is rich and of great variety. The first act is placed in front of a hotel at Monterey, California, the second a Japanese Tea Garden at Nagasaki, and the third on deck of an ocean going yacht.

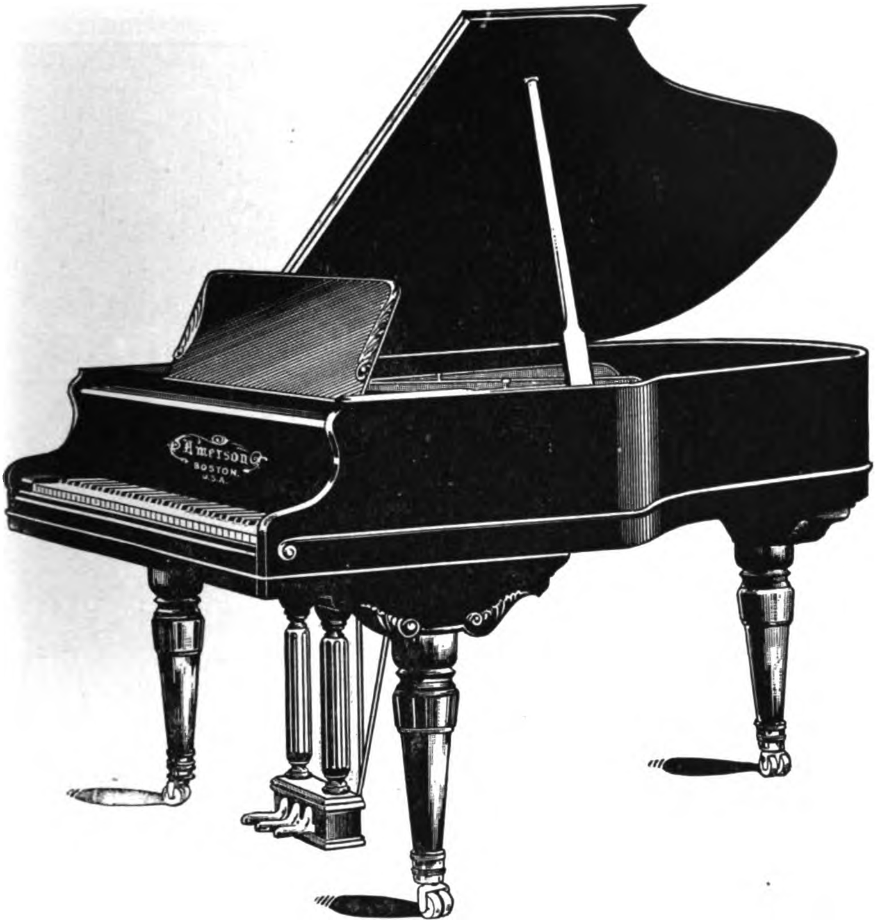
* * *

One of the earliest attractions to be presented at the Shubert Theater is the comedy "On Parole," in which Mr. Vincent Serrano and Miss Charlotte Walker are appearing. Mr. Serrano no doubt is remembered by many for his excellent work as Lieut. Denton in the original "Arizona" Company and in the part of the imbecile brother in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," which was seen here last season. "On Parole" comes December 1st.

Miss Virginia Harned comes to the Shubert December 3d in "The Love Letter," a comedy adapted from the French.

Paul Kann.

EMERSON SHORT GRAND



Technical Criticism on the Newest Production from an Old Factory

By a process of case elimination and a readjustment of the scale, a large Grand piano has at last been constructed which occupies no more space in the home than the ordinary small Grand.

The Emerson Piano Co., for sixty years leaders in the building of artistic pianos, spent several years in painstaking study and experiment before offering this wonderful Grand to the musicians of the United States. In less than two years it has gained recognition as the most powerful Grand, for its size, ever produced.

The Editor of the New York Musical Courier, himself a fine musician, as well as a competent critic of experience and ability, states as follows: "I took a look at the instruments (Emerson Short Grand) and shall never forget with what singular force and accent their tone and tone quality struck me. I have been accustomed to some surprises in the piano trade, but I have never yet played on a piano—a new form of piano—that with its first examples so completely surprised me."

The Musical Age says: "Of the Emerson Short Grand itself we can speak only in warm terms for it is a remarkable example of accomplishment within limited lines of construction."

The Boston Correspondent of the "Music Trades" writes: "It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the artistic completeness of the new small Grand piano which has been added to the product of the Emerson Piano Co."

The musical public of Des Moines is respectfully invited to pass criticism and judgment upon this wonderful piano. It is possible to see this piano only at the warerooms of Edward H. Jones & Son., who are the sole dealers in Northern Iowa for this extraordinary instrument.

COME!

EDWARD H. JONES & SON, 513-515 LOCUST STREET.

"LARGEST PIANO HOUSE IN IOWA"

HYLO LAMPS
Mrs. Sanborn's Receipt Book
SAVES HYLO LAMPS
WHITE

Mrs. Sanborn Cooking by Electricity at the Pure Food Show

THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE BLACK BUTTON

Times are changed since the days of our grandmothers. But the times are not, in one particular at least, as Shakespeare says, out of joint. Indeed, looking back to the methods of doing many things, it would seem that they certainly were out of joint then, and never so well jointed up as just now.

To the discoveries in science we are indebted for most of the good things we enjoy today in the way of our proud manner of doing things. Our grandmothers would have laughed to scorn anybody who would have predicted some of these changes, especially the changed method of housekeeping. Or would they have mourned because they were too early to enjoy the great discoveries of Edison in the twentieth century?

In the old days a huge black monster, consuming quantities of black coal and breathing forth soot and smoke at intervals, confronted the housekeeper when she went into the kitchen to prepare a meal. Getting breakfast was the chief bugbear of the daily work.

The big black monster had to be cleaned of ashes and then coaxed up with pine kindlings, shavings, light wood, and finally, coal. Sometimes the pipe would get loose, the wind would be from the wrong quarter or the coal of a poor quality. Then the fire refused to go roaring up the chimney, and breakfast would be late. The biggest kind of an apron was donned by the cook. The floor was protected by oil cloth and zinc against the heat and the coal dirt. When the breakfast was ready, the one who prepared it was about as well cooked as it was.

But nowadays all is changed, and instead of a bugbear the breakfast-getting is a delight. Who of our grandmothers would have thought of coming down stairs in a white dress and touching a black button which should set the machinery of the breakfast in motion in a moment? No kindling-box, no coal-bucket, no ashes, no soot, no big, hot, black monster, but just a small black button in the side of the wall that a child's finger could touch and the magic work would begin. It certainly looks mysterious to all who see it for the first time. But the woman who is so fortunate as to have her kitchen fitted up for cooking, washing and ironing, by electricity is certainly a woman to be envied.

It was a delight both to see Mrs. Sanborn in her demonstrations before the recent Pure Food Show and to eat of the dishes cooked by electricity. Not a speck of dirt or smoke clings to the bottom or sides of the cooking vessels, so they are as clean outside as in. Not a particle of odor attends the touching of the button. Even on the hottest day the kitchen does not grow warmer as the preparation of a meal progresses, and after the meal is over a touch of the button turns off the current.

In point of cleanliness, healthfulness, economy in regard to wear and tear of utensils of every kind, electricity for cooking is far ahead of any yet discovered method.

It may sound poetic to hear tales of the kettle singing on the hob and the venison roasted by the open fire, but real poetry lies in the mystery back of the little black button, typical of the mightiest force of the universe, which can be put to service in moving mountains, tunnelling under rivers and lighting vast cities, and again to cooking one's meal or ironing one's clothes. Even the modeling of electric airships, which we may see in the near future, can be no more useful to humanity at large than the harnessing of this mighty power for the everyday use of the home worker and the home keeper in her kitchen.

HOW TO TREAT TROUBLE

Just take Trouble by the hand,
  Lead him in and close the door;
Give him then to understand
  He shall trouble you no more.
Tell him this, that night and day
  You have seen his shadow fall
Gloomily across your way—
  Then don't talk of him at all.

Shut him in, and leave him there;
  Tell him you'll no longer brood
On him, or his twin, Despair,
  While you sit in solitude.
Lead him in, and do not hide,
  Though his shadow seems a pall—
Tell him that the world is wide;
  Then don't talk of him at all.

Find some sunshine and a song
  And some laughter ringing free—
He'll not tarry very long
  Where the song and sunshine be.
Anyhow, be brave the while
  There's his shadow on the wall;
Look at him and softly smile—
  Then don't talk of him at all.

Ask him in to where you lodge;
  Have it out, and then be through.
From his shadow never dodge,
  Whatsoever else you do.
Snap your fingers in his face,
  Be a man and do not crawl;
Give him all the breathing space—
  Then don't talk of him at all.

This puts Trouble in a stew,
  Fills his mind with loads of doubt;
Trouble don't know what to do
  If he isn't talked about.
So, take Trouble by the hand,
  Show him peace has claimed your hall;
Take him in, you understand—
  Then don't talk of him at all.

At the Stroke of Twelve

Not at midnight, but at noon—at the stroke of twelve—an army of people are freed from their labors for one hour, and the first thing this army does is to hunt something to eat. Des Moines has plenty of places for the hungry man. Some of them are good, some are bad and some are indifferent. At some only the lightest lunch is served, at others only the heaviest dinner, but at most of them the price is the biggest thing they have to offer.

Several things are necessary to make a place attractive to the average down town worker who has but an hour at noon. These things are essential; absolute cleanliness, quick service, well cooked and palatable food, and a fair price. All of these essentials are perfectly met at the Boston Lunch on Sixth avenue, also 326 East Fifth street. A cup of hot coffee at noon is good for anybody, and the Boston Lunch is widely famed for its coffee. It is perfectly cleared, made in vessels especially prepared for the firm, in the place of the French percolating coffee pot. It is always steaming hot and has delicious cream. This cup of coffee with a roll or a sandwich is all that many persons want for luncheon. All bread and pastry is home-made and baked on the premises. A woman makes them, and the Boston Lunch believes that only a woman can make pies, cakes, doughnuts, etc., like mother used to make.

As a result of the good things offered, a fine patronage has been built up by this firm, and luncheon as well as other hours, before and after, find the place well filled. After theater lunches are especially popular. Many persons also buy luncheon and take it home. Mr. John W. Welch is the secretary and treasurer of the Boston Lunch in Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Grand Rapids, Ottawa, Canada, Hamilton, Canada, Toronto, St. Joseph, Buffalo and Winnipeg, Canada, and in each place the firm is meeting with great success. In each place also the Boston Lunch is convenient for shoppers and popular with the business ladies down town. The Boston Lunch Company is incorporated under the laws of Iowa. The head office is in the Utica Building in Des Moines. Henry Schaner, of Syracuse, N. Y., is president of the company.

Mr. Welch's home is in Des Moines and he is most loyal to his home town, and heartily in sympathy with the "booster" movement now on foot. He is doing practical boosting by buying all of his supplies right here in Des Moines. Linen, dishes, glassware and silver are supplied by Des Moines firms for all his houses. All of the fixtures and marble have been supplied and set up in all of the western states by one firm of Des Moines fixture makers.

The Boston Lunch Company have the higher instinct of all first-class business enterprises, to furnish only the best to their patrons. Only in this way can a permanent business be built up and established.

And thus it is that nobody wonders when at the stroke of twelve, rain or shine, summer or winter, the hungry crowds of Des Moines business people form processions that seem to come from everywhere straight toward the Boston Lunch, and as in olden times all roads led to Rome, so all streets lead to the Boston Lunch stores.

TOLERANCE

Thou canst not shape another's mind to
suit thine own body.
Think not, then, to be furnishing his
brain with thy special notions.
Charity walketh with a high step, and
stumbleth not at a trifle.
Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes
half conceal them;
Charity is praised of all, and fear not
thou that praise,
God will not love the less because men
love the more.

—*Martin Farquhar Tupper.*

Your Car
Fare Will
Pay for
Your Lunch

And save your wife cooking troubles and needless expense

The Best Business Lunch in the City

The Boston Lunch,

310 Sixth Avenue

A Majestic Steel Range

Brings Happiness to your Family 365 Days in a Year.
The Best Range on the Market
over
3,000 in use in Des Moines.

For sale by

Dimmitt Hardware Co.

507 Mulberry

Across from New Post Office.

Beautiful Cut Flowers

All Home Grown - at

Pozier's

A handsome souvenir given free with

Xmas Orders

so get yours in early.
317 SIXTH AVENUE

ELECTRIC SIGNS

Mr. Merchant, we make
them in Des Moines.

Also any other kind

Bilz Sign Co.

Makers of Artistic Signs
Seventh and Mulberry Streets
Mutual Phone 1125.

For 35 years past the choicest

Christmas Gifts

have come from

Joseph's

Kirkwood House Corner.

Grinding razors, shears, clippers, surgical instruments, etc.
Full line of cutlery and barber supplies.
Iowa Electric Grinding Co., 306 Locust St.

A GOOD BOOSTER

EVERY article put into the market by Des Moines firms is or is not a good booster for the town. If it ranks superior to the same supply in other towns it is a very superior booster. And this is what we have in the products of the Iowa Dairy Company, of Des Moines, which has recently won such high praise at the hands of the examining committee of the Chicago Journal of Health.

An investigating committee, under the direction of this journal, examined samples of milk from all of the dairies in Des Moines, with very favorable results, but the Iowa Dairy Company's product ranked first in all of the essentials so desirable to the consumer. So the Iowa Dairy Company is entitled to rank as a first class booster for Des Moines. All of this will be of great interest to the good housekeeper in the city, who looks well to the health of her family. No article of daily consumption on the table is of more importance than the milk and cream, containing as they do, all of the essentials of diet. Absolute cleanliness is most necessary and the Iowa Dairy Company's milk is perfectly clean as well as pure. "Cleanliness and Purity" might well be the motto of this well known dairy. Many housewives pay too little attention to the milk used by the family. Just any milk wagon is hailed in the street and oftentimes the poorest sort of stuff is offered. With this unqualified endorsement of high authority, the Iowa Dairy Company well deserves the patronage it enjoys. Their cream is delicious and one can enjoy a cup of coffee when using Iowa Dairy cream. It is also used for whipping, being sold especially for that purpose. Every Christmas dinner in Des Moines will be incomplete without a bottle of cream from the Iowa Dairy Company. Once use it and you will never do without it. Use the "Booster" milk and cream.

A very wicked Irishman, when making his final confession to the priest just before dying, related so many crimes that the priest asked him if he had never done a good thing in his life. He said that he had done one good thing. The priest asked him what it was and he answered:

"I converted a Jew."

"How did you convert him?" asked the priest.

"Well I had him out wid me in a boat and I axed him would he be a Christian, and he said he wouldn't; so I put him over the side of the boat and put his head under water a bit, and then when I let him up I axed him would he be a Christian again, and he said he wouldn't; so then I put his head under water a longer bit, and when I let him up I axed him would he be a Christian, and he said he would be a Christian, and so I convarted him."

"But now do you know," said the priest that he remained converted?"

"Oh, I put his head under water the third time that he might die in the faith."

A little Iowa girl with very curly hair was asked by her teacher if her mamma had to put it up in curl papers every night to make it look so nice.

"No, mamma doesn't have to curl it at all," she replied.

"God curls it every night and he does a lot better job than mamma does."

The day before Christmas, as Mrs. Young's coachman was driving her down town, he asked if he could have an extra hour the next day and get off at twelve instead of one, as he was invited to a wedding.

"Whose wedding?" asked Mrs. Young.

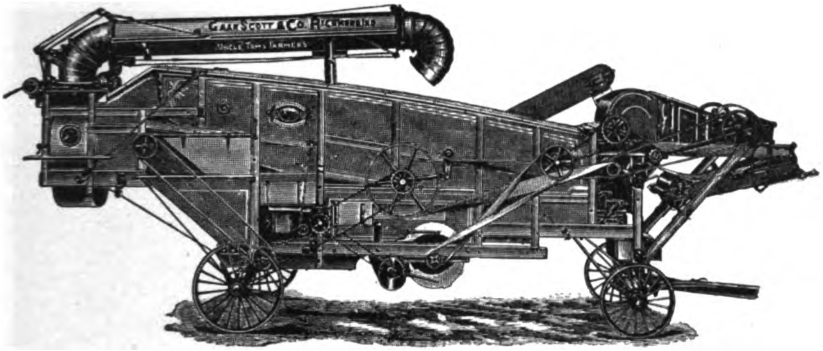
"My brother's" was the reply.

"Do you know the girl he is going to marry?" she asked.

"Nome, I don't know her, but my brother does," the coachman answered, looking serious.

Gaar, Scott & Company

Wish to invite you to call during the IOWA IMPLEMENT DEALERS' ASSOCIATION held in the city on Dec. 4, 5 and 6, and inspect their



Threshing Machines and Hullers

A 4-horse power water wheel first set the wheels in motion in 1836. 2,000 horse power is now required to keep them turning.

Factory at Richmond, Ind., U. S. A. **Des Moines Branch.**

GAAR, SCOTT & COMPANY, 319 East Fourth Street,
H. W. MOTT, New Manager for Iowa.

The finest thing in the way of Hair Dressing that has ever appeared on the market is

DUCHESS HAIR TONIC

Manufactured in Des Moines by the Duchess Toilet Company

The formula comes from a noted woman in England whose family has handed it down for many generations.

A permanent cure for falling hair, dandruff and thin hair will be effected in a few days.

Early grayness of hair will also be prevented by its use. Put up in 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Address DUCHESS TOILET COMPANY

P. O. Box 574 - Des Moines, Iowa

MISS MAE BOTTI

"In Fantana"

KIMBALL
CHICAGO

Christmas Nearly Here

A Piano the Best Gift of All.

Just enumerate all the gifts you can think of in gold, silver, precious stones or coin of the realm, and then consider if you please, their relative value as compared to a Piano.

A Piano is not only an instrument for pleasure, and an educator in the highest and best things for which the world strives, but it is, in thousands of instances, a means of support to the recipient and entire families.

For $10 to $25 You Can

have any Cabinet Grand Upright Piano in our store delivered to your home now, or reserved for Christmas delivery, and you can pay balance weekly or monthly.

Special Holiday Prices.

W. W. KIMBALL CO. E. S. RANDALL, Mgr.
Established 1857
802 Walnut St. Des Moines, Iowa.

MRS. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, one of the greatest pianists in the world, is recovering from a long illness and will soon be able to appear again upon the concert stage.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Hardy, of Des Moines, is not only an artist of rare ability, but she is an exceptional teacher also. Her system of teaching the piano is the Virgil system, deservedly popular and productive of fine results.

* * *

Mrs. Hardy brings Mr. A. K. Virgil to Des Moines several times a year. He examines her pupils and gives a few private lessons. A recital of Mrs. Hardy's advanced pupils was given November 19th at the Y. M. C. A. recital hall, preceded by a talk by Mr. Virgil in "Two Kinds of Learning." The program, which was most enjoyable, follows:

Nocturne	Chopin
Polonaise	Chopin
Mary Monohan.	
Arabesque	Leschetizky
Sonata 1st Movement	Grieg
Adah Harris.	
Polonaise	Chopin
Waltz	Schuett
Helen Graham.	
Prelude, A Minor	Bach
La Fileuse	Raff
Carrie Crawford	
Concerto, A Minor, Finale	McDowell
Grace Dewing.	
Ballade, G Minor	Chopin
Josephine Sharp.	
Concerto, E Minor, 1st Movement	Chopin
Hannah Roe.	

* * *

Under the auspices of the City Federation of Des Moines Women's clubs will be given early in January a play, the proceeds to go to the Federation treasury. Mrs. Edward S. Frank, one of Des Moines' artists of high rank, also popular in social circles, will have charge of the music, and Mrs. Oberman, well known for her exceptionally fine work as an artist, will direct the play and have a leading part. The Des Moines club women are looking forward to this event with great interest.

"College Day" as planned by the Booster's Club for Des Moines schools, was a great success. The most enjoyable feature was probably the music program given at Drake, at Highland Park, at Des Moines College, at Dr. Heft's school, Enna Conservatory, and in several private schools. A continuous crowd of people all day long kept the heads of institutions occupied.

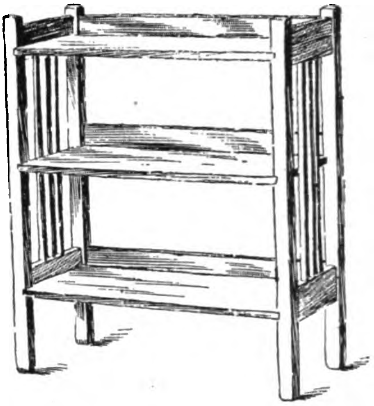
* * *

A number of society women in Des Moines are planning for musical entertainment in their homes the coming season. Mrs. Cummins' musicals proved most popular last season, and it is a good fashion to follow. With the artists one has at command in Des Moines these musicals are easily arranged.

* * *

A crowded house listened with delight to the fine rendition of the music of Major Byers' cantata, "The Honeymoon," in the Unitarian Church on the afternoon of November 11th. Added to the beauty of the poetry was the charm of the music, composed by Frank Nagel, who is beginning to be heard of as a composer all over the country. Mr. Nagel's interpretation of the story is poetic in the extreme and as accompanist he did the most artistic work of the afternoon. Mrs. Nagel as reader was most effective. The program is given here:

Piano—
(a) Elegy .... Nollet
(b) Rhapsodie No. 6............. Lizst
Miss Lydia Stuhr.
Soprano—Recitative and aria from
"Der Freischutz" .... Von Weber
Mrs. Katherine Bray Haines.
"The Honeymoon."
Prelude .... Reader and piano
"The Wish" ....
...... Duet for Baritone and Soprano
"Were I a Rose.......... Baritone Solo
"Let Me In" ....
...... Duet for Baritone and Soprano
"Wedding Music" .... Piano Solo
"Love's a Sting"............ Quartette
"Alpine Passes" .... Soprano Solo
"Brides of the Rhine".............
.... Mezzo Soprano Solo
"Castles in Spain"................
.... Baritone, Reader, Quartette
"It is the Time of Roses"..... Quartette
"When the Honeymoon is Over"....
.... Reader, Baritone, Quartette

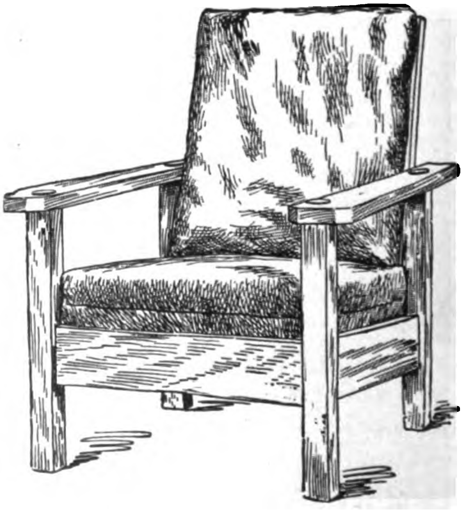


COURTESY OF DAVIDSON BROS.
Mission Furniture

* * *

Dear little Rose Reichard, well known and admired in Des Moines, appeared in a benefit concert under the auspices of the Women's Press club on the evening of the 16th of November. This was the first time that many of her friends had heard her play since her study abroad under the great teacher Ysaya. She has broadened and strengthened wonderfully in her playing. Her technique is superb and in dash and style she has always been pre-eminent. Miss Reichard's playing, too, is characterized by a pathetic feeling and mystery that stamps her as an artist of unusual rank. Dean Howard was in good voice and the affair was a great success in every way.

* * *



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Mission Furniture

Ours is

A Christmas Store

With over

Three Thousand Different Furniture Pieces

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S. DAVIDSON & BROS.
PEOPLE'S FURNITURE STORE
412-414 WALNUT ST.

We solicit mail orders and prepay freight on purchases over $5.00.

SHUBERT THEATRE
J. B. REEVE, MGR.

"ON PAROLE"
WITH
CHARLOTTE WALKER
AND
VINCENT SERRANO
DEC. 1.

VIRGINIA HARNAD
IN
"THE LOVE LETTER"
DEC. 4.

SEATS ON SALE KIRKWOOD PHARMACY
ENGLEEN-EADE DRUG STORE

Remember that we carry a complete line of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Optical Goods and Diamonds.
Give us a call and we will convince you that our prices are the lowest. Established 1881
HERMAN IDZAL, 721 West Walnut St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Carter Studio
Fifth and Locust Sts. Over Franz
Suitable Xmas Presents
In Water Colors and Hand Painted China
Instruction Given. - - Expert Firing.

WALKS AND TALKS

A New Firm

LOCAL business circles have been greatly interested in the announcement, just made public, of the purchase of the Iowa State Register and Farmer by Charles H. Clarke and Mrs. F. L. McGuire, both of whom have been connected with the Iowa Homestead for a period of ten years or longer. The new firm will incorporate under the name of the Iowa Farmer Publishing Company. Mr. Clarke, who is president and general manager, is an alumnus of the State University, class of 1884, and has made Des Moines his home since graduation. For some years he was in railroad work, giving up that branch of service to enter newspaper fields. In May, 1898, he began his long term of service in the advertising department of The Homestead, and for four years past has been advertising manager for that paper. Mrs. McGuire has been head bookkeeper for even a longer period of time in The Homestead office, and her efficiency and capability are known and recognized widely outside her field of work, while within The Homestead building her sterling worth and lovable qualities have so endeared her to the force that when the news of her leaving came without warning, it would have seemed appropriate to the employes within to hang the symbol of grief on the big front doors, so gloomy were the hearts within over what each of the vast number of employes felt was a personal loss. Mr. George W. Franklin, who for twenty-one years has been an associate editor of The Homestead, with his inimitable "Farm Furrows," will be editor-in-chief, and Mrs. Anna Ross-Clarke, well-known in local newspaper work and president of the Woman's Press Club, will be associate editor. The newly organized company starts out with the brightest possible outlook for success.

* * *

The loss from newspaper circles of Mr. Oliver P. Newman, for a number of years on the staff of the news, will be deeply felt in Des Moines, where Mr. Newman is a universal favorite and greatly admired for his ability. Iowa will not lose him, however, and as editor in chief of the new Sioux City daily, he will have a wider scope for use of his talents. The congratulations and best wishes of the Midwestern follow him into his new field of work.

* * *

Mr. Robert Matthews, who delighted all who heard him read his own poems at the authors' evening of the Press Club, add to his literary gifts that of being a fine musician. He plays the organ at the University Place Christian Church. Mr. Matthews is on the staff of the Daily News of Des Moines.

* * *

A great convention, which will bring twelve hundred delegates, will meet in Des Moines December 7th to 9th. The Implement Men's Convention has met in Des Moines twice previously and this one is expected to far surpass any held in the state before. A big banquet at Shrine Temple will be one of the features. Mr. C. S. Walker and Mr. A. N. Cruzan will have charge of the local arrangements and this promises success for the whole affair. Governor Cummins will be toastmaster. The delegates' wives will not be present at the banquet, as the hall will not accommodate so many.

* * *

A really delightful place to visit is the book store of Radick & Moore in East Des Moines. Any and every thing for the booklover or the bookworm may be found there. All of the latest literature and periodicals of every sort, as well as stationary supplies and school books, are offered. Anyone who does not know this store should pay them a visit for the Christmas sales.

* * *

The Boosters Committee certainly deserve the greatest credit for their self-sacrificing work in behalf of the city. Their daily meetings are most popular and great enthusiasm prevails. The members of the committee represent our best men of affairs in Des Moines and are as follows: F. H. Luthe, chairman, president Luthe Hardware Company; Frank T. Parritt, wholesale and retail jeweler; Aaron Younker, secretary-treasurer Younker Bros.; R. R. McCutcheon, Hat-

ton-McCutcheon, real estate; Lafe Young, Jr., Des Moines Capital; W. G. Agar, president Agar Packing Company; F. M. Hubbell, capitalist; Simon Casady, cashier Des Moines Savings Bank; P. B. Sawyer, acting manager Edison Light Company; P. C. Kenyon, president Kenyon Printing Company; Mel Uhl, general manager Des Moines News; E. N. Hopkins, president Hopkins Bros., sporting goods; Jansen Haines, manager Des Moines Gas Company; H. H. Polk, president Inter-Urban Railroad Company; Arthur Reynolds, president Des Moines National Bank; Geo. B. Hippee, general manager Des Moines City Railway Company; T. E. Hurley, secretary Brown-Hurley Company; G. E. MacKinnon, cashier Mechanics Savings Bank; J. H. Cownie, president Cownie Glove Company; D. B. Fleming, manager Savery Hotel; Harvey Ingham, editor Register and Leader; F. C. Hubbell, capitalist: Chas. Denman, manager Des Moines Water Company; L. C. Kurtz, president L. H. Kurtz Company: Milo Ward, secretary Commercial Club; Al C. Miller, cashier Home Savings Bank; D. S. Chamberlain, president Chamberlain Medicine Company; C. Stanley Walker, secretary Kratzer Carriage Company; F. A. Mathis, A. J. Mathis & Sons, real estate.

Parisian Ladies Tailoring Co., High Class Man Tailored Gowns
M. Goldstein, Prop. 80-90 Good Blk. Entrance 505 Walnut St.

PERSIAN CAT

"When all the World's Akin"

THERE are people who will tell you that the world is growing old and dull; that it no longer yields to the spirit of Christmas as it once did. True, it seems that this old festival is old enough to go out of fashion, when we consider that old things pass away and are replaced by new. For so many decades have Christmas day and its events been talked of and written of that there seems nothing new to say about them. There has been, in fact, much less written about Christmas in recent years than there used to be. Our whole manner of living has so changed in a hundred years that Christmas in one sense is not what it used to be. And yet the Christmas joy can never go and never be less in young hearts. Youth still brings its delusions still higher in the possibility of happiness. The emotional enjoyment of life surges at full tide, as it always has done since the first Christmas until now. Men love as deeply, feel pleasures and enjoy happiness as they always have done. And at the drawing near of Christmas, the separating bars are let down, the lines are erased. Men stand in equal ground. Hearts beat in the same rhythm. One joy possesses all. It is at Christmas time that the one-tenth of nature makes the whole world akin.

The Fine Art Museums all over the country have expressed themselves as well pleased with The Midwestern, and to the Detroit Museum we are indebted for the beautiful Madonnas in this number, including the one on the cover page. The Women's Club of Des Moines, who stand especially for art, have found this department, so ably conducted by Mrs. F. W. Webster, most complete and in harmony with the club idea and ambitions.

* * *

The exquisite art study on page 60 by Mr. Webster, is a photograph from real life, the subject being one of the beautiful girls of the very young society set. Des Moines is fortunate in possessing an artist who can give such expression to art in real life.

* * *

The photograph of Mrs. Thomas Scott, of Belfast, and her baby, young Thomas, will delight her large circle of friends in the city and state. It is as beautiful a Madonna study as one could wish for, and lifelike to a degree. Mrs. Scott will be remembered as Miss Neva Davis, daughter of Mrs. James A. Gray, of Sixth Avenue.

C. W. Page, of the Iowa Seed Company, has written several small volumes which have attracted wide and favorable comment and he has added to his reputation by his latest work on the subject, "Parrots and How to Care for Them." It is finely illustrated.

"Only to the poet's vision is the Grand Canyon revealed; only to the poet's touch do its mighty harmonies respond. For this sublime spectacle is as vital as a drama enacted on the stage, only its acts require the centuries and the ages in which to represent themselves. Whatever one sees of the Grand Canyon—it matters not from what commanding view of vision or vista, one sees only an infinitesimal point. It is the Carnival of the Gods," writes Lilian Whiting in her new book, "The Land of Enchantment," which Little, Brown & Co. are publishing.

Among the good things Des Moines has to offer which stamp it as an up-to-date and progressive city, and insure for it a great future, are the young business men of Des Moines. The city has every reason to be proud of them and The Midwestern is beginning in this issue a department devoted to them and introducing them to the public through their pictures.

Many persons who are most particular about their drinking water in summer pay little or no attention to it in the winter. In reality the question of drinking water is of more importance in summer than in winter. In warm weather the pores of the skin are more open and through the perspiration throw off much of the poisons that are retained in the system in cold weather. Hence the double necessity of drinking plenty of pure water in cold weather. If this principle of health were better understood, diphtheria and malignant fevers, cold weather diseases, would be unheard of.

No man can live right with men when he is out of relationship with God.

Highland Park College

Des Moines, Iowa

Fall Term Opens Sept. 4, 1906, Other Terms Open Oct. 15, Nov. 27, and Jan. 2, 1907.

THE FOLLOWING REGULAR COURSES MAINTAINED

1 Classical
2 Scientific
3 Philosophical
4 Normal
5 Primary Training
6 Electrical Engineering
7 Steam Engineering
8 Mechanical Engineering
9 Civil Engineering
10 Telephone Engineering
11 Pharmacy
12 Music
13 Oratory
14 Business
15 Shorthand
16 Telegraphy
17 Pen Art and Drawing
18 Railway Mail Service
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Instruction given in all branches by correspondence.

Board $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per week. Tuition in College, Normal and Commercial Courses, $12.00 a quarter All expenses three months $45.40; six months $85.47; nine months $124.21. Free scholarship to one person from each county. School all year. Enter anytime. 2000 students annually. Catalog free. Mention course in which you are interested and state whether you wish resident or correspondence work.

HIGHLAND PARK COLLEGE, 3742 2nd Street, DES MOINES, IOWA.

THE
Central State Bank
Des Moines, Iowa.

Capital $50,000 **Surplus $50,000**

STATEMENT, NOV. 12, 1906.
AUDITOR'S CALL

RESOURCES

Bills Receivable	$787,555.95
Overdrafts	5,713.99
Furniture & Fixtures	2,000.00
Cash & Due from Banks	248,817.31
	$1,044,087 25

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$50,000.00
Surplus Funds	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	328.38
Deposits	943,758.87
	$1,044,087.25

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Main Office 119 Fourth Street - - Telephones 97

A SYMPOSIUM

What Would You Do If You Had the Rockefeller Millions?

IN RESPONSE to the above question sent on a card, a large number of replies have reached us, and we regret such crowded pages that only a few of them can be used in this number of the Midwestern:

From Mrs. Johnston

If I had Rockefeller's millions I would study the question of sociology and help the institutions that are the best calculated to build up character and alleviate the suffering of mankind. I would help two classes in particular, the young and aged, and show to the world I had a genius for distribution for the good of my fellow men equal to my genius for accumulation. —Mrs. Wm. T. Johnson, Pres. Art. Dept. Des Moines Women's Club.

* * *

From Father Flavin

In reply to your inquiry, "What would I do if I had as much money as Rockefeller," would say I would use it to the best advantage for the temporal and spiritual welfare of humanity.—M. Flavin.

* * *

From Mrs. Still

Among a number of other good things I would establish play grounds and reading rooms in every large city in the districts where needed, also make it possible for every poor girl to have a course in domestic science.—Mrs. S. S. Still.

* * *

From Mrs. Mitchell

If I were as rich as Rockefeller I would buy the most beautiful and accessable site in the city and upon it build an art gallery which would be the finest example of architecture in the West. I would have a maintenance fund sufficient for its needs. I would make this gallery in every way a public institution, and would place it in the hands of the Des Moines Women's Club, and from its large membership of earnest, honest, enterprising women would come the hostesses for every day in the year—Sundays included —who would make welcome poor and rich alike. This much needed educational feature would help largely in boosting our already splendid city—and be convincing evidence that "Des Moines does things."—Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, President Women's Club.

* * *

From Johnson Brigham

I'd go one better than Carnegie—I'd extend the free public library system into the country where it is most needed and where we draw our supplies of virile manhood and womanhood for future citizenship. I'd create a free delivery system in every county of every state, with a paid manager in every center of population, the system including regular circuits, by rail, by trolley or by wagon, or by all three means of transportation, as would best suit local conditions. If I had any income left—but I find it too exhausting to think in millions and will stop right here.—Johnson Brigham, State Librarian.

* * *

From Mrs. Anna Ross-Clarke

What would I do if I possessed the Rockefeller millions? Now my wildest day dreams have been to some day be able to go into a store and buy what pleased me, without having to ask "how much?" And the Midwestern editors have sent my air castles skyward, way, way out of sight. I would set myself the task of giving away as much as I possibly could, worthily, each year, of enjoying aiding others while I lived, instead of having a grand scrap for it after I was gone. I don't think now of any especial charity that would be my hobby, but the cause of the little children would always be near my heart, and there are so many young men and women, older ones, too, struggling for a competence right in our midst, to whom a little aid would mean so much; for nothing is truer than that money makes money—and oh! the opportunities right at our doors, if people with the brains to grasp them were not hindered for lack of a small working capital! I would like to help make Des Moines the "city beautiful," too; for I

DRY GOODS CLOAKS FURS MILLINERY FURNISHINGS

J. MANDELBAUM & SONS

DES MOINES, IOWA

CHRISTMAS FURS

Furs of Quality made by the most skilled designers and furriers. Our showing is especially noteworthy because of the many new creations in scarfs and matched sets, and the reasonable prices quoted.

This exhibit with its immense variety of styles and splendid values is particularly attractive to Christmas Shoppers. No gift could find greater appreciation than one of these beautiful pieces or sets.

GRAY SQUIRREL—2 piece set—60 inch satin lined Throw or Scarf —Large, flat Muff— **SCARF $6.50—MUFF $10.00**

SILVER LYNX—2 piece set—66 inch satin lined Cravat, large, handsome Pillow Muff— **CRAVAT $10.00—MUFF $10.00**

ISABELLA FOX—2 piece set—74 inch Shawl Scarf, satin lined and trimmed with two large tails—Pillow Muff to match — **SCARF $12.50—MUFF $7.50**

BROWN SIBERIAN SQUIRREL—2 piece set—Beautiful new flat Cravat, satin lined, Large Pillow Muff to match— **CRAVAT $6.50—MUFF $10.00**

BROWN MARTEN—2 piece set, 68 inch full Fur Scarf, trimmed with small heads and tails, Pillow Muff to Match — **SCARF $8.75 - MUFF $6.50**

ISABELLA FOX—2 piece set, double stripe Fur, 98 inch Shawl Scarf trimmed with large tails and satin lined. Pillow Muff to match—**SCARF $25.00—MUFF $22.50**

GENUINE BLACK LYNX—2 piece set, 70 inch Shawl Scarf, trimmed with six tails and satin lined, large Pillow Muff to match —**SCARF $35.00—MUFF $25.00**

Our Showing of Misses' and Children's Fur Sets is Complete with all the different furs in light and dark colors and at prices ranging gradually from **98C** to **$7.50**

RACINE-SATTLEY CO.

At the beautiful home of the **RACINE SATTLEY CO.**, Cor. Fourth and Vine Sts., shown in above cut, on Dec. 4, 5 and 6. This will be **"OPEN DAY"** to inspect their fine line of Buggies, Wagons, Farm Implements, etc. We will also serve a noon lunch **FREE.** We invite you all to come during the Implement Men's Convention.

"COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH."

would like to travel, the world over, had I the means, but right here where I was born and reared, where my heart will always be, would always be my "home," were I possessed of the millions of a Rockefeller in Des Moines.—Anna Ross-Clarke, President Women's Press Club.

* * *

From Mrs. S. F. Prouty

I should establish free schools for domestic science and manual training, enabling young people starting out in life to avoid the handicap which must come to those unskilled and inexperienced in all that it takes not only to make money, but to appreciate its value, and thus assume the responsibilities which must come to all in this life.—Ida E. Prouty.

* * *

From Harry Belt

I would at once establish a system of free hospitals, where a man without money could be cared for and not be made to feel he was a pauper. The whole moral influence of a hospital can be made to uplift instead of degrading even a sick man. And then I consider it the duty of a government like ours to look after its helpless sick ones—the duty of the strong toward the weak.—Harry E. Belt.

The Editor Talks of Falcon Flour

Carolyn M. Ogilvie.

IF I WERE asked what quality of Falcon flour I like the best I would answer at once, its adaptability to all cooking purposes. To me, cooking is something more than a mere occupation. Indeed, it seems more like a fine art, when we consider the miserable food so common in public eating places and also in many homes. And I am just old fashioned enough to think that every woman who marries and becomes a housekeeper, should know how to do plain cooking as it should be done. I cannot paint a picture nor write a poem, but I can bake a first-class loaf of bread, or cake, or make a good pie. And I can make them of Falcon flour. Every reader of this page can do the same, and I am giving a little aid by appending four of my own recipes:

BREAD.

Two cakes of Fleischman's compressed yeast, one quart of warm sweet milk or water, and enough Falcon flour to make batter a little thicker than cream. This should rise in one hour if not exposed to cold. In kneading bread, sift three or four quarts of flour. Hollow the flour and pour in the sponge; add two teaspoons of salt, one tablespoon of sugar and lard the size of an egg. Mix with the hands until the dough does out stick to the fingers. Place on hard board and knead twenty minutes, then grease the bowl well with lard or butter and put bread in to rise. Work it down twice, when make into loaves. When well risen, bake forty-five minutes in moderate oven.

ROLLS, WHITE OR WHOLE WHEAT.

Two cakes of compressed yeast, one pint of warm milk and sufficient white Falcon flour for thick batter. Also add one well-beaten egg and one-half cup of melted butter or lard. When well risen, add one-third cup of sugar and one teaspoon of salt. For white rolls, mix to moderate stiffness with Falcon flour; for whole wheat rolls use Falcon whole wheat flour. Knead twenty minutes. Set to rise in warm place. Make up into rolls either oblong or round, after first rising. Place in a well-buttered tin and when very light bake in moderate oven forty minutes. These are delicious.

WHITE CAKE, LOAF OR LAYER.

Three-fourths cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar well creamed by hand together. Add one-half cup of water and the half beaten whites of eight eggs. Beat all together well for five minutes. Add two and three-fourth cups of Falcon flour and two teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder. Beat at least ten minutes till perfectly smooth. Extract to suit taste. A delicious yellow cake may be made by substituting yolks of eggs for whites.

MOCK CHERRY PIE.

A delicate and digestible crust can be made as follows: One cup of Falcon flour, one-half cup of sweet lard, one-half teaspoon salt; mix well. To half a cup of sour milk add a pinch of soda, and with this milk, mix crust, using no more than just necessary to mix into stiff dough. Line pie tin and fill with this mixture: One cup cranberries, one cup sugar, one-half cup seeded raisins, one-half cup boiling water, two tablespoons flour, one teaspoonful vanilla. Cut cranberries in two and take out seeds. Stir ingredients well and cover with an upper crust. Bake an hour in slow oven.

Sensible Thoughts

Bring

Sensible Gifts

And our sensible suggestion to you is to present any member of your household with one of our

Savings Department Pass Books

which for Xmas presents are neatly labeled and tied with dainty blue ribbon. This thought is a starter for the making of good business men and women of your children, by having them save a little now and then.

The Suggestion is worthy of your Consideration.

Capital City State Bank

Bank Bldg. E. Fifth & Locust Sts.

Total Resources $1,500,000.00.
Open Saturday Evenings 5 to 6 o'clock.

Are you too fat?

If so, send to the

Dissolvene Company

18 W. Thirty-Fourth St.,
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for their catalogue and good news of how you may easily, safely and with no inconvenience or discomfort

Reduce the Flesh on any part of your body.

No Drugs
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Please Mention THE MIDWESTERN when you write.

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HIRING YOUR WIRING

DONE, DON'T FORGET

JOHN COLLINS

He Can Save You Money and Give You the Best Work. None but Experienced Workmen are Employed.

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Basement Observatory Bldg. 322 West Fourth St.

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GOOD ROADS

Harold Wells

America has seventy-six millions of inhabitants. We are a progressive nation. Nothing is too good for us, and yet in several directions we lack many good things which were as common to people of older countries as the air they breathed.

What one thing would benefit our seventy-six millions residing within the boundaries of this great republic more than good roads? The United States leads the world in almost everything, but when the question of good roads arises it must be confessed that Mother Liberty must draw her shroud over her face and reign in silence. There is nothing of more general interest to the American people than good roads. Laws are made and unmade, political campaigns flare up and die, Edison with his scientific inventions attracts the attention of the whole world, Luther Burbank with his discoveries in California fills every body with amazement, and yet in one practical thing we are deficient—our roads are poor.

In the old days of the Roman empire roads were built which immortalized the builders, and they still exist in a state of splendid preservation. The roads that thread France from one end to the other make that republic famous, and their names recall the splendor of the kings and queens of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Even in Siberia great roads stretching from province to province have been built as enduring as time itself.

Consider what a boon it would be for America if we had a transcontinental road from ocean to ocean. With this one road built to last forever it would be but a short time until all of our roads would be improved. People living a few miles from this main road would improve their highways in order to afford them better transportation. Those living a few miles beyond these persons would take steps to improve their adjoining roads, and thus the germ of sentiment carried out into practical effect would spread until our country would be threaded with them and a poor road would be as much of a curiosity as a good one is now.

In France $600,000,000 have been spent upon the roads. This country maintains a large body of engineers solely for the improvement and keeping up of its road. One hundred and eighty thousand dollars per year is spent for this purpose.

In America the palm for good roads is conceded to New York state. They have a fine system for road improvement. The state pays fifty per cent, the county thirty-five per cent and the township fifteen per cent of the cost. They make use of road implements of all kinds, and although the roads are not as systematically laid out as those of our western states, they have now a fairly good class of highways. In other localities—especially when close to stone quarries—the roads are very greatly improved at a very little expense. Crushed stone is simply hauled and scattered out on the road; traffic and nature do the rest; and in a short time the road becomes smooth and unaffected by thaws or rains.

Ever since the beginning of history men have done things to benefit the public and to perpetuate their names. Why should not some man or men of wealth, instead of endowing colleges or constructing public libraries, build or start the building of a trans-continental road? It would be three thousand miles in length and would run from Boston to San Francisco, through Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha and Denver. Two hundred of the three thousand miles are already constructed, consisting of boulevards in the large cities. Five hundred more consist of good roads leading to and from small towns, varying from two to ten miles in length. Twelve hundred miles more of the three thousand are improved roadway, which would have to be widened and topped with a good surface. Thus only eleven hundred miles would have to be new road. A transcontinental road once built would form a nucleus for good roads all over the country, and the cost of transportation per ton would be reduced from twenty-five cents to about eight cents. This certainly is a perfectly practicable scheme, and something which would benefit the poorest as well as the richest man in the country. America certainly is old enough to begin doing things on a grand scale, and which will stand for the perpetuation of our highest interests; and Carnegie or Rockefeller or any other one of the millionaires could not only be of great benefit to the future millions of Americans, but would cause their names to be held in reverence as long as the memory of America shall last.

"Des Moines Does Things"

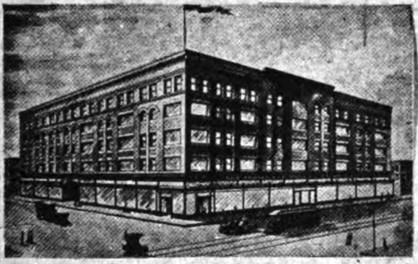
The Des Moines Department Store Company

Charles S. Bierce
President

Clinton R. Carpenter
General Manager

THE commercial history of the city of Des Moines for the past twenty-five years does not record a more noteworthy retail movement than the opening of the re-modeled Iliad Building in 1907 as the most complete, spacious, artistic and inviting Department Store in the state of Iowa. Behind this splendid enterprise are men of experience and energetic courage, men whose integrity and standing rank high, men whose confidence in the growth and stability of the city of Des Moines is unlimited.

That we have an unusual opportunity, an unrivalled location, a superb building and an attractive plan of operation is the unanimous opinion of townspeople, residents of surrounding country and traveling men who are familiar with trade conditions in this territory. We shall operate a service which will be as perfect as skill and experience can devise. Every employe of this great establishment will be a part owner of it and will, therefore, be doubly anxious to serve you well. The heads of all departments will be experts trained to place before you all that is desirable in reliable and timely merchandise.



Des Moines Department Store Co's Own Building

In abundant measure, then, we shall be equipped to take our place as the

Largest Retail Establishment in the State of Iowa

Henry M. Whinery
Treasurer

We are still accepting applications for

Shares of Our Capital Stock

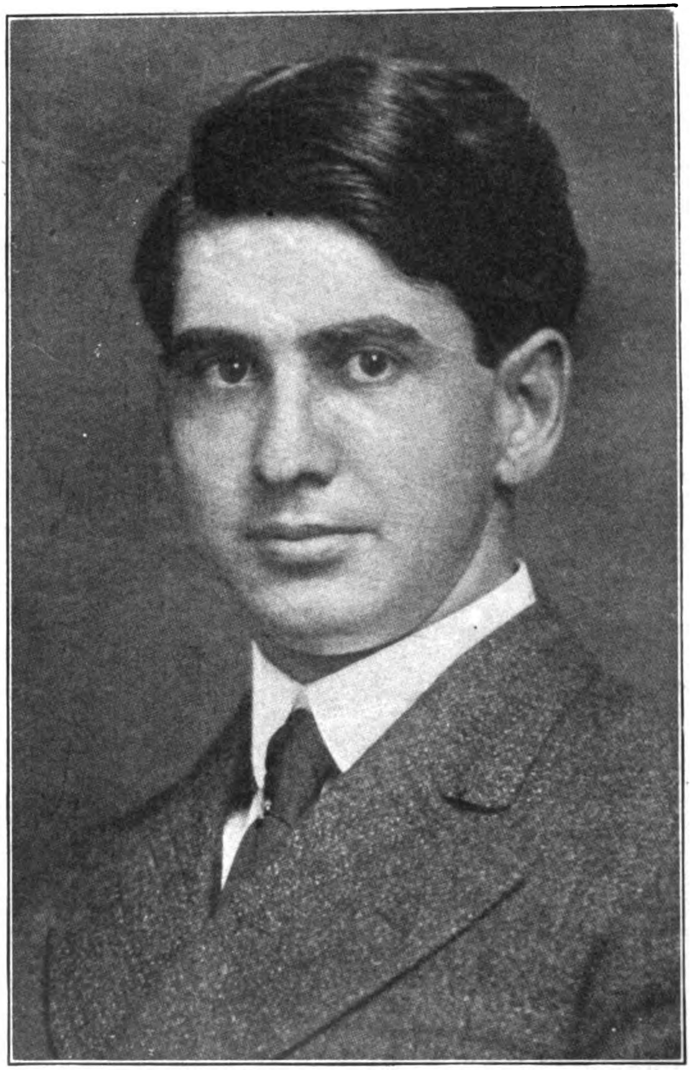
upon terms that are especially attractive. Our new booklet fully describes our plan and contains much useful information regarding its details.

A Copy

Is Yours for the Asking.

Des Moines Department Store Co.
Iliad Building
Des Moines, Iowa

James M. Cushman
Secretary



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Business Manager of the Daily Capital

Beauty Chocolates

The Latest Thing in

Fine Candies

You have tried the others
Now try ours

and you will find them superior in both QUALITY and FLAVOR and are Faultlessly Clean and Pure

For a Christmas Gift

one of our Beautiful Boxes filled with "**Beauty" Chocolates** would be the Correct Thing to give.

Call for
"Beauty"

CLUB TALKS

To D. A. R.'s

The Midwestern is grateful for the hearty expressions of good will toward the magazine, and in response to almost one hundred letters, a copy of this issue is sent with our compliments. A letter explaining our clubbing terms is also sent.

D. A. R. Conference

The name of Mrs. Etta Lyon Hill will long be remembered in Iowa D. A. R. circles for having carried out successfully the plans of the first Mississippi valley conference of the Daughters. Mrs. Hill is regent of the Pilgrim Chapter of D. A. R. in Iowa City, also has been for a year recording state secretary. To her ability and gracious hospitality the success of the conference was largely due. Pilgrim Chapter warmly seconded the efforts of their able regent, and the stay in this old college town was made a delight to all visitors.

Since the first Iowa Chapter was organized twelve years ago in Des Moines by Mrs. George W. Ogilvie, thirty-two chapters have been formed in the state, and it was cause for deep regret that only fifteen of these chapters were officially represented in Iowa City. Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska and Missouri were splendidly represented and the papers given by the gifted women from these states won the applause of all who heard them. Perhaps the greatest pleasure of the occasion lay in the meeting with Mrs. Donald MacLean, President General of the D. A. R. Like a queen from some fabled story she appeared and royally conquered every heart. Mrs. McLene is of an old Maryland family, her father being the famous Judge Ritchie. Her husband is one of the leading lawyers in New York City. She has a rare personality, magnetic and sweet, is a magnificent speaker, of fine education and has a voice that can be heard in any hall, cultivated and carrying in its quality, rather than loud or strained. Her knowl-

CHARLES H. MARTIN
President of the Peoples Savings Bank

SOLACE

The ducks are gettin' scarcer, an' the
terrapin', they say,
Are growin' so discouraged that they're
fadin' clean away;
But we're singin' same as ever, an' we
ain't a feeling glum,
'Cause we've got corned beef an' cabbage, and I reckon they'll help
some.

The game has been so pestered that it's
disappeared a'most,
We'll wake up some fine day an' there
won't be no quail on toast—
But that don't start us pinin' fur to quit
these earthly scenes,
They's a heap o' solid comfort in a pan
o' pork an' beans.

—*Washington Star.*

Miss Helen L. Shaw
State Vice Regent of Iowa

edge of parliamentary law is great, and this enables her to preside with little reference to a parliamentarian. Gracious and affable, President MacLean of the State University well called her a "queen among women." The Vice-President General from Iowa, Mrs. Bushnell, of Council Bluffs, a most lovely and capable woman, came in for second honors. Her response to the address of welcome was very charming and won her audience. The main features of the convention were Mrs. McLean's address, most eloquent and stirring; the papers by Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Biglow, of Minnesota; Mrs. Longworth, of Nebraska; Mrs. Vaughn, of Arkansas; Mrs. Stanley, of Kansas; Mrs. DeForest, of Wisconsin; Mrs. Houck, of Missouri; Mrs. Heller, of Nebraska; Mrs. Delafield, of Missouri; Mrs. Simpson, of Minnesota; Professor Wilcox, Professor Shambaugh and Dr. MacLean of the State University. Mrs. Ames, of Illinois, presented a fine paper, which is included in this report, the editor much regretting that space will not permit the publishing of all of the speeches.

On Thursday evening Mrs. A. G. Cox most generously opened her lovely home for a formal reception. A distinguished crowd was present and a most delightful evening was spent. On the first evening Mrs. Hill also entertained informally. A

(Continued on Page 96)

Eusebia Dudley
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dudley of Council Bluffs
A Young D. A. R.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS

IN ENGLAND, the care takers of the family, who are such a necessary part of the household, and who have in their hands the physical comfort of every member in it, are given such encouragement for faithful labor, that often several generations of housekeepers, coachmen and maids are in the service of the same family. The same feeling for the paid help in our American families would result in highest good to all. In Dickens' Bleak House, the iron master, whose daughter was maid to Lady Deadlocks, appearing before master and mistress in the parlors of the great house, spoke to them with a fine dignity, declaring that the long service of his family to the Deadlocks bespoke high worth in the greater side and no less of high worth in the lesser side. The servant deserved as high praise as the master. In order, in some small measure, to cultivate the spirit of appreciation toward those who may make our daily life better and happier, The Midwestern will publish from time to time something compiled for our especial use by these caretakers in Iowa families. We give today two menues, also add one or two sent in by friends outside of Des Moines, adding one of our own.

The first is by Miss Luella S. James, with Mrs. W. F. Mitchell:

To avoid indigestion and thoroughly enjoy the following menu for Christmas dinner we would suggest that those who are to partake should bring themselves into the spirit of thankfulness and joy suited to the day. Just criticism and merited praise make the preparing and serving of meals a pleasure to the conscientious person.

Christmas Menu

Dinner.
Oysters on half shell Lemon
Cream Chicken Soup
Wafers Celery
Turkey Oyster Dressing
Cranberry Jelly
Mashed Potatoes Baked Squash
Turnips with Cream Sauce
Peach Pickles Ginger Sherbet
Boston Brown Bread
Waldorf Salad Cheese Wafers
Mince Pie
Nuts Fruits Coffee

The Midwestern Menu

Oyster Cocktail
Puree of Green Peas . Wafers
Olives
Roast Turkey Baked Ham
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Baked Squash
Boiled Onions Parsnip Fritters
Giblet Gravy
Pumpkin Pie Mince Pie
Plum Pudding Brandy Sauce
Candies and Nuts Cheese
Coffee Cider Milk

We suggest that the peas should be of the Polk brand, wafers from the Independent Biscuit Company, turkey from Charley Ebersole's Fulton Market, ham from the Agar Packing Company, vegetables from Scruby Bros, mince pie from Mrs. Lewton's coffee rooms on Sixth Ave., bread or rolls of Falcon flour, butter from the Beatrice Creamery, cream and milk from the Iowa Dairy Company, Hayner's Peach Brandy for the sauce coffee from Tone Bros. and candies from Heywood.

The Lobster and the Peach

A dandy young lobster strolled out on the beach.
He met a young lady—a beauty, a peach!
"Ah, there," said the lobster, "Come, let's have a walk;
A stroll down the shore for a nice, quiet talk."

They walked and they talked till long after dark.
"Ah, me!" cried the peach, "this has been such a lark;
I would not have guessed you could be quite so fine
Unless a la Newburg with a cold pint of wine."

The lobster gallant said, "My dear, you're a dream;
Much finer this way than with sugar and cream."
Thus gaily they talked as they strolled down the road,
Each best pleased au natural than served a la mode.

Ask For

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of New
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DES MOINES, IOWA

Our

to you.

Patti's Cafe

is located in the heart of the Shopping District. While you are making your Christmas purchases don't forget that Patti's is the handiest and best place for you to lunch.

PAUL V. PATTI

They came at last to the summer hotel,
The landlord was ringing the late dinner
bell.
"Let's eat," said the peach. But the lobster, well bred,
Said, "Please wait till I put on my new
coat of red."

A man and a lady just sat down to dine,
Ordered lobster au Newburg a cold pint
of wine.
The chef grabbed the lobster, the peach
gave a scream,
But they were served a la Newburg and
with sugar and cream.

Now lobsters and peaches should not get
so gay,
And from summer hotels keep far, far
away,
And be sure you don't get in the hands of
the cook,
For there are many ways to "get done" in
the modern cook book.

SEVENTH DISTRICT CONVENTION OF THE I. F. W. C.

The Annual Convention of the Seventh district of the I. F. C. W. was held at Guthrie Center, November 6th and 7th. Mrs. A. E. Shipley, chairman for the district, had planned a fine program, including addresses by Mrs. E. W. Weeks, of Guthrie Center; Mrs. Geo. W. Ogilvie, of Des Moines; Mrs. Gertrude A. Nash, of Audubon; Mrs. Parsons. Mrs. J. K. Macomber, Mrs. W. T. Johnston and Miss McLoney, of Des Moines. The club women were met at the train by Mrs. Trent and Mrs. Weeks of the Guthrie Center Women's Club, and taken to the home of Mrs. Trent for a cup of tea. The beautiful welcome extended so generously made every woman glad she was present.

Mrs. E. W. Weeks
President Women's Club of Guthrie Center

In the evening the handsome home of Mrs. U. G. Motz was opened for a reception. Over a hundred ladies were present and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Mrs. E. W. Weeks, president of the entertaining club, is a woman of culture and refinement and up to date in all topics pertaining to women's work everywhere. The Weeks' home is one of the most hospitable in the state and many a noted guest has been entertained there. The little town among the hills and its delightful people will long be remembered with pleasure by those who were present.

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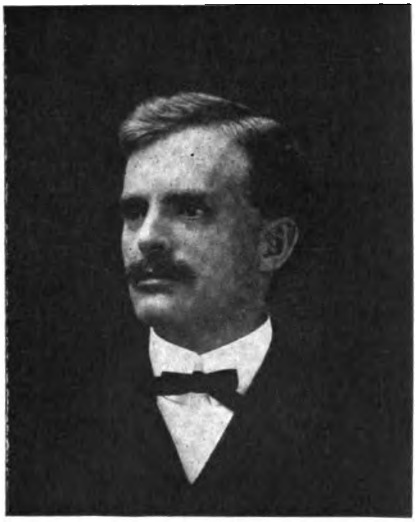
E. L. LEAVENWORTH, Mgr. 402 Walnut St.

Mrs. A. E. Shipley

Chairman of the Seventh District I. F. W. C., and President of the City Federation of Des Moines



Loran D. Osborn, Ph. D.
President Des Moines College

Brushwood Boy, more familiarly known to his friends as "Omar Khayyam," is a very beautiful white Persian cat, as his picture shows. He was sired by the famous Paris, and has taken two first prizes at the National Fanciers and Breeders Association Exhibition in Chicago. He is owned by Mrs. Charles Reed, 1200 Fourth Street, Des Moines.

visit was made on the second day to the University grounds and buildings. The crowd was piloted by Dr. MacLean. On the evening after the close of the Conference an invitation to a college banquet was extended to the Conference. Several ladies availed themselves of this hospitality. With so crowded a program, little time was left for the transaction of really important state business. The frequently expressed opinion was that the conference is a great help to all who participate in it and should be held annually, but at a different time from the regular state meeting. So hurried was the business that none of the vital questions intended for discussion were even taken up. One of the most prominent workers in the state has written to the Midwestern:

"If we are to have a state organization at all, it must conduct its business in complete harmony with the National Constitution and this has not been done in Iowa. Also, our annual meeting is purely for the conduct of state business. If we do not discuss and settle questions which are vital to our deepest interests, we had better not have the meetings at all, but rather go to headquarters for all directions and all suggestions."

Mrs. Stevens, the capable and efficient state regent, presided over the meetings with charming graciousness, and made friends of all who heard her speak. The state officers outside of regent and vice regent, who were elected, were: Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Dudley, Council Bluffs; treasurer, Mrs. W. H. McHenry; historian, Miss Hepler, Fort Dodge; registrar, Mrs. Cale, Keokuk. Among the distinguished guests were Mrs. Maria I. Bibbs, of Boone; Mrs. Julien Richards, of Waterloo; vice state regent, Miss Helen L. Shaw, of Anamosa; Mrs. Emlin McClain, of Iowa City; Mrs. George MacLean, Mrs. Ames, of Chicago, and representatives of several states.

Mrs. Donald MacLean was most cordially and heartily endorsed for a second term of office by the Iowa delegation.

Mrs. MacLean was the recipient of many honors during her western trip. In Chicago she was the guest of Mrs. LaVerne W. Noyes, and in Iowa City at the home of President MacLean. In St. Louis she was feted and in Lincoln a reception of 800 guests was given her at the capitol building. The state conference of Nebraska was held October 29th and 30th in Lincoln. The following officers were elected in Nebraska: Mrs. C. B. Letton, Lincoln, state regent; Mrs. C. Hollenbeck, of Fremont, Neb., vice State Regent; Mrs. O. S. Ward, Lincoln, Neb., State Secretary; Mrs. W. Archibald Smith, Omaha, State Treasurer; Mrs. J. J. Stubbs, Omaha, State Registrar.

The Women's Press Club of Des Moines enjoyed their regular author's evening at the home of Mrs. Durley. Mrs. Charles Clarke and Mrs. Fred Weitz arranged a fine program for the event. Those appearing were Miss Loizeaux, magazine writer; Miss Alice Tyler, of the State Library; Robert Wonthens poet; Elbert Sabin, author; Miss Zollinger, of Newton, story writer, and Miss Margaret Walker, author of "Lady Hollyhock." Dean Howard added much to the pleasure of the evening by singing a group of songs, accompanied by Mrs. Hardy.

The Thursday Reading Club, of Des Moines, one of the most delightful clubs in Iowa, met Thursday afternoon, November 15th, with Mrs. Minnie Dyke, of Valley Junction. Among the guests of the club were Mrs. Brown, president of the State Congress of Mothers; Mrs. Cook, president of the City Union, and Mrs. Kemp, of the Oak Park Mother's Club. Each of these ladies gave a talk on the work of their particular organization, which were instructive. The club then took up their regular program, "Thanksgiving in Ye Olden Time," and Mrs. Shockley gave a reading on the Pilgrim, and Mrs. O'Bleness a paper on Thanksgiving Day. Other guests of the club were Mrs. Whannel, who favored us with two readings; Mrs. Urick, Mrs. Harber, Mrs. Mathis and Mrs. Elliot each of whom spoke briefly, and Miss Nye, of Valley Junction, accompanied by Miss Quinn, rendered a vocal solo which all enjoyed, after which the club members served a three-course luncheon and spent a social hour with their guests.

The
MIDWESTERN

Year

DES MOINES, IOWA

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Volume 1

JANUARY, 1907

Numb

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I honestly believe this will bring you $1,500. It ought to do even better than this. Snow Storm went from 15 cents to $4.50 per share in a year, $30 for $1. East Snow Storm joins the larger mine. We know we have the same veins. It's a great big, strong mine. Be fair to yourself and buy at least 1,000 shares at 25 cents. State Mine Inspector Bell says the district has the ore and many fortunes are to be made in the Coeur d'Alene the next twelve months. Send to me for literature about the Coeur d'Alene District. I want you to know about it. I make a specialty of these stocks because I know my clients will all make money in the stocks of that district if they will only get in now. I am in earnest about this for I know so certainly that large profits are to me made.

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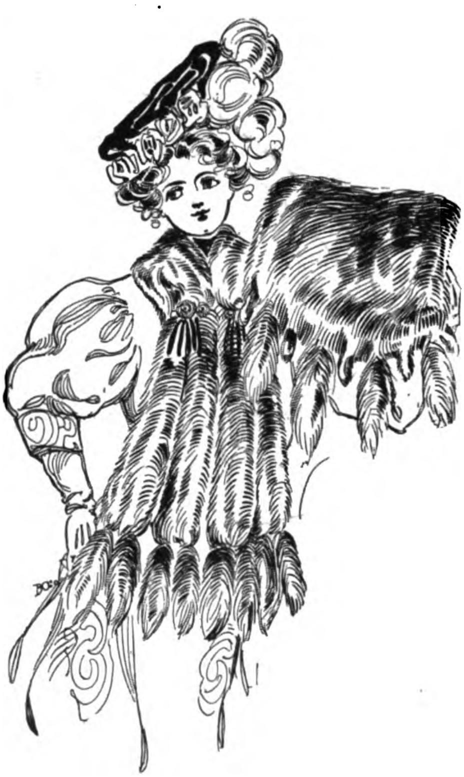

IN the first place we are fur manufacturers. We employ expert service and you are therefore less likely to buy a fur which might prove unreliable. We are practical fur men and that means a great deal to the customer.

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Des Moines, Iowa

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The Midwestern
wishes
To all of its Friends
a
Happy New Year

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Midwestern has contracted for a series of articles by Malcolm MacKinnon, whose work as a writer along political lines is well and favorably known. A true story of political happenings and conditions in Iowa, told without fear or favor, will make good reading.

The first of the series appears in this issue. Subscribers will do well to begin with the January number, in order to have these articles complete. We cannot promise to furnish back numbers.

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There is not a traveling man in Iowa who does not know and like Milton L. Hirsch. He is an Iowa boy, born and bred, full of big hearted kindness and good fellowship, a first-class friend and companion as well as a most capable business man.

For thirteen years Mr. Hirsch has been on the road, covering the same territory in Iowa during that time, and representing a Minneapolis firm—hats, caps, gloves and furs. He has been a member of the I. S. T. M. A. for ten years, and closely identified with the highest interests of the order.

Mr. Hirsch is a candidate for the place on the directory board and if elected will do much to strengthen the board and his good judgment and keen business ability will prove of great benefit in the management of the association affairs.

Mr. Hirsch is in Des Moines every Saturday and Sunday and is thus able to give regular personal attention to all matters which may come up in the directory board. Mr. Hirsch is certainly deserving of this honor at the hands of his fellow members of the I. S. T. M. A. and the general public in Des Moines and Iowa will heartily congratulate both him and the association upon his election.

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The Western Musical Herald

WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor.

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GEO. H. SHAW

Sixteen years a member of I. S. T. M. A. and deeply interested in the welfare of the association and all of its work is surely a good recommendation for George H. Shaw as candidate for a place in the directory board. Mr. Shaw is a long-time resident of Des Moines, and an experienced life insurance man. He was state manager of an Iowa company for four years. For eight years he held an important office in an eastern company, and this experience will splendidly qualify him for the important place of director of the I. S. T. M. A., Mr. Shaw is now secretary of the Berg Medicine Co., and is a business man of conservative and safe methods and yet is thoroughly ahead of the times and alive to big interests in every way. He is just the sort of man to do good service for the I. S. T. M. A., having the perfect confidence of his business associates, the respect of the community at large and a host of devoted friends who value him for his own true worth as a man. Mr. Shaw will appreciate the support of all of his friends and acquaintances in his candidacy for the office of director.

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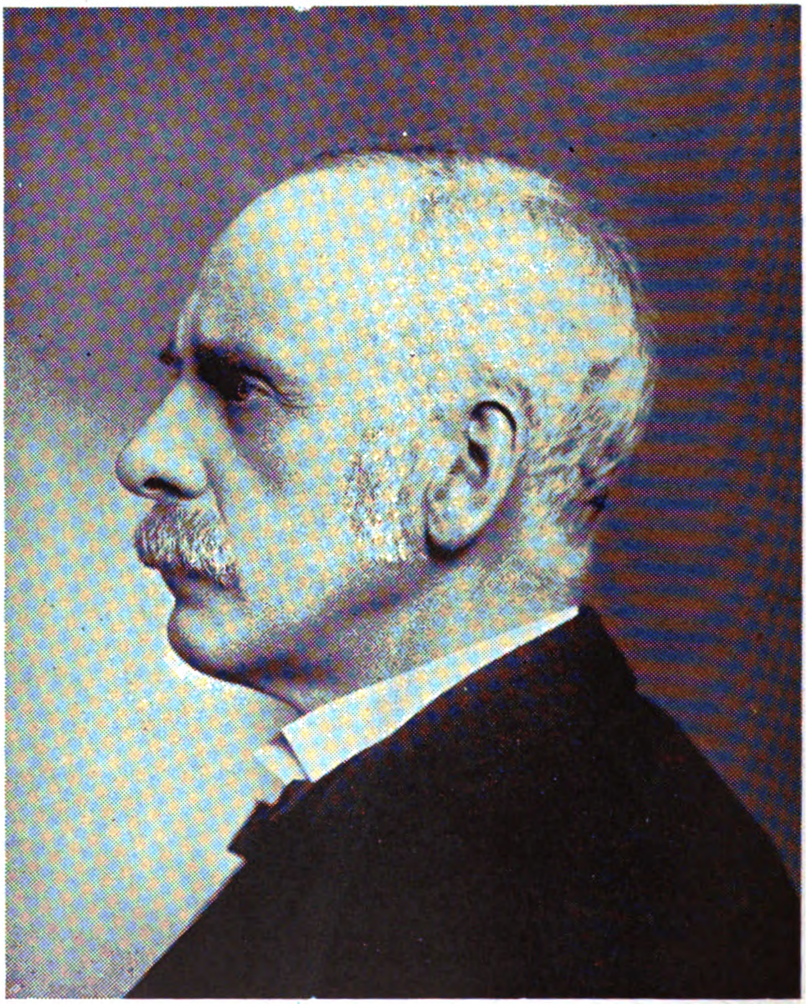
Hark! on the winds,
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest
Like a pale spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form
And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the Earth forever.

Prentice.



LESLIE M. SHAW

Secretary of the Treasury of the United States

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STANDPATTISM IN IOWA

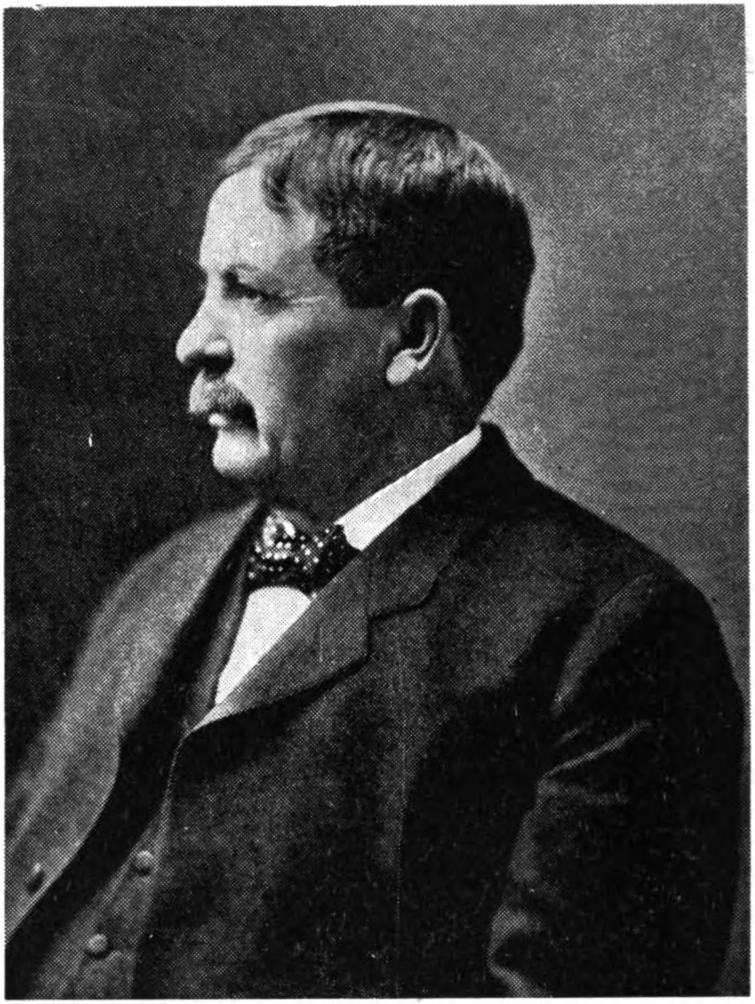
By Malcom MacKinnon

MUCH, if not most, of the bitterness of feeling existing in the factions of the republican party in Iowa is to be accounted for in a very general disregard of certain salient facts which the problem of the situation in this state for some decades past presents to all who will inquire at all closely. Your "progressive," in the average case, is thoroughly convinced that the very possibility of one's being a "standpatter" is predicated on a proposition of constitutional obliquity in morals and a firm determination, on the part of the culprit, to give free range and full development to all the baser tendencies of his nature. Your average "standpatter" has as little liking for the "progressive," is quite out of patience with him, and regards him as nothing less than politically wild-eyed. On the one hand, very real surprise exists at the number of those who have shown "anarchistic" tendencies and other signs of political distemper; on the other, unfeigned amazement prevails that men, who do such things and say such things and endorse, either openly or tacitly, such things as others have said and done, could, after the stimulus of the campaign was over and there had been time for reflection and remorse, actually have the adamantine face to appear in the presence of their fellow men, unabashed, and, to all appearances, not a whit repentant.

The truth is that neither has a real right to complain of the conduct of the other. Each is the product of his circumstances. Difference of opinion is, in this case, wholly a matter of difference in point of view. When this fact is well understood by all, the factional struggle will continue, but there will be decidedly less of ill-temper and a disposition occasionally to give and take quarter. To elucidate the truth of these contentions is the purpose of the present article.

The word "standpatter," as used with reference to American politics, has two meanings. In its specific sense, it represents one with a certain attitude toward suggested tariff legislation. In its general, and chief, sense, it describes a republican who is loyal to a well developed system of manipulation in the hands of leaders representing large financial interests. It was as the latter that Mark Hanna was thinking of his associates, when he borrowed a word from the vocabulary of poker and sent it out all over the country, partly as a warning, partly, without doubt, as a threat. The confusion of the two senses of the word has had much to do with clouding the public mind regarding the political situation, not only in Iowa, but throughout the whole country as well. There are tariff standpatters in both the factions in this state and there are tariff revisionists in both. The factional line of cleavage is not along tariff lines, though the ends of the manipulators, the leaders of the other sort of standpatters, have led them to make the claim that the contrary is true.

Standpattism, using the word accurately, could never have been for a long time dominant in Iowa, if it were not for the fact that the early settlement of the state was by people from the South. Contrary to general impression, Kentuckians and Virginians were the first white men who, in considerable numbers, made their homes on Hawkeye soil. Arriving by way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, they settled in what are now Lee and Des Moines counties. Later they and their



JUDGE SMITH McPHERSON

Judge of the U. S. District and Circuit Court

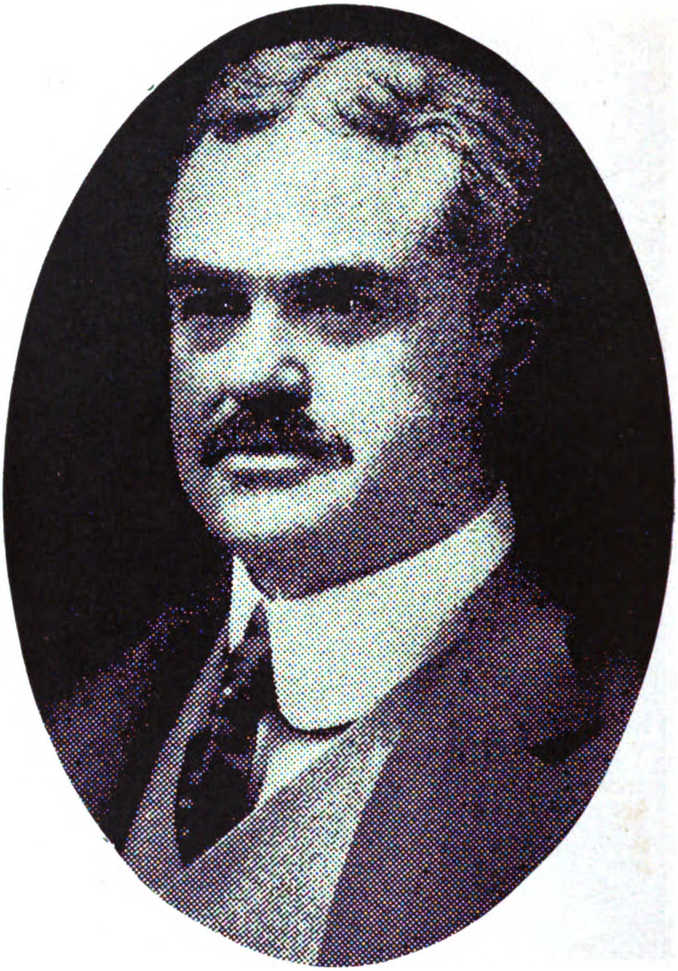
descendants spread out over the three southern tiers of counties, founding those now populous communities. Along the Mississippi they did not go much farther north than Burlington. Along the Missouri, traces of them are to be found as far up as Sioux City. For the most part, however,, they confined themselves pretty strictly to the south one-third of the state, erecting in the wilderness what became one of the choicest communities in the United States, socially and agririculturally, and what was destined, by reason of ideas and customs transplanted from states formerly the homes of the pioneers, to be the "Q Reservation" of contemporary Iowa politics. Respect for leading families and hereditary devotion to the mass caucus or convention were good things when they were brought to Virginia, before the days when Heine was constrained to observe that "Money is God and Rothschild is His Prophet." The gathering of the free men of a community for the consideration of matters of common interest dates back at least to the time when the Angels dwelt in German forests, and the institution was doubtless a good one then, for it proved to be the foundation of popular government among most peoples of Teutonic origin. Anyway, these earliest Iowans had a sentimental regard for it, with the result that, either in form or in spirit, it still largely serves the purposes of making party nominations in the part of the state of which we are treating. It also serves, admirably, the purposes of the manipulators, who, by reason of it, have been enabled to hold that section of the commonwealth in the hollow of their hands for many years, and are still in absolute possession of it, when unsuccessful, temporarily at least, in nearly every other part of the state. A mass caucus, like that customary in Keokuk and other cities and in some of the counties of the "reservation" can be easily controlled by a few quick-witted men, whose plans have been laid beforehand and whose purposes are definite. It has been no task, in consequence, to corral these three tiers of counties. With them as an assured base of operations, it was not hard, either, by playing on the local divisions, personal ambitions, likes and dislikes of the people of other parts of the state, to control the majority of the representation in legislatures and conventions, to dictate the state nominations of the dominant party, and to gain possession of most, and sometimes all, of the delegation in Congress.

It was under the guidance of two men that Standpattism became a finished product in Iowa: Nathaniel M. Hubbard, of Cedar Rapids, general counsel and chief lobbyist for the Chicago & North-Western railway system, and Joseph W. Blythe, general counsel and principal political agent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy company. Their whole personal prestige in politics came from their employment by such powerful clients and the knowledge that they had the almost unlimited resources of those companies and their allied interests behind them in the work of dictating the government of the state for the benefit of their roads and for the purposes of the great movement by vested interests to seize and retain the government of the United States in all its branches, making it virtually an oligarchy, while retaining the forms of a republic. Of these two men it might be said, as Jay Gould said of himself, that in a republican state they would be republicans, in a democratic state democrats, in a close state neutral, but always and everywhere they could be depended upon to be for the railroads with which they were connected. Control was everything to them. Tariff positions, or any other positions, were only as a means to an end. When Mr. Hubbard died some years ago, the state seemed almost irrevocably passed into the hands of the machinery devised by a couple of resourceful hirelings of corporations willing to go to any lengths to carry out the plans of their agents. In spite of what appeared to some people as a reverse sustained in 1901, Mr. Blythe was in that year fully confident that he would be able to be the dictator of republican politics and therefore of the Iowa government, for as many years as his health was with him and his services satisfactory to his employers. In spite of the recent struggle and the apparent outcome of it, it is not impossible that Mr. Blythe was right in great measure, and that he will, presently, come again into his own.

By these masters of deception and intrigue a system of rewards and punishments was established that for a long time kept every public man in an attitude of disgrace or submission. Iowa railroad rights of way are thickly strewn with political wrecks resultant on this plan, and high places in county, state, and nation have been filled as they were, for the same reason. Opposition in any degree meant degradation. Loyalty, and particularly, effective loyalty, just as inevitably meant elevation. Thus it came about that all who stayed in political activity long enough to be known beyond a limited circle, bowed the knee to their masters, and none, for a long time, was daring enough, after a lesson or two, to dispute the fact that the hand of the boss was more powerful than his own, that leadership without the sanction of the railroad attorneys in control was impossible, except in a losing venture.

Thus it was, for decades, in the state wont to boast of its freedom. There did come a time when a man appeared combining in himself in such full measure the qualities of leadership that he was able with partial success to head a revolt, but that was not the time at present under discussion. Everyone was truly helpless then. It is only fair to be charitable in considering the cases of those who came into the political arena under such circumstances and were men of red blood and a natural liking for place and power. In considering their present attitudes, it should be taken into consideration that they were practically forced to form certain alliances then, alliances which, in the very nature of things, are just as binding now.

Take the case of M. L. Temple, of Osceola, who was the chairman of the committee on ways and means of the house during the last session of the legislature. He is a man of brilliant intel-



HON. J. W. BLYTHE

lect and remarkable forensic ability. As a debater he probably has not a superior in the state or in the United States. Over a decade ago he first occupied a seat in the hall of representatives at Des Moines and, thinking to make a hit for himself, proposed what was later known as the Temple amendment to the constitution of Iowa. It renders it impossible for a railroad employe at any time during his employment to sign away his rights to damages, in case he should suffer personal injury through fault of his employer. Some people, in the light of the mutations of time, are free to say that Temple was bluffing and had no idea how instantly popular the measure would become. Others maintain he was sincere, and explain that he was new to Iowa politics at that time. However this may be, his proposal became in due time a part of the organic law of the state, in spite of all that a well organized lobby could do.

Temple, as it happened, represented a county in the "reservation" and the fact of his being the originator of one of the most popular propositions ever successfully made to the people of Iowa did not prevent his failing of election to succeed himself. If he visited the legislative halls at Des Moines during the next two years, he did so merely as a spectator seeking food for reflection. Whether he visited Des Moines or not, it is certain that he visited Burlington, and, according to report, the occasion of his trip to the latter city was to make his peace with Blythe. The next county convention nominated him for his old place and he was elected by an unprecedented majority. It seemed as though everybody was for Temple, the people's friend, this time. He was again and again returned, until he expressed a year or so ago, a desire to retire from his seat in the legislature. Since that return after the interim of time for study and a meditation, he has, moreover, been recognized as a faithful representative of the railroads and their allied interests. The subtlety of his intellect and his marvelous powers of persuasion in committee room and on the floor have been devoted, it is a general impression, to the service of Mr. Blythe and all that the latter stands for in the public mind. At this writing, Mr. Temple is likely to be appointed United States district attorney for the southern district of Iowa, as a reward for his distinguished public services. If he should enter upon the duties of that high position, he will have in his charge the enforcement of railroad rate laws and other corporation control measures in which the people have evinced a great interest during the administration of President Roosevelt. Would the interests of the public be safe in the hands of Mr. Temple as prosecutor on behalf of the United States, or would they have to depend wholly for their conservation upon the good graces of that other product of the "reservation," the judge of the federal court for the southern district, the Hon. Smith MacPherson?

It was by making men feel the sting of the corporation whip that discipline was enforced and the marvel of controlling the government of a proud and supposedly free people was accomplished, but it required adroitness to hold power constantly, even under such circumstances, and the result was that the machine executed some strange antics in its effort to hold old friends and gain new ones. Seeing the temperance wave sweeping over the country and the demand for drastic legislation getting insistent with a considerable part, though not with a majority, of the people of Iowa, the railroads wrote the prohibitory amendment as a part of the state constitution. Alarmed at the reaction following its adoption, they joined with the brewers and whiskey houses and elected Horace Boies, a democrat, to the governorship. Incidentally, in that year they gained control of the railway commission, just established and endowed with plenary powers in the matter of fixing rates. Also they managed to get an executive council that would let the railroad tax assessments alone for four years. William Larrabee, Boies' predecessor, elected with the good wishes of the roads, had developed a case of conscience that did not yield to the customary treatment and the assessments had been enormously increased. After Boies came Frank D. Jackson, during whose administration the valuations were actually lowered. After Governor Jackson came Leslie M. Shaw.

Shaw is able and shrewd and has an ambition limited only by visions of the presidency, but he could not have become known outside of the county in which he lived and sold fruit trees and shaved notes and practiced law and ran a bank, if he had not sworn fealty to Blythe and Hubbard when he appeared on the threshold of public life and asked to be admitted into the game at which he felt he could play a hand as well as the next man. He is charged with having gone in person to Hubbard. At any rate the railroad press took him up in a favorable way and, though predicting the nomination of another, advised that an eye be kept upon the man from Denison. The naming of Shaw as the candidate was, in itself, convincing evidence of the deal he was in, and added to that is the fact that, from that day until this, he has been willing to go to any pains to assist the railroad machine, even to the length of aiding the campaign carried on last summer under the immediate leadership of Ed. Hunter.

One gets a good idea of Shaw's devotion to government by manipulation, by consideration of what he did just as he was retiring from the governorship, with ambition still unsatisfied. With the encouragement of Blythe, and by means of personal requests made to editors of standpat papers, he managed to launch a boom for himself as McKinley's successor in 1904. The Chicago Tribune took the matter up and the whole country came to know of it. The retiring governor of Iowa was looked upon as qualifying as a possibility, if not a probability. The tragedy at Buffalo made Roosevelt president, and anxious to remove all possible obstacles to his own nomination he offered an important cabinet portfolio to the wily Shaw.

The Iowan did not know whether to take it or not. If anything, he was inclined to leave it alone. He feared Roosevelt would make a failure of his administration and that, as a member of the cabinet, he himself would be involved

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in the discredit of his chief. He hurried to Dubuque and talked it over with Allison. Then he talked it for hours to a friend riding with him in a Great Western coach from Dubuque to Des Moines. He gave this friend the impression that he would not touch it, since Roosevelt was pretty sure to make a fool of himself. That he had not settled the matter fully in his mind is indicated, however, by his action upon his arrival in the capital city. As many a man has done, before and since, he sent for "Jim" Wilson, and stating the details of the situation, asked that reader of riddles to cast his political horoscope. This is not "Tama Jim." James H. Wilson is from Adair county and now as then an attache of the Secretary of State's office. In the line of advice he gives the best he has to anyone who applies and keeps his mouth closed ever afterward. As a result he is one of the most popular, and deservedly popular, men in Iowa political life. At that time he was rather lined up against the faction with which Shaw trained, but this did not matter to him or to the anxious applicant for direction.

"Jim" told Shaw to take the place offered him. He explained that the Iowan stood for a well defined policy in government, that of fealty to large monied interests; that, in fact, Shaw was a western man with eastern ideas. "Jim" took up history and showed that all the presidents from the West had come under such classification, except Lincoln, whose circumstances were unusual. Shaw, he said, could not be involved in any failure of the Roosevelt administration, because his position in this regard was already well known, and he could take pains, in public addresses and in other ways, to emphasize the fact that he and the president did not look at things from the same view point. If Roosevelt proved the dismal failure Shaw feared, he could still depend upon getting the Iowa delegation in 1908, even though the people of the state should not be favorably inclined toward him. He was sure of the Blythe support and that meant much, and, anyway, if half a dozen of the eastern states should instruct their delegations for the Denison man, Iowa would have to do the same, no matter what the popular disposition.

Shaw has acted ever since in exact accordance with the advice then given him, and though Roosevelt has made a success instead of a failure, the wisdom of what "Jim" Wilson suggested has been fully demonstrated.

After Shaw came Albert B. Cummins and the rebellion against corporation domination of the politics of the state.

GOD'S COUNTRY

Sing me a song of the bit and spur—
The song of the smiling plain;
Blow me the breeze from the mountain top,
And send me the Western rain!

Mine be the light of the Western stars—
My breath of the fir and pine,
Where youth and joy and love come back,
Like the taste of a rare old wine.

So here's to the song of the mountain stream,
To the shrill of the coyote's cry,
And may I wake in that Western land
'Stead o' heaven—when I die.

MARJORY GRANT'S PROTEGE

By Lacy Peel

WILLIE LOWRY was a little orphan of five years old, who, on the death of his father and mother within a week of each other, had been made over by a cruel fate and the Poor Law Guardians of the little Scottish town to the sparing mercies of an uncle and aunt. The latter were laboring people of a very rough type, who seemed to have no kindness or gentleness in them save and except for their own twin children, Robina and Elizabeth, two little beetle-browed, scowling, thickset women in miniature, of twenty months old or so. They were familiarly known as Beenie and Betty, and to them poor sturdy little Willie was dry nurse and bond slave in general.

It was one day when he was staggering along the road, with one sturdy twin shrieking in his arms and tugging at his white hair, and the other waddling beside him dragging at his blue pinafore, that Marjory Grant, driving by in the pony carriage with her mother, was moved with compassion for him, and begged leave to stop the carriage and give the struggling trio a ride home to their roadside cottage, which lay within a few yards of the avenue gates of Craigie House.

Mrs. Grant never said "no" to Marjory; so, though in her secret soul she thought little dirty brats were far more in their place on the dusty highroad than on the box of her smart little carriage, she only said:

"Stop, Sandy, and take those three children up beside you."

Matter-of-fact Sandy, who was never surprised at anything, got down from his perch leisurely, and bidding "Fairy," the white pony, "Stand still, now, and bide a wee," soon hoisted the astonished Willie and his two staring charges—well, up into heaven it would have seemed to poor little slave-driven Willie if he had ever heard there was such a place. His broad, good-humored face was covered with smiles, and he kept looking first into the face of one sulky twin and then of the other, saying, "Fine, Beenie, wumman! Fine, Betty, wumman!" till Mrs. Grant and Marjory could not help laughing, and even sober Sandy himself relaxed into a smile, and looked at the happy child like a benevolent mastiff.

When they stopped at the cottage door, Mrs. Lowry, the aunt, came running out. She was a most unprepossessing looking young woman, beetle-browed like her twins, a surly, strong slattern, who seemed to give a civil "Guid day, mem," to Mrs. Grant with an effort, and then, turning an angry eye on Willie, cried out fiercely.

"And how gat ye up there, ye little dirty rascal, an' me seekin' Beenie and Betty far and wide to come ben an' get their tea?"

She gave a sour "Thank ye, mem," to Mrs. Grant when the latter told her that she had given the three children the ride for a treat, and holding out her arms sullenly for "the bairns," she received them one by one from the careful hands of Sandy as if they were parcels, favoring her own two, however, with each a hard dab on the cheek, that did duty for a kiss, but looked more like a bite; but treating poor Willie to a rough shake as she set him down, and assisting him into the house with a drive from her foot.

"What a horrible woman!" exclaimed Marjory, as they drove down the long avenue. "Really, mother, she looked at that dear little boy like a she-demon, and as if she would like to kill him, and those hideous, scowling babies are as like her as they can be; but Willie is a darling, with his merry, sonsy face.

"Did you not see, mother, how patiently he was toiling away with those two brats when we overtook them? and he seemed far more pleased that Beenie and Betty were getting a ride than that he himself was."

"Oh, as for that Mrs. Lowry, my dear," replied Mrs. Grant, "she is just a well-known scold and randywife. Cook tells me it's "pairfit shockin',' the way she and her husband treat that poor child, and that they both beat him unmercifully whenever they are out of temper, which is not seldom. Cook says, too, that he's 'a real fine bairn and jist owre guid for the likes o' them.'" And easy Mrs. Grant shook her head comfortably and seemed to think there was an end of the subject. But not so Marjory.

"Oh, mother," she said, "what a shame it is! Surely we might do something to stop it."

Mrs. Grant shook her head again, dubiously this time.

"It doesn't do, Marjory, to interfere with these people; they don't like it. Your father doesn't like us to do it. We had better let it alone."

"Well, mother, at any rate," insisted Marjory, "I could give something to Willie. I would like to do it with my own money; buy him some new clothes, or shoes and stockings, and some toys and sweeties and books—picture books, you know."

"Better not, dear," repeated the mother; "better not. The Lowrys would only be jealous, and very wroth that you bestowed your favors on Willie instead of their own two beauties. They would probably beat him a little oftener and a good deal harder for it, and would certainly confiscate your gifts for the behoof of the Misses Beenie and Betty."

"There is one thing, at any rate, that I could give him, and that his wretched uncle and aunt couldn't take away from him."

"What's that, my dear?" said Mrs. Grant, with her easy smile.

"An education!" cried Marjory proudly. "You needn't laugh, mother. Surely I could at any rate teach Willie to read and to write and to know a little about things. Do let me try, mamma dear," she continued coaxingly; "come now be a dear darling, and say 'Yes.'"

Of course, after a little prudent humming and ha-ing, Mrs. Grant did say yes, only conditionally. She must first be sure that "Daddy" did not object; for big, burly Mr. Grant was always "Daddy" with his pet Madge, and said he would never answer to any other name than the one which had been the first word his only baby had ever lisped.

"Daddy object!" cried his Madge, laughing saucily and shaking her curls; "why, you know very well, mother, that Daddy would hardly object if I proposed to cut his head off!"

Daddy just gave a hearty kiss, and told her she was his darling, and to do whatever she liked, and then she would do what he liked. So next morning Miss Madge scarcely took time to eat her breakfast before she was running through a short cut to the road by the side of which stood the Lowry's cottage.

It was a lovely sunshiny morning, and she found Mrs. Lowry standing outside her cottage door, before a washing-tub, that stood on a wooden chair turned on its side, doing her family washing. She had on neither shoes nor stocking, for, like most Scotch women of her class, she "likit to gang barefit in the simmer;" her petticoats were high kilted, and as she bent over her tub she sent a perfect storm of soapsuds flying in all directions.

But a worse storm came from her raging tongue, and poor little Willie was the object of it. Neither he nor his aunt observed Marjory's approach.

"Ye vagabone that y'are!" yelled she, in a voice pitched somewhere about A sharp above the line, "ye good for nothing vagabone, how dare ye leave Beenie to sup a' the milk?"

"She wid do't, auntie," said poor little Willie, trembling; "I tried to hinder her, but she wid do't it."

"She wid do't, indeed," repeated the randy. "I'll teach you t'let her do't! an' here's Betty, an' ye've let her get her clean 'pinny a' owre dirt! C'way you here to me, sirr!" she skirled with such a burr on the sirrr as pen and ink are powerless to convey.

Luckless little Willie approached slowly but obediently at her call, and he had no sooner come within reach of her arm than she dealt him such a blow on the side of the head as sent him spinning, in company with a shower of soapsuds, into the arms of the indignant Marjory, who had been an unnoticed spectator of the scene. Willie did not cry, nor even seem to dream of crying: he only opened and shut his big blue eyes very often, and his ruddy cheeks got a trifle ruddier, while Marjory trembled with anger, which, however, she had the prudence to remember she had better not express.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Lowry," she said, as pleasantly as she could. "I have brought you two little frocks for Beenie and Betty" (this was a stroke of policy of the wily Mrs. Grant) "and here are some sweeties for them. What big girls they are growing, Mrs. Lowry!" said Marjory.

"Big enough to be a bother, miss," was the reply, in a slightly modified voice, as she tested the quality of the little frocks between her moist, steaming coddled fingers, and found it good. "And that little idle rascal there jist gars them into mischief, so he does, I'm fair moithered with them." "Oh, well, Mrs. Lowry," then said the astute Marjory, "I'm sure you'll be pleased to hear that I want to take Willie off your hands for at least an hour every day. I'll teach him his lessons if you'll let him come, and there'll be, at least, one less for you to look after."

Nothing would have induced sulky Mrs. Lowry to say that Willie was too useful to her to be spared; besides, she did not wish to offend the "leddies at the big hoose," towards whom her gratitude took the common form of a deep sense of favors to come, so with an ill grace she agreed that Willie should daily attend Marjory's private class of one, every morning at ten o'clock.

So Marjory departed happy, and next morning began her school. On fine days she choose for her professional chair the front doorsteps, that lay wide, smooth and warm in the summer sunshine; but if the weather would not allow of such *al fresco* teaching, Willie was admitted to the sacred precincts of the housekeeper's room.

Marjory found him a most intelligent, eager little pupil, and was amazed at the rapidity with which he mastered the mysteries of the alphabet, which he repeated with such an energetic shout that every letter became a dissyllable in his mouth—"A—er, B—er, C—er," and so on to "Z—er."

The first day of lessons Marjory told him she was so pleased with him for being good and attentive that she was going to give him a bread and jam prize, but though his broad, honest face beamed with smiles as he took the great slice of bread, liberally spread with fragrant raspberry jam, he never offered to eat it.

"Well, Willie, what's the matter?" said Marjory, "don't you like it?"

"Oo ay, mem, I like it fine, but I'm bidin' for Beenie and Betty, mem," replied he.

Anxious to see what he would do with it, Marjory followed him down the shrubbery, mid-way through which she saw him begin to trot as fast as his little bare feet could carry him, to meet his two unprepossessing nurslings, who were stumping stolidly together along the path to meet him.

"Hey, Beenie, wumman, hey, Betty, wumman," cried he, "siccan a fine jelly piece as I've got to us a';" and holding out his dainty, he made one solemn infant and then the other take a big bite, and then, and not till then, did he take one himself.

"He is a little hero," thought Marjory to herself. "Who could have looked for such generosity, such self-denial, in an ignorant, ill-used, untaught little fellow like Willie? I wonder if I shall teach him anything better," thought she.

"Mother," she said, when she got home, "cook is quite right. That is a fine bairn, and a real fine bairn. I shall be proud of my pupil, you will see, when he grows a man."

After Marjory had got him through his alphabet, she bethought her it was time she began some moral and religious instruction. So there came a day when the last "z—er" having been vigorously shouted, she asked him:

"Willie, did you ever hear of God?"

"Na, mem."

"Or of heaven?"

"Na, mem."

"Did you ever hear of the devil, Willie?"

"Oo, ay, mem, he's an awfu' big, black mon."

This on examination proved to be the extent of Willie's religious knowledge. Marjory's first efforts with him were scarcely encouraging.

Having endeavored to impress on him such elementary truths as that God made him, the heavens, the earth, and the sea, and "all that in them is," Willie made great round eyes of wonder at her, and exclaimed:

'My! mem, God must be an awfu' big mon! What a sight o' porridge He maun sup."

"Oh, Willie!" Marjory hastened to explain, "God is not a man, and He never sups porridge."

An expression of profound compassion passed over his little puzzled face, and with a sigh he said:

"Hech! puir mon, He must weary for his porridge."

Marjory thought she had better hazard no more explanations, so she proceeded to tell Willie how God took care of him, and of everybody, and watched over us all, and kept us from harm.

"And wha' watches over us when God

sleeps, mem?" inquired Willie, shrewdly.

"God never sleeps, Willie."

Willie looked still more profoundly sympathetic, and with another sigh, exclaimed:

"Hech! puir mon, He maun wan't His sleep."

Marjory was in despair.

When she told him God loved us all,

"He doesna love Wullie Lowry," cried the child. "He doesna ken Wullie, mem."

"Oh, yes, Willie," said Marjory, "God does know you and love you. He is the Great Father, Willie's Great Father."

"I'd like fine to see him," cried Willie.

"Wullie wants his Feyther, mem," he added, and the little fellow's lip quivered, and the big blue eyes filled with tears.

The teaching, however, went on, and was on the whole a great success, though Marjory made the mistake common to most very young teachers, of trying to cram big ideas into little heads that could not hold them. One day she had been endeavoring to teach Willie what faith was, but his round eyes grew rounder and rounder, and his jaw dropped, and he stood the picture of mystification.

Marjory cast her eyes around in the forlorn hope of laying hold of an easily comprehended metaphor. Two huge old stone cannon balls decorated either end of the step on which she was seated.

She took up a small pair of scissors with which she was snipping holes in the bit of border she was busy with, and said:

"Look here, Willie. Do you see those scissors?"

"Ay, mem."

"Now shut your eyes."

Willie screwed them up as if he never meant to open them again. Marjory slipped the scissors under the stone wall beside her.

"Now open your eyes, Willie. You can't see the scissors anywhere. I have put them under the stone. Where do you think they are?"

"Under the stane, mem."

"Why do you think so, Willie?"

"Ye telt me, mem, and ye wouldna tell a lee."

"That's quite right, Willie," cried Marjory, joyfully. "You believe what I told you. That's faith. You know the scissors are under the stone, because I told you they were there, though you can't see them. You know what faith is now, Willie, don't you?"

"Fine, mem," answered Willie, solemnly, with a much enlightened countenance.

Marjory began to feel sure she had a great gift for teaching, and rewarded her disciple with a large lump of sugar, which he carefully hoarded till he found Beenie and Betty, when he presented it first to one little dirty mouth and then to the other to "tak' a lick," after which with great satisfaction he refreshed himself in a similar manner.

Next morning Marjory begged her mother to come out and listen how nicely Willie was getting on. With some importance she began:

"Now, Willie, what is faith?"

Willie's eyes shone with conscious learning, and he promptly replied:

"A pair o' shizhies under a stane, mem."

Mrs. Grant burst out laughing, and after a brief moment of discomfiture, so did the poor little teacher.

"My dear," said kindly Mrs. Grant, "a child's just made up of faith. Don't you bother this little head," patting Willie's as she spoke, "to explain it just yet. He feels it, and that's enough for him."

Next morning, for the first time, Willie did not make his appearance at ten, and Marjory was just going off to the cottage to look for him, when cook came running after her, crying, and wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Oh, Miss Marjory, dear! here's awfu' bad news for you that was so fond of him. Poor, Wee Wullie's like to die," and then cook told how his uncle had come home drunk the night before, and in a fit of rage thrown his heavy boot at the unoffending child's head, and that the boy had fallen and scarcely spoken since. "And the doctor says, miss," said cook, "as how he'll never get up again."

Swiftly through the shrubbery ran Marjory, and in a few minutes was tapping at the cottage door. Mrs. Lowry opened it, sullen as ever, but with her eyes very red, as if she had been weeping.

"Come awa' ben, miss," she said, "and see him. He thocht a sight of ye."

Marjory drew near the dark, close, box-bed where her little favorite lay dying—how unlike to the ruddy, sturdy little pupil she had learned to love so well!

White, white was the little face now, and the bandaged brow gave the child the aspect of an infant Lazarus.

The bonny, honest blue eyes were closed, and but for an uneasy moan from time to time, it seemed as if death had already claimed his prey. Marjory, with streaming eyes, bent over him and kissed him.

The blue, blue eyes opened, and the ghost of his merry old smile flickered round the pale lips.

"Hech! mem," he whispered, "is't yerself? Ye're awful guid to Wullie."

Marjory could not speak for sobbing. She only kissed the little white cheek again, and the little fellow lay quite still for some time, seemingly slumbering, and moaning in his sleep.

By-and-by, once more, and for the last time on this earth for Marjory, he opened his eyes, and fixing them on her face, said faintly:

"Wullie wants his Feyther. Oo, mem, Wullie wants his big Feyther."

Through her tears Marjory began, "Our Father who art in heaven," and Willie closed his eyes again.

Before she had finished that prayer of prayers he slumbered again, and Marjory stole softly away, meaning to return in the afternoon, but before then "Wullie had found his big Feyther."

IN A HURRY FOR SHEETS

Dr. Irving A. Watson, secretary of the New Hampshire state board of health, and Dr. Edward French, superintendent of the Medfield Insane Asylum, relate an interesting incident of their travels together some years ago through the interior of Mexico.

After a long horseback ride up through the mountains they arrived in a small village whose apology for a public inn looked as though it had seen the sorest of hard times. But, thoroughly tired out, the medical men were very glad to find a place to rest for the night, and, retiring, told their host that they should probably not arise until late the next day.

Their protracted slumbers were broken, when the morning was well adanced, by a pounding on the door.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the still sleepy doctors.

"It's most dinner time, and we've got to have those sheets for table cloths," was the somewhat startling response.

HISTORY TO SUIT THE LADIES

Charles Dana Hazen, head of the history department of Smith College, does not always find the feminine mind adapted to the assimilation of historical facts. One morning, when it seemed as if every ray of intelligence had suddenly deserted the class, he lost patience.

"Young ladies," he said, very quietly, "it seems to me that what you'd like is a history written by Richard Harding Davis and illustrated by Gibson.

RAM'S HORN WRINKLES

(From the Ram's Horn.)

Lazy people tire themselves making excuses.

A man who plants thorns never reaps roses.

The glory of God is not proven by your gloom.

You cannot elect heaven while you reject holiness.

You can never get life's perspective from time's platform.

You are not likely to find faith when you are looking for flaws.

The church with a go to it is the church that gets after people.

It's the work you do and not the way you stew that counts.

We first find satisfaction when we sincerely seek service.

When all who are sent will go, then all who are called will come.

To give way to heavenly forces is to be cured of earthly faults.

Your life will be resistless with men when its reserves are with God.

It is the man who has done nothing who is sure nothing can be done.

If you dare not face a head-wind, you need not look for your harbor.

ROOSEVELT AND HIS BOOK

President Roosevelt often tells with relish this story on himself. He visited a bookseller's shop in Idaho just after he had written his "The Winning of the West." He picked up a copy of his book from the counter and said to the bookseller, with feigned curiosity:

"Who is this author—Roosevelt?"

"Oh," was the answer, "he's a ranch driver up in the cattle country."

"What do you think of his book?"

"Well," said the dealer, "I've always thought I'd like to meet the author and tell him if he'd stuck to running ranches, and not tried to write books, he'd have cut a heap bigger figure at his trade and been a bigger man."

COURTESY DAILY CAPITAL

MRS. ELSIE MACOMBER LOUER
As she appeared in the Chicago Benefit, "Streets of Paris"

SELF DUTY

By Maurice Maeterlinck

You are told you should love your neighbor as yourself, but if you love yourself meanly, childishly, timidly, even so you shall love your neighbor.

Learn, therefore, to love yourself with a love that is wise and healthy, that is large and complete.

This is less easy than it would seem. There is more active charity in the egotism of a strenuous clairvoyant soul that is helpless and blind.

Before you exist for others you must exist for yourself, before you give you must acquire.

Be sure that, if deeply considered, more value attaches to the particle of consciousness gained than to the gift of your entire consciousness.

Nearlv all of the great things of this world have been done by men who concerned themselves not at all with ideas of self-sacrifice. Plato's thoughts flew on —he paused not to let his tears fall with the tears of the mourners in Athens; Newton pursued his experiments calmly, nor left them to search for objects of pity and sorrow.

And this was right in the lives of these men, it is equally right in the life of every soul, for each soul has, in its sphere, the same obligations to self as the soul of the greatest.

We should tell ourselves once and for all, that it is the first duty of the soul to become as happy, complete, independent, and great as lies in its power.

Herein is no egotism of pride. To become effectually generous and sincerely humble there must be within us a confident, tranquil and clear comprehension of all that we owe to ourselves.

To this end we may sacrifice even the passion for sacrifice, for sacrifice never should be the means of ennoblement, but only the sign of our being ennobled.

Let us be ready to offer, when necessity beckons, our wealth and our time to our less fortunate brethren, making them thus an exceptional gift of a few exceptional hours, but do not think that you are bound to neglect your happiness and all that environs your life in sole preparation for these few hours of greater or lesser devotion.

The truest morality tells us to cling, above all, to the duties that return every day, to acts of inexhaustible brotherly kindness.

And, thus considered, we find that in the everyday walk of life the solitary thing we can ever distribute among those who march by our side, be they joyful or sad, is the confidence, strength, the freedom and peace of our soul.

Let the humblest of men, therefore, never cease to cherish and lift up his soul, even as though he were fully convinced that this soul of his should some day be called to console or gladden a god.

Wisdom is the lamp of love, and love is the oil of the lamp. Love, sinking deeper, grows wiser, and wisdom that springs up aloft comes ever nearer to love.

If you love you must needs become wise; be wise and you surely shall love.

Nor can any one love with the veritable love, but his love must make him better, and to grow better is but to grow wiser.

There is not a man in the world but something improves in his soul from the moment he loves—and that though his love be but vulgar; and those in whom love never dies must needs continue to love as their soul grows nobler and nobler.

Love is the food of wisdom, wisdom the food of love, a circle of light within which those who love clasp the hands of those who are wise.

ALFRED DOTY

ON THE ROLL OF HONOR

Under this heading The Midwestern will publish from time to time sketches of men and women in the middle West who have spent twenty-five years or more of service with the same establishment. We feel that such loyalty is worthy of mention and the persons deserving high credit. We will take it as a great favor to have the names of persons you know who are entitled to this credit sent to us at any time.—Editor.

ALFRED DOTY

It is with pleasure that we present the above excellent likeness of Mr. Doty of the United States Express Company of Des Moines. Mr. Doty came to Des Moines from Boone twenty-eight years ago and entered service in the U. S. Express Company under Mr. L. A. Smith. From that day to this he has been a valued and efficient man in this service, acting in capacity of driver and collector. Many thousands of dollars have been safely entrusted to him. Implicit confidence in his honor and honesty have always been accorded him by the company. Mr. Doty has a way of making many friends. Everybody knows Mr. Doty and everybody has a kind word for him. May he live long and happily to enjoy the fruits of well spent years.

THE LUCK OF JIM

By E. C. Garnett

"WHAT," said Jim, "do you think?" His tone made Carrots peer hastily round the cow's tail. She had to push some of the hair that was responsible for her name out of her eyes first. Carrots was helping Jim to milk the cows. She was rather small for such undertakings, but her heart was of the largest and set upon helping folks, especially Jim; and he knew how she felt. They were great chums, Carrots and Jim.

"Mr. Cummings," continued Jim, looking back to meet her eyes with his own shining, "has offered Rich five dollars a week."

"Gracious!" cried Carrots and stared breathlessly. "What to do? To paint pictures?"

"Guess again," said Jim.

"To write stories?"

"You can have one more try."

"To carve things, or to play on something?"

"That's two, and neither is right," chuckled Jim.

"Then I don't see why you're laughing," announced Carrots. "If it isn't any of those things, Rich," with conviction, "will not do it." And she turned back to the milking with her little face long over the lost five dollars per week. She could not remember a time when any member of the Canter family could afford to evade such an amount. She was a bit disappointed for all her knowledge of him that even Rich had been disdainful enough to venture; yet she felt sure he had.

She drew a little sigh.

"Well, you see," Jim explained apologetically, "Rich is too bright a fellow to waste"—

"There's no use crying over spilled milk," Carrots interrupted him to say.

"No," assented Jim. "He just felt that he had more important plans for himself. In fact that's what he told Mr. Cummings.

Carrots sniffed.

"Oh, it wouldn't suit him," protested Jim. "Fancy Rich taking orders. Mr. Cummings wants a boy who'll be useful in a general way, not a servant—that is just what he does not want, he says; but someone to be a sort of comrade. Still I fancy there will be orders."

"Who is the other comrade?" inquired Carrots.

"Ruston."

"Mr. Cummings' son?"

"Yes, the one that had his arm broken. He has some trouble with it yet and needs a strong fellow about, Mr. Cummings says; someone to drive with him or row or do what comes along. It would never do for Rich, but I'm different," said Jim. "So I asked Mr. Cumming"—he paused to smile. He felt the eager interest in the fierce spurting of the milk into Carrots' pail—"asked him if a slow fellow would do?"

Carrots clapped her hands together and the startled cow kicked over her pail, which was a serious matter. But Jim laughed.

"There's no use," he quoted gaily, "in crying over"—

"Oh, what did he say?" broke in Carrots. "But I know," jubilantly. "I know what he said by your face."

Jim nodded assent to the tale of his face.

"I told him I could chop or hoe or drive a nail; look after the boats or handle any sort of a horse. Could do just common things, you know."

Carrots smiled on him radiantly. But on a sudden there were shadows in her dancing eyes. She looked at the cows and out toward the wood pile and the garden. Jim understood, but he was in the dazzle of a great fortune and not to be daunted.

"I'll get up earlier," he said with serene determination, "and work later." Which was what he repeated to his mother when he explained how for the reason of a five-dollar bill per week he needed six hours a day free.

Mrs. Canter sat down to think over it.

"I don't see," she said, "unless Rich does the garden"—she hesitated. Such a proposition had never been made before. It was plucky of her, and she was a little pale over it.

"He'll not," said Carrots briefly.

Rich was deep in a book, but he shut it and stood up to face the tilt of Carrots' nose.

"Do you know," he asked her with reproachful dignity, "why I refused Mr. Cummings' offer?"

Carrots had an opinion on the subject, but thought best not to mention it.

"Well," said Rich to her silence, "I refused because I want work with brains in it. Any savage can row a boat for a cripple or run his errands. And what is five dollars? Do you know that a single piece of canvas that a master has touched will command thousands of dollars? thousands?"

"We have to have the vegetables," said Mrs. Canter. She was simply pursuing one train of thought at a time, and meant not at all to be sarcastic; but Rich flushed a very deep red.

"Mother," he protested indignantly, "do you think I ought to hoe vegetables?"

"Turn about," she answered gravely, "is fair play. Jim has done double share for a long time."

It was a great moment for Jim. He had thought all his luck was in the sweet heart of Carrots. The mother's sudden stand was a revelation and a bit of laurel very pleasant to wear.

You see he had early fallen into Rich's shadow. Rich was promising and brilliant and by contrast Jim got the name of being slow. Very young it had been said of him that he would never set the river on fire, which had not a little puzzled him at the time. He had not the least desire to set the river on fire, and could see no advantage in such an exploit. When he came to understand the slight intended he winced a bit over it. He was sensitive about his limitations along the line of fireworks and apt to overmeasure them, but that did not hinder excellent work along other lines; and he was proud of Rich and heartily cheered the fire works, for fireworks were strictly in Rich's line of business. Jim hung as great expectations thereon as Rich himself.

At ten years old Rich had had a story printed with complimentary headlines, in the County Journal. The next year a painting had taken the blue ribbon at the county fair. He could play on several instruments, sing a little, had even composed a little. Lately he had taken up sculpture and verse. His teachers spoke of his "wonderful versatility." The neighbors called him, "Our young genius." As to his mother, she was only too happy to dream on his greatness and to furnish such small possible advantages as musical instruments, camel's-hair brushes, postage, et cetera; and Jim did the chores and admired and dreamed over the fireworks when he had time.

All this dabbling would not have hurt the boy and would have had a swift end if only some sensible friend had set him in the presence of a great work, a painting for instance, and taught him along with the beauty of it the infinite patience and strength. As it was he had never seen any great painting, and he considered himself, poor fellow, quite the greatest man he knew. Meantime Jim had been kept rather busy. The small farm was of poor land and the frail little widow mother had not a business head.

But after Jim's luck began there was no end to it. Very shortly after the great weekly fortune set in he confided to Carrots that Ruston did not consider him slow. About a week later he came home to the milking time with a face so radiant that Carrots went to the cow shed with him, treading on air.

"What is it?" she asked, already laughing in sympathy.

"We are to study together, Ruston and I. He goes off to college in September and a tutor is to come two hours every morning meantime. He wants me to take the lessons with him; so does Mr. Cummings. They say I'll be a help!" His eyes were a more emphatic explanation than his voice.

"You'll need more time," said quick little Carrots. "You must stop hearing my lessons evenings."

"That would be a pretty way to save time," protested Jim. "No indeed, there will be plenty of time."

And really it is wonderful how time stretches when one gives a good earnest pull. It is always the busy people that have the most of it and find it the lightest weight to carry. There was some hard pulling for Carrots and Jim, but they remembered that summer in capital letters for the happiness and the swiftness of it. The climax of luck came when, one day in the last of August, Jim came running home at noon drenched—but more radiant than ever. The entire family met him on the porch steps.

Mrs. Canter put her hand on his wet sleeve. Carrots and Rich too took hold of him.

"We got in the rapids," Jim explained breathlessly. "The boat upset."

"Upset," gasped Mrs. Canter.

"What else?" said Rich, and Carrots' eyes were all questions, for a simple upset never made such a face.

Jim laughed and escaped for dry clothes. He told a little more to Carrots at the milking time, but it was Mr. Cummings who told the most. He called to see Mrs. Canter that evening.

"That boy of yours, madam," he began abruptly, "is a splendid fellow. I owe him my son's life. Has he told you?"

"Not that," said Mrs. Canter.

"They were in the channel of the river when an oar broke. They went over the rapids. My son cannot yet use his right arm."

Mrs. Canter nodded excitedly.

"Well, in spite of the plunge and the strong current that boy of yours kept his head—and his heart," said Mr. Cummings speaking quickly. "He got hold of Ruston who was dazed, and nearly helpless anyway with the hurt arm, and somehow dragged him the half mile to shore. What do you think of that, madam?"

Mrs. Canter smiled speechlessly. She felt as if she had been over the rapids herself. Jim a hero? It was like a revelation.

"Now," went on Mr. Cummings. "I want Jim to go to college with Ruston. It is our right, I think," smiling, "but we are begging it as a favor. Will you let him go?"

Mrs. Canter said faintly that she would, and Mr. Cummings said a satisfied good-bye.

As he shut the gate he heard a clapping of little hands. They were Carrots' hands, applauding Jim's "luck."

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE

Lord Byron

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but the ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.
Oh, could I feel as I have felt or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

G. WALTER BARR

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF IOWA AUTHORS

NO. 5. G. WALTER BARR

Henry Nagel

He looks like a mouse peering out of a haystack and is always hungry—mentally hungry—searching for some fresh bit of human emotion or some unique combination of circumstances, that are departures from the dead level of things. I remember once how keenly he enjoyed hearing a letter read, wherein the writer, a factory girl, described her love affair with a farmer. The living, palpitating sense of any real sentiment or emotion, appeals to him as a fragrance does to some people, or as a taste to some palates. He seems almost to have a sixth sense, which enables him to feel the mental atmosphere with which he comes in contact, no matter what it is, nor where it is. He can as quickly sense the good, bad, or indifferent in the mentality about him as he can distinguish the odor of roses from onions. and if he could not touch it, he would shut his eyes and picture it all out mentally just how he thought it should be; and an expert on the subject would agree

Walter Barr has dipped into everything he could get near enough to, to touch, with his conclusions. Everything beautiful appeals to him, whether it is expressed in form, color or sound—he loves it. For this reason, he lives on the bluffs at Keokuk overlooking the Mississippi river and many hours of his life are spent in watching the ever changing panorama stretching for miles in every direction from his home, where he sits drinking it in—always hungry. He is an ideal friend—the kind you can sit and talk with, or be still with, just as it happens, for Walter Barr's silences are comfortable, companionable hushes, which signify good fellowship and perfect understanding; and you feel that you are visiting with him, whether he is talking with you or merely blinking his eyes at you—a trick familiar to all his intimates. Another trick he has, is putting his friends up on pedestals, and endowing them with ideal qualities, as well as the real good there is in them. To him, his friends really possess the virtues and graces of mind he bestows upon them, and no amount of reasoning or persuasion could induce him to look at them except through the rosy hued idealism of his own conception. With his enemies, or any smallness, or hypocrisy, he is equally tenacious in his feelings. When he looks at such personalities he puts on green goggles, and the proverbial turtle that holds on till it thunders, is not to be compared with Walter Barr. Nothing short of the veritable crack of doom would budge those green goggles, when he is looking at a hypocrite, an enemy or a Judas. To his friends he gives the all of himself and anything he may have. To those who have offended his sense of justice, uprightness, and square dealing, he is an avenging terror.

When he was thirteen years old he first met Annabelle Applegate, at a district school in Lawrence county, Illinois. He promptly fell in love with her and eleven years later she became his wife. She is the balance wheel in his life and calmly adjusts things when from outside sources too much friction or pressure seems to disturb and annoy. A son, Lawrence Barr, is a Junior in Knox College, and has been guided into a business career. He is a fine specimen of vigorous young manhood, inheriting the large physique of his grandfather, Dr. J. C. Barr, and his mother's sound judgment and mental equipoise. During the summer vacations he is a traveling salesman.

During one of these summer semi-business-pleasure expeditions, Walter Barr received a message from his son, "Meet me at M. tomorrow at 3:00 a. m. with plenty of grub," signed, Lawrence. This meant an all night journey for the father, but without a word the demand was met. I did not see inside the big telescope the little man (Walter Barr weighs 123 pounds) was taking to the station, but from the way he kept shifting it from one hand to the other, I would judge the big athletic son could get to the Pacific coast on the contents of that grip.

One day in the midst of a rush of work—he edits his own newspaper in Keokuk—he received word that his daughter Nannie Clark Barr, had been awarded a much coveted prize by the St. Nicholas Magazine, for an original poem. Everything stopped and away he rushed to the high school to let his daughter know the prize was hers. It is this unselfish nature that draws his friends so close to him, and holds them.

The daughter is the natural product of her environment. Already she has done some wonderful literary work for a high school girl of fifteen years. Walter Barr has written everything under the sun. His research work in drug dynamics attracted attention in England, France, Germany and Russia. He abandoned the medical profession after eight years of successful work as physician, and lecturer in Keokuk College of Physicians and Surgeons. His hunger for the beautiful was clamoring to be fed, and he had to listen.

Taking stock one day, he found he had written everything, during a few years of newspaper work, except a story. Casting about for a peg to hang on, an incident that happened in Illinois, while he was lobbying in Springfield, occurred to him, and he chose it because of its story quality. Gradually he evolved the characters and accidentally, one might say, the author of "Shacklett" found the setting for his successful story. One summer day, I asked him to accompany me on a visit to my mother's home, "Cedarcroft." In a few hours we were roaming about the grounds of my boyhood home, which commands an extensive and magnificent view of the Mississippi River for miles around. Instantly Walter Barr had the setting for his story. He puts Mary Stoddard and her lover on the very rustic seat the author sat on, and he walks them up and down the paths his own feet trod. Nevertheless, the best description he ever wrote, which pictures the breaking up of the ice in the Mississippi river in this novel was something he never witnessed, except as he went into one of those "shut eye" experiences where he mentally sees things. His interest in writing the story of "Shacklett," was centered in the deep study in psychology of a man and woman and the inter-relations of the two mentalities. The book was a great success, having a big sale in this country and London. To the author's great disgust both publishers and public have called it a novel of political life. McClure's, Cosmopolitan, Success, and Lippincott's, have published his best stories, including, "In the Third House," "The Woman Who Hesitated," "In the Last Ditch," "The Verdict in the Rutherford Case," "Larry McNoogan's Corn," "The Victory of the Valiant," and "The Mettle of Mr. Matthews."

This last story is said to be the strongest study of human nature he has written, describing the full gamut of human passions, expressed, during a run on a bank. This is likewise, something he never witnessed, and he almost went into a decline when just such a bank run as described in "The Mettle of Mr. Matthews" occurred in Keokuk and he was not there to see it. He says things and writes things in a way that makes you remember them, and just what the difference is in his way of putting it, is not easily discerned.

Before her marriage to Dr. J. C. Barr, Miss Kate Dall, a cousin of Mrs. U. S. Grant, was famous for her many lovely graces of mind and person. She was a Southern woman, and Walter Barr has inherited all the Southern nature of his mother.

His father is of Dutch ancestry, and is in no way connected with the Scotch family which includes Amelia and Robert Barr. Dr. J. C. Barr and his wife recently celebrated their golden wedding, and the entire family of two sons and six grandchildren were present. This is not a biographical sketch, but is simply a why, what and wherefore of one of my personal friends. Otherwise some mention might be made of the schools and colleges Walter Barr attended, and various chronological data necessary for a biography. Some critics have hinted that perhaps the coming American novelist was born in a country hamlet called Medway, Clark county, Ohio, October 25, 1860, and that the author of "Shacklett" may produce a story that will place Walter Barr with the world famed writers, for already he has mounted the steps leading to the Temple of Fame, and may yet fill a niche among the immortals of literature.

TENDERNESS

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our lips life's waters bitter sweet,
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbless passion, and with headstrong will,
It plays around like April's breeze and shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream and still.
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or—bitter fate!—
It wings the bosom with so fierce a smart,
That love, we cry, is crueller than hate,
And then, ah me, when love has ceased to bliss,
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!
We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings it best,
A love, as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chilliness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the failing feet
Begin to totter and the eyes to tire
In youth's brief heyday hottest love we seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies
God grant the latter blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies!
God grant some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness.

DENHAM THOMPSON'S TACK HEN

The following is a little incident of a visit of Joseph Jefferson to Denman Thompson at the latter's home. Mr. Jefferson told the story something as follows:

"In the spring of '92, being in the neighborhood of Swanzey, N. H., I took a ride over to call on my old friend, 'Den' Thompson, at his farm in that town. I was fortunate to find him at home, but had arrived at an inopportune time, as the women folks were cleaning house. As I drove up to the house I had noticed that the clothes-lines in the yard were covered with carpets, probably just having been beaten.

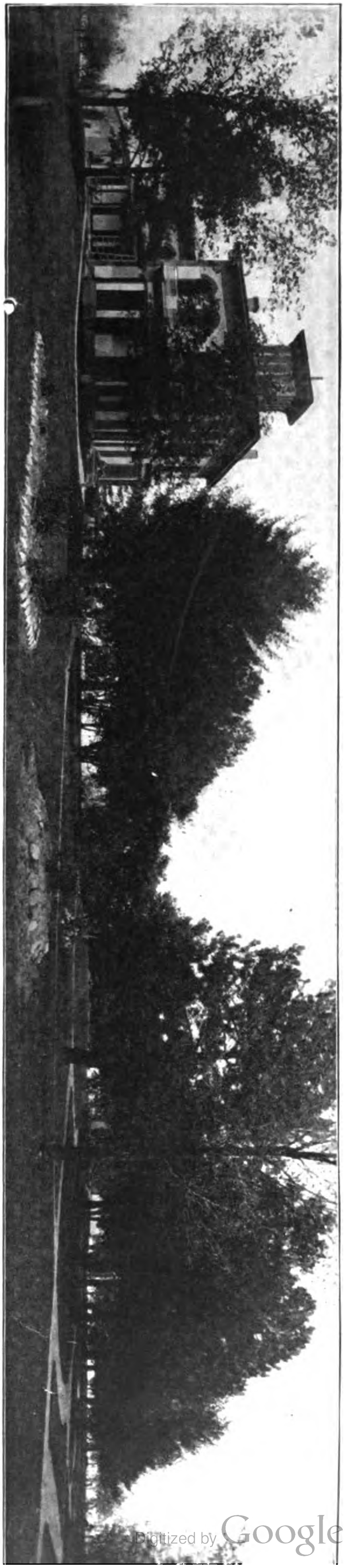
"After resting a while 'Den' took me out to see his poultry, which roamed at large in the big yard back of the house. While we were looking over his stock we noticed one old biddy acting very strangely. She was pecking away at something on the ground, picking that something up in her bill, dropping it, then picking it up and then dropping it again.

"Curious to find out the cause of her difficulty, we walked over nearer to this particular fowl. We were very much astonished to find she had been pecking away at some old carpet tacks.

"We watched her closely for some minutes. As 'Den' volunteered no solution, I finally asked:

"'What under the sun is that old hen trying to do, anyway?'

"'Den's' reply showed the true native wit of the man. 'Well, you see, Joe,' he said, 'as she's a domestic kind of fowl, I cal'late the old girl must be getting the tacks ready to lay a carpet.'"



Cedar Croft, Warsaw, Illinois, Childhood Home of Frank Nagel

YOUNG BUSINESS MEN OF DES MOINES

J. H. WELCH
Proprietor Boston Lunch

E. J. WILKINS
of Wilkins Bros.

WAS SHE A WOMAN?

By Charles Valois

GABRIEL DESCHAMPS, Captain of Dragoons, in garrison at Compiegne, was of a romantic nature. He easily persuaded himself that all the women adored him, and when he had imbibed a little too much absinthe, which happened quite often, no one was more tender. A perfect conqueror! Physically, he would be called a handsome man, having vivid coloring, thick moustache, red lips, well-shaped nose, and a bright eye.

This is the story he told his messmates in the barrack-room at Compiegne:

I have a charming friend, with whom I am quite seriously in love, I acknowledge. Three days ago, being at liberty and not knowing how to kill time, I left the barracks with one of my friends—the first lieutenant of our regiment—to take a walk along the river bank. Night commenced to fall, and a villainous fog which you could have cut with a knife, rose over the Oise, and threatened quickly to spread over the city.

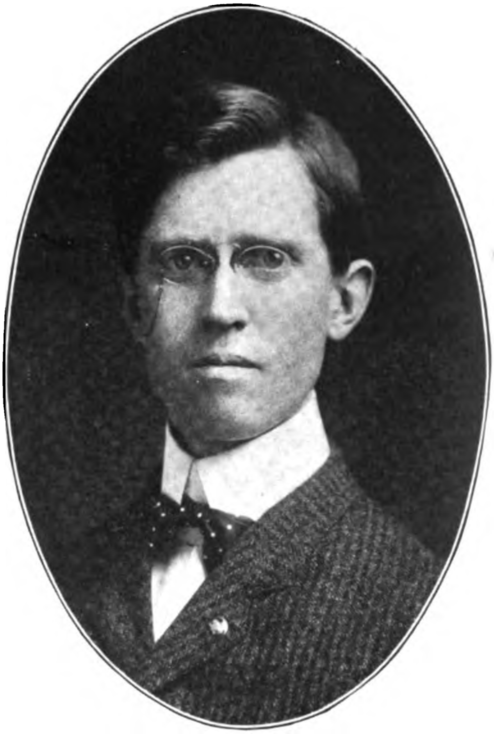
"I say, Gabriel," exclaimed my friend Dulaurier, slightly ruffled by the cold and the north wind which was blowing, "are you so heated than an hour's walking along the river is necessary to cool you off? For my part, I don't enjoy it very much, and if you like, we will go to the Cafe Chapins and have a glass of punch."

"In faith, no," I replied; "I prefer to go and see Julie. (I need not tell you that is my friend's name.) Will you come with me?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dulaurier; "an hour spent with a pretty woman is always agreeable."

We proceeded toward the Faubourg

JOE ZWART
Advertising Manager of Harris-Emery Co.



CHAS. TRISLER
of Baker-Trisler Co.

Hurtebize where my friend lives. The distance was quite long, but the expectation of warming ourselves at the blaze of a comfortable hearth was enough to abridge it. Unfortunately we were mistaken in our calculations. Julie was out. The servant told us that madame would probably dine out, and that she intended to spend the evening at the theater.

"By my faith," exclaimed Dulaurier, at this bad news, "we are not in luck, and I am going straight to the Cafe Chapins."

"Let's go by the avenue. It's as short as the Rue de Pierrefonds."

That is what we did. Scarcely had we advanced fifteen steps in the cursed avenue, black as coal, thanks to the fog, which was thicker than ever, when I lost sight and sound of my friend Dulaurier. I don't know whether he turned to the right and I to the left, or the reverse, but it is certain that we were separated. I called him. No reply. Without thinking any more about him, and knowing that I would find him again at the cafe, I continued my dangerous walk. All at once I hit my foot against something strange, which had no apparent form, and I stooped down to look at it closer. Was it a dog, a stone, or a human being? It moved. I examined it, opening my eyes wide. It was a woman. She was seated at the foot of a tree, cowering like a beggar, seeming not to feel the cold, nor to fear the solitude, nor to notice my presence and scrutiny.

"What are you doing there, madame?" I said. "Are you ill?"

"No," she replied in a faint voice.

"This is not the weather for sleeping in the open air."

"Here or anywhere else, what does it matter?"

"Nevertheless, if you will permit me, madame," I replied with a certain warmth, "to accompany you home, I will offer you my arm."

"Willingly," she said.

She rose immediately. I offered her my arm, but she did not accept it, and walked by my side. This first part of the adventure already puzzled me somewhat. Impressed by the strange encounter, my mind was confused and unsettled. What was this woman? Would I enjoy an agreeable surprise when I should see her

J. D. JOHNSON
Advertising Manager of Utica

JOEL TUTTLE
Manager Branch Office of Travelers Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.

face? Would it not probably be as sweet as her voice?

At the end of five minutes she stopped. "This is my house," she said. "Will it please you to enter?"

Although I was far from expecting such a proposition, nevertheless I accepted with alacrity, determined not to leave her before I had seen her face.

The stranger advanced toward her house. The ringing of a bell resounded within, and the doors flew open. On each side of the door stood a servant in mourning livery, holding a torch of lighted wax. Haughty as a queen she entered before me, and beckoned me to follow her. By the light of the torches I observed that she was completely clothed in black, and that a black veil covered her face.

You know me, my friends, and you know that the devil himself could not frighten me. Well, I confess to you, with all due humility, that I felt a slight shudder run through me. But I took courage, and entered. The apartment into which I was introduced was magnificently furnished. Rugs covered the inlaid floor, and prevented the sound of footsteps from being heard. Casting my eyes on the clock, I noticed that it was about to strike twelve. At a sign from their mistress the servants went out as quiet as ghosts, after having lighted several wax candles, as large as those of churches, the dull flame of which, however, sent forth only a faint light around us.

I was alone with her. After motioning me to sit down beside her on the sofa, she raised her veil. I was dazzled at the sight of her face, and all my uneasiness and fears, before that brilliant apparition, scattered in an instant. An angel, a demon, if you will, but a superb woman. I lost my senses. Now do you want me to tell you what passed between us? I know nothing about it, on my honor. I only remember that in pressing her hand in mine I felt the same sensation as in touching marble. I remember that her eyes, so soft, were fixed and motionless, and yet she looked at me with such an air of interest that I fell at her feet. All at once I heard the clock strike twelve. This sharp noise seemed funereal in the silence.

I quickly arose, without knowing why. Turning my eyes toward the fireless

G. D. ELLYSON
President Marquardt Savings Bank

JOHN A. SANDHOLM
of the Sandholm Drug Co.

chimney, I saw the mirrors becoming opaque as if covered with black cloth, the hangings being darkened like the mirrors, and the candles gradually going out. Dazed by this phantasmagoria, I looked for my unknown companion. Gone! The servants—gone! I sprang forward. The street door opened before me, and I rushed out of that diabolical den without being able to explain to myself how I entered it, nor why I had just left it.

I was perspiring profusely, and wanted to wipe my forehead, but I could not find my handkerchief. The fresh air having restored me to my senses, and being anxious to investigate this affair, which was beyond my comprehension, I drew my sword, and cut a deep notch in the mysterious house, which is situated on the Rue de Pierrefonds, as I made sure.

You can imagine how much I needed rest and quietness, after such an adventure, so I returned to my room. The next day, when I related my singular story to Dulaurier he shrugged his shoulders, and when I offered to show him the house he treated me as if I were crazy. However, he ended by agreeing to accompany me in my search. Nothing was easier than to find the house again, as I had marked it with an ineffaceable sign. We were greatly astonished at seeing the window-shutters fastened tight, the rusted hinges of the door, and all the appearances of a deserted house. I rang the bell. No answer. Impatient at this failure, I rang again so violently that a neighbor opened his window.

"What do you want?"

"The lady who lives in this house," I replied.

"She died two years ago," said the neighbor, "and since then the house has been empty."

"Impossible."

"If you have come to buy it," continued the neighbor, "apply at No. 12. There is a gentleman there who will give you the information you want."

I thanked the obliging neighbor, who shut his window again, and I went immediately to No. 12, with the hope that this person to whom I was directed could help me unravel the affair, which seemed to become more puzzling since I had determined on solving it. My friend and I presented ourselves at No. 12, and M. Bourdon was wonderfully polite to us as soon as I told him I wanted to buy the property he had for sale.

"It's a good bargain," he said, "and when you have looked at the house—"

"I know the house," I replied.

"You know it?" said he, turning toward me the most astonished look in the world. "Impossible. It is more than six months since I myself have put foot in it, and as I have the keys of the house in my desk—Ah, I beg your pardon," he quickly added; "you were there before the owner's death?"

"I was there yesterday evening," I replied, "and I stayed there about two hours in the company of a charming young lady."

M. Bourdon suddenly looked at my friend, as if to ask whether I was insane. I understood his meaning, and without

GEORGE W. MERCER
Manager Nicoll Tailoring Co.

F. L. WALKER
Cashier Central State Bank

being offended I continued, hoping to make him change his mind about me, and wishing to furnish him with the most ample details of my visit.

"I know," said I, in conclusion, "that you place little faith in my words, since I cannot give you an exact account of the truth. But there is an unanswerable way of verifying my assertions. On leaving the house in question, I could not find my handkerchief and I think I remember having left it on the sofa in the salon. Will you come with us and prove it? If we find my handkerchief, what will you say?"

"My dear captain," said M. Bourdon, "I shall say nothing, but I will sell you the house at your own price."

"I would not have it at any price," I said in a low tone to Dulaurier.

M. Bourdon did not hesitate to accept my proposition, and on reaching the door triumphantly pointed out to me the cobwebs in the lock.

"Do you give in?"

"Not yet."

"But this door has not been opened for six months."

"I tell you I crossed this threshold yesterday morning."

We entered. Everything about the mournful house expressed desertion, neglect, solitude. The walls were mouldy, a thick dust covered the floor, the ceilings were cracked, and cobwebs overran the staircase. On entering the salon, the first object that struck my eye was my handkerchief lying on the sofa.

He paused. After a time he spoke: "There's my story, my dear friends; what do you think of it?"

There was the usual variety of comment from his friends, most of it bantering. Gabriel Deschamps shook his head.

Captain Deschamps was killed six months afterward in battle.

COLOR HARMONY

By Geo. A. Boody

GEO. A. BOODY

Color harmony can only be acquired perfectly by environing the soul, that is, exercising the soul sentiment, under favorable conditions. To illustrate: Go into a home correctly decorated with the color scheme perfectly harmonious, look at it intently in every detail, study the design and general architecture, if a period scheme, know its history, admire it, appreciate it and convince yourself that you do think it beautiful by saying over and over again, "How Beautiful." Let your soul drink it in. This experience and knowledge will impress itself on what is sometimes called the subjective mind and it will ever after prove itself an asset in prompting you as to right and wrong of color harmony. On the contrary if you come in contact with a color scheme that is poor and questionable in harmony, criticise it in your own mind and pass on.

In modern decorating schemes color contrasting is used, that is, using contrasting colors that will complement one another. "What splendid taste you have shown," says Mrs. A to Mrs. Z as she steps into Mrs. Z's newly decorated and furnished home. Of course, this splendid scheme is the result of soul's, acquired or natural, love of color harmony. As you step into the reception hall and drawing room, which is divided by quartered oak grille, columns and buttress, making practically one room, the lower wall up to the picture molding about 20 inches from the ceiling is a rich two-tone semi-olive and bronze green pressed English paper, frieze and ceiling being canvas and treated in oil, a vivid straw color, the ceiling having a 9 inch stile about six shades darker with wreaths of flowers painted in free hand, the frieze painted in a touch of somber green and brown leaves, the floors laid in two inch squares of quartered oak and walnut parquetry. The rugs in hall are small and of a two-tone dark rich color. Drawing room rug is a dark rich green axminster, plain center with a suggestion of pink flowers, tan and two-tone lighter green border; curtains tan or rich cream color, portiers two-tone dark green tapestry with Persian border. Library walls up to picture molding is covered with a two-tone seal brown English and Kidd wall paper with 18 inch frieze to match in free hand, treated in oil color over canvas with a ceiling of same nature, harmonizing with wall color; rug in oriental effect, soft brown background, parquetry ornamental floors of oak and black walnut finished in wax, curtains dark green net with cream and rose applique; furniture golden oak. Dining room treated same as library with Moorish wall scheme, crown lower two-thirds with plate rail, and free upper third and ceiling treated with oil on canvas, rug tan ground in oriental pattern; furniture golden oak; windows in French beveled art plate set in copper with a touch of color to harmonize with wall scheme; art coppered, beveled plate in doors and transoms of other rooms in designs to harmonize with wall decorations and architecture of the respective rooms. The guest chamber is treated in the broad floral English stripe with ceiling to match. The large chamber, cream pulp tint ceiling, walls treated in single panel molding effects with English satin very soft two-tone center; gold decorative molding trimmers and plain green pulp tint stile, burnished gold and brass twin beds, rug to match. Child's room in pale blue broad striped side wall worked out in paper panels of ribbon bows cut out, with a stile of blue chambry to match, ceiling paper light blue silk moire, white and gold iron bed, drapery and rugs in blue to harmonize with wall scheme; furniture bird's eye maple.

The basic principle of all color harmony is the origin of color. In the purchase of wall decorations few people realize the value of pure colors as to their permanency. The colors in the English, German and French goods are very much more permanent, owing to the fact that these goods are printed more slowly, the pulp is largely rag pulp while the domestic goods are printed largely on wood pulp, which will not retain color owing to its absorbing qualities. The foreign factories have always been more careful about their selection of colors as to purity. The above color scheme was described for the purpose of demonstrating how the correct color scheme will appeal to one of natural or acquired tastes. If a harsh or quarrelsome color scheme was to be described this article could hardly be read by people who have educated themselves to appreciate color harmony. This simply illustrates what the effect of good color harmony is and how it can be acquired by careful training.

JOHNNIE

Ida M. Conklin.

NOTHING in the way of an institution could look more cheerful and homelike than this Old Ladies' Home, or, as the Board of Lady Managers termed it, the Home for Aged Women.

Situated as it was on the breezy hilltop of the beautiful western city with the broad, clean, wind-swept avenue on one side and on the other the silver thread of the river, with an alluring glimpse of the blue hills beyond—a view that made one feel that "over the hills and far away" meant something very beautiful and much to be desired, and in the mind of one of these supposedly fortunate inmates it did mean just that, something dear and much longed for, for, beyond that blue ridge and far, *very, very* far away, it seemed to her, lived John, her own boy—Johnnie, that she had loved and petted and soothed through his baby days and boyhood days, and thrilled with joy and pride at the thought of his manly beauty and business ability, and the place he had made for himself among the men of worth and note in his own state.

She was a dear little bit of old-fashioned sweetness and daintiness, just like a piece of rare old china, with her snow-white hair, primly arranged in two rows of stiff little curls, and not one hair ever, by any chance, out of its proper place—perfectly immaculate as to dress—always the same soft, black gown and snowy tie and dear little lace and ribbon cap, pinned carefully on top of the rows of little curls.

Something to love and cherish and hold all through her days, with never a thought other than that her "days might be long in the land."

There had been a time when she and Johnnie had been all in all to each other. That was in the days of her early widowhood, when there was a bit of a struggle to make both ends meet, and the one thing of importance to the little mother was Johnnie's school, his college days and his future. And Johnnie's thoughts were of the time when he should have mastered all these educational problems and worked his way into a place where there would be no financial make-shifts, and everything would be easy and fine and comfortable for the Little Mother.

Well, Johnnie's ideas were all right and his heart was in the right place and he long since had mastered these problems of learning and finance, and was able to do all the lovely things he had dreamed of for the dear mother, but the fate that lies in wait for mankind in general had overtaken Johnnie, and he had fallen a victim of the flash of a bright eye and the pink cheeked loveliness of a girl, a girl whose loveliness consisted perhaps more in pinkness of cheek and brightness of eye than beauty of character. Alack, alas! that a man of such clear, intelligent vision in regard to affairs of the world should use so little judgment in affairs of the heart, and Johnnie's position was by no means an easy one.

His mother's Bible had played an important part in his education, and it surely said something about a man forsaking his father and mother and clinging to his wife, and in this case clinging to his wife meant forsaking his mother, at least that is what the wife meant.

The Little Mother felt from the beginning of the new life that something was wrong, but hardly knew where the wrong lay. She felt that while she had been as Johnnie's mother above criticism, and everything a mother should be, as a mother-in-law she had seemed to make a miserable failure. The sorry state of affairs only changed to grow worse, and as the outcome she was here.

One could find no fault with this institution—it was the best of its kind—it was not a charitable institution, this Home for Aged Women, she paid for her place here, and paid well, and was here to spend the rest of her days.

To spend the rest of her days! The sentence itself stands for dreariness and heartache. The world holds very little for one who has nothing but that to look forward to—it was not home. There was something lacking. The heart had gone out of her life, and she wanted her boy! She had lived with him and for him so long that nothing could take his place, and the constant worry and heartache had told on the frail little body till now "the rest of her days" meant a short time indeed. Confined to the scrupulously clean, orderly room, that had nothing to designate it from the rest except the number on the door, she lay upon the little white bed, also an exact counterpart of the others, and babbled of Johnnie, now singing him to sleep with a baby lullaby, now grasping his tiny fingers, as in her fevered fancy they fluttered round her face and bosom, now hurrying his lagging footsteps on their way to school, now cheering him through some hard study or problem, and always Johnnie, Johnnie, until the hard featured nurse turned again and again to the window overlooking the street, and wondered would he never come. He had been sent for in the early morning, and now with the glory of the afternoon sun shining on the river and avenue, and sending long shadows over the beautiful blue hills, the Little Mother was fast reaching that state where an institution and a home meant the same thing.

One last, bright, lingering ray of sunlight played over the little bed and rested lovingly on the soft white curls, and she opened her eyes with a joyous, "Oh, Johnnie"—and, yes, surely there was the sound of swiftly driven wheels, a step in the corridor, and Johnnie had come; but it was too late, the Little Mother had gone.

AN ANGEL OF COMFORT

Kate Wilson Wharton

With her soft gentle touch, Misery seems to depart,
What solace and comfort she brings to the heart;
As from Mansion to Hovel, she patiently goes,
Let our fancy go with her sweet healer of woes.

Follow on in her footsteps, as oft time before,
To the spot where pale death enters in at the door.
Where white ribbons and crepe, gently stirred by the wind,
Bring back and repaint such sad scenes on the mind.

Of a long time ago, yet so vivid it seems,
That with sympathy still your aching heart teems,
For the parents, whom now neath the Chastening rod,
So mysteriously sent by a merciful God.

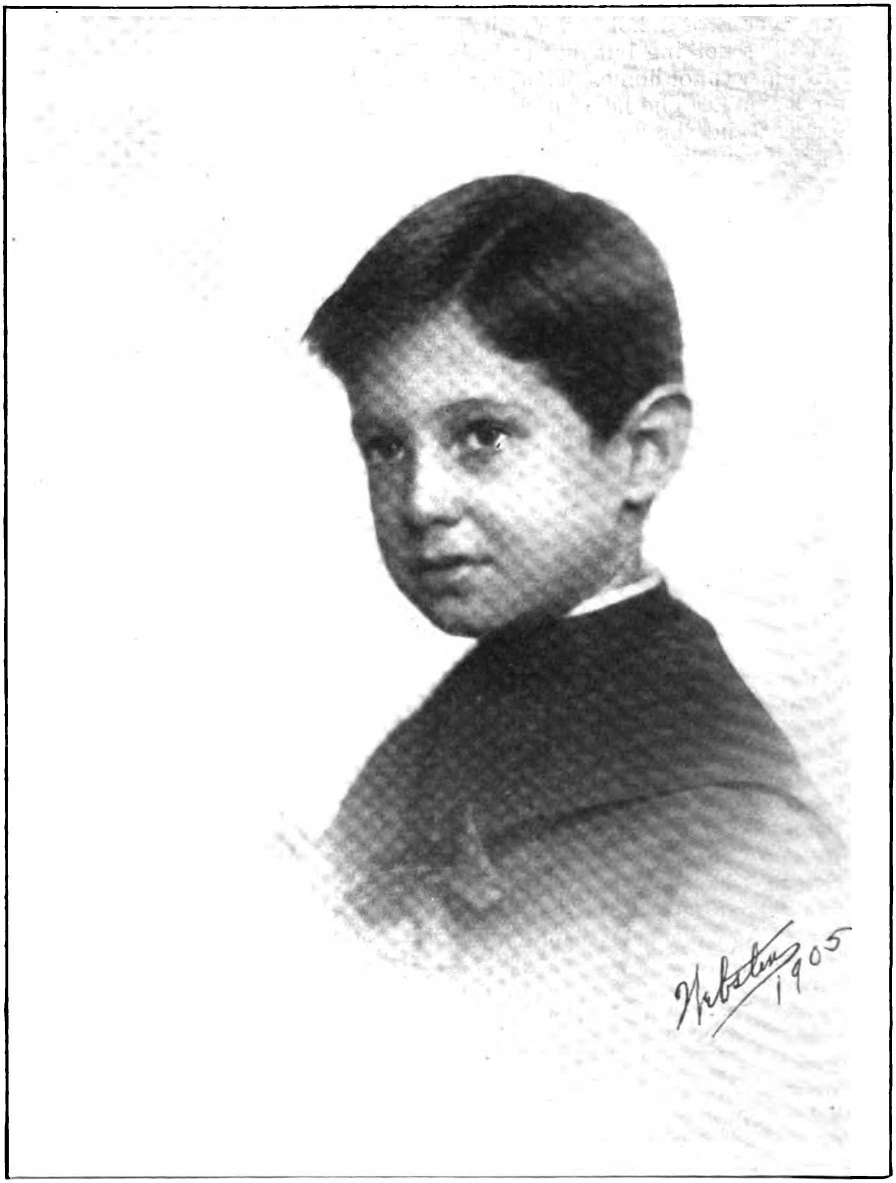
Are stricken with sorrow, bowed down with such grief,
That the thought of the Morrow brings no hope of relief,
But pause not, lift the portier, softly enter the room,
How her presence before you seems to scatter the gloom.

As now to the Casket she first gently goes,
In the white waxen fingers clasps a half open rose.
Scatters buds pure and fragrant, o'er the sleeper so fair,
Which lend their sweet perfume to the now solemn air.

Then she speaks words of comfort to the sorrow worn heart,
Takes away half the sting of the death-poisoned dart,
Tells how angels have missed from their home in the skies,
The visitor God lent them from out Paradise.

How the bright band came down from the throng up in Heaven
Took the sweet baby spirit which to them God had given,
Bore it up in their arms to the white throne above,
There to dwell with the Myriad ones of his love.

'Twas an Angel of comfort came in at the door,
May that emblem of comfort be hers ever more.


Webster 1905

ROBERT BROWN
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown

POEMS BY CLINTON R. CARPENTER

Of Des Moines

THE VOYAGER

The sturdy mariner who guides
His little barque across the trackless seas;
Alike in stormy wind and gentle breeze,
In mountain waves or calm on favoring tides;
Heeds not dark clouds that, far
As eyes can see, shut out the blue
Of heaven's wide canopy; so true
His course is laid by compass and by star.
So would I guide the good ship "My Desire"
With faith unwavering o'er the sea of life.
Though dark the voyage, with strife
Obscured. But one thing I require:
Thy Love, to mark my way. No chart
I'd need to aid, no light to see,
Thy love my compass and my light would be;
My haven—the dear harbor of thy heart.

FAITH

When darkness came, and sombre shades of night
Fell o'er the earth; when Luna's radiant face
Flooded, with splendor strange, Celestial space;
Two spirits winging upward in their flight
Paused for a moment at the Gates Ajar—
Quoth one, "Pray tell me what the future bears
As our reward for life-long earnest prayers,
Is Paradise our home or to some land afar
Shall we be sent and there in hopes despite
Live on and suffer as we did below?"
The other answered, " 'Tis not time to know
Nor question for we only died tonight!"

SINCE THEN

Since then, Dear Heart,
When life knew only gladness,
And not a cloud
Of doubt, nor yet of sadness
Obscured the clear horizon of our joy;
Since then, when radiant flowers
Sweet singing birds,
And pleasure laden hours without alloy
Were all about you;
Since then I've sought
But found no consolation
From you apart.
The pain of separation
When last you said "Good bye" and bade me go,
Still haunts me, leaves me never
And my heart cries ever
For I know
I cannot live without you!

IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Edited by Electra

UNIQUE in its way and the first convention of its kind ever held in the United States was the senatorial conference held in Des Moines in December at the call of Iowa's governor, as authorized by the last general assembly. A proposal to amend the federal constitution so as to secure the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people was made by Andrew Johnson when in congress in 1845. But that, as well as subsequent motions, died in the committee room. The constitution has been twice amended, once, at the time of the adoption, when the bill of rights amendments were added, and at the close of the civil war when the war amendments crystallized the purposes of the North. Thirty states are enough to amend the constitution and agitation of the subject has been carried on by many legislatures. Two Iowa congressmen have spoken in the national halls in favor of senatorial election by the people. Colonel David B. Henderson, 1892—Colonel W. P. Hepburn, 1894. The Des Moines meeting was well attended and permanent committees were appointed.

* * *

Judge Addison Oliver has just presented his home city, Onawa, Iowa, with $20,000 for a suitable library building. He has also given $8,000 wherewith to establish manual training departments in the public schools. Judge Oliver was a delegate from Iowa to the Baltimore convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln. He served two terms in congress from the "Big Ninth" district.

* * *

Two handsome memorial fountains have just been placed at public street corners in Des Moines. They are from the Herman Lee Ensign fund. Mr. Ensign formerly lived in Iowa, and Ottumwa, Davenport, Waterloo, Dubuque and Des Moines have been remembered. Mr. Ensign was the founder of the National Humane Alliance.

* * *

The city council of Lewiston, Ill., passed an ordinance imposing a fine of not less than $20 or more than $200 on minors for frequenting saloons. The supreme court of the state sustained the validity of the ordinance.

* * *

At the Shriners' banquet in Des Moines Gov. A. B. Cummins responded to the toast, "The Ladies," and gallantly solved the question of women suffrage, as follows: "The great objection I have to woman suffrage is not that there is any doubt that the ladies could fulfill the functions of citizenship in a fashion fully equal to their stronger brothers, nor is it because they would not know how to vote for they would do that much more honestly than the men, but it is because every masculine heart wants to hug the delusion that somebody is dependent on him. That's the reason why we want to keep the ladies out of politics, because we insist that there shall be some field in which we are supreme and somebody has to depend on us to that extent."

* * *

Iowa is gradually growing into years of maturity. Iowa college at Grinnell is to celebrate its sixtieth anniversary next spring. At the fifty-first State Teachers' Association, held during the holidays, there were banquets and re-unions at which the college songs and yells of the leading colleges and the state institutions were heard.

* * *

At the corn growers' contest to be conducted at Ames in January there will be competitive articles on the improvement of corn. Prizes have been provided by the B. A. Lockwood Grain Company, of Des Moines, and by contributions from a number of Iowa banks. Five farmers gave grain to be sold to defray the expense of printing the papers.

* * *

Mrs. Anna L. Diggs, of Kansas City, President of the Kansas Women's Press Club, has announced the next annual meeting for January 26th, instead of in May as heretofore.

Hon. Sidney Foster, chairman of the park commissioners, in a recent address before the Art department of the Des Moines Women's Club, assured the ladies that the park commission would ask the coming legislature to appropriate money for a statue of Governor Kirkwood—Iowa's War Governor—for South Park.

* * *

In his address at the Elks' memorial in Lincoln, Hon. Wm. J. Bryan uttered this beautiful sentiment: "Death turns our thoughts toward immortality; heaven never seems so real to us as when it becomes the abode of someone whom we have known and loved. And when these treasures from our hearts are there we can easily believe that no heart warmed into a glow by the fire of brotherly love will ever suffer an eternal chill, that the spiritual flame that grows brighter with the years will never be extinguished never to shine again."

* * *

The annual report of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is in admirable accord with the Thanksgiving proclamation of President Roosevelt. The surplus exported the last fiscal year aggregated $976,000,000. Corn ranks first in the nation's crops, cotton second, then hay, wheat, oats, potatoes and barley in the order named. The sugar beet, a comparatively new industry in the United States, stands ninth in enumeration of values.

* * *

A widows' association is a new Chicago organization. The object is to provide a sort of community home, with more freedom than could be exercised in hotels or boarding houses and more congenial company than can always be found in flats or homes. Only real widows can gain admission. The protection sought for women extends to a helpful care of their children, surrounding them with the best influences. A nursery will be finely equipped for the use of children whose mothers have outside work.

* * *

Buffalo Rock in LaSalle county, Illinois, one of the most picturesque points along the Illinois river, has been purchased by the state medical society. A company is to be formed to be known as the Buffalo Rock Tent Colony, and an organized campaign will be waged from this headquarters against tuberculosis.

Some Iowa young women are carrying on industries and filling offices in a Dakota community which they loyally call "Iowana." These bachelor maids took claims on the Rosebud agency. Miss Phillipe Watrous, of Des Moines, has a farm back in the foothills, forty miles from a railroad, and has adopted the novel vocation of guide to stranger parties. Miss Helen Huntley, of Marshalltown, a graduate in law from an eastern institution, went to the Dakotas with her brother, a wounded Philippine soldier. She now transacts most of the legal business for the settlers within a range of 100 miles. Miss Irene Harmon, of Sioux City, an ordained Universalist minister, holds religious services every Sunday afternoon. The schoolma'am of the colony is Miss Julia Cutler, who has a sod addition to her "shack" in which she teaches about a dozen children, four of whom are sons of an Indian chief. Miss Mary Devancy, a graduate of Iowa University, learned the Indian language and makes a good income as interpreter. Miss Lettie Rogers, of Ames, is another member, a young lady who has already received 100 offers of marriage. Mrs. L. Drakely Rood, wife of a Des Moines physician, sped out to her claim on an automobile.

* * *

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, was the first to assume a really hostile attitude against the use of tobacco by students. Now the Minnesota University commands its students to abstain from the use of the "filthy weed," and Chancellor Andrews of the Nebraska University has ordered the expulsion of any student who touches, tastes or handles tobacco.

* * *

A St. Louis druggist astonished a Sunday School teacher who declared that in this age no one knew anything about more than one of the presents the wise men brought from the East, by producing a bottle of myrrh, another of frankincense and also a bottle of manna. They are all gums and found chiefly in Arabia, Persia and India.

* * *

Miss Grace Waring, of Omaha, after having developed great business ability and won the distinction of being the highest salaried woman in Omaha, has turned over her money to the church and entered a convent. She did not advise anyone of the proposed step and will be missed in social circles where she was very popular.

Sheriff Mulhern, of Cleveland, O., has devised a method for stopping discussion over street railway fare. His scheme is to make the back platform into a scale. When a man steps on it his weight will be registered instantly on a dial above. The conductor will then collect 2 cents for the first 100 pounds and 1 cent for every additional fifty pounds over and above that. He thinks there is no justice in making passengers of the bantam class pay as much for a ride as the fat ones, who are harder to haul.

* * *

The decision of Judge McPherson of the United States district court at Des Moines in a case brought against an offending railroad under the provisions of the safety appliance law is an important judicial finding, from the standpoint of those who have been promoting the cause of safety for the lives and limbs of train workers. It makes a railroad company responsible for accidents which result from the use of cars on which the safety appliances have become disabled, and thus compels a closer supervision of the rolling stock.

* * *

Several scenic paintings of high merit have just been finished on the walls of the state railroad commissioners' room at the Iowa Capitol. On the north wall are two scenes of the dells of the Cedar river and a wooded bluff view near Fort Dodge. The south wall has the view of a pretty country passenger station and its surroundings, and another scene of a passenger train about to cross a substantial arched stone bridge.

* * *

The resources of the middle West are many and varied. The forests of Michigan produced an estimated yield of 15,000 deer during the hunting season just closed.

* * *

In Dayton, Ohio, the Philomathean Literary Society of Steel High School, has barred fraternity members from admission. This adverse decision is based on the argument that fraternities detract from school work and the best educational effort on the part of the pupil.

* * *

Because the profits of their crop of popcorn was exploited by the press, the farmers around Odebolt, Iowa, are receiving numerous letters of inquiry. Naturally they are somewhat wary about furnishing information to prospective rivals. Popcorn matures earlier than Indian corn and can be harvested without interference with other crops. Then, too, it has a ready market value.

* * *

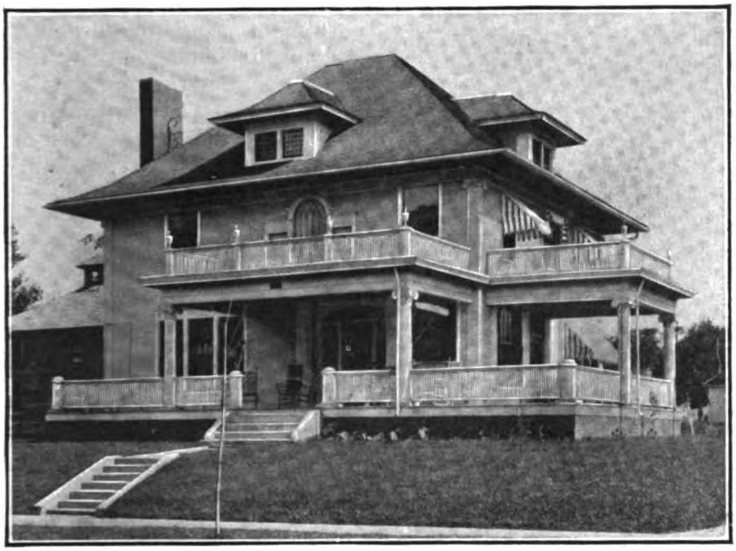
There is a flavor of romance that never loses its relish. The love story of Mrs. John Taylor, of Bloomfield, a resident of Iowa for sixty-seven years, is thus told: John H. Taylor, of Lee county, went west in search of gold. After a few years he returned and became greatly interested in the daughter of Bartlett Whitlow. In 1852 the Whitlow family started in true emigrant style—six wagons drawn by ox teams—for a home in the newer West. The first camping night was near the Chariton river, not far from Centerville. The second morning at an early hour Mr. Taylor appeared on the scene, accompanied by Judge Riggs, of Centerville, to demand the hand of the mover's daughter in marriage. There under the trees they plighted their vows of love, while the birds chanted a jubilee chorus overhead.

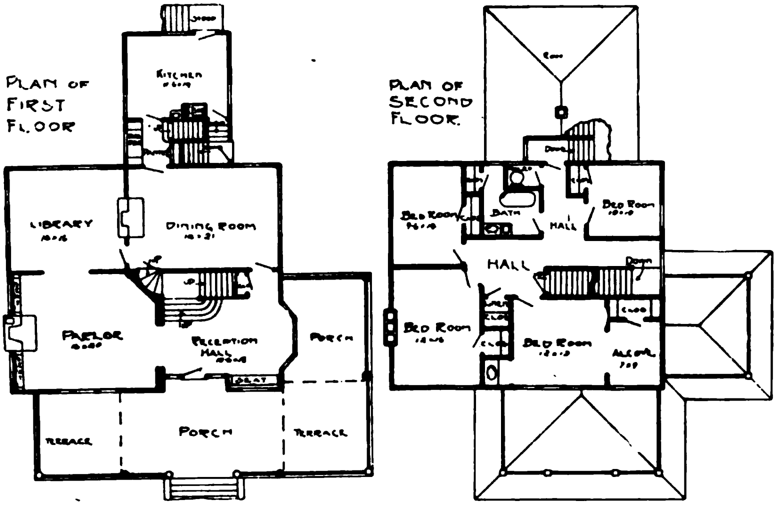
* * *

Judge Birdsall, representing the third Iowa district in congress, will, it is said, introduce a bill for a national incorporation law along the lines recommended by President Roosevelt. This is in opposition to the merchant marine proposition.

* * *

Iowa corn leads the world. Why not adopt the plan carried on in the home of Secretary Bonaparte, in Maryland, and celebrate "corn days?" The yellow meal is popular in the Bonaparte home and at the corn banquets served to invited guests the product of Indian maize holds the place of honor. President Roosevelt is quoted as saying that corn bread in the Bonaparte home is better than pound cake in other homes.




PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR
KITCHEN
LIBRARY
DINING ROOM
PARLOR
RECEPTION HALL
SEAT
PORCH
TERRACE
PORCH
TERRACE
PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR
BED ROOM
BATH
HALL
BED ROOM
HALL
DOWN
BED ROOM
BED ROOM
ALCOVE

COURTESY OF C. E. EASTMAN

Colonial Square House and Plans

JUST THE PLACE

Many a business man would stay down town at noon instead of spending time and money going home for lunch, if he just knew where to find something as good as he can get at home. There is a place where the cooking is home cooking. Only the best materials are used, the highest grade of lard for pie crust, the best butter, cream, etc. Absolute cleanliness is a rule of the establishment along with the pure food rule. Any housewife would delight in the perfect and snow white cleanliness of the kitchen and all of its appointments. No pains or expense is spared in the matter of sanitation and wholesomeness. Travelers who know this establishment welcome its presence in other cities when they find it under the same management. Delicious bread and butter, home baked apple and pumpkin and mince pies, custard, plum pudding, layer and plain cakes, rolls, dumplings, chicken pie, roast beef, baked pork and beans; these are a few of the good things to be had each day. Add to these, a cup of hot coffee, tea or chocolate with rich cream in it. Isn't this as good as going home? A big lot of down town workers and shoppers have found out that it is and are seen there—not occasionally, but regularly.

This popular place is the Boston Lunch and is located at Sixth Avenue.

A SUCCESSFUL DECORATING BUSINESS

Someone has said, "To know God and man is the best kind of an education." George A. Boody, president and general manager of the Holland & New Co., has demonstrated to a larger degree of success probably than anyone else in the middle West what the right use of the science of psychology will do as applied to human nature. Mr. Boody in twelve years has built up a decorative business second to none west of Chicago, with just two basic principles as a foundation. First—Treat your workman as a brother. Second—Have a system that will admit of no shirking. The Holland & New Co., it is generally admitted, has the cream of decorators in Des Moines, and 95 per cent of them have been in their employ from five to twenty-five years. The men are guaranteed a yearly income, which eliminates the element of indifference and carelessness in their work on account of idle seasons. By a unique system all decorators after a certain term of service are kept in close touch with the eastern market and the most up-to-date ideas of decorating: How to apply wall fabrics, the shadings, how to produce the best effects, etc., which practically puts the decorator on a par with the company's eastern buyer. Owing to a system that is patent with the Holland & New Co. in the organization of the labor end of their business, they claim to be able to save 25 per cent in cost of labor alone, which puts them in position to get more than their share of business.

There are two facts that cannot be denied; one is, to build a large business the price and quality of goods and workmanship must be more attractive than the average shop can offer, second, that the Holland & New Co. enjoy the distinction of being the largest decorators in the middle West, everyone admits.

THE SKEPTIC

By Minna Irving

I don't believe the Old Year dies
  And passes from the earth;
I also doubt the ancient tale
  About the New Year's birth.

I think it is a mighty myth,
  Despite the silver chimes,
And all the wishes, cards and calls,
  The calendars and rhymes.

When twelve long months have come and gone
  With different kinds of weather,
The Year is apt to find his coat
  Will hardly hold together.

He gets himself another rig,
  From hat to shiny boot;
So he is just the same Old Year,
  But in a brand-new suit.

THE
BELL
COFFEES
J.H.BELL & CO
CHICAGO

Who I am *and* Where I Came From

By A COFFEE BEAN

Lying in a package of coffee with a great many others like me and labeled The Bell Coffee, it occurred to me whether the Bell People, who pack a very fine grade of coffee, knew anything about my ancestry, and to set myself right before the world, I had my ancestral tree prepared through the medium of a learned scholar, who writes me the following facts:

"Your name was derived from the Arabic Khawah, there were fifty to sixty species, but the list is now restricted to twenty-two, of these seven belong geographically to Asia, and of the fifteen African species eleven are found in the West Coast, two in Central and East Africa and two are natives of Mauritius.

"The tree on which you grew is an evergreen plant of from eighteen to twenty feet high; when flowering you produce dense clusters of pure white color with a rich fragrant odor. Your use was known at a period placed at 875 A. D. You were first brought from Abyssinia into Arabia by a learned and pious Sheik. Down to 1690 the only supply of coffee was from Arabia and in that year the Governor General of the Dutch East Indias received a few coffee seeds from Arabia and Java, and these seeds he planted in the Garden of Batavia where they grew and flourished so abundantly that the culture was immediately commenced on an extended scale in Java. One of the first plants grown in that island was sent to Holland as a present to the Governor of the Dutch East India. It was planted in the Botanical Garden at Amsterdam, and young

the West Indian Islands and gradually the culture extended throughout the New World, till now, the progeny of the single plant sent from Java to Holland produces more coffee than is grown by all the other plants in the world. As we judge a woman's beauty by her shape, size and color, so your commercial value is determined. You belong to the medicinal class of food valuable from the stimulating effect upon the nervous and vascular system, you produce a feeling of buoyancy which does not end in depression, increases the frequency of the pulse, lightens the sensation of fatigue and sustains the strength under prolonged and severe exertion. Your value under the rigors of arctic cold has been demonstrated by all arctic explorers, and you are scarcely less useful in tropical regions where you stimulate the action of the skin."

I see, Mr. Bell, that you print on your package South American Mocha and Java. You are certainly right in this, this being a trade name for me, because I am a Mocha and Java descendant. I am proud of my birth and proud that the American people appreciate my qualities in the various brands that you use me in.

Wishing you the best of success in the matter of supplying the people with pure goods, I am,

Yours very truly,
A Coffee Bean.

In connection with the above, we desire to state to our trade that we guarantee all our goods to conform to the Pure Food Law if sold in our original package

THE DRAGON OF BELAIRE

Clint R. Carpenter

Far up and even to the very roof of the Grand Opera House in Paris is one great room which seems a veritable "Curiosity Shop" because so filled with mysterious paraphernalia and peculiar devices. Long rows of shining armor stand like grim sentinels guarding a strange treasure, festoons of gaily colored drapery and bright jewels hang here and there, while a variety of spears, shields and arms lend a military atmosphere to the collection. Until you are told that this is the "Property Room" strange fancies swarm about you and imagination places you upon the threshold of a modern Fairyland.

Directly in the center of the room, suspended from its ceiling by four slender wires, and most conspicuous and marvelous among many strange things, hangs the Dragon of Belaire.

Its massive head, with wide open mouth, huge green eyes and uncanny expression, wrought by wonderful combinations of light and shade, fills you at once with horror and admiration, for your first feeling of timidity gives way rapidly to a sense that you are gazing upon a masterpiece of artistic stage-craft. Your guide, Anton, calls your attention to the fact that the body of the dragon seems to be broken and torn, and without ado retells this little story:

Many years ago, in far Italy, where green hills and flowering fields turn their glad faces to the sunny south, there lived the sweet little maiden, Alcide, care-free and therefore ever happy.

Into her life, one day, came Leonardo Rocco—handsome, dashing, manly, with deep, clear eyes and hair black as midnight, a face stamped with resolute ambition, and a voice which to hear was but to admire.

Ere Alcide had seen him twice her heart was offered as a sacrifice upon the altar of his love, her life was promised him forever. To Paris came Leonardo, and after days, months, aye, years, of patient study under masterful teachers, the great city acknowledged him to be her most gifted singer.

Huge posters proclaimed the first performance of "The Dragon of Belaire," and multitudes flocked to the doors of the Grand Opera House, anticipating, realizing, then worshipping Leonardo Rocco in the character of Galo, the Valiant.

Never had Paris heard such music, never had Paris witnessed such a dis- of the panorama was the ending of the third and last act when Galo, the Valiant, upon the mighty Dragon of Belaire, was lifted upward and ever upward, until lost to view in misty clouds, while one prolonged shout of glorious music sped him on his way.

That Leonardo Rocco and Dimitri Kiralfy, Master of Properties, were sworn enemies, was common knowledge; when therefore Leonardo publicly slapped Dimitri in the face, Dimitri solemnly swore speedy and complete revenge. The following night by strange chance Leonardo found upon the table in his dressing room a dainty little note written in a familiar scrawl, which said:

"Leonardo Rocco:—Tonight I am in Paris. I have heard the story of your escapades with Madame Denay. Your continued silence proclaims you guilty. To her you may go with vows of love and devotion, to her you may promise your life and all you have to give, to her you may look for all your happiness, but never again to — Alcide Caproni.

The third act was on. The Climax at hand. The great dragon mounted slowly upward, his green eyes sparkling horribly, his vast wings gently rocking to and fro.

Upon his back, erect as a statue with sword poised high in air, stood Galo, the Valiant, while the mighty chorus beneath burst forth into a grand farewell. But raised to a dizzy height above the stage and hidden from view of the audience by stage clouds, Leonardo Rocco gave one terrible sweep with his heavy sword, severing the wires by which the dragon was suspended, and man and dragon plunged madly through the air, and fell broken and crushed upon the cruel floor beneath, while a cry of horror rang through the vast auditorium and died in a bitter wail beneath its arched roof.

Because Dimitri Kiralfy had built the Dragon of Belaire, had arranged the mechanism which controlled its flight, and because he had publicly sworn revenge upon Leonardo Rocco, he was seized, tried, and convicted of murder upon the argument that he contrived a defect in the supports of the dragon, and was, therefore, responsible for the death of the great singer.

Such is fate. And even yet while Paris, through the dazzling splendor of the night, laughs and sings and at daybreak sobs herself into a restless slumber, the great Dragon of Belaire swings high

CAPTAIN H. B. HEDGE

President Iowa State Traveling Men's Association

The retirement of Captain H. H. Hedge from the office of president of the Iowa State Traveling Men's Association will be learned with regret by his host of friends both in and out of the association. Captain Hedge has been so long identified with the active interests of the I. S. T. M. A. that he seems a big part of it, his number being 33 in the order. In 1888 he was elected president, but resigned in 1891 because of temporary residence in Chicago. The membership had never reached more than 640 up to the year 1891, and Captain Hedge, as its president, determined to arouse a new spirit and a new interest in the order, and offered prizes from his own purse to the two men who would bring in the most members within a stated time. As a result, the membership more than doubled during that last year of his office. Mr. Haley then became secretary and through his fine management, the membership increased four to one the first year, part from the good start of Captain Hedge's last year of work, and has been growing wonderfully ever since. Three years ago Captain Hedge was again made president. His record as president is a fine one. He has missed but one annual meeting of the association, and was ill that time. Many men in Iowa remember Captain Hedge as a traveling man, which he was for ten years, never at home more than ten days at any one time.

In 1901 he was appointed colonel on Governor Cummins staff, a position he still holds.

He is a native of Pennsylvania, a farmer boy until the beginning of the war, when he enlisted in 1861 and served until the close of the war, as a private and non-commissioned officer.

A stage coach brought Captain Hedge to Des Moines in 1866. Buying a farm sixteen miles from Des Moines, he broke the prairie sod himself and was a farmer until 1872, when for four years he was in the general merchandise business in a town in Polk county. In 1876 he came to Des Moines and entered the hardware business with George C. Baker, adding the barb wire business, and afterwards disposing of the hardware interests and forming the Baker Wire Company, of which Captain Hedge was vice-president. The interstate and other laws compelled this firm to remove to Lockport, Ill., in 1890 and in a year the business was sold to I. E. Elwood, J. W. Gates, John Lambert and others. This formed the beginning of the American Steel & Wire Co.

In 1891 Captain Hedge bought an interest in the Kratzer Carriage Company and was made its vice-president, which office he now holds. In 1892 he in company with Dr. Likes, W. L. Brecht, Sr., and several others, formed the Flint Brick Company. Captain Hedge was its first president and remained such until he sold his interests in 1896. In 1895 the Central State Bank was organized and Captain Hedge became its vice-president. In 1901 he was elected president, in which capacity he now serves.

Captain Hedge is not only a successful man of business, which speaks greatly for him, but he is an all around good citizen, a first-class companion, an invaluable friend, a just and conscientious business man, and a splendid worker in any cause he espouses, charitable, social or civic. He has his enthusiasms, too, and does nothing by halves. Many a beginner in life's journey has had a helping hand from him, and always kindly, always full of good cheer, he represents mentally and morally the splendid type which he stands for physically.

Among the good things of which Des Moines is justly proud are the fine business men and the loyal citizens, and among these Captain Hedge stands preeminent.

POWER

Clint R. Carpenter

By ringing speech in public places heard
One thought to set the wicked world aright.
The other, by his deeds of kindness, stirred
The hearts of men and led them to the Light.

All the "boys" on the road know and like Henry E. Rex, of the Nichols Flour Co. which he has represented for fifteen years and of which he has been Vice-President for five years. It is, therefore, assured that he will become a member of the I. S. T. M. A. Board of Directors at the annual meeting on the 19th of January. Mr. Rex has been a good booster for Des Moines as well as for the I. S. T. M. A. For business integrity, good fellowship and loyalty, Mr. Rex is unsurpassed and as a director in the I. S. T. M. A. will be the same success he has always been elsewhere.

J. W. HILL

Candidate for the Presidency of the I. S. T. M. A.

For the presidency of so splendid an organization as the I. S. T. M. A. is needed a big man. The association has been most fortunate in its choice of presidents and in the new one, will have a man who well follows notable precedent. J. W. Hill, who will be elected with great approval, is what is needed by the I. S. T. M. A. A big man in every way, calculated to win for the organization of which he will be the head, even a higher place than it has yet enjoyed.

Mr. Hill has been a resident of Des Moines for twenty-three years. In financial, social, political, church and general business circles he has been active and prominent, and by virtue of his qualities of generalship and genial cordiality toward all, he has been not only a favorite, but of high usefulness and value.

Mr. Hill, among the many and varied interests of his life, has had a deep interest in all the officers of the I. S. T. M. A. He is one of the old members, his number being 1721. One year ago he was elected to the office of vice-president.

For three terms he was the president of the Commercial Club of Des Moines, in which office he was exceptionally successful.

Mr. Hill has large business interests in Des Moines and Iowa, being in the grain, nursery, canning and telephone business at the present time. His many friends are looking forward with pleasure to the 19th of January when they will unite to do him honor in giving him the highest office in the gift of the I. S. T. M. A.

With so much ability, such dignity and exceptional good fellowship represented in the head of the organization, the I. S. T. M. A. must surely go on to unlimited usefulness and prosperity.

CLARENCE DEETS

Secretary of the Iowa State Traveling Men's Association

On the nineteenth of January will occur the election of officers in the Iowa State Traveling Men's Association. The really most important office in the association is that of secretary. Upon the work of the secretary largely depends the success of the organization. Mr. Haley was signally successful and his successor, Mr. Clarence Deets, has been no less so. Mr. Deets was connected with the association for ten years before Mr. Haley's death, was a director, and his close friend and adviser and during the past year has been carrying out some of Mr. Haley's cherished plans, working along the same lines and policy.

The year has been one of the most remarkable in the history of the I. S. T. M. A. The increase in membership has been 2,500 and in revenue $35,000.

The cost per member has remained the same, but by careful and judicious management, the expenses have been reduced $8,000 from previous years. This certainly speaks well for the management.

Des Moines and Iowa are proud of the I. S. T. M. A. The association does a lot for Des Moines. It is the third largest patron of the Des Moines postoffice.

In the way of a Des Moines booster the I. S. T. M. A. stands pre-eminent. Twenty thousand Des Moines calendars are sent out to leading hotels each year. And in every way it is a credit to the city. Although some effort has been made to secure the headquarters of the I. S. T. M. A. for some other town, there is not the least possibility that Des Moines would give it up. Every business man and every loyal Des Moines resident values it too highly to let it go. The traveling men feel that Des Moines is the place for headquarters, on account of its central location. Mr. Deets is deservedly popular both in and out of the association.

He was for many years on the road, and knows the business well. In his office of secretary, he is all that is demanded, both to the association and to the public. Capable and efficient in a business way, of the big heart and kindness that wins warm personal friends, the gentlemanly manner and dignity that commend him to the general public, and the genuine comradeship that makes him welcome wherever he goes, Mr. Deets commands the favor and friendship of all and stands pre-eminent as a candidate for re-election. The indications are that there will be no opposition to a unanimous vote in his favor.

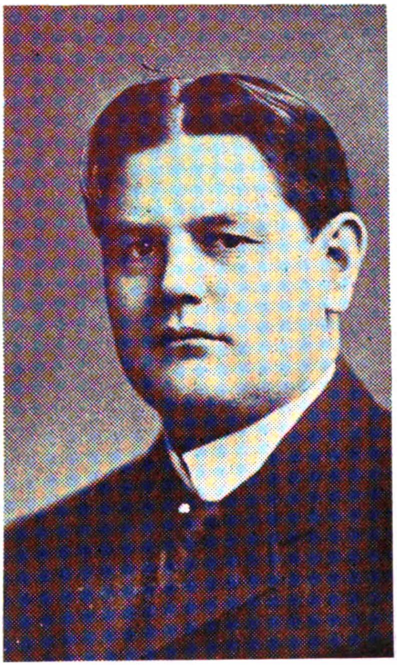
WALTER ST. JOHN

ADAM STERLING

Mr. Walter St. John is one of the popular candidates for election on the directory board of the I. S. T. M. A. Mr. St. John is a native of Des Moines, born October 3d, twenty-nine years ago. His first work was as a representative of the Des Moines Drug Company for two years, followed by five years as representative of the Chamberlain Medicine Co. He covered eight states in this country and spent two years abroad as their representative in Australia, New Zealand, Pomona, touching various points in a tour around the world. At present he is with the Equitable Life Insurance Company, of Iowa.

Mr. St. John will fill with credit any office which may come to him at the hands of the I. S. T. M. A. He is especially qualified for the office of director, personally and in a business way, and his devotion to the organization will insure in him a good man to aid in the general management of the association.

Adam Sterling, one of the popular men in the I. S. T. M. A., whose re-election to a directorship is assured, has been for fifteen years with the Warfield, Pratt, Howell Company, of Des Moines. For five years he has been in the office in charge of the credit department. He has been for three successive terms a director in the



J. P. STAKE

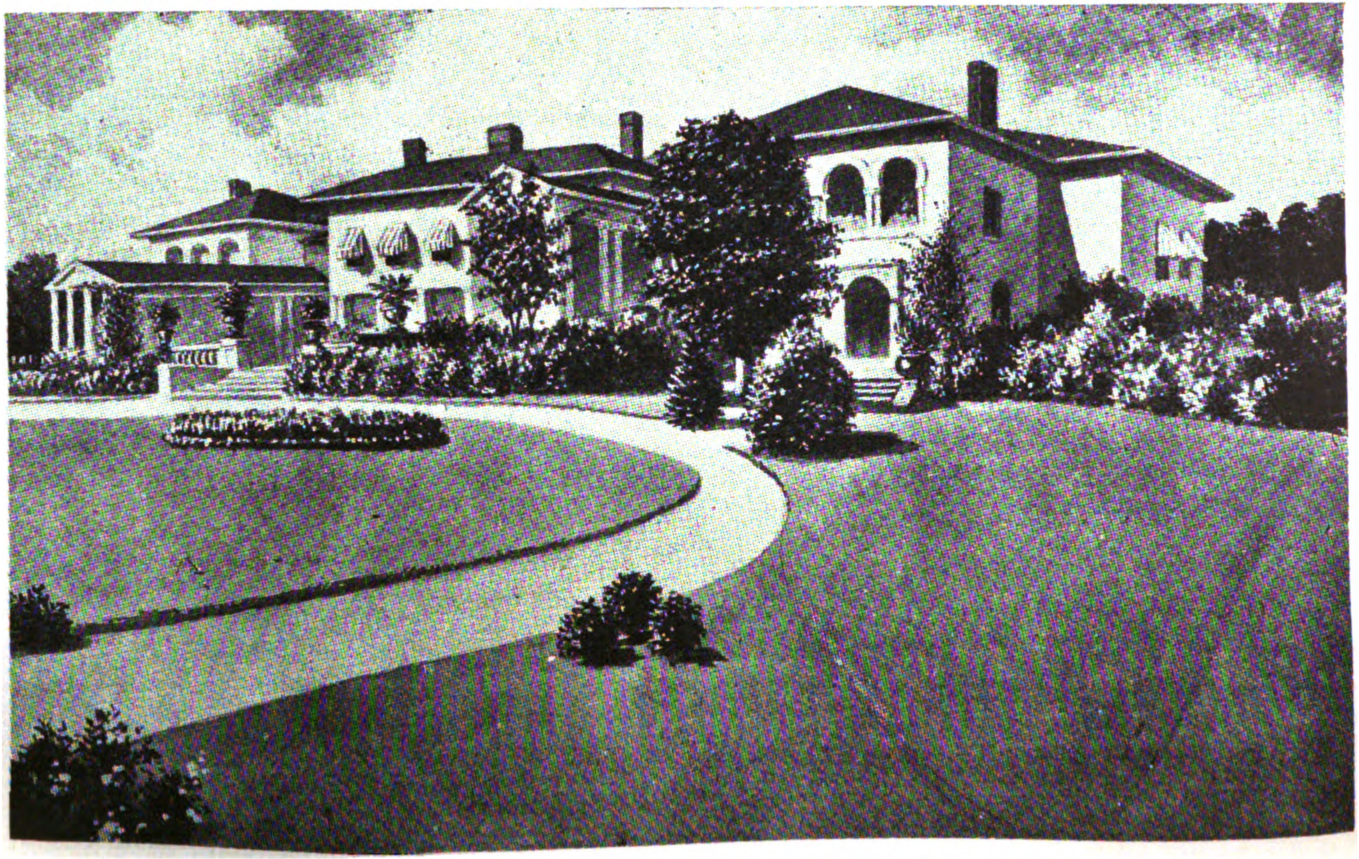
WM. H. SMITH

I. S. T. M. A. Mr. Sterling's successful work as a member of the association has been much appreciated and his re-election will give general satisfaction to friends all over Iowa.

Mr. Stake began his business career about twenty years ago by learning the printer's trade, after which he accepted a position as a clothing salesman, serving in this capacity for several years. He then engaged in the mercantile business, conducting a department store at Webster City, Iowa. In 1899 he entered the life insurance business, advancing to the position of Superintendent of Agents for the Central Life Assurance Society of Iowa. Three years ago he was selected by the Fidelity Mutual Insurance of Philadelphia as Supervisor of Agents for Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, with headquarters at Des Moines, which position he now holds. Mr. Stake's success in the insurance business has largely been due to his practical methods and indefatigable efforts, until he bears the distinction among his associates of being a first-class insurance man. If selected as one of the directors of the I. S. T. M. A. at the next annual meeting of the association it will receive the benefit of his knowledge of insurance affairs in the past as well as to be warranted his untiring efforts for the upbuilding of the association in the future.

William H. Smith, for seven years a director in the I. S. T. M. A., is a popular candidate for re-election.

Mr. Smith is president of the Elaterite Paint & Mfg. Co. He was for twenty years a traveling salesman for George White & Co. Four years ago he went into his present business for himself. From 1887 to 1900 he was vice-president of the association, filling the office most acceptably. Mr. Smith, beside being a practical traveling man, employs a number in his present business. No man connected with the I. S. T. M. A. has more truly at heart the best interests of the association, and in the board of directors he will continue to be what he has already proved, a valued and helpful member.



Specimen of Landscape Gardening by M. J. Wragg of the Wragg Nursery Company

Mrs. Lucas in the Demonstrating Room of

THE EDISON CO.

Showing Process of Cooking with Electricity

One of the most attractive spots in town of late has been the improvised kitchen and lecture room in the Equitable building, where Mrs. Lucas daily shows what can be done in the way of cooking with electricity. An oven with glass doors is a novelty. The entire process of cooking is thus observable without opening the door. The cooking utensils used by Mrs. Lucas are aluminum and she speaks in highest praise of this delightful ware. The most attractive thing about the electrical cooking is its absolute cleanliness. The aluminum vessels have not a speck or spot on them from flame or smoke. Noiselessly, gently, but powerfully, the electricity does its work, with no sputtering or flaming up, no odor and no smoke. These demonstrations by Mrs. Lucas are a revelation to many persons, and certainly a delight to all, Perhaps not a woman who has visited the kitchen but wishes for the time to come when she may have her own kitchen fitted up with electricity, and the time is surely coming when no other cooking will be done but that done by electricity.

CLUB TALK

THE CHAUNCY DEPEW

The Chauncey Depew Club have been enjoying an unusually delightful winter, and their meeting on December 12th will be long remembered by all who were present. In honor of Mrs. Fletcher Howard, the long-time president of the club, who will soon remove to California, Mrs. B. F. Carroll invited the club to luncheon. The regular meeting was held in the morning and luncheon was served at one o'clock. The guests were seated at one long table, decorated with holly. The room was a picture in holly wreaths with a background of simulated snow and upon the sideboard sat a veritable Santa Claus. After a six course luncheon, the hostess called upon several for speeches. The first was Mrs. Still, to whom was given the topic, "What is Worth While." She spoke of the fashion so common to us all of wasting our time upon inconsequent things. Life is too short to make the mistake of passing by serious things and spending time upon the passing show. She said that the cultivation of the mind, the spirit and the body, were the three things worth while for every human being, and that these were interdependent upon one another, so that each needed attention.

Mrs. Wilcox was then called upon to speak of "The Soul With a Man." She thought that often after all the things that have been said of the man with a soul, this theme was worthy of some attention. She spoke of the complex nature of the real man and said that the soul dominated all, and that if this were kept in "tune with the Infinite" all goes well. Mrs. Ogilvie was the last speaker, the hostess assigning her the subject "As in a Mirror." Mrs. Ogilvie related the incident which prompted Robert Burns to write the lines beginning, "O Wad some power the giftie gie us," etc., and said that if we could constantly see ourselves as in a mirror, or as others see us, we might often change our plans and often try to change ourselves. Many of us do things in ignorance without the intention of evil. One of the divine commands is, "know thyself." Add to this the study of God, who is all in all, and we get at the true sources of human wisdom. She said that every human creature was the perfect spiritual child of God, created in His image and His reflection; that if we understood this, and that we were the children of God instead of the children of evil, as is taught in the orthodox religion, our whole lives would be so transformed that we need not shrink from the mirror's story.

* * *

The club met again on the 26th of December with Mrs. Miner, where they entertained at a buffet luncheon.

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The Des Moines Women's Club are having a successful year under the safe guidance of their president, Mrs. W. F. Mitchell. All of the departments are doing good work.

* * *

Mrs. F. W. Webster, Mrs. J. W. Cokenower, Mrs. Anna Ross-Clarke and Mrs. George W. Ogilvie were hostesses of the D. A. R.'s at the December meeting. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Webster. There was a large attendance. A brief program followed the business session. Light refreshments were served.

NEHEMIAH LETTS' CHAPTER, D. A. R.

The Nehemiah Letts Chapter of D. A. R., which was organized in January, 1904, is unique in the history of chapters. It is not a resident chapter, although it began its existence as the Nehemiah Letts Chapter, of Letts, Iowa, as that was the home of its first regent, and the town was named in honor of a descendant and namesake of the Revolutionary ancestor whose history enables the Letts people to belong to this organization.

Fourteen of the charter members of this chapter are descendants of this common ancestor, while the other two have the name by marriage. Since the organi-

MRS. J. W. TURNER
Member of Abigail Adams Chapter D. A. R., who is of a notable lineage

zation three new members have been added who are descendants of Nehemiah Letts, and at this time twelve of the members live near enough to each other to meet together once a month, when a regular program is carried out, to which the absent members also contribute. Mrs. Cate Gilbert Wells, State Historian, has this to say of the Chapter:

"From Letts comes an interesting report from the Nehemiah Letts Chapter, which realizes the idea of clanship in America. A truly exclusive family chapter, which reflects the spirit of family unity, to an inspiring degree. It would be a mistake ever to admit outsiders; in the writer's humble opinion, the membership should remain as now, the descendants of a common ancestor, or those who by marriage bear the name of Letts. To satisfy D. A. R. aspirants outside the charmed circle, the Letts Chapter could act as sponsor to another chapter in this locality. The nineteen members scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with only twelve resident members, this year sent nineteen dollars to Continental Hall and were represented at the national congress. On Decoration Day the chapter followed the unique plan of decorating the graves of ancestors, Nehemiah Letts and that of his son David, also the grave of a "real Daughter." The inscriptions on the flags were hand embroidered—the D. A. R. flag holders being employed. Christmas day witnessed the gathering of the clan at the colonial home of the regent. February 22d and Flag Day were celebrated in unison, and in October was held a china shower for a bride in this family; each piece bearing the insignia of the D. A. R. Truly a unique chapter! Long may it live to promote by its example—reverence for forefathers, love for kith and kin, and the peace found by those who dwell together in unity."

PAPER READ AT THE D. A. R. CONFERENCE LAST OCTOBER BY MRS. AMES OF THE CHICAGO CHAPTER.

Illinois was early in the ranks of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Chicago Chapter being the first one formed after the organization of the National Chapter in Washington.

There are now thirty-four chapters with four being formed. In September, 1906, there were 2,150 daughters in the state, not including our twenty real daughters, "to perpetuate the momory of the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence by the acquisition and protection of historical spots, and erection of monuments," is a legacy come to us with the organization of our society.

Illinois has tried to live up to that privilege. Belonging as our state did, first to the colony, and then to the state of Virginia, she holds the history of Virginia as then known as her own. And when George Rogers Clark had captured the British forts beyond the Ohio river, under the authority of Virginia, that state was quick to act for the preservation of the rights thus acquired. In 1778 the General Assembly of Virginia passed "An Act for the establishment of the county of Illinois and more effectual protection and defense thereof." The governor of Virginia was he of never-dying fame, Patrick Henry, and upon him devolved the duty of appointing the county lieutenant or commander of Illinois, and he lost no time in appointing to that office Col. John Todd. Colonel Todd was not unknown to the frontier or at the capital. Born in Pennsylvania, educated in Virginia where he practiced law for a time, he afterwards removed to Kentucky. He was an intimate friend of Geo. Rogers Clark and the latter was delighted to greet him in the spring of 1779, when to the great joy of Colonel Black and all who saw him he landed at Kaskaskia. We may imagine the interest of the inhabitants who were gathered at the wharf watching the slow approach of the vessel bearing not only a new official, but flying a new flag. This was the flag of the new union of the Colonies and there at Ft. Massic was it first unfurled to the breeze on Illinois soil.

Through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, of Bloomington, the "Daughters" of Illinois have united their efforts to secure and preserve to the state this historic landmark. For Ft. Massic was the doorway into the great Northwestern territory opened by Gen. George Rogers Clark and his regiment of pioneer patriots. And now we are to see the fruition of our labors. The interest in this work has been constant because our leader, Mrs. Scott, never considered the word "fail" and at last the end is in sight. Ft. Massic is a national park.

Through state appropriations Illinois has bought the ground. The United States government has provided cannon for the proper places; a lodge has been built and a civil war veteran has been installed as lodge keeper. Professor Blair, of the University of Illinois, has charge of beautifying the grounds. The state will build the base of a suitable monument to be placed there by the D. A. R. of Illinois. At our state conference recently held more than enough money was raised for that purpose. All hail to George Rogers Clark who with the patriots with him saved this beautiful place for us, and all hail to our dear ex-Vice President General, Mrs. Scott, to whom more than anyone else is due its restoration.

Last year at our state conference at Monmouth we voted to raise $1,500 for furnishing and finishing the Illinois Room in Continental Memorial Hall. When our meeting was held in Washington last April we found we had raised nearly $2,300. This year our state conference voted to give $200 to the Continental Memorial Hall fund.

The work of our chapters has been interesting and varied. Through the influence of the Chapter at Moline, Ill., a marble shaft nearly thirty-six feet high has been erected on Campbell's Island, bearing this inscription: "Erected by the State of Illinois under the supervision of the Moline Chapter of the National Society of the D. A. R. in the year 1906." This is in memory of ten U. S. regulars, 4th Illinois Rangers, and one woman and a child who died July 19th in an engagement between troops commanded by Major Campbell and the Sac and Fox Indians under Chief Black Hawk. The Ft. Armstrong Chapter at Rock Island has had the site of Ft. Armstrong marked by stone monument with bronze tablet. Chapters at Ottawa, Decatur, Rockford, Springfield, Jacksonville and Carthage have marked the graves of a number of revolutionary heroes. The Chicago Chapter has placed a granite boulder properly inscribed at the grave of David Kennison, who was buried in Lincoln Park. Mr. Kennison was the last surviving member of the "Boston Tea Party" and lived to the good old age of 116 years. Lincoln's first home in Illinois has been marked by the Decatur Chapter. The Puritan and Cavalier Chapter of Monmouth have presented to the hospital of their city a fine operating table.

All over the state the efforts of the Daughters have been for better citizenship. In cities where there is a large foreign population a lecture extension course has been given, usually in the congested parts of the city. Some of these lectures are given in afternoon and some in the evening. Birthdays of some of our great Americans, or important anniversaries, are celebrated in our schools. Traveling libraries and flags presented to boys' clubs have done good work. Prizes offered for essays bearing upon our national history have produced good results. In Chicago Chapter statues of George Rogers Clark and "The Minute Man" have been presented to some of the schools in poorer parts of the city, also a number of pictures.

The spirit of harmony abides with us, and each chapter rejoices with another at the conclusion of any line of work.

siasm did our state conference vote to endorse her for re-election for another term.

Our beloved President General, Mrs. McLean, has been with us in public and in private. The light of her countenance has cheered us and her wisdom has encouraged us; and with the greatest enthu-

With her matchless oratory, prompted and sustained by the great heart of a woman, the soul of a patriot, and the tenderness of a child, we are sure that every woman who hears her and who rejoices in the blood of one of our early patriots in her veins, will arise and ally herself to our cause and be one of us when our first great victory is achieved—the finished product of our labors—Continental Memorial Hall. I bring to the Mississippi Valley Conference the greeting and God speed from Illinois.

By thy rivers gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois!
O'er thy prairies verdant growing,
Illinois, Illinois!
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these:
Illinois, Illinois!

From a wilderness of prairies,
Illinois, Illinois!
Straight thy way and never varies,
Illinois, Illinois!
Stands thy great commercial tree
'Till upon the inland sea
Turning all the world to thee—
Illinois, Illinois!

When you heard your country calling,
Illinois, Illinois!
When the shot and shell were falling,
Illinois, Illinois!
When the Southern hosts withdrew,
Pitting gray against the blue,
Then were none more brave than you—
Illinois, Illinois!

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois!
Can be writ the nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois!
On the record of the years
Abraham Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois!

REPORT OF 12TH ANNUAL STATE CONFERENCE, D. A. R., HELD IN NORTHFIELD, MINN, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

In response to an invitation from Josiah Edson, Chapter D. A. R. of Northfield, the Twelfth Annual State Conference was held in the Congregational Church in that city October 13th. One hundred and five delegates were present from the different Chapters in the state. Mrs. John Edson Bell, state regent, presiding. The following program was given: Organ prelude, "Star Spangled Banner" (with variations), by Prof. W. L. Gray; invocation, Miss M. J. Evens, Dean of Carleton College; vocal trio, "Lift Thine Eyes," Misses Ruth Buswell, Lucia Warner and Laura Sherman; greetings, Mrs. John Edson Bell, state regent; address of welcome, Mrs. Grant Bronson, Regent Josiah Edson Chapter; response, Mrs. Fannie Ames Loyhed, Charter Oak Chapter, Fairbault; violin solo, Miss Grace Crawford; minutes of last conference, Mrs. Dennis Follett, state secretary; report of general utility fund, Mrs. S. R. Van Sant, state treasurer; alphabetical roll call of Chapters, with three minute reports from Chapter Regents; hymn, "America," audience all standing. Luncheon was then served in the church parlors by the church society. A toast to our flag was given by Mrs. R. H. Benham, of Minneapolis; music, "Red, White and Blue." After luncheon a reception was held at the home of Mrs. J. C. Nutting, where Mrs. Donald McLean, our president general, was the guest of honor. About three hundred were present. Owing to a delay of trains Mrs. McLean was unable to give the address in the afternoon, but spoke in the evening to a large and appreciative audience. Gleanings for Chapter Regents show a decided increase of members and interest in Chapter work. There are now sixteen chapters with 800 members. Another chapter composed entirely of young ladies will soon be organized in Minneapolis. Perhaps the most notable work accomplished is the statue of Nathan Hale which will be raised soon in the city of St. Paul by the Nathan Hale Chapter. The next state meeting in October, 1907, will be held in Minneapolis, when the Society will be the guests of the Commercial Club of that city.

A GOOD STORY ON J. L. HARBOUR.

The following good story appeared in the Boston Herald. Mr. Harbour is a native of Iowa, born and reared in Mahaska county. He now lives in Dorchester, Mass., and is one of the editors of the Youth's Companion.

Although J. L. Harbour goes about in society considerably himself, he has a keen sympathy for the man who finds social functions a bore. A big, broad-shouldered, six-foot friend of Harbour was that type of man, although society had tried in vain to make something of a lion of him.

Finally Harbour induced him to attend a tea, where celebrities and many fair women were to be present. He caught sight of the big fellow during the afternoon, standing in a corner, looking decidedly warm and uncomfortable. After they had taken their departure he clapped his friend on the shoulder and said: "Now, old fellow, confess that you enjoyed it."

The big man looked around at him reproachfully. "Say," he said, "when I stood in the corner there with a cake as big as a quarter in one of my tremendous fists, and a teacup the size of a thimble in the other, do you know what I felt like? Well, I felt like a sperm whale trying to crochet."

"JUDGE" GROVER WAS READY.

There may be at times a hot pace set on State street, Boston, but for genuine speed it would be difficult to equal that with which a would-be bunco man fled from District-Attorney Grover there a few days ago.

He met the "judge," greeted him most affectionately, asked about his health, how his wife was, and then said that he had heard his little girl was in the hospital, and wanted to know if it was true.

Now it happens that there is no little girl in the Grover family, but that did not bother the "judge" any, for he replied in an easy, natural way: "Oh, she's at home now, but you need not worry, my clothes were fumigated before I left."

"What's that?" cried the man. "What's she ill with?"

"Smallpox," was the reply. And, by the latest reports, the man is still making record time.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE ONONAMA CLUB

Senior Girls of West High School

Theodora Ellis Elizabeth Littler Grace Holloway Florence Sprague Nita Cherry Susie Gunn

ARAMINTA'S FAMILY TREE

Mrs. Araminta Topnotch, she whose maiden name was Squares,
Had come to live in Bushville and began to put on airs;
For Grandpa Topnotch died and left a tidy little sum
He'd made in manufacturing dyspeptic's chewing gum.
So she induced her lesser half, Josiah was his name,
To leave the place where they were reared, 'twas altogether tame;
She couldn't half enjoy their superfluity of cash
With no one near to envy her, and see her cut a dash.

She called their house a "villa," her bedroom a "boudoir,"
A fountain and a statue filled the Bushvillites with awe.
She softly murmured "au revoir," where once she said "good-bye,"
And poor Josiah had to smoke his T. D. on the sly.
The failings of the "common herd" she openly deplored,
While phantoms of her humble past she carefully ignored,
When she, plain 'Minty Squares, a freckeled, barefoot little fright,
Would drive the cows to pasture and go after them at night.

They bought an automobile which in solemn state they rode,
Josiah in mortal terror lest the "blame thing would explode."
She entertained the whist club and her name appeared in print
In the Bushville Daily Item, where they praised her without stint.
Now in a state of calm content was Araminta T.,
Till reading of Colonial Dames of ancient pedigree,
She straightway yearned to join their ranks; the only stumbling block
Was tracing back her ancestry to good old Plymouth Rock!

In vain Josiah grumbled and said he "should think 'twould do
To jine the sewin' circle or the W. C. T. U."
Araminta, nothing daunted, for abundant grit had she,
Began to search the branches of the Squares'es family tree,
And thence unto the parent stem, and downward to the root
In hopes that of the Mayflower plant she was a tender shoot.
It haunted all her waking hours, she dreamed of it by night,
And daily her ambition soared still higher in its flight.

But in vain she searched the records—amidst musty tomes did prowl,
The only trace of Plymouth Rock was in their barnyard fowl;
For, alas, she traced the Squares'es to a bog in Donegal,
Where their prowess with shillelahs, it was whispered, wasn't small.
At last accounts our heroine had taken to her bed,
While nurses read her every wish and soothed her aching head.
And if she seeks another path to lead her on to fame,
'Tis all Josiah'll have to do is say "Colonial dame!"

—*Katherine L. Daniher.*

MUSIC AND THE PLAY

PAUL KANN

MR. ANDERSON, of the Register and Leader, is nothing if not original in his dramatic criticism, so widely read and enjoyed in Iowa. But even for Mr. Anderson this seems the limit. He is speaking of Peer Gynt as represented last month by Richard Mansfield and uses this expression: "Then faltering in flabby infirmity back to the hut"—Isn't that good?

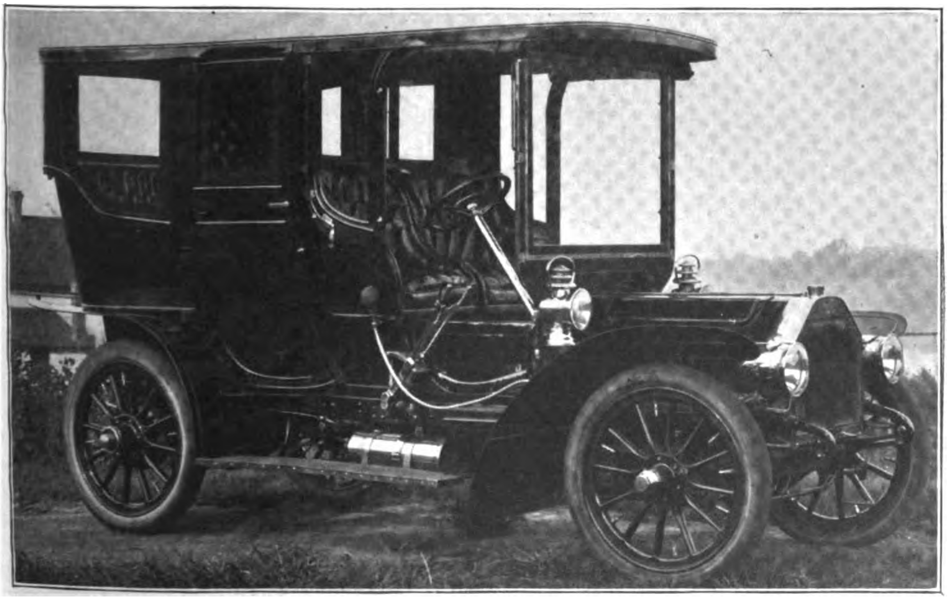
* * *

Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is almost as bad as "Ghosts." Both plays cause the cold shivers to creep down the spine and to freeze the solar plexus. No one can question the wonderful literary and dramatic genius of Ibsen. But none with fine sensibilities can enjoy even Mansfield in the presentation of his plays. Some years ago Clara Morris was criticised for her realistic reading of L'Article 47. People shrieked and even fainted during the mad scene. Ibsen's plays have a far greater influence than any French play can have, because more true to the dark side of life. Why accentuate evil, disappointment, old age, and failure? None of these things are in harmony with God's plan for his children. Therefore they are not natural, not real. Ibsen's plays ought not to be allowed on the American stage. Their influence is against joy, sweetness, happiness and the natural uplift due to human beings. They have a humble fascination, and this very fascination adds to their injurious effect.

* * *

"MARRYING MARY"

This piece, which provides a starring vehicle for Marie Cahill, is one of the best musical comedies of recent years. It meets all the requirements of musical comedy, with enough good qualities left over to spare to some of its less fortunate contemporaries. Edwin Milton Royal wrote the book, Silvio Hein the music, and Benjamin Hapgood the lyrics. If it is said that Hein has the best of the argument, there is no disparagement of the book or lyrics in the statement. Both are above



ONE OF DES MOINES' FINE AUTOMOBILES

A Peerless

CHARLOTTE WALKER, In
On Parole

the ordinary. Miss Cahill had the inevitable coon song that seems to be her trade-mark, so to speak, in "A Cousin of Mine," and sang it cunningly. "We Are Three Men in a Boat," sung by Guy Woodward, Roy Atwell and Mark Smith, reminded one of "The Simple Life," one of the hits of "The School Girl," and was almost as good. Eugene Cowles sang "The Last One is Best of All" in a way to bring forth repeated encores; "Mr. Cupid," by Miss Cahill, was the sentimental ballad hit of the piece; Annie Buckley had one song and we wished she had more. Although there were but twelve members of the singing and dancing chorus, these twelve did their work so well that the lack of a larger chorus was not felt. The staging and the scenic effects were in keeping with the rest of the piece, and more could not be required.

* * *

Robert Loraine has arranged to appear in another of George Bernard Shaw's plays as the next offering. The drama will be "The Philanderer," one of the pieces published in the volume of "Unpleasant Plays."

* * *

Maude Adams will make her first London appearance next summer in a new Barrie play.

In speaking about the things that a successful actress must possess, David Belasco says:

An actress need not be beautiful.

When a woman is very beautiful, so that one could call her features classic, I have found that she has never felt any great emotion. Even as a child she could have no heart.

Magnetism must be inherent in the candidate for stage honors; it cannot be made. It may betray itself in sweetness of voice, in the brightness of the eye, or the lurking smile. One who is endowed with this mysterious power is like a blood-red rose, pulsating with life, feeling, passion, and completely expressive of all that is inspirational in art.

The successful actress must have a face that can depict emotion. I have seen women who showed the very depths of a feminine soul in a mere fleeting smile. As for a woman's figure, I prefer that she be slender and lithe.

The true artist possesses a native culture which has nothing to do with formal education, but is rather a product of honesty, humanity and gentleness.

The one great essential for success on the stage lies in the qualities of the voice. A woman's voice must be in harmony with her face. The features and the tones must be one in dramatic influence, and together their power is invincible.

Physical endurance is one of the things that an actress must possess. She must have the vitality of a greyhound; not always apparent on the outside, but storing its energies for the period of struggle.

When "On Parole" was first produced last September at Washington, D. C., the critics were loud in proclaiming it as a new war play which was sure to gain as great a success as Wm. Gillette's "Secret Service" and "Held by the Enemy" had attained.

Mr. Louis Evan Shipman treats the War of Rebellion from the viewpoint of the late Confederacy, but we of the North thoroughly appreciated his charming romance of the South, when it was presented here a short time ago, and know that the predictions of the Washington critics have been fully realized, for "On Parole" will certainly meet with hearty approval whether presented before a Northern or a Southern audience.

The story of "On Parole" is laid in Virginia just at the close of the Civil War. Constance Pinckney, a young Southern girl who is aiding General Lee in his campaign around Richmond, by carrying dispatches, is surprised and chased by Maj. Dale of the Federal Army, to a mountain hut, where she quickly changes her riding habit for the calico dress of a mountain girl, and sent Tom Cress, the occupant of the hut, off with the dispatches to General Lee. When Major Dale arrives at the hut, he finds her baking corn bread. She succeeds in misleading Dale in regard to her identity. When he meets her again in her proper position as the daughter of Colonel Pinckney at the Pinckney home, he is struck by the resemblance of the beautiful girl before him to the girl he had met in the mountain hut. He suspects her identity and keeps his suspicions to himself, but places Constance on parole.

A strong love springs up between the beautiful spirited, southern girl and the dashing Yankee officer. Constance, who has sent her brother for troops to capture Major Dale, relents and asks him to depart. As he refuses to do this Constance tries to intercept her brother, but fails to get through the line of sentries. Captain Robert Pinckney had a troop of Confederate soldiers arrive and capture Dale, who believes that Constance has betrayed him, while Constance is really in an agony of grief over the situation.

Toward the close of the war, now Colonel Dale finds Captain Robert Pinckney almost dead on the battle field at Appomattox; he nurses him back to health and brings the invalid home to Pinckney Place.

The generosity of the Yankee officer softens the heart of the little Southern household; the misunderstanding between Dale and Constance is cleared, and their coming together symbolizes the inevitable reunion between the North and the South.

Miss Charlotte Walker who was here last with James K. Hackett, handled the role of Constance Pinckney with such talent as proved her an actress of no mean ability. The role of "Constance" demands varied emotional capabilities. One moment the girl is the dashing dispatch carrier, full of the martial spirit of the South, the next a drawling, listless mountain girl, and Miss Walker portrayed both these characters to perfection.

The role of Major Dale was in the hands of Mr. Vincent Serrano, and was carried by him in such a satisfactory manner as to leave nothing to be desired. Mr. Serrano made a handsome and dashing officer, and his acting in the various scenes with Miss Walker, was most excellent.

Mr. Henry Miller has staged "On Parole" in the same careful manner which all his plays are staged, and he has placed the different roles in the hands of most capable actors, who all deserve special praise for their work. "On Parole" stands out conspicuously among the successes of the season.

* * *

Have you ever observed how many plays there are with the title of "Love?" And has it ever come to your notice that 99½ per cent of the songs and ballads are about the same subject? Scanning over the list of plays I observe Odette Tyler and Guy Standish, in the Love Route; Aubrey Boucicault, in The Greater Love; Virginia Harned, in The Love Letter. There is a company out in Love Finds the Way; two of them playing in a Mad Love; one, in A Fight for Love; and then we have Lovers and Lunatics; and Love's Lottery; and when it gets down to songs, almost as soon as the orchestra strikes up the first note you are sure to hear something about love. Don't it get on your nerves? It frequently does on mine.

* * *

ELIZABETH PRICE

This clever little woman who is to appear in the leading part at the Shubert Theater, Des Moines, in the musical comedy, "The Social Whirl," has very rapidly come into prominence. In the forepart of last season she was understudy for Grace Van-Studdiford, who was playing the principal role in "Lady Teazle." She was suddenly called upon to play Miss Van-Studdiford's part, and was so successful that in a few weeks she succeeded Miss Van-Studdiford as the star of the company. She is under contract with the Messrs Shubert for a long term of years, and they expect to place her at the head of an organization in the near future. She is a beautiful woman and has a magnificent voice. Previous to going on the stage, she was guilty of doing newspaper work in Toledo, Ohio.

Marguerite Clark, the pretty little ingenue of the De Wolf Hopper Company was recently requested to give her ideas of the necessities of woman. Here they are:

To love.

To be loved.

To be told so, sometimes.

To have something to do.

To be dealt with sincerelv.

To be sympathetically understood.

To be praised once in a while.

To have her judgment respected.

To inspire both passion and reverence in the same man.

To have a great, big-hearted boss who will let her have her own way until she is in danger of making a fool of herself, and will then curb her gently.

"The Love Route," a play in four acts by Edward Peple, which comes to the Shubert Theater some time in December is one of the greatest theatrical successes of the season.

The story tells of a contest between a railroad corporation and a young woman, and the love between this young woman and the engineer employed by the railroad and shows that love is stronger than the great greed of a big railroad.

Guy Standing has the leading part of John Ashby, the engineer, and Odetta Tyler that of Allene Houston. The play is placed in Texas.

The reports being circulated by the management of "Happyland" are of such a nature that they will cause one to expect many things of this attraction when it visits us. It is said that "Happyland" is one of the biggest comic opera successes of recent years. And that De Wolf Hopper, who is appearing in the principal comedy role, has never had better or greater opportunities for the display of his ability as a fun maker. This distinguished comedian will be assisted by a company of nearly one hundred people, including Miss Marguerite Clark. Many claims are also made for the completeness, thoroughness and beauty of the costumes and scenery. And if the advance notices are any criterion, "Happyland" should prove a delightful musical surprise to our theatergoers when it visits the Shubert Theater.

If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy and not with the man. That applies peculiarly to those boys who tend to drift off into courses which mean that unless they are checked they will be formidable additions to the criminal population when they grow older.

No nation is safe unless in the average family there are healthy, happy children. If these children are not brought up well they are not merely a curse to themselves and their parents, but they mean the ruin of the State in the future.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

WARFIELD ON AMERICA

A pessimistic person, accidentally born in America, recently wrote to David Warfield and asked, "What have we Americans to be thankful for, anyway?" This was Warfield's tart reply:

"I am thankful that I am an American. I am thankful that my country is the greatest on earth. I am thankful that we have our own art and that it is growing better. I am thankful that I am one of a nation that speaks its thoughts, sees its errors, tries to remove them and not make the same ones again. I am thankful I can listen with eagerness to babes and sages, birds and the heavens. May I ever be thankful that I can love the stars, the trees, the ocean and wildwood, the brook and the meadow; and I look upon dogs and horses, chickens and doves as friends and companions. I am glad there is so much in all of us, and that laughter is as common as the will, and less vulgar. I am glad I live to breathe the glorious air of the morning—that is wiser than the night. For these, ye gods, thanks!"

GENDER IN ENGLISH

A very good story is current anent the recent visit of Japanese officers to England. . . . . A certain hostess, we will not specify exactly at which port, where the ships' companies of the *Katori* and *Kashima* spent some time, had done all in her power to make the visit of a group of officers, with whom she came more prominently into contact, of a pleasant nature. With feelings of gratitude her guests came to express their final thanks, and the spokesman of the group, after recording their united appreciation of what she had done, expressed the fear that they had "cockroached" much on her valuable time. The kindly hostess had made them so much her friends that she had arrived at suggesting corrections in occasional lapses of the English language. She gracefully acknowledged the thanks, and intimated that far from the "encroaching" on her time, what she had been permitted to do had been to her a great pleasure. The correction was noted, and her guest with profuse apologies said he was greatly sorry that in addressing a lady he had overlooked to use the feminine form.

ART IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Edited by Mrs. F. W. Webster

The most beautiful art store in Iowa is now located at 307 Seventh street, The Hamilton Art Store. The interior arrangement is fine, divided into booths, giving wall space for the display of pictures. Mr. Hamilton shows the true artistic spirit and feeling in his arrangement of pictures, each one being brought out to the very best advantage. Everything in pictures and framing can be found here. Especially beautiful are the copies of masterpieces in appropriate framing. The collection of water colors and pastels is one of the most complete in the West. For gifts of every kind, nothing is so delightful as a picture. For wedding, birthday, Christmas, New Year and special occasions a beautiful picture is the one gift that gives always the greatest pleasure.

Someone has aptly said that nothing is so ugly as an ugly picture and nothing so lovely as a lovely one. To find this lovely one, you need go no further than the Hamilton Art Rooms. It can be found there and at a most reasonable price. One look into this attractive store will attract the caller into a regular visitor. Des Moines is surely fortunate in having this beautiful store.

RELIGIOUS MURAL DECORATIONS IN AMERICA

The church of "St. Mary, the Virgin," in New York City, is the first American church to make use of mural decorations on an extensive scale. The Lady Chapel of this church will have the walls above the wainscoting entirely covered with these beautiful paintings, which represent not alone the best work in religious art of today, but a very intimate and accurate knowledge of religious history on the part of the painter, Mr. Elliott Dangerfield. The spaces either side of the altar are filled with figures of the Angels of the Resurrection and Incarnation. The east wall represents the Epiphany, the west the Magnificent, while the spaces at the south end will represent the church militant and the church triumphant.

Several churches have very beautiful single paintings of a religious character, but St. Mary, the Virgin, has the honor of having first used painting as a decoration on the lines adopted by the churches of the old world. This doubtless marks a new era of church decoration in this country.

* * *

Haldine Macfall says of Whistler: "It was exactly in his confusion of art with beauty that Whistler fell short of the vastnesses. But at least one of the greater senses was given to him in abundance, the sense of mystery. He never 'sucked ideas dry.' His splendid instinct told him that suggestion was the soul of craftsmanship, and he never overstated the details of life. Out of the mystic twilight he caught the haunting sense of its half revelation and its elusiveness with an exquisite emotional use of color, and in seeing he caught a glimpse of the hem of the garment of God."

* * *

The New York National Academy of Design Exhibitions will hold two very interesting exhibitions during the coming season. The winter exhibition will open December 21st and continue for one month. The spring show will open March 15, 1907, and continue until April 21st. These will constitute the first exhibitions of the Academy since its amalgamation with the Society of American Artists, which took place last spring.

The annual international exhibitions that were held in Pittsburg this year, were of such supreme excellence, that the International Studio thinks that New York will have to look to her laurels if she does not wish to have them entirely wrested from her. The Pittsburg exhibition is considered the most important picture show of the year.

* * *

The "Keramic Studio" for October contains a most beautiful and original colored design for a peacock bowl, painted by Mabel C. Dibble. On page 147 of the same number is a study of apples, by Sarah Reid McLaughlin. Alice B. Sharrard contributes a design for salad set; Miss Miles, grapes; Alice Witte Sloan, punch cups; Anne Seymour Mundy, white roses; Jeanne M. Stewart, juicy design in plums. Minute directions are given in order to bring out best results on reproducing the same in colors. Considerable space is given to rug weaving and dyeing. The November number has for a supplement a colored study of "Orchids," by Paul Putzki; roses, Blanche Van Court Schneider; pears, Sarah Reid McLaughlin; red rambler roses, Hattie V. Young Palmer; grape design for stein, Mabel C. Dibble; coupe plate, Mabel C. Dibble; salad plate, cup and saucer, Daisy Bare; service plate, fruit plate, invalid tea set, small bowl, ice cream plates, candle stick, wild rose vase, and plate, Mabel C. Dibble; both numbers are beautifully arranged and are full of valuable information along all lines of art.

AMERICAN SCULPTOR'S WORK

Keen interest has been excited recently among members of the National Sculpture Society, of which Karl Bitter is president, regarding the question whether or not Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney will spend $30,000 or more in financing the proposed great exhibition of American sculpture which will be held in New York in the fall of 1907, under the auspices of the society.

When Mrs. Whitney, some months ago, offered to finance a representative exhibition of sculpture to advance the interests of American sculptors, it was expected to hold the exhibition in the Fine Arts Building, in West Fifty-seventh street, Manhattan, where the National Sculpture Society has a home.

The Fine Arts Galleries, however, will not be large enough to exhibit to advantage the colossal equestrian statues and the great number of pieces of sculpture which have been offered by sculptors all over the country. The only place available will be Madison Square Garden, where the rent is $1,000 a day. It is estimated that it will require a fortnight to install the statuary in the Madison Square Garden, and as the exhibition should last a fortnight or longer the rent alone will amount to $30,000, in addition to other expenses.

Equestrian statues have been promised for exhibition by Daniel C. French, former president of the National Sculpture Society; Karl Bitter, the president, and half a dozen other well known sculptors.

Regarding the forthcoming exhibition, J. Scott Hartley, secretary of National Sculpture Society, made the following statement, recently:

"In response to the call of the exhibition committee, so much large work has been offered that we must have a large place to exhibit it in, and the only place adequate is Madison Square Garden. We have had enough works offered to us to fill the Fine Arts Galleries four times over. We want to show some of the decorative ideal work that is being done for state buildings, and stimulate an interest in home and garden sculpture. We shall also have many examples of the work of American sculptors in the way of fountains, animal pieces, garden figures and garden seats, sun dials, well heads and gate posts.

"It is confidently expected that this exhibition will be the most interesting and representative exhibition of American sculpture ever held, and while the rent, at least, will amount to $30,000, it is believed that Mrs. Whitney will not lose anything by her generosity. In fact, it is hoped that, like the portrait show, some years ago, it will be a social as well as a financial success, and will at least pay all expenses. It is not at all intended as a money making enterprise, but simply to call universal attention to the meritorious work done by American sculptors."

The members of the exhibition committee comprise Karl Bitter, Daniel C. French, Herbert Adams, Thomas Hastings and Solon H. Borglum.—From "Granite, Marble and Bronze."

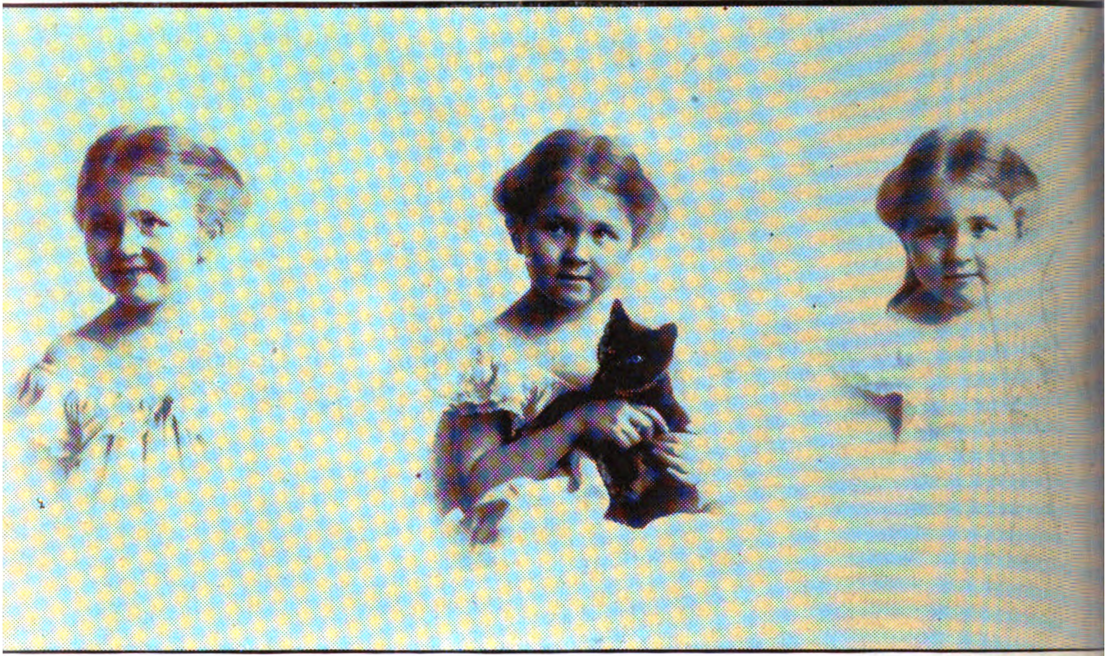


Photo by Shannon

MILDRED SHANNON, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Shannon

WALKS AND TALKS

Mr. J. W. Hess of the Hess Drug Co. is turning his attention to the manufacture of toilet articles. The "Satin Skin" and "Velvet Skin" are highly recommended by all who have used them, and are bound to be popular when put regularly upon the market. These really delightful articles are the result of long study and experiment on the part of Mr. Hess, which accounts for their delicacy and perfection.

* * *

Patrons of the Kirkwood Cafe are enthusiastic over the new management under Mr. Vietch. He has made this centrally located place the most popular cafe in the city. The service is especially good, and the menu is inviting and extensive. For small parties and luncheons the Kirkwood is especially popular, also is filled regularly with after theater crowds. Mr. Vietch well deserves his success.

Enthusiasm prevails in the ranks of officers of the Des Moines Department Store. Everything looks splendid for them. Excavation will begin this month and the work pushed regularly for their opening before fair time of 1907.

* * *

The cover picture of this number of The Midwestern is especially fine, taken from real life and is really a work of high art. The posing and picture were done by F. W. Webster, and in this he has surpassed his always fine work.

The subject of the picture is the little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Habenicht of the Iowa Sanitarium.

* * *

The great popularity of Mr. Goldstein as a ladies' tailor is shown in the enormous amount of work done in his establishment during the present season. Most of the stunning looking women one sees wear man-tailored gowns from Goldstein's. They are distinctive in elegance, fit and finish.

CHANGE

The desire for "a change" is well-nigh universal among human beings of active brain and keen sensibilities. The ox or the ass asks only a change of pastures—and would be content without that if the old pasture afforded good grazing. In the same way many men and women are satisfied to live on the farm or in the house where they were born, with the same sights always in view, the same treadmill routine always before them, and the same few thoughts following one another in slow procession through one narrow corridor of their brain. But while this may be a more or less comfortable existence, it is hardly life in the true and larger meaning of that word.

Life implies change. The "seven ages of man" so graphically depicted by Shakespeare, reflect and record the changes that come to him in the natural course of time. In a sense the infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms" is the same individual as the "lover, sighing like a furnace," the "soldier full of strange oaths and bearded like a bard," the "justice in fair round belly with good capon lined," or in the "last scene of all"—"sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." Yet what changes come between the first and the last scenes? Even death itself is called, by physicians, poets and the great apostle, a mere "change." "The universe is change," said a Roman sage.

Under the operation of such a law, it is only natural that intelligent men and women should desire a change. It is this that takes them into the country and brings them home, that prompts them to the European trip which, taken too often, is apt to end in disappointment. It is the wish for a change that leads many from city to suburb and back again, from housekeeping to hotel life or boarding. The desire sometimes grows into a passion, unsettling the proper condition of a well-ordered life, and making its victims more unhappy in their peregrinations than they had been in their settled abode.

The true philosophy in this matter is to seek every needed change and to meet every inevitable change with cheerful fortitude, whether it be one of fortune, of fate or of circumstance. No human being ought to be willing to run forever in one rut, however straight and comfortable it may be. It is sometimes as helpful to a man to break away from his routine as it is to change his habits in other directions. Not every change is improvement, but there can be no improvement without change. A change of scene is often as necessary to the health of the mind as a change of diet is to the health of the body. Remembering that "we pass this way but once," it should be the desire and the determination of every rational being to get as much enjoyment and benefit on the journey as can be furnished by that variety which is well called "the spice of life."

ONLY AN INDIAN

The belief that men of the cloth, however witty in secular matters, are proverbially blind to the humorous aspects of their doctrines is not always borne out by the facts. At a ministers' meeting last week a well-known clergyman convulsed his brethren by a dig at the theory of predestination, once more familiar to Bostonians than now.

"An old deacon of the church," he said, "when New England was considerably younger than now, was known by his neighbors as a strict believer in the doctrine of predestination. He never tired of declaiming against the folly of taking precautions against death, for one's time would come when it would come. After a while an Indian trouble occurred, which greatly alarmed the community for its safety, and before long it was observed that whenever the good deacon went alone into the woods he invariably took his rifle with him. A neighbor was selected to remonstrate with him.

" 'Look here,' he said, 'why do you carry your gun? If your time has not come to die, you have nothing to fear from the Indians; and if your time has come, what will your rifle avail?'

"The deacon, however, was not taken unawares.

" 'True, brother,' he replied gravely, 'but suppose I meet an Indian whose time has come to die, when he meets me—would it be fair to God if I died in his stead?' "

MRS. MOORE'S DEMONSTRATIONS

Mrs. Moore Explaining What and How to Cook with Gas Stoves

The rooms of the Capital City Gas Light Co. are an attractive place on Thursday of every week. There Mrs. Sarah Wharton Moore explains the method of cooking with gas, and shows what good things can be made on a gas stove. These demonstrations have been given for about ten years, and all classes of people attend them. Women are especially interested and one may see there regularly a crowd of attentive listeners, from the bride with the note book up to the elderly matron, eager to learn something new in cookery.

Mrs. Moore is as skillful in explaining ways and means of handling the stove as she is in mixing fine dishes, so her teaching is doubly effective, accentuated by samples of the delicious things she makes. Gas was once a luxury, but has grown to be a necessity and Mrs. Moore explains how to handle it with the utmost economy so that everybody can afford to use it in the kitchen. These demonstrations are free to all, as are the receipts she gives. Everybody gets a taste of her dishes and as the proof of the cooking is in the eating, nobody can fail to be pleased. A few of Mrs. Moore's famous receipts are here given.

PLANKED FISH

Remove head, tail and fins from fish, split lengthwise and remove the backbone. Place the fish skin side down, upon a hardwood board. Glaze the surface of the fish with melted butter. Place in bottom of broiling oven and cook with full flame until fish is delicately browned. Reduce the flame and cook more slowly. From twenty minutes to half an hour is required to cook a fish in this way. When done, remove from oven and dress with salt, dash of paprika and juice of one lemon. Serve from plank.

Fish cooked in this manner will leave no unpleasant odor in your kitchen, [illegible] a larger per cent of the nutritive value of the food is preserved in a greater degree than by any other method of cooking.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

Two cups Falcon flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, measured rounding; ½ teaspoonful baking salt, 2 level tablespoonfuls butter, with milk enough, [illegible] make a very soft dough. Sift the dry material together and rub in the shortening; add milk and blend enough to make soft dough. Use a fork for mixing; knead slightly; do not use a rolling pin. Pat out with the hands to the thickness of three-fourths of an inch, cut in small rounds and bake on top slide in a hot oven.

CHOCOLATE PIE

Scald 1 quart milk, add 2 squares bakers' chocolate. When dissolved add 1 cup sugar and 5 tablespoonfuls flour sifted together. When thoroughly cooked remove from fire and add butter and yolk of egg; beat with Dover egg beaten and when cold add one cup whipped cream. Fill pastry shell and serve with whipped cream.

TUTTI-FRUTTI SHORTCAKE

One-half dozen oranges, 1 bottle Maraschino cherries, 1 can pineapples. Cut fruit in very small pieces, or if you have a grinder. prepare fruit by putting it through the machine. Drain all juice from fruit and make a syrup of two cups of sugar and one of water, and when ready to dress shortcake, pour syrup, which has been chilled, over fruit; split shortcake, butter with creamed-butter and add a generous layer of fruit. Serve with whipped cream.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

INFLUENCE OF BOOK PEOPLE

THE influence that book people have over children who read and who are in the least impressionable is a factor in character development that the mother cannot afford to ignore. This influence is silent, is unconsciously woven into the child's life, yet the characters are thought about, quoted, imitated in some way or another, just as truly as are personal acquaintances. Because the characters are idealized, they appeal to childish imaginations. Because they are clearly portrayed, their motives of action brought out definitely, children find it easier to understand these characters than to understand real people. The fact that this influence does not antagonize the child's temperament or mood, does not rouse its self-consciousness, makes it acceptable when that of real people would perhaps be resented.

Looking back through the years, I can see that Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" had a very decided influence in my life. I was ready to meet certain conditions and questions wisely, cheerfully, bravely, because Meg and Jo and Amy had done so, or tried to do so. I know I was helped as I should not have been by being criticized and told that I ought to do this or that. I also remember reading, when but a child, the story of an Indian girl who tramped miles and miles through a northern forest in dead of winter in search of her father. To me the picture of that girl so bravely and patiently enduring hardships was for years an inspiration to be patient and brave and resourceful when little privations and emergencies came to me. I know, too, that my brother and sister and my schoolmates were similarly influenced by their book acqaintances.

"Oliver Twist," the "dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell" of "Old Curiosity Shop," "Tom Sawyer," the hero of "The Lamplighter's Story," Hawthorne's characters, Rudyard Kipling's, George Henty's, Scott's, "Peck's Bad Boy"—how many, many children have known these characters intimately, and have done things they never would have done save for these book people!

Earnest and able writers devote their best efforts to creating characters real enough to influence the Wills and Johns and Ethels and Ruths of the reading world. One of the crying evils of the day is that of books whose characters, though really bad, are made attractive enough to affect boys and girls very seriously, and lead them into folly and evil.

On just the same principle that we strive to help our boys and girls to choose only helpful associates, we should strive to see that they read only books whose people are such as we would want them to have as most intimate friends. Such reading may include good, pure fiction of any class—the novel of romance, the historical novel, the novel dealing with matters of local interest; reliable history and biography; such poetry as they can understand; anything in which characters are human and do right in a possible way. Good books that rouse the imagination to a very considerable degree are really helpful to children; for, contradictory as the statement may sound, in reality we all do our best when we let imagination, the ideal, lead us on.

* * *

Burlington, Iowa, people had a choice of books for Christmas remembrances from two popular home authors. The venerable Dr. Salter furnished the Life of James W. Grimes, Words of Life, Schiller Memorial and Fifty Years' Pastorate. Mrs. J. L. Waite, wife of the editor of the Hawkeye and for years in charge of a department in the Sunday Hawkeye, contributed a choice volume, By the Thorn Road.

MRS. ELBERT HUBBARD

While everyone is familiar with the unique Mr. Hubbard, his wife is not so generally known. Recently she came more into the public eye through collaborating with her husband in writing the play, "Justinian and Theodora." Mrs. Hubbard is a very earnest and interesting person, and a many-sided one. She lectures, writes, designs, gardens, and rides horseback daily. She is also head housekeeper of her husband's famous Roycroft colony at East Aurora, N. Y. She believes that woman's work is anything which she can do well.

* * *

George Wharton James, the author and lecturer, objects to being called "Professor." In a letter to his publishers, who are about to bring out his two-volume book, "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert (Southern California)," he says: "I am not now a professor and never was, although the title was given me many years ago on account of my lecturing at various universities." Mr. James has returned to his Pasadena home from his shack in Colorado desert region. His new book will include an account of his recent perilous journey made down the overflow of the Colorado River to the mysterious Salton Sea.

* * *

General A. W. Greely, of the United States Army, predicted that the revised and enlarged editon of his "Handbook of Polar Discoveries" would hardly be off the press before Peary would be heard from. General Greeley was right. His authoritative resume of Arctic and Anarctic explorations from the earliest voyages down to and including the sailing of Peary on the "Roosevelt," had scarcely been published by Little,Brown & Co., Boston, when the newspapers heralded the news of Peary's latest polar-quest. The twelve maps and the bibliography in General Greely's handbook are of great value to those interested in the subject.

* * *

MISS MURFREE'S "AMULET"

Charles Egbert Craddock, otherwise Miss Mary N. Murfree, is said to be a St. Louis woman. About 1886 her stories of the Tennessee mountains were the vogue. They were marked by excellent depiction of character, some humor and a lush descriptiveness of natural scenery. She came after and was by some put in the same class with George W. Cable. Her "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" had a large free air about it that was palpitant with promise. Her short stories were good, feminized Bret Harte. "Playing Old Sledge at the Settlement" was almost of the Poker Flat *genre*. Her work since then has been tasteful, smooth, orderly, commendable but undistinguished, and now her latest story, "The Amulet" (Macmillan, New York,) is on the book stands. This, too, is smooth, easy, refined, but it doesn't make her people live as they lived in her first books. She sticks to her Tennessee locale, but goes back to prerevolutionary times and makes the tale a picture of women from Belgravia or Mayfair, on the frontier. It is a nice, calm story in which nothing much happens, in which the characters are conventionally presented, in which love has its way as against the designs of the ambitions. The story is a diluted bit of Fennimore Cooper. Some of the descriptive passages recall the earlier purple patches about the Great Smoky Mountains, but they recall them very much subdued in luxuriance. The incidents are decidedly deciduous. Indeed, the story is disappointing in its thinness, though the sketching in of the heroine discloses her as a very attractive girl, and her aunt or whatever relative she may be, is a somewhat amusing Gorgon. "The Amulet" is not notable for anything except the revelation that the finishing of the work atones for the lack of much substance in the subject matter. It is a good example of careful writing, but it is innocent of any penetrating quality. Pleasing it is, in a mild, suave sort of way, but it never once gets in to our emotional recesses. Miss Murfree has but vaguely made felt the wildness of the atmosphere, the thrill of the situation in which she places her characters at Fort Prince George, surrounded by the restless Cherokees, and the story's denouement from a conventional collocation of difficulties is artificial, though as we have said, well artificed. A book equably pleasurable in the reading, but unrememberable afterward.

* * *

The new pocket edition of the works of George Meredith, published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and now complete, will be gratefully welcomed by many readers. Each of the fourteen novels is to be complete in one volume, printed in good sized agreeable type, on opaque paper. It is not at all likely that posterity will rank Meredith above Thackeray, or even on so high a plane. But he is a writer of rare knowledge of men, and especially of women; of ripe culture, of strong sympathies, of keen wit. His books may never be popular in the broadest sense. They contain no food for infants. Meredith makes no concessions to the prejudices of the common mind. But the publication of this handy and cheap new edition of his works cannot fail to be of service, measurably, in increasing the public knowledge of Mr. Meredith's writings.

* * *

There are probably more books sold at Christmas time than in all the rest of the year. I went into Younker's to look over some of the lovely gift books and the crowd was so intense and so eager that I left to go back another day. But it was so day after day. The book counters were literally besieged. I finally made it one morning at eight o'clock. The dear little volmes, containing some old song or story from authors dead long years ago and yet of deeper interest than anything from the pens of moderns, will delight many a heart on Christmas day. I hope some of them will come my way.

* * *

"Bob Hampton of Placer" is one of the most fascinating, breathlessly interesting stories of the West that I have found for a long time, and I am very partial to Western stories. It contains cowboys and miners, soldiers of the regular army, and Indians. There is the pretty school-mistress from the effete East, and the little homeless waif brought up by old Gillis, the trader. The hero is introduced to us as a gambler and typical "bad man," but he wins us at once, and we watch with eagerness the unfolding of his better nature as he cares for the little Naida whom he rescues from the Indians. We cannot mourn when he falls bravely fighting in that gallant little ring about Custer on the Little Big Horn, for he has been completely vindicated and restored once again to his beloved Seventh Regiment, and his death is the one he would have chosen. There is humor and pathos, and strong character development, and the author, Randall Parrish, has certainly far surpassed all his former efforts. (McClurg & Co.)

* * *

A book which has great significance when compared with the "learning made easy" methods of today, is a faded, yellow-leaved book owned by County Superintendent J. M. Holliday, of Webster City, Iowa. It holds problems in arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry and surveying that were entered on its pages more than one hundred years ago, by a great uncle of the present owner.

* * *

In a recent magazine story of a Yale-Harvard boat race, the captain of the Harvard crew is deposed a few days before the contest because of conditions over which he has no control. In a conversation with his mother over the affair, she utters these words: "You have tried your best; you rowed as well as you knew how, and the crew was everything to you, just as it ought to be—but some day you may have larger troubles, and they, too, shall pass away, and more and more you will come back to the simple gospel that I have tried to teach you—that there is only one standard by which to judge success or failure. Is the thing worth while, and have you done your best in the best way to gain it?"

Such a standard is worthy of all acceptation. Judged by this criterion how many successes would be counted as failures, and failures stand forth as successes!

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CAFE

DO SO DURING THE HOLIDAYS,

FOR EVERYTHING IS

COOKED DELICIOUSLY

AND IS WELL SERVED

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
  And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
    Old year, you must not die;
    You came to us so readily,
    You lived with us so steadily,
    Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
    Old year, you must not go;
    So long as you have been with us,
    Such joy as you have seen with us,
    Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
    Old year, you shall not die;
    We did so laugh and cry with you,
    I've half a mind to die with you,
    Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
    Everyone for his own,
    The night is starry and cold, my friend,
    And the New-year blithe and bold, my
    Comes up to take his own. [friend,

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
    Shake hands, before you die.
    Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
    What is it we can do for you?
    Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
    And waiteth at the door.
    There's a new foot on the floor,
      my friend,
    And a new face at the door, my friend.
    A new face at the door.

—*Lord Tennyson*

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FEBRUARY ·19

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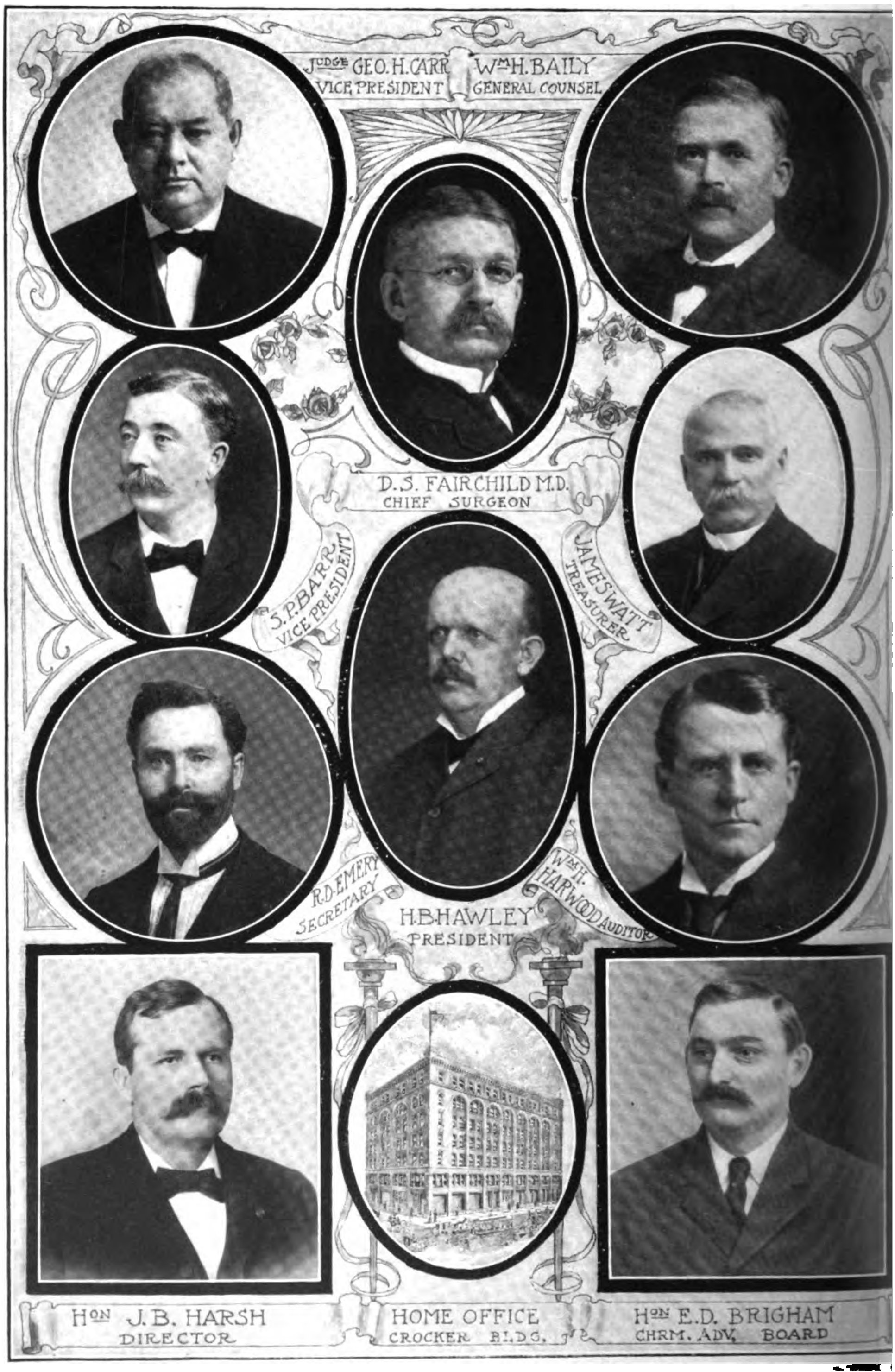
Des Moin Iowa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The last annual report published by the Iowa Insurance Department shows that the Grea Western Accident of Des Moines had more policy holders in Iowa than any Iowa Compan and had more insurance in force than all the Iowa companies reporting to the Department combined.

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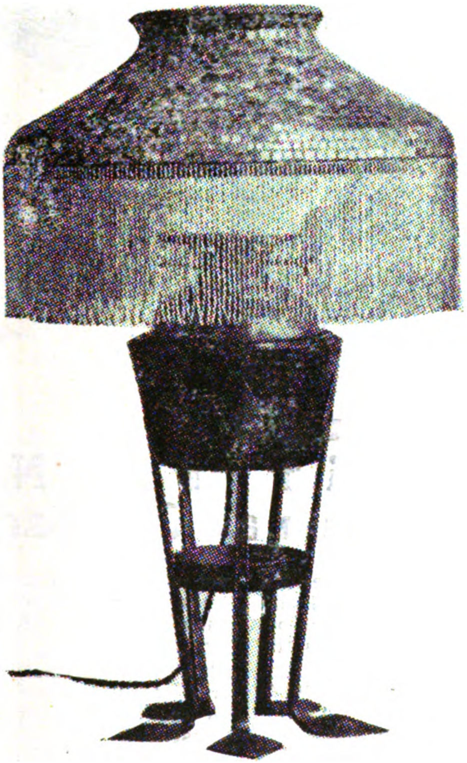

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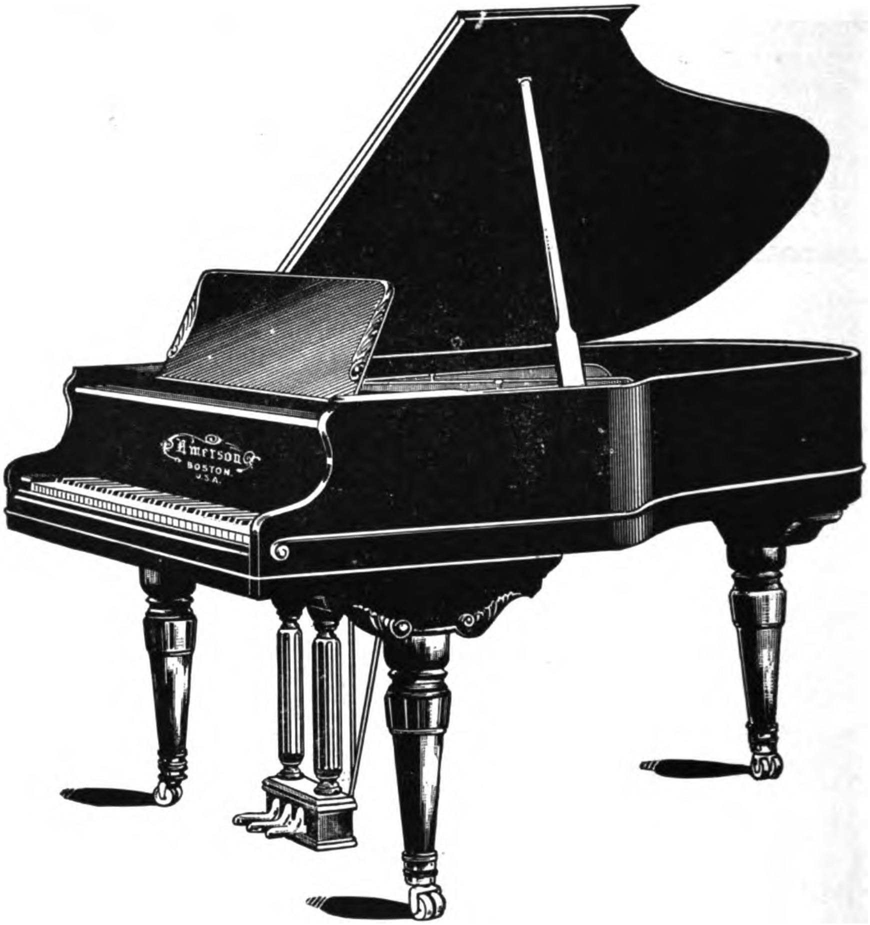

Technical Criticism on the Newest Production from an Old Factory

By a process of case elimination and a readjustment of the scale, a large Grand piano has at last been constructed which occupies no more space in the home than the ordinary small Grand.

The Emerson Piano Co., for sixty years leaders in the building of artistic pianos, spent several years in painstaking study and experiment before offering this wonderful Grand to the musicians of the United States. In less than two years it has gained recognition as the most powerful Grand, for its size, ever produced

The Editor of the New York Musical Courier, himself a fine musician, as well as a competent critic of experience and ability, states as follows: "I took a look at the instruments (Emerson Short Grand) and shall never forget with what singular force and accent their tone and tone quality struck me. I have been accustomed to some surprises in the piano trade, but I have never yet played on a piano—a new form of piano—that with its first examples so completely surprised me."

The Musical Age says: "Of the Emerson Short Grand itself we can speak only in warm terms for it is a remarkable example of accomplishment within limited lines of construction."

The Boston Correspondent of the "Music Trades" writes: "It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the artistic completeness of the new small Grand piano which has been added to the product of the Emerson Piano Co."

The musical public of Des Moines is respectfully invited to pass criticism and judgment upon this wonderful piano. It is possible to see this piano only at the ware-rooms of Edward H. Jones & Son, who are the sole dealers in Northern Iowa for this extraordinary instrument.

COME!

EDWARD H. JONES & SON, 513-515 LOCUST STREET.

"LARGEST PIANO HOUSE IN IOWA"

We Insure Every

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If She Uses

Meadow Gold Butter

MEADOW GOLD BUTTER

on her table and in her cooking, she will be using

The Best Butter

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THE DES MOINES CAPITAL has attained the largest circulation ever attained by an Iowa newspaper. The circulation during 1906 averaged 41,751 copies. This means that nearly every person in Des Moines and central Iowa reads the Capital. This means that the Capital is seen by over 200,000 people daily. The Capital has become one of the powerful forces in the Mississippi Valley. It is recognized all over the United States as the biggest newspaper in the State of Iowa. The Capital has been published for more than sixteen years by Lafayette Young. Mr. Young has been for more than thirty years a strong personality in the public affairs of Iowa. The Capital is distinctively a home newspaper. It is issued every evening in the week except Sunday and enters into the home life of all of its patrons. The Capital has been bountifully appreciated by advertisers and regularly publishes the largest amount of advertising of any Iowa newspaper. It is frequently stated concerning the Capital that it is the one newspaper in nearly every home and the only newspaper in thousands of Des Moines homes.

C. C. PUGH, President **J. C. PUGH, Secretary**

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We do not come to you with a "sure thing" nor a "get-rich-quick" proposition, but just a straight,, honest business proposition. Will you extend us the courtesy of reading these few lines:

Mr. W. H. Stillwell was for many years a leading Rock Island railway official, and later General Manager of the Argentine Central railway in Colorado. One month ago he resigned to become president of the Iowa-Missouri Development Company. They have eighty acres very choice mineral bearing ground in Ripley county, Missouri, which has been proved. Associated with Mr. Stillwell are the following gentlemen:

C. W. Jones, Des Moines, Iowa, Division Supt. Rock Island Railway, Vice President. M. M. Ferguson, Des Moines, Iowa, with the Chicago Lumber Company, Des Moines, Iowa, Treasurer. J. C. Pugh, of the Pugh Investment Company, Secretary. Dr. E. R. Smith, of the Home Surgical Infirmary at Toledo, Iowa, and Col. P. L. Seyer, of Stuart, Iowa, with the first officers named constitute the directors. Dr. Smith is one of the leading physicians of the State. All clean men; just such men as would not allow their names connected with a company that was not gilt edge in every way.

The company owns its property, fully paid and no indebtedness. They have lots of wood and good water and the very best transportation facilities.

Here is what they are going to do: Take out the mineral just as fast as possible and pay back to stockholders all they have put in. Then keep up the dividends and establish a sinking fund and put up a good mill. The capitalization is 1,500,000 shares, par value $1 each, 800,000 shares in the treasury. We are selling the first clock of stock at 15 cents per share.

500 Shares	$ 75
1,000 Shares	150

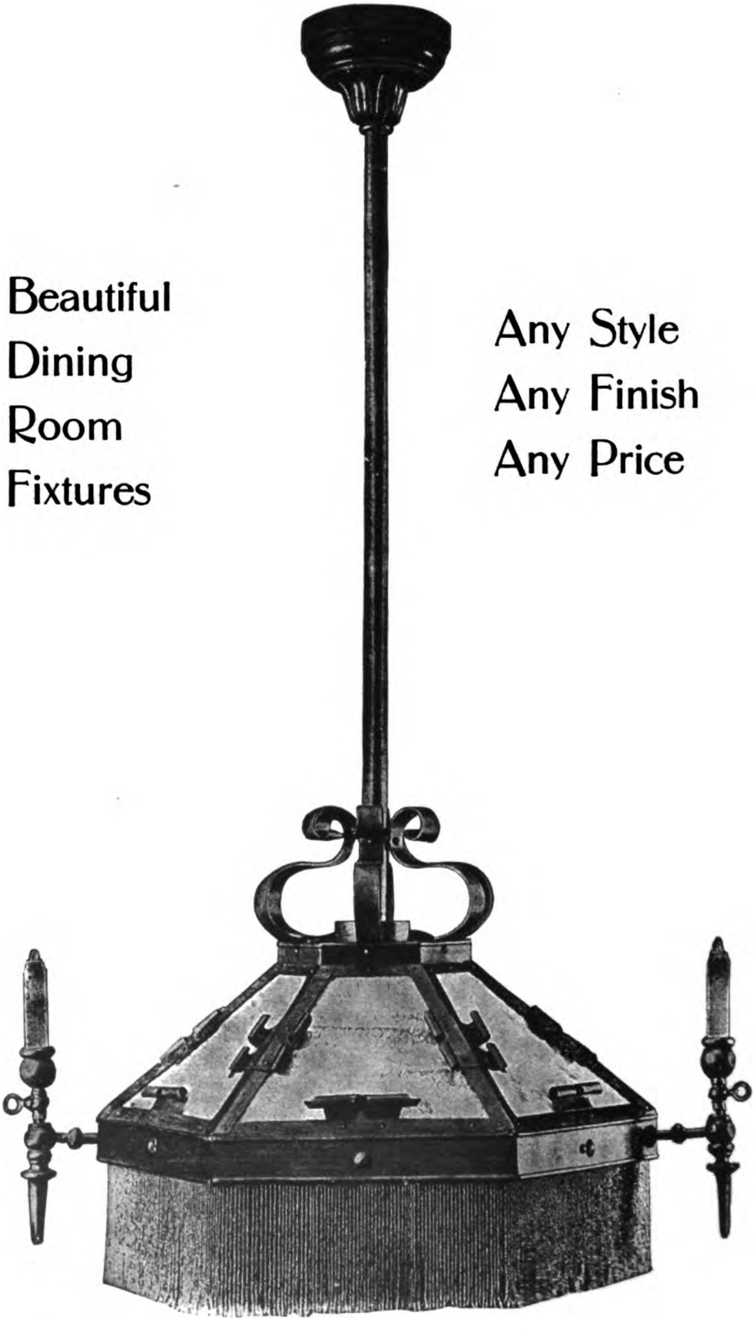
On 1,000 shares pay down $50 and $50 in thirty days and $50 in sixty days. Your certificate will then be sent you fully paid, non-assessable. And please note this: Strong interests are behind this company. They are determined to have this stock sell at $1 per share on the exchanges in one year. *And they will do it.* That means for every $150 you put in now you get $1,000, besides the dividends you have drawn.

We know this is one of the strongest companies it would be possible to organize. We know they own their own ground and that it's fully paid. We know it proved to be rich in lead. We know they have set a high mark for the Iowa-Missouri Development Company and that they are going to have an active market for their stock at constantly advancing prices. We also know that they are putting their own money into this and that their strong friends are buying the stock. We feel absolutely certain that one year will see the stock readily selling at one dollar per share. The gentlemen who compose the company are putting heart and soul into it. We wish you could know them personally as we do.

It is with pleasure we offer this stock. We know the men back of it so well, we know their determination to make this a wonderful success, and hence we urge our clients to buy all the stock they can. Good investments are making men large profits. In this your money goes to work for you immediately. But if you care for the stock at 15 cents buy it now. The next offering will be put on at 30 cents per share and then very soon at 60 cents per share. Des Moines people who know the men comprising the company bought stock before we issued any literature. Address,

C. C. PUGH,

310 Crocker Building, DES MOINES, IOWA



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Any Finish
Any Price

DES MOINES GAS COMPANY

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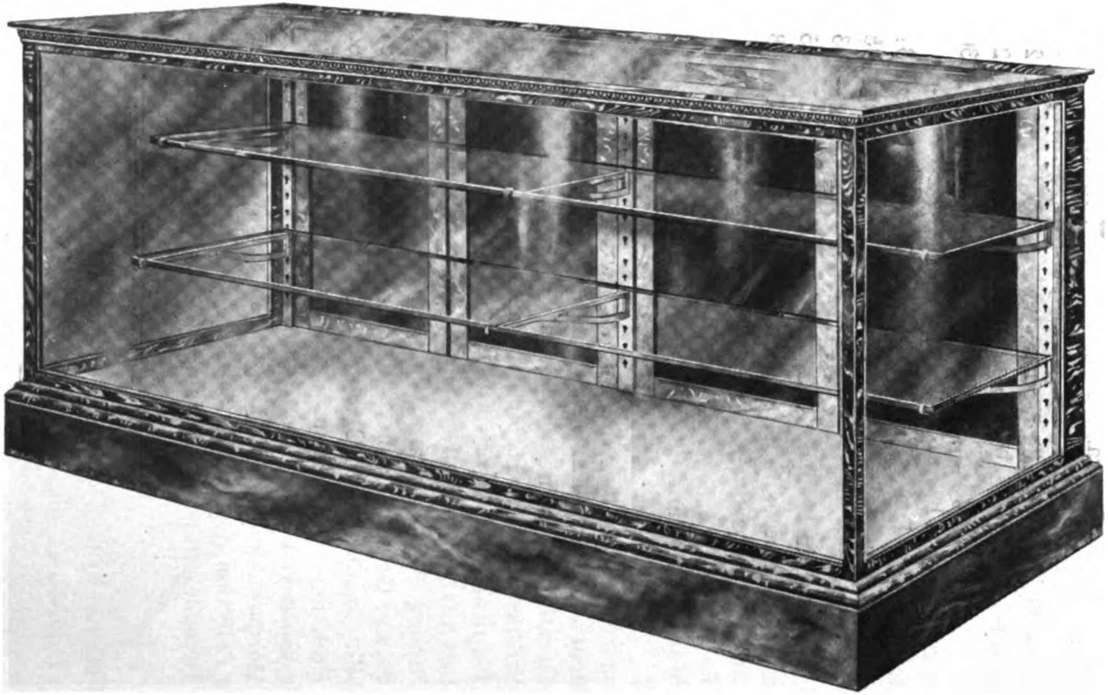

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The Central State Bank

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DES MOINES, IOWA

STATEMENT JANUARY 23RD. 1907

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	$859.308 66	Capital Stock	$ 50,000.00
Overdrafts	8,554.38	Surplus Fund	50,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00	Undivided Profits	3,526.83
Cash and Due from Banks	185,306.72	Deposits	951,142.93
	$1.054,669.76		$1,054,669.76

OFFICERS

H. B. HEDGE, President — J. D. WHISENAND, Vice-President — F. L. WAKLER, Cashier

DIRECTORS

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H. B. HEDGE — J. D. BERRYHILL — R. DEMPSTER
J. W. HILL — W. H. LANGAN — R. T. WELLSLAGER — J. D. WHISENAND

The Des Moines National Bank

S. E. Corner
Sixth and Walnut Sts.

Des Moines,
Iowa

Capital	$ 300,000.
Surplus and Profits	80,000.
Deposits	3,600,000.

A Gain of over $900,000.00 in Deposits in the Year 1906.

We have the only Savings Department in Des Moines that is under the direct supervision of the United States Government. Interest paid at the rate of 4 per cent per annum.

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..Wholesale *and* Retail..

Jewelry, Watches

***and* Diamonds**

Announcement

IN placing your jewelry purchases for 1907, remember that 'one sure way' to increase your bank account and add to your pleasure, will be found at this store.

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For Carefully Prepared

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DRUG LINE

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LAWRENCE DRUG CO.

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Dr. F. Duncan

OCULIST

544 Good Block

S. JOSEPH & SONS

Dealers in

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BOX LINE

Letter Files and Mailing Tubes Our Office Specialty.

"All Work Guaranteed"

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—OF—

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Suite 306 Crocker Building,
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A. H. MILES

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SIXTH AND LOCUST
DES MOINES, IOWA

"Everything Known In Music"

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EVERETT
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Merit Has Made It Famous.

Quality is Remembered when Price is Forgotten

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Many other makes of the highest order. Largest stock of music in Iowa.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

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of DES MOINES, IOWA

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

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S. A. MERRILL,	Vice-President
GEO. E. PEARSALL,	Cashier
GEO. COOPER,	Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

W. E. COFFIN
GEORGE E. KING
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Make Secure
The Musical Opportunities
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By Providing Them With a
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YOUR ACCOUNT SOLICITED

ALFRED HAMMER, - - President
C. W. MENNIG, - - Vice-President
R. A. CRAWFORD, - - Cashier

Directors
Alfred Hammer
D. S. Chamberlain
R. A. Crawford
G. W. Mennig
L. Harbach
Chas. H. Weitz
P. Collins
M. Stalker

Capital and Surplus, $422,321.11

Valley National Bank
of DES MOINES, IOWA

Corner Fourth Street and Court Ave.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

R. A. CRAWFORD, - - President
D. S. CHAMBERLAIN, - Vice-President
W. E. BARRETT, - - Cashier

Directors
R. A. Crawford
Alfred Hammer
W. W. Lyons
Thos. F. Stevenson
H. M. Rollins
D. S. Chamberlain
W. C. Harbach
C. W. Mennig
E. W. Stanton

Capital - - $200,000.00
Surplus - - $100,000.00

Insurance Directory of Des Moines

INSURANCE—LIFE AND ACCIDENT.

Aetna Life Ins. Co......401-2 I. L. & T. Bldg.
American Life Ins. Co....516 C. N. B. Bldg.
Bankers Life Ass'n........7th Equitable Bldg.
Bankers Mutual Casualty Co.......................9th Observatory Bldg.
Central Life Assurance Society...........................605 Observatory Bldg.
Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. Co.................................C. N. B. Bldg.
Des Moines Life Ins. Co...6th Crocker Bldg.
Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York ....1st Equitable Bldg.
Equitable Life Ins. Co. of Iowa..........................2d Youngerman Bldg.
Farnsworth, Geo. M...........................
Fidelity Mutual Life Ins. Co..618 C. N. B. Bldg.
Fidelity & Casualty Co. of New York ....712 C. N. B. Bldg.
Fleming Bros. Mutual ....2d Crocker Bldg.
Great Western Accident Ass'n..Crocker Bldg.
Guaranty Mutual Life Ins. Co..301 Clapp Blk.
Home Life Ins. Co., Mark M. Shaw, Mgr. ....309 Crocker Bldg.
Iowa State Traveling Men's Ass'n...........................508 Crocker Bldg.
Limited Term Life Ass'n, T. H. Knotts, Sec. .... 405 Youngerman Bldg.
Lantz, H. H., & Co...........200 Fifth St.
McAuley Bros............203 Observatory Bldg.
Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. of New York ....402 Observatory Bldg.
Miller, Elliott S., Dist. Supt. Conn. Mut. Life ....609 C. N. B. Bldg.
National Life Ass'n........315 C. N. B. Bldg.
National Life Ins. Co. of America.............................511-14 Equitable Bldg.
North American Accident Ins. Co................................700 Walnut St.
North-Western Mutual Life Ins. Co. of Milwaukee ....504 Youngerman Bldg.
Penn Mutual Life Ins. Co., Rumsey Bros., Gen'l Agts. ....505 Equitable Bldg.
Phoenix Mutual Life Ins. Co...............................301-2 I. L. & T. Bldg.
Provident Savings & Life Assurance Co. ....311 C. N. B. Bldg.
Prudential Insurance Co. of America .... Masonic Temple
Preferred Accident Ins. Co..614 C. N. B. Bldg.
Royal Union Mutual Life Ins. Co..............................8th Equitable Bldg.
Quint, A. U.............9th Observatory Bldg.
Travelers Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn. .... 306 Crocker Bldg.
Van Slyke, Chas. B., Mut. Ben. Life Ins. Co. ....404 C. N. B. Bldg.
Washington Life Ins. Co...410 Equitable Bldg.
White, W. H. ....440 Good Blk.

INSURANCE—FIRE, HAIL AND TORNADO.

Alverson & Montrose..........700 Walnut St.
Anchor Fire Ins. Co...............Marquardt Blk.
Baird-Chenoweth-Taylor-Crawford Co.................... 703 Observatory Bldg.
Bankers Mutual Casualty Co..........................900 Observatory Bldg
Browne, O. L. F., Sec. Mut. Fire, Wind &Hail Ins. Co. ......709 Observatory Bldg.
Capital Ins. Co...............416 Fourth St.
Century Fire Ins. Co..........4th Clapp Blk.
Christie, J. T., & Co.......403 E. Fifth St.
Clarke, A. E., & Co.....5th Manhattan Bldg.
Des Moines Fire Ins. Co....Fourth & Locust
Des Moines Mutual Hail Ins. Ass'n...........................405 Crocker Bldg.
Forbes, W. D.................................
Farmers Mutual Hail Ins. Ass'n......................309-12 Observatory Bldg.
Fidelity Fire Ins. Co......E. Sixth & Walnut
Gibson & Jones ....210 Fifth St.
Grain Growers Mutual Hail Ins. Ass'n of Iowa. ....
Home Ins. Co. of N. Y....3d Observatory Bldg.
Harter-Ballard Co. ....Sixth & Locust
Hawkeye Ins. Co.............207 Fourth St.
Hirst, Chas. D., Agt. Phoenix Ins. Co.................... 403 Observatory Bldg.
Huffman, G. I................Fourth & Locust
Holton, Geo. W. ....422 Clapp Blk.
Iowa State Traveling Men's Ass'n.... .... 508 Crocker Bldg.
Iowa Mutual Tornado Ins. Ass'n...........................709-10 Crocker Bldg.
Lantz, H. H., & Co., Insurance & Surety Bonds ....200 Fifth St.
Loose, B. F., & Co...........2d Watrous Blk.
Merchants & Bankers Fire Ins. Co.. .... 609 Crocker Bldg.
Mill Owners Mutual Fire Ins. Co.......................410 Manhattan Bldg.
Packard, W. S. ....621 C. N. B. Bldg.
Percival & Porter ....Fifth St.
Roddy, A. T., & Co..............2d K. P. Blk.
Springer Agency, the W. H..311 Crocker Bldg.
State Ins. Co. ....510 Observatory Bldg.
Iowa Mutual Dwelling House Fire Ins. Ass'n ....7th Crocker Bldg.
Thomas, Ira B. ....421 Crocker Bldg.
Wilcox, Howell & Hopkins......207 Fourth St.
Witmer & Kauffman....203 Manhattan Bldg.
Woodbury, Geo. W. ....420-22 Clapp Blk.

We regret the omission of many of our departments this month, but feel that the splendid articles we are presenting will more than make up for this. Next month the departments will be resumed in better shape than ever.

The Glasgow 316 SIXTH AVE. Des Moines
Makers of Men's Fine Clothes
SUIT OR OVERCOAT TO ORDER
NO MORE $15 NO LESS
A Thousand Styles—A Single Price
316 SIXTH AVE. Des Moines The Glasgow

ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1907

Century Fire Insurance Co.

DES MOINES, IOWA

GEO. J. DELMEGE, President
JNO. J. BYNON, Secretary
JNO. M. REED, Counselor
J. R. HURLBUT, Director

EDWIN A. NYE, Vice President
HOMER A. MILLER, Treasurer
C. L. BEATTY, Supt. of Agencies
C. O. GOODWIN, Director

ASSETS	
Bills Receivable - -	$182,723.51
First Mortgage Farm Loans and Approved Stock Securities - - -	105,480.00
Cash on hand - - -	14,530.19
Cash in the hands of Agents (secured) - - -	4,604.66
Other Assets - - -	1,924.58
Total - . - -	$309,262.94

LIABILITIES	
Losses Adjusted and due	None
Losses Adjusted not due	None
Capital Stock - - -	$100,000.00
Re-insurance Reserve -	166,427.28
All Other Liabilities -	5,818 60
Net Surplus - - -	**37,017.06**
Total - - -	$309,262 94

Surplus to Policy Holders - - - - - $137,017.06

CENTURY'S RECORD
OF GROWTH AND PROGRESS

	INCOME		ASSETS
1900-	$19,144,55	JAN. 1, 1901–	$116,042.39
1901–	$83,636.93	JAN. 1, 1902–	$162,518.22
1902–	$95,160,52	JAN. 1, 1903–	$201,502.99
1903–	$111,121.48	JAN. 1, 1904–	$ 234,831.41
1904–	$117,507.51	JAN. 1, 1905–	$265.916.70
1905–	$119,133.20	JAN. 1, 1906–	$286,742.66
1906–	$133,151 71	JAN. 1, 1907–	$309,262.94

ASSETS OVER $300,000.00

HOME OFFICE: 502, 504, 506, 508, 510 Clapp Block
DES MOINES, IOWA

Midwinter in the Iowa Forests

THAT DES MOINES is the Hartford of the middle west, is surely a matter of pride to every loyal Iowan. The insurance business has done more to build up Des Moines than any other one interest, or than many other interests combined. From the very beginning of the business in the state, all lines of insurance have been represented by the best men in the community, men of high place as citizens, who have made their homes in the city and state and are heart and soul identified with all of our interests. The roll of insurance men who have distinguished themselves in many ways that have brought honor to Des Moines and Iowa, is a long one. It is, therefore, with pride and pleasure that the pages of this issue of THE MIDWESTERN are given over to the showing forth something of the importance of the insurance business in Des Moines.

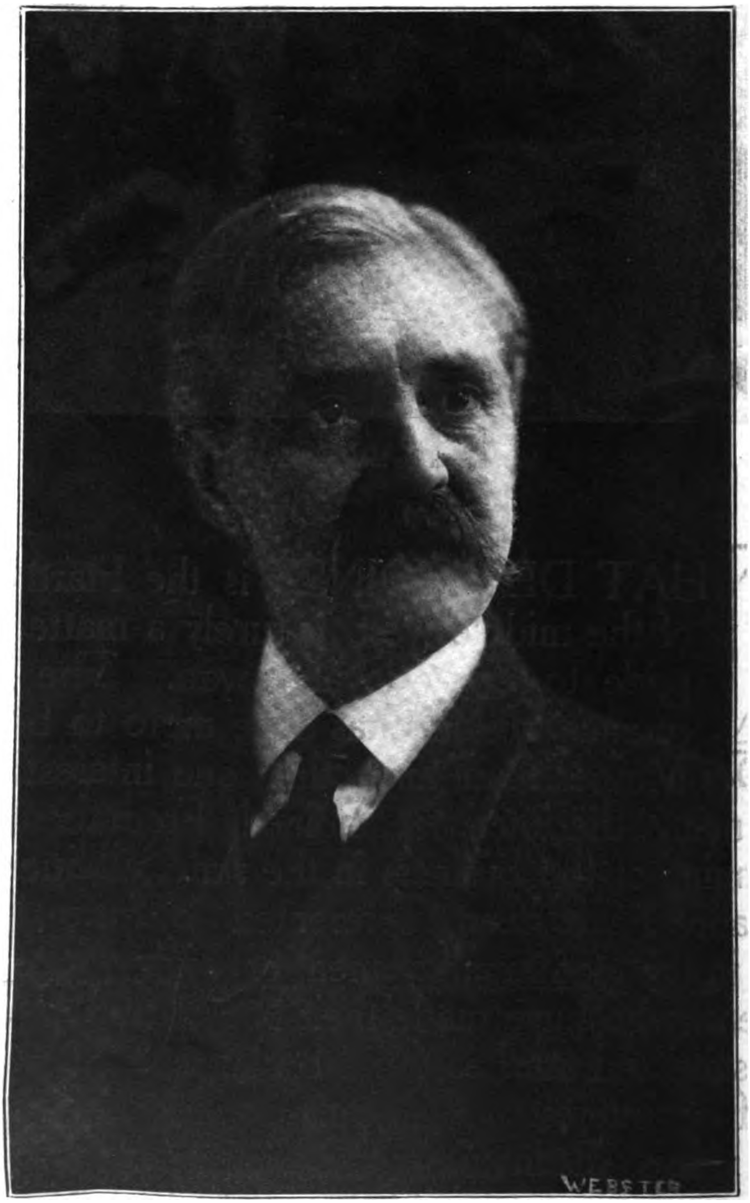


PHOTO BY WEBSTER

ALBERT BAIRD CUMMINS

By the Will of the People Governor for a Third Term in the State of Iowa

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME I
FEBRUARY, 1907
NUMBER 6

THE PLOT AGAINST CUMMINS

Malcolm MacKinnon

EVEN when contemplating the possibility that complete re-establishment of popular government may not come to Iowa except through the instrumentality of a purged and invigorated Democracy, one must still grant that whatever of success has thus far attended the movement for abolition of government by corporation manipulation properly belongs and should be freely accorded to one of the contemporary leaders of the Republican party, Albert B. Cummins, present governor of the state.

The power of a single individual to shape a situation involving the interests of millions of his fellows and having consequences reaching far into the future, and to do this in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles, has never been more fully demonstrated than in the case of this man, who, on account of this achievement, ranks easily first among all of the great men of the state in the past and present, and, on the ground of meritorious achievement and genuine service to his fellowmen, is today held in the very highest esteem throughout the whole country.

If anyone had predicted, ten years ago, that the time was soon to come when the corporation manipulators of Iowa politics would be hard put to it and driven to all sorts of expedients to make any sort of a showing, he would have been looked upon as a visionary.

Blythe was then in a position to make bold and had sent his father-in-law to the United States senate. The forces of which he was one of the masters had been able to muster a majority on all occasions when they were not taken by surprise. Better than all else, from the point of view of these masters of intrigue, it was the settled disposition of the public to regard the existing state of affairs as one that rose fairly out of the situation of things, one that was to be deplored, no doubt, but one that, nevertheless, it was impossible to remedy.

The dignity which surrounds the successful, no matter with what intent or by what means success has been achieved, was lending itself to the purposes of these agents and lobbyists. They and those who had supinely served them were garbed in the raiment of respectability. The most clever and prosperous section of the press was sounding their praises and things had, indeed, progressed to the point at which, displaying the same characteristic of human nature as that which leads a knave to justify his conduct to his own satisfaction and to regard himself as no longer a knave, the manipulators had come to take themselves seriously in the roles they had assumed, and, forgetting the true quality of their employment and activity, reckoned themselves as nothing less than statesmen who were seeking the highest welfare of the commonwealth.

Moreover, these men were accepted very generally at their own appraisement of themselves and, with a shamelessness now almost beyond conception, the dominant party gave recognition in its councils to those opposed to government by and for the people and hostile to the carrying out of vital guarantees of the constitution and to all the memories that had been preserved in the traditions of what the fathers of the Republic intended American institutions to be. They were permitted, without protest, to appear publicly at conventions and conferences and they were even elevated to high place and honor. It was not even held to be a disgrace to send these men to national gatherings of the party as accredited delegates, and, when it was publicly chronicled that Mr. Blythe or Mr. Hubbard or any of their creatures and instruments had arrived at Des Moines during a session of the legislature, no scandal resulted and no objection was offered by those who, one would now think, would have been quick to resent the inferences the public might draw.

To such a pass had the politics of the state been brought on account of the corporation rule of the south one-third of the state and the use of it as an assured base for the erection of a machine that had its representatives in all the other parts of Iowa. The leaders of sentiment who were not in leash to considerations of self-interest, were restrained by motives of policy. Manipulation had become the government de facto, and public opinion recognized it as that.

This is not to say that there were not at that time men in Iowa who felt, and felt keenly, the humiliation their manhood and sense of citizenship was forced to endure by reason of the attitude of subserviency to which the state had been brought. There have always been materials with which to organize a rebellion against usurpation of government by railroad attorneys who had come to regard the details of party politics as being quite as fully within the range of their professional duties as were ever any of the matters indisputably within the scope of their practice. The falsity of the pretensions of the manipulators, the grovelling of those who held political lease of life at their hands, the hypocrisy of the whole system, were as nauseating then as now. Not a few even of the instruments smarted from the lash of the transportation bosses and it is not beyond proof that high officials of the railroads, in moments when conscience reproved and in the days before they were hardened to their tasks, visibly fretted under the necessities of the situation, holding that their employment by the companies did not release them from obligations as American citizens.

So, doubtless, Temple felt when he attempted to be a tribune of the people. So, perhaps, matters seemed to Shaw when he was still at Denison and was dreaming of place and power and a career of usefulness to his country, before he encountered the stern necessity of bowing to the will of the bosses and of accepting notoriety in lieu of fame. These, and many other gifted men were not sufficient to the task of leading a revolt with any hope of success. It is regrettable that they did not make the effort vigorously, but they ought not to be criticized harshly for remissness in that regard.

Cummins, too, might have steered his course by the manipulators' compass and they would have gladly assisted him in the promotion of his individual fortunes. He would have been a vast power for them, just as he has been the overshadowing figure in leadership for the people. He could, however, do what Temple and Shaw could have no hope of doing.

His history during the last decade, moreover, indicates unmistakably that he was fully aware of his power to put the bosses to discomfiture. It, therefore came to him to choose which path he should pursue, the short and easy one allegiance to the railroads offered, or the long and difficult one he would have to tread if he arrived at his ambitions through genuine leadership of the people and the discharge of every obligation he felt he was under as a man and a citizen.

The whole world knows what choice he made and how shrewdly and skillfully he laid his plans to drive the corporations out of the politics of Iowa. He did not make the mistake that Temple made in showing his hand at a time when he was not sure of his trumps. Temple was as helpless politically as a new-born babe, when he had shot his wad in the form of the amendment to the constitution which bears his name. Confession and self-flagellation and humble submission to the will of Blythe were the price of a return to place for the Osceola man.

In striking contrast is the position in which Cummins was when he defied the power of the manipulators and gave them to understand that at last he was ready to give them blow for blow, extending no quarter and not expecting to be under the necessity of asking any. That scene during which, as governor, he told a man who is now president of one of the greatest railway systems in the country that the suggestion of service of the railroads instead of service of the people was abhorrent to his nature and insulting in the last degree, deserves to be placed on canvas. with pigments under the brush of the greatest master of historical painting and to be hung in the most conspicuous place in the capitol at Des Moines, for it was in very truth the Iowa dec-

GEORGE D. PERKINS

laration of independence from tyranny and oppression.

When the Molesberry bill, an act to remove the debt limitation of corporations so far as railroads were concerned, was passed by both houses of the legislature in the first month of 1902, Mr. Cummins had just become governor, but he was already the leader of the largest element in his party and the element which was dominant. For years he had been at work uniting those that were dissatisfied and disgusted with the rule of the manipulators. With this organization he had twice measured strength with Blythe and Hubbard, once when he sought to succeed the father-in-law of the former as United States senator and again when he put his strength against that of the bosses and, in spite of all the chicanery they were able to employ with a skill produced by long practice, was able to win the nomination for the first time to the office he still holds. He had barely been defeated for the senate and he had fairly won the governorship nomination after having to fight for it every inch of the way. As a result his following was enthusiastic and united and he was in a position to assert himself as he could not have done a few years before, without certainty of jeopardizing the chances of the reform he had set out to achieve. The Molesberry bill meant the New Jerseyizing of Iowa so far as the railroads were concerned. Governor Cummins did not hesitate to let it be known that he intended to veto it. Yet it was brought to him by the general attorney of one of the railroads with the request that he sign it. The conversation that followed is too well known to be repeated here. The governor indignantly resented the thought that he would under any circumstances violate the oath he had taken a few days before on the occasion of his inauguration and, when he was pressed further to do the thing he had declared he would not do, he ordered his visitor, a personal friend and, indeed, a protege of his, to leave the room.

Blythe and Hubbard had always looked with suspicion upon Cummins because he would not lend his influence as a citizen tothe purposes of the railroads. He would not even enter into any contract to devote his energies in a professional way to the roads. He was at their service for specific cases, just as he was at the service of other possible clients, and when retained he gave to the case in hand all the energy and ability of which he was capable. But he would not lobby for the companies or for anybody else. He confined his activities strictly within the limits prescribed by the ethics of the legal profession. In other words he was in the market for the sale of his work in the field of law, but he would not sell himself for any amount nor to anyone. He was easily the leader of the Iowa bar. The best arguments from all points of view that were ever heard in the Iowa supreme court were from his lips. John W. Gates offered to buy him on the installment plan for fifty thousand dollars a year with a whole life contract, but there was nothing doing.

When the gauntlet had been thrown down in the matter of the Molesberry bill, Blythe planned to effect a return to supreme power and he laid his plans carefully after a close scrutiny of the situation. He saw that the issue could not be joined in 1903 because of the two-term custom and the danger of showing his hand if he attempted to ignore it. He decided that the battle must be delayed until Cummins sought a third term, as the manipulator clearly foresaw the governor would have to do. The Burlington man did not deceive himself with the thought that the task was to be an easy one. He set about to choose the field of battle. In other words, he pressed the biennial election amendment, a measure having merit in itself and therefore very generally supported, but calculated by Blythe merely as a means of making the gubernatorial election of 1905, as the existing law fixed it, fall in 1906, when there would be congressional tickets also in the field and when the whole force of the Washington senators and representatives could be used in suppressing any special effort on Cummins' behalf, urging that for the sake of harmony and republican supremacy in congress, state matters should not be generally discussed in the preliminary campaign lest bitterness be engendered and the whole ticket in many of the districts be defeated. The governor expressed himself in favor of the biennial election amendment because it was a good thing for the people of the state. The governor's friends also favored it. Many of the newspapers devoted to his interest commended it as a wise measure. So it came about that it was very generally regarded as an administration measure and further color of truth was given this impression by the pretended opposition of the railroad press. Only the closest observers could see the hand of Blythe in the whole deal at that time, though his attitude toward the amendment and his reasons for that attitude are transparently plain now. In the light of the happenings of the last summer and fall, it is not hard to conjecture how easy it would have been for Governor Cummins to get the third nomination almost unanimously, if it had not been for the complication of the congressional elections. Blythe saw that without the delay of the election of governor from 1905 to 1906, he would not only be unable to regain prestige in the party, but would surely witness the total routing and perhaps the entire extermination of his support. He had reason, therefore, to feel that he had accomplished very much when the amendment became a part of the constitution.

He did not rest there, however. He made a systematic effort to win influential supporters from the governor and to develop on the part of the newspapers under his control a concerted and persistent attack on the motives and actions of Cummins with the purpose of creating wrong impressions in the minds of as many of the voters as possible. He was also wholly successful in effecting organization along this line. A most conscienceless course was pursued by a large number of the papers of the state, including some of those of longest standing and greatest reputation. Every device known to the newspaper thug was employed by publishers. Always there was an effort to damn the governor with faint praise, sometimes a half truth served to make a meritorious action on his part appear odious. Frequently lies out of whole cloth were edited and passed about. Misrepresentation was carried to an extent never before known in the history of the state.

Mr. Blythe's strategy in this respect was also justified by the results. Besides being the best liked man in the state, Governor Cummins came to be the most cordially detested. In many of the counties where only the papers of the railroad section of the press circulated, hatred of the governor was held as a treasured personal possession and returns from parts of the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh districts later indicated how accurately the arch manipulator had counted on the influence of his newspaper allies in the grand effort to defeat Cummins, scheduled, through passage of the biennial elections amendment, to take place in 1906.

It would be fairly amazing to the hundreds of thousands of those who have followed the career of Governor Cummins sympathetically and with ever-increasing delight at the independence of the man and his proved devotion to duty if they could witness a reception such as he frequently received during his recent preliminary canvass of counties where the people read only those papers that had been for years misrepresenting him. If one imagines himself standing before an audience every man in which has brought a bomb in his pocket with intention of hurling it at the speaker, one can get an idea of the cordiality with which Cummins was sometimes greeted. Beloved as no man has ever been beloved in Iowa and as few men had been beloved anywhere, he was welcomed with the warmth almost of filial devotion by the young men of most parts of the state, and the older men greeted him as a brother with whom they were well pleased. An even more convincing evidence of the esteem in which he was held in homes of the state is the fact that no child, and thousands sought to meet him, was ever abashed in his presence. The expression on the faces of the children was always that of pleasure, good will and confidence, a sure proof of the fireside view of the man, in the families to which these children belonged. The little folks, in those parts of the state where public opinion had been befogged with falsehood did not seek the governor in great numbers, however, and there were whole townships where, last summer, their elders could scarcely bring themselves to speak civilly to him. This did not prevent the governor from taking advantage of opportunities to address the people of such communities and some of the most eloquent and convincing arguments he made last summer were directed at rows of faces that had prejudice and dislike written all over them. Knowing the unprecedented nature of the fight that was being made against him and which he had to meet and overcome almost single handed, Governor Cummins tried himself out before several gatherings of this kind early in his canvass.

Even before the time when there was a serious effort to dethrone the railroad attorneys in Iowa politics, newspaper publishers got on their high horses of indignation once in a while and announced their determination to be free. They declared that their names should never again be inscribed in the list of those who allowed the public to be yoked and blinded and yet made no outcry. Many ways existed, however, to reach the insurgent press and the usual ending of one of these episodes of revolt was acquisition of chilled extremities by the editor. The local railroad attorney and agent scowled at him whenever they met him and the supervisors developed cases of conscience and talked of letting the printing go to the lowest bidder. His ready prints came short in number or the wrong size for his press, or the column rules had been inverted. After a while they began to come on the wrong day, too late for the customary date of publication. Then they failed to come at all or developed wonderful facility in being missent. It was usually at this juncture that the journalist revised his ideas of reform and indicated to his readers that he had been grossly misinformed. If still stiff-necked, he had the pleasure of being called to the bank to tell when he could arrange that matter which had been outstanding so long and with regard to which, it seemed, there that been every possible courtesy already extended, consistent with the most liberal views of conservative banking.

Lately there has been a disposition in many quarters to condemn in strongest terms the subserviency of a great part of the Iowa press, to point to it as being cowardly and as having exercised a blighting effect on the intelligence of the people. Critics should try, however, to put themselves in the place of these publishers and to face, as many of them have faced, not only injury to business and loss of friends, but ridicule and abuse from most of the other papers of the state. Some of the publishers are doubtless wholly venal, but most, it is certain, are merely the victims of their circumstances, unwilling to strike their heads against a stone wall.

Often sympathy is aroused by contemplation of single cases, when a person is ready to condemn without reservation such instances when taken in the mass. There is the case of David Brant, now one of the recognized newspaper spokesmen for the railroad regime which appears to be tottering to its fall. It was Brant who had the honor recently to announce on behalf of Blythe that it would be well for the Democrats, in convention at Waterloo, to nominate Claude R. Porter. His suggestion was the earliest, at any rate, and was acted upon as authoritative. Yet Brant was not always thus. Once he was a reformer and was seriously suspected of "anarchistic" leanings. He did not then speak in such admiring terms of the way in which the railroads had developed the state. He gave the people part of the credit. Also he went so far as to pose as the candidate of the Second congressional district, at that time fiercely hostile to Blythe, for the nomination for lieutenant governor. This was in 1901. He took all the oriental degrees and donned a black Prince Albert and a wide brimmed slouch and, after scrutinizing his fences carefully, concluded that the district looked like his. The district was, indeed, his at that time, but before the convention convened a cog slipped somewhere and on roll call part of the Second voted against him and his chief support was from the "reservation." He narrowly escaped being nominated by those to whom he was supposed to be opposed.

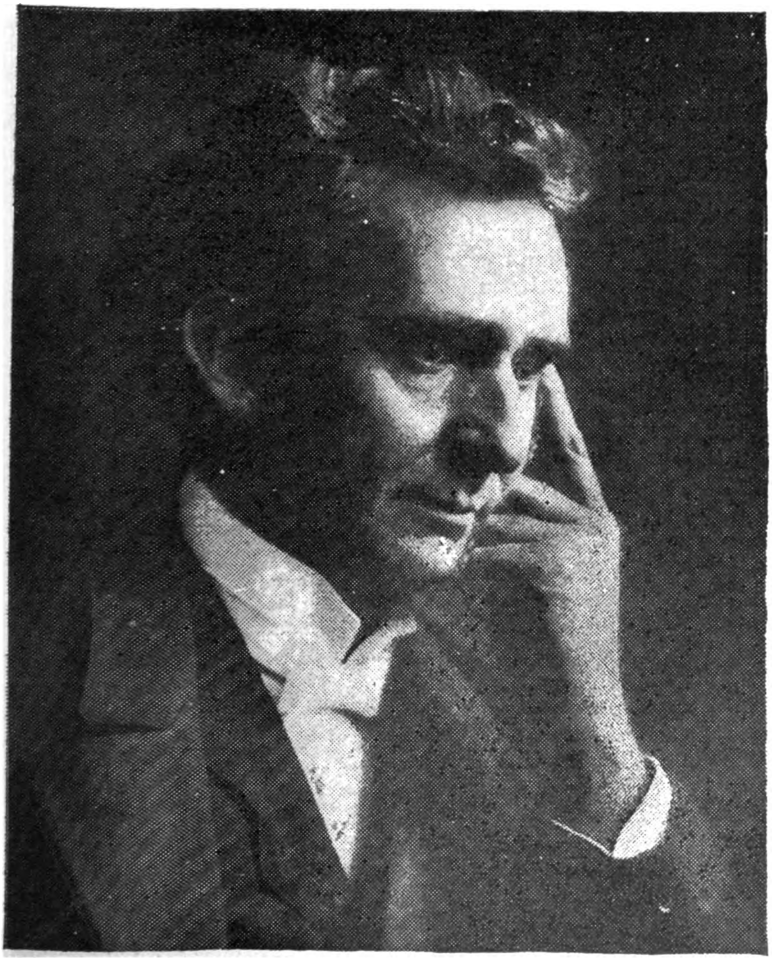
This incident forms one of the mysteries of Iowa politics to this day. There is authority for the statement, however, that there was a conference between Mr. Brant and Judge Hubbard, joint high manipulator at that time with Mr. Blythe, on the steps of a Northwestern railroad coach one dark night during the preliminary canvass of that year. Cedar Rapids was the place and the hour was that at which Hamlet's father's ghost was wont to walk. As Judge Hubbard came striding down the station platform and peering at the train, he was recognized by a gentleman who knew both the railroad general attorney and Mr. Brant.

"This is pretty late for you to be out, Judge," this third person suggested.

"With me it is never too late for business," the reply came, and the judge passed on to a huddled and whispered meeting in the recess of the vestibule.

While the manipulators were attacking the governor with intent to prejudice many of the voters against him and were using every effort to induce his leading lieutenants to leave his camp, they were not neglecting to pick a candidate with whom to oppose him in the fight for the nomination, when it should come to pass that the governor would ask for a third term. George D. Perkins was chosen in 1902 and carefully coached afterward. He became radically "progressive," advocated tariff revision, published in the editorial columns of his newspaper at Sioux City the strongest denunciations of corporation domination of politics that have ever appeared in the West and in other ways prepared himself to be able to say with color of truth what he did say last spring on the occasion of the launching of his candidacy:

"I stand for all the things that Cummins stands for."



REV. DR. H. O. BREEDEN

Who severed his connection the first of the year with the Central Christian Church after a successful pastorate of 28 years. He goes to California and will engage in Evangelistic work.

The Beginning of Insurance in Des Moines

L. F. Andrews

The multiplicity of insurance companies in Des Moines indicates that it is a city of immense wealth, which is not true. It is only an evidence of the safe and sane laws, and methods under which the business is conducted. The pioneers in it had a hard row to hoe. The town was filled with agents of foreign companies, who placed every obstruction that competition could invent, to hinder and embarass the local companies, but with firm faith in the future, and the survival of the fittest, they worked their way forward and upward.

The first insurance company was the Hawkeye Fire, organized March 6, 1865, by E. J. Ingersoll, B. F. Allen, J. B. Tiffin, Frank W. Palmer and James Callanan, with a capital of $100,000. On the election of officers, Mr. Ingersoll was elected president and Mr. Allen treasurer. The office was in Union Block, on Court avenue.

Mr. Ingersoll was born in Oswego county, New York, March 28, 1828, of English ancestry. Living with his parents during his minority, he acquired a thorough academic education. On reaching his majority, he read law with Judge Huntington, of Pulaski, two years, when he entered the U. S. Law School at Bolston Springs, where he graduated in 1852. Then he entered upon the practice of law at Adams, N. Y., where he remained until 1858, when he came to Des Moines, and resumed his practice. He also inaugurated several business enterprises. A man of energy, great force of character, persistence and determination, he soon had more irons in the fire than he could handle. Of them all, the Hawkeye gave the most promise, and to that he allied himself. He was the life and moving spirit of it to the end of his days, in 1891. He was a man of positive character, brusque in manner and speech; a good friend and troublesome enemy. His dominant trait was stick-to-it-iveness. His conviction once fixed, he stood like a rock. The Hawkeye was his creation, and he made it one of the prominent financial institutions of the city and state.

I recall one time, when the legislature had revised the insurance laws, and provided that stock companies, to distinguish them from mutual companies, must place the words "Stock Company" prominently on the face of their policy. I was then superintendent of printing with Mills & Co., and soon after the legislature adjourned, Ingersoll ordered several thousand policies printed. As they were going through the press, I called his attention, one day, to the omission of the words "Stock Company" in the title, supposing he would order the correction made, but instead, very robustly vociferated: "I don't care a blankety blankety blank what those blankety blank fools over at the state house did, I will have my policies printed as I want them." Not long after, the policies were reprinted, according to the statutes.

The second fire insurance company was the State, organized September 5, 1865, with ex-Governor William M. Stone, president; Judge C. C. Cole, vice-president; W. H. Holmes, treasurer; J. M. Shuck, secretary. The office was in Sherman Block, Third and Court avenue. Mr. Stone did not remain long with the company. He was succeeded by J. M. Coggeshall, the well-known capitalist of early days. The company started with a capital of $10,000, all the law then required. The seventeenth General Assembly, in 1878, changed the law and required all stock companies to have a capital of $100,000, one-fourth of which must be paid up in cash. The company at once reorganized under that requirement, and in 1882, increased its capital to $200,000. Its struggle for existence was a repetition of that experienced by the Hawkeye, but careful management and reliability soon give it rank among the best institutions of the kind in the state.

The third fire insurance company was the Des Moines, organized in 1881, by Theodore F. Gatchel, to insure against tornadoes, but tornadoes were too few and far between for a profitable business, and two years later fire and lightning risks were assumed. Mr. Gatchel was the first secretary—in fact he was the whole thing, and the moving spirit of the

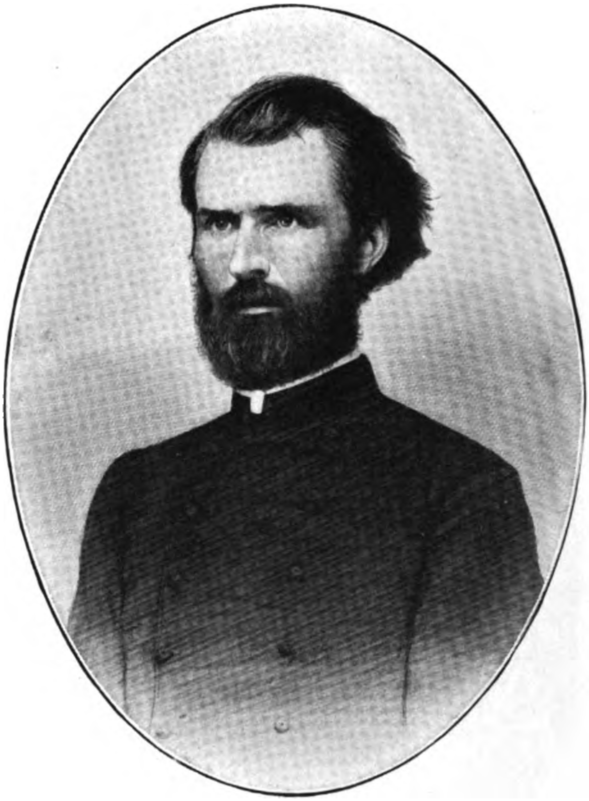
JUDGE P. M. CASADY

First President of the Equitable Life Insurance Co.

enterprise until 1891, when he left it, well established.

January 25, 1867, F. M. Hubbell, P. M. Casady, J. M. Tuttle, Isaac Cooper, Wesley Redhead, J. S. Polk, Lampson P. Sherman, B. F. Allen, R. L. Tidrick, W. W. Williamson, J. B. Stewart, Peter Myers, F. R. West, J. C. Jordan and H. L. Whitman organized the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa, being the first life insurance company in the state. All of them were among the earliest settlers, and were prominent in business affairs. Judge Casady was elected its first president; Wesley Redhead, vice-president; Frederick M. Hubbell, secretary; B. F. Allen, treasurer; Hoyt Sherman, actuary; Dr. Whitman, medical examiner. The first policy issued was on the life of Hubbell, and is still in force. In 1868, Hubbell resigned, and Hoyt Sherman succeeded him. In May, 1872, Judge Casady resigned, and Allen became his successor. In January, 1874, Sherman was promoted to the presidency, and Polk became secretary, both so continuing until January, 1888, when Hubbell was elected president, Cyrus Kirk, secretary, both holding the office until the recent annual meeting, when Mr. Hubbell declined a reelection and Mr. Kirk was promoted to the presidency.

The management of the company has been conservative and safe, preferring a sure steady growth instead of ponderosity. It issues all forms of legitimate insurance policies, is now forty years old, has 23,446 policies outstanding, representing $30,874,319, with assets $5,611,-

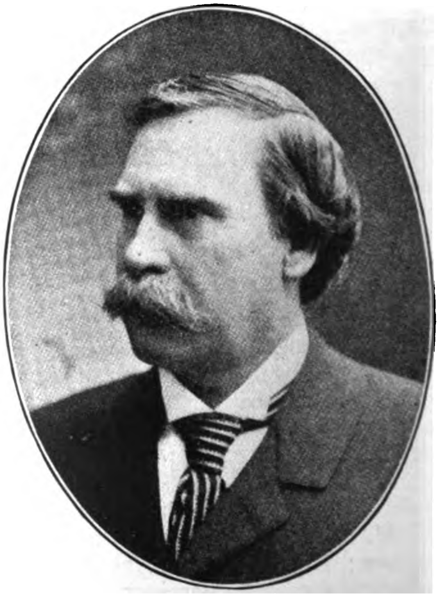


GOV. WM. M. STONE

843.20; has never had but one case in the courts, respecting a risk in which judgment was rendered against it. It is regarded in financial centers as one of the strong companies of the country.

It seems to be supererogation to say anything in this community of Judge Casady, the first president, who has been a very important part of the city from the very beginning. He helped to found its civic affairs, its schools and churches, its most prominent and successful financial institutions and is noted for his conservatism and wise counsel.

He came to Fort Des Moines early in 1846, a young lawyer—adding one to the thirty-three male residents—opened an office in a log cabin on Second street near "'Coon Point," rode over the large circuit of the courts on horseback, married the daughter of another pioneer in the first frame house in the town, served four



THEODORE F. GATCHEL

E. J. INGERSOLL

years as state senator, drafted and secured the passage of the bill removing the capital to his home town, helped to prepare the first town charter, assisted in organizing the first board of school directors, was several years receiver of the U. S. Land Office, started on Third street in a small wooden building a savings bank, which now counts deposits of nearly six millions, doings indicative of his nobility of character which has been woven into the warp and woof of every fiber of our civic life.

It can be truly said the pioneer insurance companies were founded by men who builded for the future; who believed in square dealing. Their policies were written to be read without a magnifying glass; made with expectation of payment, instead of avoidance. They set the stakes, paved the way and fixed the standard for those who have come after them.

JUDGE BAYARD T. HAINER
Of Oklahoma

HON. BAYARD T. HAINER

An Oklahoma Author and Jurist

Judge Hainer was born and raised in southern Iowa. He is a graduate of the Iowa State College and of the law department of Michigan University. He is favorably mentioned for one of the federal judges soon to be appointed by the president in the new state of Oklahoma. His many friends in Iowa would be glad to hear of his promotion.

Sturns, Oklahoma Magazine, December number, said in part:

"Judge Hainer, of Perry, Okla., is favorably known as one of Oklahoma's leading jurists and authors. He has held the office of associate justice of the supreme court of Oklahoma since February 16, 1898, receiving his first commission from President McKinley. On December 10, 1902, more than two months prior to the expiration of his term (federal territorial judges hold office for four years), he was re-appointed by President Roosevelt. On January 11, 1906, he was again re-appointed by President Roosevelt for a third term. This is sufficient proof of his high character and excellent record as an able, fearless and upright jurist.

His decisions in the supreme court have taken high rank and are quoted with approval by the appellate courts in the various states and the leading authors of text books and in encyclopedias of law. A number of his opinions have been annotated in the Lawyers' Co-operative Reports and in Edward Thompson's recent great work on Leading American and English cases.

He is author of "Hainer on the Modern Law of Municipal Corporations," published in 1898 by Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, Ind. It is regarded as an authority upon one of the important branches of corporate law, and has a large sale through the United States.

Judge Hainer for several years has also made a careful and thorough study of interstate and state commerce and is preparing an exhaustive and valuable treatise on this important and vital subject which, more than any other question, is now engaging the attention of the American people for a proper solution. He expects to have this work ready for the press some time next year."

A RURAL POET'S ADVICE: "GET BUSY"

S. Lawrence

It's no use to just keep waiting,
  Thinking something will turn up—
If you wait for invitations
  Out to dine, you will never sup.
Don't be always 'round complaining
  That expenses are too high—
You could cut them down, I'll wager,
  If you'd ever really try.
It's no use to think that people
  Owe you a life of ease,
They will never know you're living
  Till you serve them, if you please.
If those dreams that you've been dreaming
  Seem to help the way you feel,
Take your coat off and get busy;
  There's a chance to make them real.
It's no use to keep on trying
  To catch fish without a line;
It's no use to keep on hoping
  You'll discover a gold mine;
But you might as well get busy,
  And be useful, every inch,
For there's nothing going to happen
  Till you make it, that's a "cinch."

The Year's Banking in Des Moines

Homer A. Miller, Cashier Des Moines Savings Bank

Homer A. Miller

These figures show the results of the year's banking business in Des Moines, and bear undeniable testimony to the prosperity of the year. With a gain of seven and one-third millions in bank clearings, three and two-third millions in deposits, and almost a quarter of a million in the total surplus of the various banks, the record is indeed a notable one.

Back of the results of the year's business are the causes, and, seeing the results, it is well to consider the causes which tell more eloquently the story of the business year than do the cold, hard figures.

While many influences have contributed to the banking prosperity of the year, chief among which is the general prosperity, local and state conditions have been decidedly favorable. The impetus of the former years, which have proven the soundness of the financial institutions of Des Moines, is gaining every year. That, of course, had its influence on this year's business. But there has never been a year when the confidence of the outside banks of Iowa in the Des Moines banks was so evident, when the patronage was so liberal nor the business so satisfactory. This year has seen many accounts of Iowa banks, formerly held in eastern concerns, transferred to Des Moines institutions, and a larger per cent of the banking business of the state centers in Des Moines now than ever before. This alone is a considerable factor, not alone in the prosperity of Des Moines, but in the prosperity of the state, and tends to make the larger business interests of Iowa more loyal, more co-operative and more successful, and also to conserve to Iowa her own prosperity.

The gain in the surplus of the banks shows directly the growth of the institutions themselves, and this year is the cause for much gratification among the bankers.

The bank clearings themselves indicate only about one-tenth of the volume of the business done by the banks during the year, for into the clearings enter only local business and not all that by any means. Out of town business, much of which is in large amounts, does not enter at all into the daily local bank clearings. To the clearing house only go those checks from one local bank to another local bank, representing only a small proportion of the business of the day.

In my judgment there is nothing which has a greater influence on the prosperity of the whole community than the prosperity of the banks. Reliable firms seeking new locations look first of all to the bank statements of a city to judge the prosperity of its banks, and through this the general prosperity of its people. If the banks show a prosperous condition it is a weighty factor in influencing a new firm to locate. It is important that we secure new industries for Des Moines as well as support the ones we have, hence it is doubly important that the showings of the banks be such as shall prove the sound financial condition of our city and its people.

In line with this thought I often feel that the small depositor little realizes how much he contributes to the banks sum total of business, and in turn to the community in the sense that he helps swell the total deposits and thus indirectly attracts the attention of outside capital, as no big manufacturing enterprise will locate before first looking up the total deposits of the banks of the city to determine how well they can be taken care of when loans are needed. There are so few people who recognize the value of starting a small savings or commercial account. Too many feel that their little mite is scarcely worth saving, or too much bother to the bank. If they would check it out through a bank it would mean a saving to themselves, more business for the bank and contribute to the general upbuilding of the city.

There is no question but the boosting spirit which is now so dominant a factor in our city is having its effect on the banking business, and it should be more generally entered into. This has been one of the main factors in the success of the Des Moines banks this year, and Des Moines citizens are themselves the greatest factors in the success of the city's business enterprises.

Withal, the year's business in banking in Des Moines has been marked by conservatism, sound business judgment and success.

The success of this year means a greater success during the year 1907. It is a success to which everyone can contribute and in turn share. Nothing succeeds like success backed by sound business judgment, and 1907 is opening with a decidedly bright future.

The 1906 Record

	1905	1906
Total deposits	$ 24,048,000.00	$ 27,750,000.00
Surplus	1,240,000.00	1,450,000.00
Bank Clearings	131,388,601.00	138,687,918.00
Clearings by month—		
	1904-5	1905-6
December	$ 12,117,961.35	$ 11,521,037.56
January	10,275,879.59	11,614,022.25
February	7,158,348.50	9,801,778.08
March	13,361,660.40	13,263,620.07
April	11,893,157.62	11,505,490.74
May	11,271,618.11	14,054,964.40
June	12,250,502.90	11,036,630 08
July	10,350,116.01	10,478,278.52
August	9,746,277.97	9,668,842.11
September	10,708,949.86	10,942,520.71
October	11,287,817.18	12,695,424.20
November	10,966,311.72	12,045,309.64
Totals	$131,388,601.21	$138,687,918.36
Largest Month, May, 1906		$ 14,054,964.40
Smallest Month, August, 1906.		9,668,842.11
1905 and 1906		138,687,918.36
1904 and 1905		131,388,601.21
Increase		$ 7,299,317.15

Prof. Homer H. Seerley of Iowa State Normal School, Cedar Falls, who delivered a fine address before the Women's Club during the holidays

ELLIOTT S. MILLER
District Superintendent of the Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. Co.

A Suggestion of What the Older Life Insurance Companies Have Done for Des Moines

In the first place they were in the field before there was any "Hartford of the West." They furnished then the much-needed protection to the people scattered over Iowa's prairies and building up its new towns and cities. In those days most Iowa people had little but "prospects" and life insurance and both have turned out magnificently. But often the prospects went out with the life of the husband and father and, save for the life insurance, the family would have been destitute. And in all the years since, these life insurance companies have been a powerful factor in building up Iowa and Iowa cities.

The development of all this mid-west has been dependent upon railroad facilities and any one who has ever examined the annual statement of one of the big companies knows what an immense amount of railway capital these companies have furnished. This western country could hardly have developed in the way it has without these reservoirs to draw from.

Not many people realize, however, that the life insurance companies are large holders of county, municipal and school district bonds. Much of the civil and social development of this and adjoining states has been rendered possible by life insurance money seeking investment in these ways. Moreover, in Iowa especially, some of the large life insurance companies have done great service in furnishing cheaper money to develop the farms of the state. This is notably the case with the Aetna, the Connecticut Mutual, the Mutual Benefit and the Northwestern, who have kept many millions of dollars in the hands of Iowa farmers.

Twenty-four years ago when interest

here was about 8 per cent the Connecticut Mutual began taking Iowa farm mortgages at six per cent and soon had five million dollars loaned in the state, and now has, by last official report, January 1, 1906, $4,989,650 in the state at five per cent. That company has over one-fourteenth of all its money invested in this one state, and for many years has paid back annually to its policy-holders and their beneficiaries more than it received from them in premiums.

What has this to do with "boosting" Des Moines? Much, every way. Des Moines' growth has depended upon its railway facilities and upon the prosperity of Iowa farmers, and both these have been boosted by eastern life insurance capital. Moreover, the army of agents employed by these companies and the large amounts of money handled all center in Des Moines and contribute largely not only to the business of the Des Moines banks and merchants, but also to the schools and churches and the social life of the city.

In short we are the old settlers (the Connecticut Mutual settled in Iowa in 1856) and we expect to continue to build up Des Moines in all that is good, legitimate and true, life insurance-wise and otherwise.

Equitable Life Building, Des Moines

PHOTO BY WEBSTER

MRS. A. B. CUMMINS

Who is loved and admired in her position as the social leader of the State of Iowa

INSURANCE IN IOWA

Frederic S. Withington

WHEN it is remembered that no insurance organization of any description existed in this state fifty-one years ago and that there is now in force, of life and accident forms alone on Iowa lives, an amount of approximately $675,200,000, the wonderful growth of the business can be appreciated. In February, 1855, the Iowa State Fire Insurance Company commenced business in Keokuk, being the first company to organize under Iowa laws. At that time life and business methods were primitive indeed in comparison with present conditions—no railroads, no telegraph or telephone, and the only means of transportation being the small river steamers and the lumbering prairie "schooner" or stage-coach. It might almost be said that more business is done in an hour in these rapid times than was done in those days in a year. Although improved means of communication have done much to promote the growth of this and other commercial activities, the increase in insurance business was at first slow because of the old idea that to take a policy was somehow tempting Providence. This is true more particularly of life insurance, since its benefits involved the passing of a soul, and the thought that anyone should "profit" by this event was repugnant to some good people. Happily this view of life insurance has almost entirely given place to the more rational and reasonable theory that it is a great, in fact the greatest, equalizer of the wealth of a community now known.

The true principles and theories of insurance were then little understood, and such a development as is now witnessed was undreamed of. The possibilities of the institution, if allowed to properly develop without being unduly hampered by unwise legislation or other agencies, is even now but half understood or realized. It is sometimes stated that the "field" is worked out and that men have become so prejudiced against the idea of insurance because of some recent disclosures of the operations of a few ambitious officials that the growth of the companies has been permanently checked. Nothing, in the opinion of the writer, could be more untrue, particularly of this state, conditions being nowhere more promising for an increase as much unthought of as was the growth at the time of the organization of the first fire insurance company, before mentioned. Those life insurance companies which have made special investigations of the mortality in various states, have found that the number of deaths per thousand of insured lives is less in Iowa than in any other state. The *per capita* wealth of the state is high, and these two factors have made it profitable for the companies to operate here and have been the chief cause of the organization and establishment in Des Moines and other Iowa cities of the many companies and associations now actively engaged in business. Insurance against death of men and live stock, accident, disease, fire and lightning, plate glass breakage, hail and windstorm, burglary and other dishonesty and almost every calamity or misfortune which can happen to the race, can now be obtained in Iowa institutions. No better or stronger companies can be found anywhere. This is said advisedly, as the writer has had exceptional opportunity to judge of the stability of the Iowa companies. It must not be inferred that this statement is made with any prejudice against other great companies doing business in the state, but Iowans should appreciate and take pride in the energy, ability and sturdy integrity which has made possible the organization and successful operation of so many local institutions, and contributed to make Iowa and its capital the insurance center of the great West.

Many ways and means for "boosting" Des Moines have been suggested by its enterprising citizens, but no better or surer way can be found than to encourage and assist the insurance companies and associations to enlarge their business. The amount of money received as premiums and assessments from the Iowa

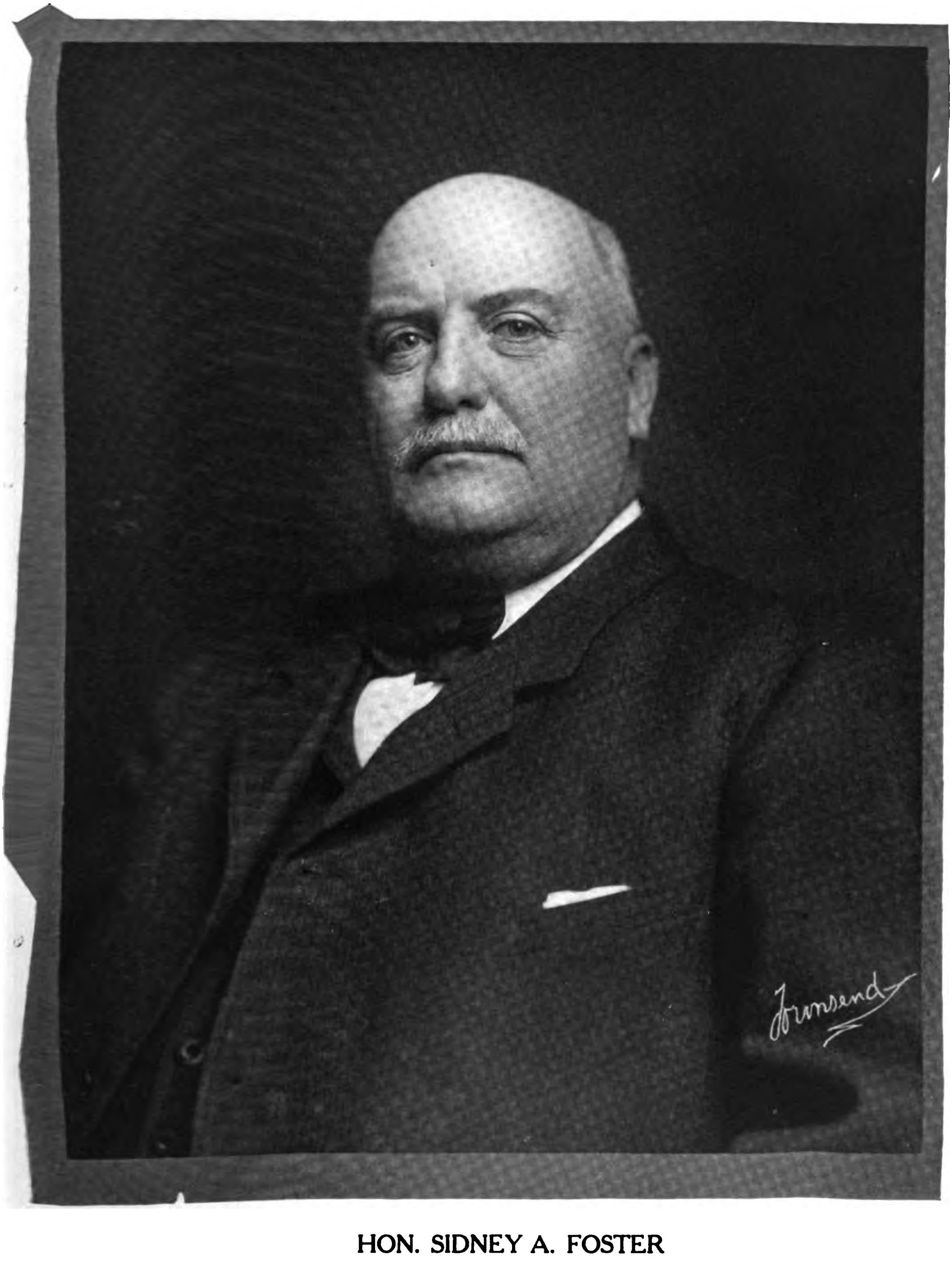
EX-GOVERNOR FRANK D. JACKSON

President of the Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.

companies and associations alone, including insurance of all kinds, aggregated, in 1905, $10,605,000. The figures for 1906 are not yet available, but it is probable that there was an increase over the above amount of $1,000,000. There was paid to Iowa policyholders in 1905 by all classes of companies and associations, including non-Iowa organizations, an amount of about $9,234,911. These few figures will give some idea of the magnitude of the business here, and of its importance as a factor for the creation of financial centres and the concentration of money in this state.

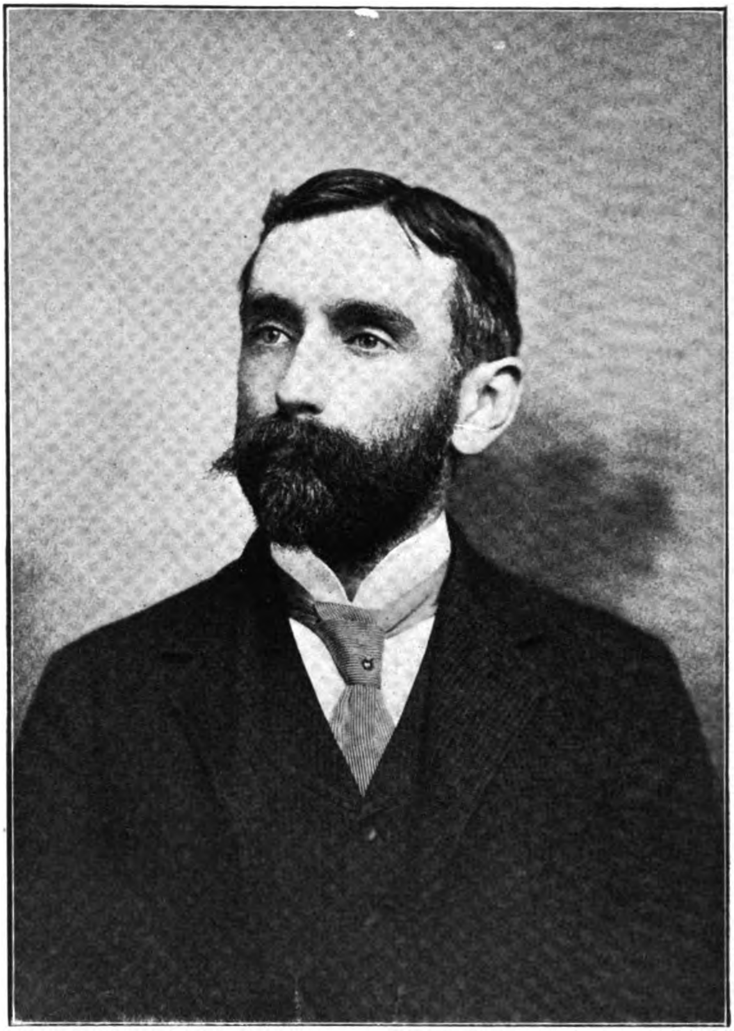
In the shaping of legislation in Iowa it is to be hoped that measures passed will not be so drastic as to induce the managers of companies or associations located here to remove their headquarters to other states where laws are less restrictive, and thereby greatly reduce the annual inflow of premium income of which an idea has been given. Such measures might also result in the withdrawal altogether, from the transaction of business in the state, of some organizations, the loss of whose contributions to the tax income of the commonwealth would be regretted.

In this connection, it might be timely to mention the fact of the recent recommendation of legislation looking to the restriction of the expenses of the Iowa legal reserve life insurance companies to the theoretical expense "loading" or portion of the premium and the modification of the "preliminary term" method of reserve valuation. It is difficult to believe that the effect of these proposed restrictions is fully understood. They would place the home companies of this state at



HON. SIDNEY A. FOSTER

Secretary af the Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.



FREDERIC S. WITHINGTON

General Consulting Actuary, Des Moines, Iowa

a most unfair disadvantage in competition with companies organized in other states, and authorized to do business in this state; the New York companies for instance, which are allowed not only the theoretical loading on the premiums for expenses, but in addition thereto the present value of the mortality gains assumed by the "select and ultimate" method of reserve valuation now unwisely legalized in that state. This disadvantage would amount to about $10 for every $1,000 of insurance written. This is in a state, it should be remembered, in which the most radical, and in some ways most ill-considered, laws have recently been enacted. The Iowa companies would also be in competition with companies organized in other states which have no expense restrictions whatever. Experience makes it increasingly evident that the only way of avoiding injustice or injury to domestic companies, in this respect, is to make no expense restrictions whatever, but to require the fullest publicity, as to the disposition of surplus and other transactions.

On the matter of modification of the preliminary term method of reserve valuation, the writer has stated in a recent article in the "Insurance Field" that a modification of this method, while perhaps desirable for the purpose of reducing the loadings on some high premium policies, would be unjust to companies using the preliminary term method, unless an equal modification of the older continuous reserve method was made, for the reason that companies using either method have practically equivalent expense loadings on the premiums. All but one of the Iowa companies use the preliminary term method and would therefore be directly affected by the proposed modification. There is just as much reason for a reduction of loadings on high premium policies on the continuous reserve plan as on the preliminary term plan.

There is no general demand from the policy holders for the restrictive legislation referred to. It would be, in fact, directly against their interests individually and collectively, since anything which would adversely affect the companies as a whole would injure the single policyholder who is a component part of the company. Too much thought has been given to the so-called "liberalization" of policy contracts, in legislation, and the following fact has been lost sight of: that each new "feature" of benefit costs the company money and reduces the amount available for dividends and thereby increases the cost of the insurance to the individual.

The Honorable B. F. Carroll, Auditor of State of Iowa, well said, at a meeting of the Insurance Commissioners in Washington, D. C., "You cannot benefit the policyholder by wrecking his company." It is to be hoped that these wise words will not be forgotten, but will be pondered by our legislators in their conscientious efforts to correct real evils.

The present trend of thought among the law makers in many of the states seems distinctly socialistic. In Wisconsin, for instance, the absurd proposition that the state should take over the management of the companies, has been made. Other equally impracticable and revolutionary ideas are the outcome of the unreasoning clamor made by those who are utterly ignorant of the true principles underlying insurance. These conditions are made the most of by the agents and officials of those companies and associations whose idea of doing business is to decry and abuse every company or association but their own. The recent agitation in insurance is responsible for an unfortunate belief in the minds of the insuring public that premium rates for life insurance in general are too high. This has resulted in the writing of a large amount of term or temporary insurance, the rates for which are, of course, lower than where the protection is for life. In a large number of cases where term policies are written, the agent deceives the insurer, who believes he is getting insurance for life instead of for a term of years only, and, comparing the premium he pays for this term insurance with those paid by his neighbor for a whole life policy, he joins the clamor that rates in general are too high, and that the officials of the companies are enriching themselves at the expense of the poor policyholder. The net cost of life insurance, in most of the companies, after dividends are deducted, will be found to be as low as is consistent with safety and the perpetuity of the company. The rates charged by assessment associations and fraternal organizations are, with some exceptions, much too low, as has been found to the sorrow of many a member who has become too old or otherwise unable to obtain insurance elsewhere, and who is now paying a rate far in excess of that charged by legal reserve companies. This is because his association has reached a point where the natural and inevitable law of increase of death rate is unprovided for by a proper reserve, which should have been accumulated in the earlier years by the charging of a rate which would allow the setting aside of the excess over the then current cost of the insurance, to provide for the increasing cost in later years. This would insure the perpetuity and stability of the institution by preventing undue increase in the number or amount of assessments. Much has been said regarding the alleged inability of a large number of the members of societies and associations to pay an adequate rate. This is largely a fiction of some of their managers and officers who are afraid of antagonizing their membership, or of others on the outside who want to succeed managers who urge rational rates, by means of satisfying the popular clamor against an increase. All honor to those officers and managers who have had the courage to advocate correct principles without regard to the unreasoning opposition of the members. It has been found on investigation that the members are, as a rule, equally as well able to pay the necessary increase in assessments as would be those who take the same amount of insurance in legal reserve companies.

Fraternal societies and associations are of incalculable benefit to a community, and they should, therefore, be placed upon an enduring basis. The members cannot

Treasurer of the Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.

benefit themselves, however, by joining in socialistic and unthinking vilification of legal reserve companies which are organized on sound principles and whose officers, with few exceptions, are able and honest men. The fact that there has never been any question as to the solvency of these companies, notwithstanding the unwarranted depletion of the surplus of some of them, disclosed by the investigations of the past two years, is sufficient proof of the correctness of the said principles, and of the immense value and importance of such stable institutions to the state and nation. There is ground for criticism of some methods and practices, but let such criticism be just and reasonable and let it be made by those who thoroughly understand what changes are needed, and not by those who, for political or other selfish motives, attack when they should defend, and thereby impair public confidence in all insurance.

In the matter of fire insurance, the

rates in some cases are too low for safety. The writer has examined the experience of the companies and associations in this state, and has found that on some large classes of risks which are of the best: mercantile stock in brick buildings, in towns provided with waterworks, for instance, competition has reduced the rates to a figure so low that the total premiums received are much less than the losses incurred. It would be manifestly in the interest of the policyholders, since the companies are not allowed to make agreements among themselves for the increase of rates, that a commission of some kind be created by the state to adjust rates in accordance with the actual loss experience. The fact that competition has reduced the rate to so low a point is sufficient evidence of the power of the said competition to make rates reasonable. Some rates can be said to be too high, but these have been made high by the companies in order to protect themselves against the insufficient rates above referred to. The result is that rates are unequal in proportion to the risk. Here is an opportunity for the legislature to enact measures of real and lasting benefit to the insuring public.

It would be difficult to enumerate the practical benefits which the encouragement and patronage of insurance companies, whether organized here or elsewhere, have brought to Des Moines alone for instance. A moderate estimate of the number of people deriving their income from this branch of business in that city is five thousand. This means that there are that number of officers, agents and employes, and therefore nearly that number of homes maintained. If it be assumed that there are, on an average, three in each home, this means an army of fifteen thousand, or one-sixth of the population of the city, supported by the business. The millions of dollars in bank deposits, the money for local and state taxes, the business of the stores, railroads, trolley lines, telephone companies, all commercial activities, are, of course, immensely increased and stimulated by the operation of the insurance organizations, and the needs of their representatives and employees. It is easily demonstrated that no other interest is more important to Iowa than that of insurance, and it should be jealously and carefully guarded by those who have the power to promote it, with a view to the greatest good of the greatest number.

It is the prediction of one of Iowa's prominent citizens that if local organizations are allowed to develop without unwise restrictions, their combined assets will attain the sum of one hundred millions of dollars in the next ten years. The generally prosperous year just completed indicates that this prediction is amply justified.

No gloom but what the sun dispels;
No sadness but some friendship quells;
Then think not yours a bitter cup;
Not so; it just seems bad. Cheer up!
R. W. MAC KINNON.

SENATOR JAMES H. WALKER

Of Amesbury, Mass., who assisted in entertaining Senator Dolliver during his recent visit to the East

Senator Dolliver In Massachusetts

ON THE evening of January 3d Senator Dolliver appeared before a large audience in one of the most cultured, exclusive and aristocratic towns of New England, Amesbury, Mass. The lecture was one of the Y. M. C. A. course and Senator Dolliver's topic was "A Poor Man's Government and a Poor Boy's Country." He spoke for two hours, and when he closed, cries of "Go on! Go on!" were heard from the audience. It was a typical New England audience, cool, critical and unimpassioned, but they were carried away with the eloquence and power of the senator from Iowa.

The report of J. Elmer Brierly, of the Newburyport News, was exceptionally fine, and the following is taken from it:

'Settling down to his subject, Senator Dolliver spoke for nearly two hours upon the self-made men of this country and the opportunities that were now open for the poor boy who was ambitious and was willing to become a leader in his profession or calling by hard study and attention to duty.

William McKinley, the poor boy, was alluded to at some length and his progress in life. Allusion was made to the criticisms which are struck at the foundations of our society and our institutions. The biography of William McKinley was a good answer to these criticisms.

"McKinley was born upon an average level. He passed his early life at Niles, O., later as a young man going to Poland in the same state. Here, said he, 'we first see McKinley at the academy as a student. Next he is heard of in the army as a soldier. After four years in the government service he is found teaching school in the west near Poland. He is next seen as a lawyer, and from then on he goes up to the House of Representatives and finally is elected president.' In speaking of the lamented president, as a member of the National House of Representatives, reference was made to the great men which the sixth Massachusetts district had sent to Washington, citing Gen. Cogswell, Hon. William H. Moody and the man who now represented the district, who but lacked experience of the others. These men were referred to as men who left an impression upon Congress. McKinley was not a leader, neither was he a great lawyer. He was not one to leave a great impression behind him as a member of the National House of Representatives. He rose in life because he was one who outlived others who were great leaders. He lived an average life.

"Alluding to the poor boy of this country he stated that his sympathies were not with him, but with the boy of the millionaire. He was the lad who needs sympathy. It was the poor boy who rose in life, for he was ambitious. The boy with his $50,000 had no need of being ambitious. He had plenty, so long as the $50,000 lasted. It would be better for the boy as well as the $50,000 did his father keep them as far apart as it was possible. Such boys as a rule will never start in life because they become dormant.

"Sociology was taken up and discussed most interestingly. This brought out several references to young men who had made great marks in the country, he having cited among others all of the presidents who had passed their boyhood days on the farm, back to Washington's day. Reference was made to William Van Horn, who as a farm boy rose to be one of the great railroad men of Canada. Likewise reference was made to Charles M. Hayes, who also rose from a boy upon the farm to become a great railroad man of the West.

"There were great opportunities today for the poor boy would he but set himself to become efficient in everything that he undertook. The lecture was one of the best heard here for a long while, and it was with regret that Senator Dolliver brought his address to an end."

A reception was tendered Senator Dolliver previous to the lecture and ex-Senator James H. Walker received with him. Senator Walker is a resident of Amesbury and a man who ranks high in the state of Massachusetts among the younger crowd who have brilliant careers ahead of them.

JS Clark

President of the Anchor Fire Insurance Co.

Senator Dolliver was a guest during his stay in Amesbury of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Everett Briggs. Mrs. Briggs is a daughter of one of the Iowa pioneers, one of the men of force and character who helped to build the sure foundation for the state's prosperity, Dr. Robert A. McAyeal, of Oskaloosa. Amesbury may well feel honored by the visit of Iowa's junior senator and he certainly will always have pleasant memories of the people whom he so greatly entertained.

INSURANCE GAINS IN 1906

J. S. Clark

THE LAST days of the year are busy ones in the home office of every insurance company. The year's work, in detail, goes into permanent record for the auditor of state and for publication to the world. Adding machines are running at high speed, clerks and bookkeepers are working overtime, and the manager in his private office, pushing buttons right and left, is calling out "figgers, figgers more figgers, Jimmie."

Let the reader, in fancy, apply this condition of activity to thirty-four companies and a dozen smaller associations scattered through the office buildings of the city, and he will see what a stir and whir is going on in this line of business. It is well to keep in mind as we go along that Des Moines has now forty-six home insurance companies and associations, with more to follow; that Hartford has less than twenty, and that no city in the United States except New York has more than Des Moines.

LEADERSHIP BELONGS TO DES MOINES.

It was clearly shown by statistics in the issue of The Register and Leader of Nov. 29th that the leadership in insurance has passed from Hartford to Des Moines. It has also been generally conceded that "insurance is the greatest single business interest" in Des Moines. That proposition can easily be confirmed, and not only that, but also that this industry, given a square deal, would alone make of Des Moines the greatest financial center in the middle West. The year just closed has been one of prosperity to the home companies in the face of adverse conditions; thus demonstrating that this industry has passed beyond the experimental period and has reached firm and solid ground. In recent years, some of the Des Moines companies have been gradually extending their operations beyond the limits of Iowa. A marked feature of the business in 1906 has been a general widening of the circle of operations, and nearly all the home companies are now doing business in other states. This departure will afford an opportunity for rapid future growth. The eastern insurance magazines are for the first time recognizing the Des Moines companies as a factor in the financial world.

Now to the facts and figures. It has taken a good deal of time and labor to reach the total footings of the insurance business in Des Moines for 1906, and being a little in advance of the finished work of the bookkeeper, may vary slightly from the exact footings. It is safe to say that the figures here given will be below rather than above the correct ones, because some small home concerns are not included and all branch offices and large agencies of outside companies, (which do a large business), are excluded.

AN AMAZING GROWTH.

These figures, brought to final totals, are surprising and certainly will appeal eloquently to interested readers and add fuel to the sacred fire on the altar of the Greater Des Moines committee. In order to bring this article within the prescribed limit, the companies will be grouped into classes.

First—The nine stock fire companies—Hawkeye, State, Des Moines, Capital, Fidelity, Century, Atlas, Merchants and Bankers' and Anchor—combined assets, $4,000,000; insurance in force, $200,000,000; capital and surplus, $1,997,000; premium receipts for 1906, $2,000,000; a gain over 1905 of $350,000.

Second—The five old line life insurance companies—Equitable, Royal Union, Des Moines, Central and American—combined assets, $11,000,000; insurance in force, $84,000,000; premium income for the year, $3,200,000; a gain over 1905 of $450,000.

Third—The assessment life companies with the Bankers' Life at the head, combined assets $10,200,000; insurance in force, $300,000,000; premium income for 1906; $3,600,000, a gain over 1905 of $400,000.

Fourth—A group of accident insurance companies composed of the Great Western, Iowa State Traveling Men and some others. These companies show an income for 1906 of $600,000; insurance in force, $144,000,000, and are rapidly extending their business. The traveling men are in every state in the union and lead the world in their line.

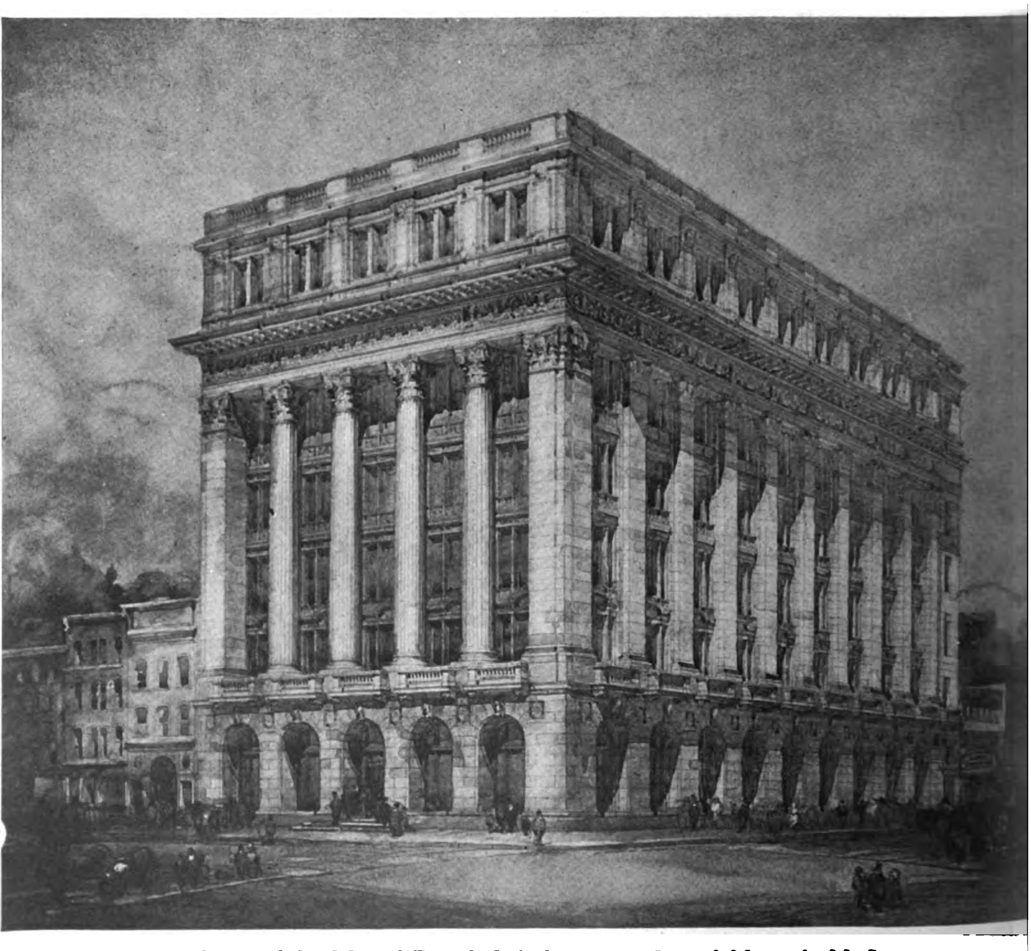
Fifth—This is a group of mutual companies headed by the Iowa Tornado and Town Dwelling Mutual; these show an income for the year of $265,000, with many millions at risk.

Sixth—The fraternal life companies, composed chiefly of the Brotherhood of American Yeomen, Mystic Toilers and Homesteaders, and show an income for 1906 of $775,000, and rapidly increasing.

$1,300,000 GAIN IN 1906.

Placing these totals together, so far as the items are complete, gives the following grand totals: Premium income for the year 1906, $10,440,000, a gain over 1905 of $1,300,000 dollars. Assets more than $30,000,000.

The reader should pause here and try to realize what these stupendous figures mean to the business interests of Des Moines. To produce these results require the employment of about 3,000 people in Des Moines and nearly 20,000 others in the territory covered by the companies. The inflow of these millions, in small sums, from the hundreds of thousands of policy holders scattered from ocean to ocean, and the disbursement of much of this money in paying death



Home of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., of Newark, N. J.

GEORGE B. PEAK

President of the Central Life Assurance Society

losses and putting roofs over shelterless families, in salaries, in buildings, in taxes, rents, printing and the like—all goes to make a city and to make it grow to a bigger city. To do this business the city postoffice has been, during the year, taxed to its fullest capacity by the heavy mail coming and going, carrying the name of Des Moines into the cities, towns and hamlets in the remotest corners of the land.

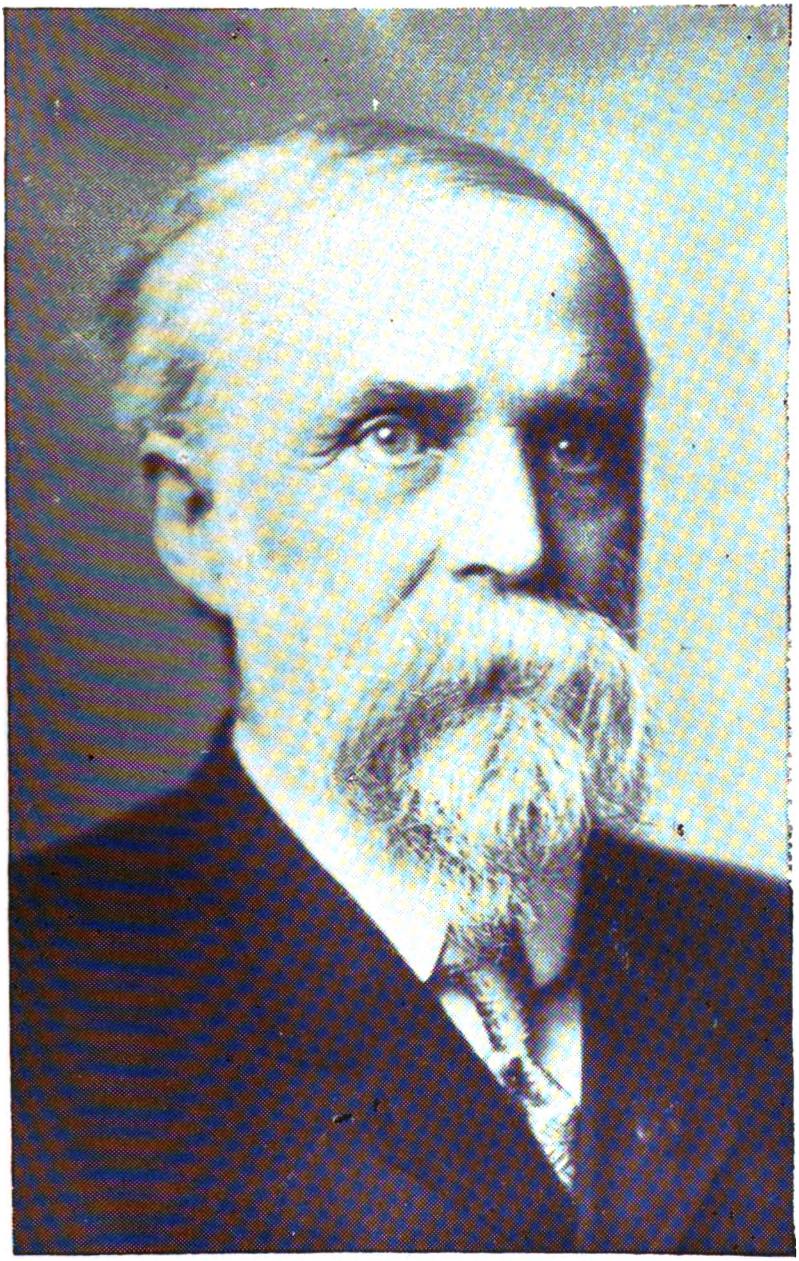
When we consider what the insurance business of Des Moines has already attained, while yet in its infancy—hardly commenced to grow—we ought to begin to realize what the future holds for us in growth and prosperity. Already Des Moines has an enviable reputation in the world. No city of its size is so well and favorably known.

The statement is frequently made by observing strangers that Des Moines is destined to be the greatest inland city in this country. That statement suggests the mark toward which we should aim in this movement for a greater city, and I firmly believe that the broad publicity given by the large industries as above indicated, and the fair fame spread abroad by the Greater Des Moines movement, added to the momentum already attained, will more than realize the hopes and dreams of the most ambitious.

F. M. HUBBELL

CYRUS KIRK SUCCEEDS F. M. HUBBELL

An important change occurred in the official board of the Equitable of Iowa, at their annual election. After holding the office of president for nineteen years, F. M. Hubbell resigned from the office and its long-time vice-president, Cyrus Kirk, was elected to succeed him. Mr. Hubbell has been closely identified with the interests of the society for forty years and Mr. Kirk began with the company as clerk, when it was eight years old, thirty-two years ago. The wonderful advancement of this great company speaks well for these two men, whose fidelity and



CYRUS KIRK

wise business methods have served largely in building it into one of the first institutions of its class in America.

Mr. Hubbell will remain as chairman of the board of trustees and retain his large interest in the stock of the company.

Mr. Kirk comes to his position with the loyal support of all the members of the company, and the general good will of the community of Iowa. He is well calculated to fill his honorable place with distinction. The other officers are F. C. Hubbell, vice-president; J. C. Cummins, secretary; H. D. Thompson, treasurer; Dr. Geo. P. Hanawalt, medical director.

PHOTO BY WEBSTER

L. C. RAWSON

Vice-President of the Des Moines Life Insurance Co.

Is a Medical Department Necessary?

Chas. Woodhull Eaton

Dr. Charles Woodhull Eaton

Medical Director of the Des Moines Life Insurance Co.

YES; because the premium rates are only sufficient to meet the mortality on selected lives. It is surprising how widespread is the notion that the premiums are large enough to meet the general mortality without any selection at all, and that then the companies, by the simple device of having the doctors select their lives for them, roll up an enormous reserve. This is a misapprehension. The premiums are not adequate unless the lives insured are carefully selected; while the reserve, which appears so large, in fact merely offsets the present liability now existing by reason of the outstanding policies.

The statement that there is always a present liability, definite and ascertainable, may be unexpected; it is literally true, nevertheless. For we are dealing with insurance, not with a game of chance. You could not insure a single life—you could only gamble on it. But you can insure fifty thousand lives, for then you come within the domain of the law of averages, and the element of chance is eliminated. The proverbial uncertainty of life applies only to individuals; put fifty thousand individuals into a group and this proverbial uncertainty is changed, under the law of averages, into certainty, and it is known how many will die each year. Not *which ones,* mind you, for that is the individual uncertainty of life; but *how many,* for that is the collective certainty. Therefore the precise liability of a company, by reason of its policies in force, is not only ascertainable, but actually ascertained, and the reserve is but the asset necessary to offset this liability. So it comes about that insurance is not a gamble, but a business; not a grab bag, but a certain and definite provision for the future.

And as the computations which give the company its sound and substantial foundation are based upon experience with carefully selected lives, it is a fundamental necessity that its policies shall be issued only to those who have been thus carefully selected.

This is why the medical department is one of the corner stones of the insurance structure; and its daily task is to exercise every care that policies shall be issued only to those properly entitled to them. In this difficult work, every possible aid is invoked, and everything that can throw light upon the character of the risk is eagerly sought.

Of course the most conspicuous of the means employed is the examination by the local examiner. His selection is a matter of painstaking care; and the blank which is put into his hands is the product of long experience and careful thought. When this examination reaches the medical director's desk, many things are to be taken into account beside the mere recommendation of the local examiner that the policy be issued. For the duties of the local examiner and the medical director differ materially. It is the local examiner's duty, as a medical man, to determine the physical condition of the applicant; to bring out the facts as to his habits of life; to go back over his personal history regarding such ailments and injuries he may have had; and to see that his statement of his family history is definite and exact.

On the other hand, it is the duty of the medical director to know the bearing that these facts have upon his probable longevity—in other words, to know what the insurance experience with these facts has been.

There are more things to be taken into consideration in the acceptance or rejection of a given applicant than would at first thought appear. Of course the present condition of his health is the primary consideration, yet even this is not quite so simple a matter as would at first appear. For instance, those with a pulse rate below 60 have, contrary to expectation, proved to be remarkably good risks. Then there is the applicant's physique. Here again experience has shown preconceived opinion to be in error, for those who are above standard weight do not live as long as those who are below.

All companies set a minimum limit below standard weight, and a miximum limit above, beyond which they will not pass. But those who are above standard weight are progressively less and less desirable risks clear up to the maximum limit; while those below standard weight continue to be good risks clear down to the minimum limit. That those who are more liberal in build should be poorer risks than those who are spare, is quite contrary to our pre-conceived opinions, but experience has demonstrated such to be the fact.

Space forbids going into the details of the many factors which must be considered, such as the personal history, which includes such interesting points as that those who have had but one attack of inflammatory rheumatism have proved to be good risks, if carefully selected; the family history, where those whose families have had but one death from consumption have also proved good risks, if selected with care; habits regarding the use of liquors, where the actual fact as to the amount used is hard to ascertain, because the user invariably underestimates his indulgence, no matter whether he be applying for insurance or discussing the question socially; the effect of occupation, which is apparent enough in such departments as locomotive engineers and firemen, but has its surprises nevertheless, as in the case of brewers and their employes who are excessively bad risks, while distillers and their employes are almost good risks; the matter of residence, which is of increasing importance because growing more and more unstable ever since Cyrus Field "moored the continents side by side," so that the Philippines are now a part of the United States and residence there is so hazardous as to require excessively high premiums: the element of moral hazard, which has many subtle phases; and is seldom so clear and easily estimated as in the case of a recent application from a gentleman who belonged to a "feud" family in one of the border states, and who had thereby lost one arm, been dangerously wounded on another occasion, and was still liable to be used for a target.

So there are many things to be considered in determining whether a given applicant is, or is not, a good risk. And the final decision rests upon two things: (1) the personal judgment of the medical director and his associates, and (2) the actual experience of insurance companies. Now it goes without saying that these decisions become satisfactory to all the parties concerned just in proportion as the element of experience is increased, and that of personal judgment diminished. Where the verdict of actual experience has not been rendered, dependence must be had upon individual judgment and knowledge, and this is pretty sure to involve a greater or less margin of error. To be sure, care is taken that error, if any, shall be on the safe side, but it is error nevertheless.

As insurance increases, however, the field where dependence must be placed upon individual judgment, is steadily growing smaller, and the field where definite, ascertained experience governs, is growing ever larger. The most notable addition to experience came to hand in 1903. The Actuarial Society of America appointed a committee to investigate the experience of American companies with certain classes of risks—some seventy-six in all. This committee began its labors in 1901 and completed them in 1903. To this investigation, thirty-four of the largest companies contributed their experience, and lent their aid.

It will be easily understood how greatly our knowledge of actual experience was enlarged by the publication of the results of the labors of this committee, and how much was thus done toward tak-

C. E. RAWSON

President and General Manager of the Des Moines Life Insurance Co.

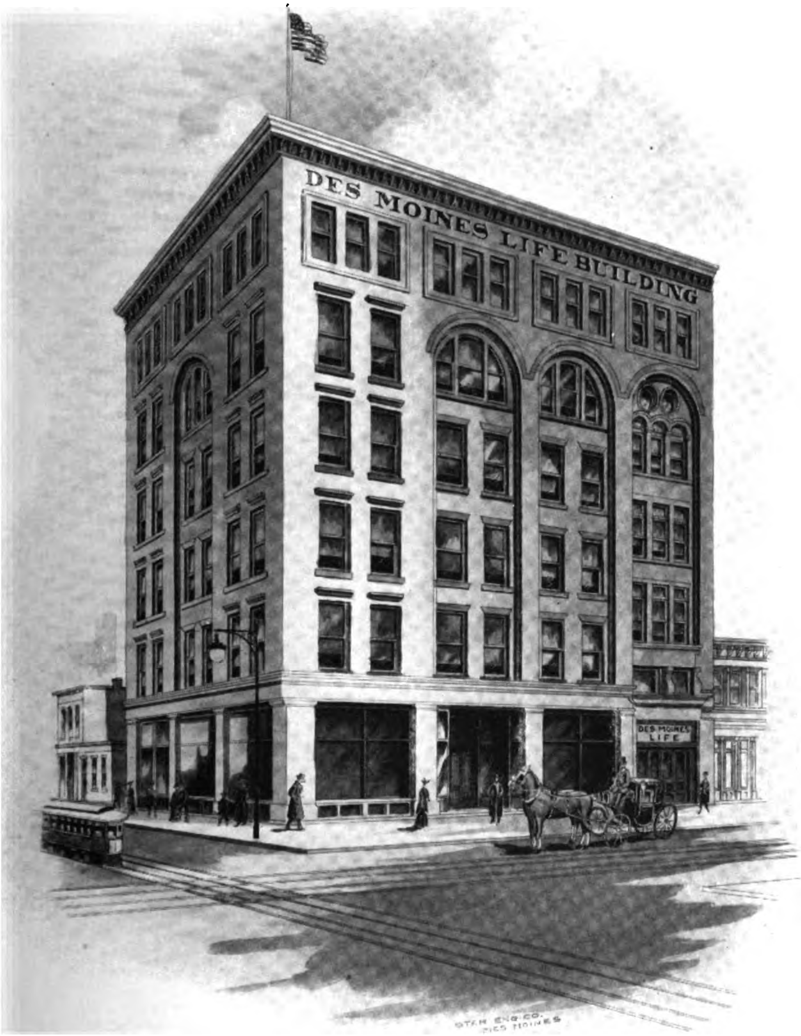
ing cases out of the realm of individual judgment and placing them over in the domain of actual experience.

Yet with all the experience which we now have, or may gather in the future, it will still remain true that each individual applicant will present a different problem, an individual combination of conditions and circumstances such as have obtained with no one else, and which necessitate a disposition on its own special merits.

The great jurist, Blackstone, defined Equity as being for the correction of that in which the law, by reason of its universality, is deficient. And no matter what body of experience we now have, nor how great an accumulation of experience we may have in the future, it will still be true that each case will present its own peculiar conditions and circumstances; and the medical director's desk will always be an Equity Court for the careful, detailed and painstaking disposition of individual cases, because experience, by reason of its universality, is deficient.

DR. C. H. PHILPOTT

2nd Vice-President Des Moines Life Insurance Co.


DES MOINES LIFE BUILDING
DES MOINES LIFE
STEN ENG. CO.
DES MOINES

DES MOINES LIFE BUILDING

The Des Moines Life Building, Seventh and Grand Avenue, recently purchased by President C. E Rawson for the Company from Mary A. Turner for $100,000. The two top floors will be used as the home office of the Des Moines Life.

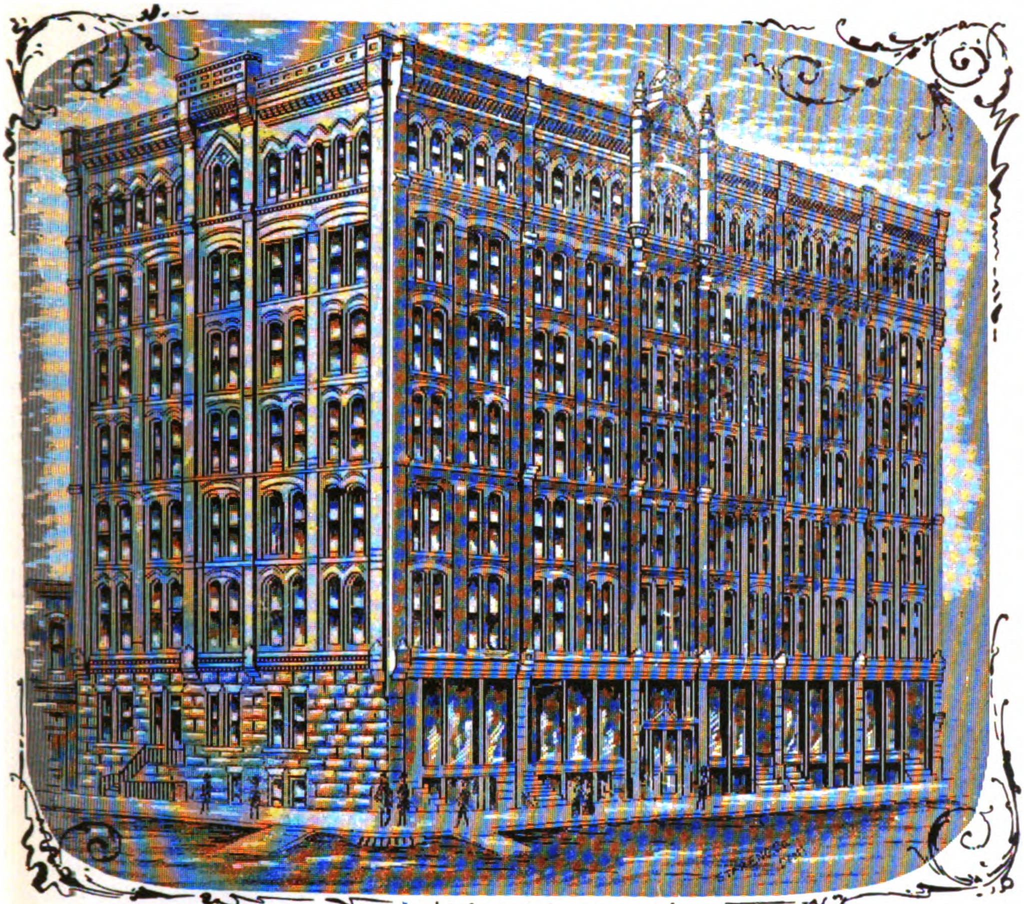
A. U. QUINT

Of the American Bonding Co.

A Representative Man of Business

Among the men who have made of their business a distinct success in Des Moines, and thereby added to the city's wellbeing and good name, is Mr. A. U. Quint of the American Bonding Company. Mr. Quint is a native of Michigan, but became a resident of Iowa while a boy, his parents removing to Carroll, where the young man was sent to school and was afterward sent to Ames, where he graduated from the collegiate course. Mr. Quint's first business experience began as a young lawyer in Carroll, and his thorough knowledge of the law has been most useful to him in his subsequent business association.

For two years Mr. Quint was vice-president of a bank in Scranton, Iowa, and it was while holding this position that he conceived the plan of forming a company that would insure banks against burglary. As a result of this plan, the Bankers Mutual Casualty Company was formed with J. G. Rounds, of the Citizens Na-



YOUNGERMAN BLOCK
ERECTED 1891

HOME OF

Equitable Life of Iowa.
Limited Term Life.
North-Western Mutual Life Ins. Co. of Milwaukee.
Bankers Accident Co.

tional Bank of Des Moines as president. Mr. Quint became the treasurer, and always held that office.

When this company was organized not over two hundred banks in the whole country carried any sort of insurance. Now every country bank carries it. The Bankers Mutual Casualty Company was a great success from its very inception. For seven years Mr. Quint's fine management and exceptional energy and ability carried along their business most prosperously, and at the same time, for three years, he had charge of the burglary insurance of the Aetna Indemnity Company. Mr. Quint is forceful, methodical and possesses good judgment. Among the reliable and popular business men of Iowa he has no superior. A cultured, college bred man, as well as a most successful man of business, he has made for himself a high place in the regard of the public, both of Des Moines and Iowa.

Accident and Sickness Insurance

H. B. Hawley, President Great Western Accident Assn.

Insurance against accident and sickness are among the newer branches of underwriting. Accident insurance was started in this country by the late President Batterson, of Hartford, Conn. It was at first confined to the accidents of travel, and so popular has this feature been that most companies now pay double benefits for such accidents. They also include accidents in burning buildings, intended particularly to cover people traveling and staying in hotels. It is, however, one of the open secrets of the business that people who travel most on first-class passenger trains are among the best risks to be found. This is especially true of those who travel on the strong Pullman cars. An absolute demonstration of this fact is that the large army of traveling men are known to be the "select" or "preferred" risks in the business. A farmer starting on a little journey will drive a team of wild horses to the railway station and purchase a ticket to cover accident insurance for a day or two while he is on the train, when if he realized the hazards he had left behind and his comparative safety while riding on the cars, he would take a long breath and relax as a soldier would after a battle. In the United States during the past two years there was only one person killed to about one and one-half million passengers carried. This is far more than should have been and yet was relatively a small number when compared with our modern methods of killing and maiming people, which have been so perfected that everyone is in peril whenever he steps into the street, or even when he stays at home.

Why is this general misapprehension? Because a railroad accident is known the world over through the next "Extra" which comes off the press. And yet scores of farmers are killed and maimed every day and every hour of the day. The same is true of many vocations—walking on city streets, taking a bath or going to sleep in a folding bed. Still many people tell us they do not carry accident insurance because they do not travel. The accident insurance man smiles and looks up the man who travels because he is a first-class risk, and will buy insurance. An accident insurance solicitor went down into a coal mine near Des Moines to solicit about the most hazardous of all risks, and was told by the first miner he met, "Oh, if I traveled I would insure, but I am in no danger here. That chunk of slate you see there just fell and took the heel off my shoe as I was getting away, but I can generally dodge 'um." Dangers to which we have become accustomed really lose none of their menace because we no longer look upon them as dangerous.

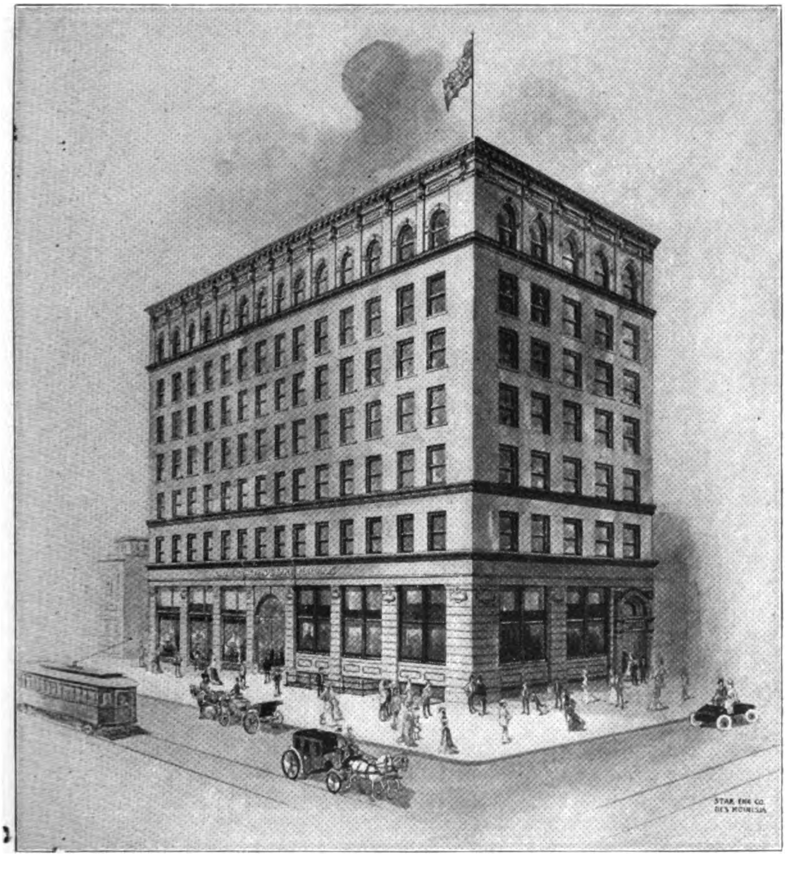
The statistics of those accidents which occur outside of regular occupations are interesting. Out of four hundred thousand losses over twenty-one per cent were to pedestrians, eighteen per cent at home indoors, about the same from horses and vehicles, a little less at home outside and less than five per cent from railroad travel. From these figures it would appear that there is five times greater exposure in walking than traveling by railway. On this same number of risks it was shown the ratio of fatal accidents to the whole number of injuries sustained were only one and twenty-nine one-hundredths per cent, showing the importance of the weekly indemnity feature in accident insurance.

Insurance against sickness is of much more recent date and was taken up very cautiously by the standard companies, paying at first only for certain specified diseases, and most of those diseases were very uncommon. Later it was found that under proper restrictions and rates this form of insurance could be safely written. The moral hazard in sickness insurance makes careful attention to claims necessary, although most claims have real merit and should be promptly paid. The great bulk of claims made for sick and accident benefits are fair and honest, and it is only the exception, not the rule, when difficulties arise over the adjustment of claims with honest people and reputable companies. Claims should be settled purely on their merits. The company that always applies the Golden Rule, seasoned with good common sense, has but little difficulty, although the noisy grafter sometimes advertises like a "daily extra," but he is soon found out. The claim adjuster should be just, not lavish; fair, not technical; patient with mistaken claimants; firm and unyielding with grafters. Honest people will not ask charity, but all people have a right to insist on justice.

About fifteen years ago the industrial form of insurance, generally known as the "dollar-a-month-plan" was introduced covering a limited amount of both accident and sickness insurance. It has met a certain demand from people who buy everything on the installment plan. It is like industrial life insurance, necessarily sold at higher prices, yet easily sold, just as a book agent will sell you a set of books because "the payments are so easy."

The fair, the just and the satisfactory settlement of claims should be the end and aim of the business. And so it is the duty of all good underwriters not only to meet claims promptly and pay them fairly, but to educate people to buy the best possible protection, not that which simply appears the cheapest.

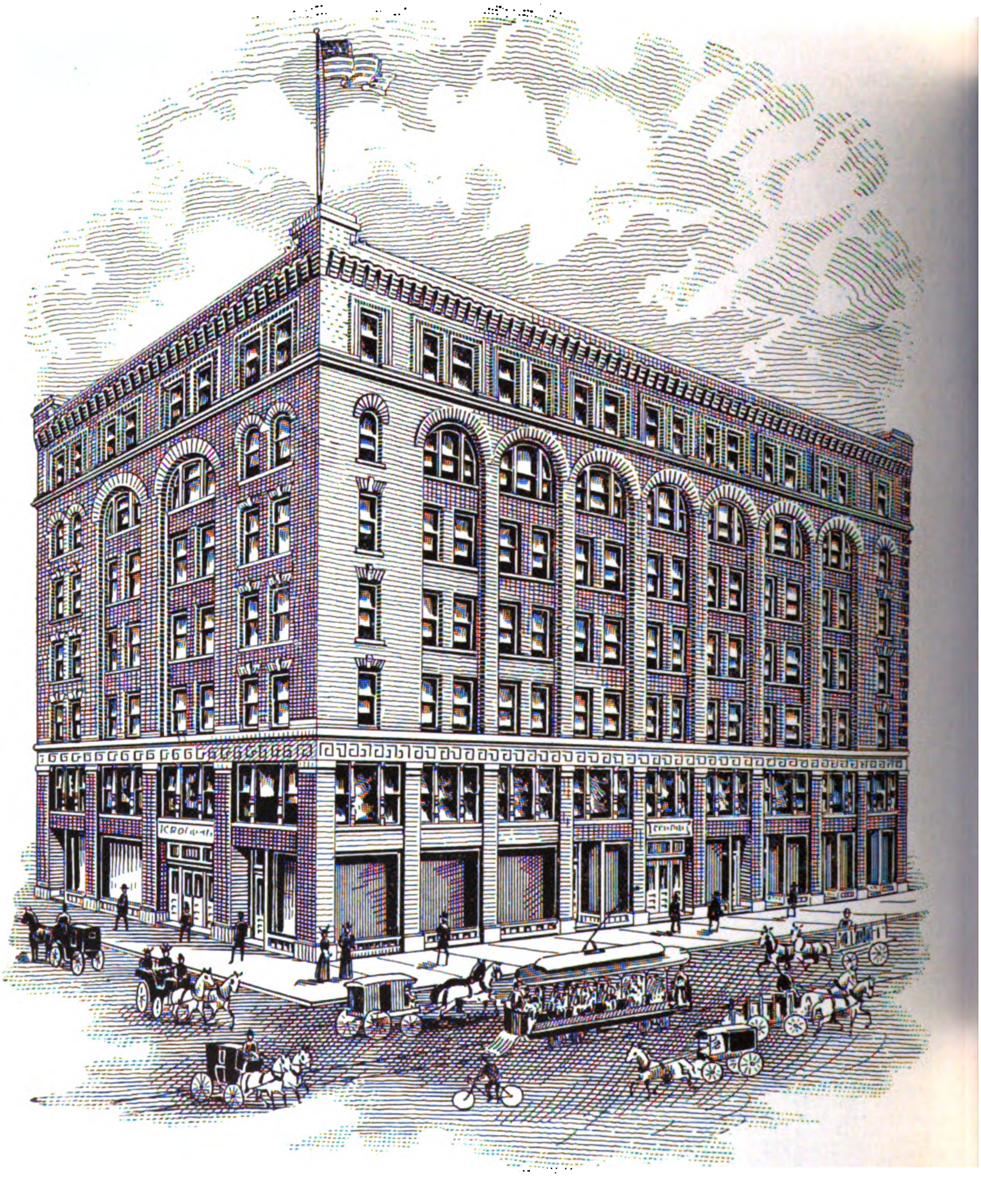
Two years ago I wrote a little article on accident insurance at the request of the Daily Capital. This was before the Des Moines Boosters Committee had been organized, but I find the points made then are coming true today about "boosting" Des Moines and Iowa Insurance. I, therefore, quote as follows: "We hear much in Iowa about patronizing Iowa institutions, and I believe there is no more loyal class of people to their own state than are the Iowa people. I believe, too, they are inclined to do this very thing with all worthy institutions, but no institution should ask for support on the mere fact of location without merit. Other things being equal, Iowa institutions have been and will be well supported by the people of the state, but grafters of any kind should not be supported simply because they happen to exist in Iowa."



Citizen's National Bank Building

HOME OF

American Life Insurance Co.
Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Elliot S. Miller.
National Life Association.
Provident Savings and Life Assurance Co.
Chas. B. Van Slyke.
Preferred Accident Insurance Co.
Fidelity and Casualty of New York.
W. S. Packard.



Crocker Building

HOME OF

- Des Moines Life Insurance Co.
- Des Moines Mutual Hail Insurance Ass'n.
- Fleming Bros., Mgrs. Mutual Life of N. Y.
- Iowa Mutual Tornado Insurance Ass'n.
- Merchants & Bankers Fire Insurance Co.
- Springer Agency, the W. H.
- Ira B. Thomas.
- Travelers of Hartford.
- New York Life.
- Town Mutual Dwelling House Fire Ins Ass'n
- Iowa State Traveling Men's Ass'n.

The Greater Des Moines Movement - Its Purposes and Prospects

Gilger E. MacKinnon

GILGER E. MACKINNON
Cashier Mechanics Savings Bank

TO ME, the most encouraging feature of the Greater Des Moines movement is the favorable attitude of the Des Moines public toward the efforts of the Greater Des Moines committee. From every nook and corner of our city, from all classes and conditions of people, comes the same query to every committee man, "What success are you having?" and it is closely followed with the gratifying remark, "I am following the work of your committee with great interest." This but emphasizes the fact that the hearts of Des Moines people have always been found to beat right with any worthy cause, and that, under the right leadership, no more loyal citizenship exists anywhere. To create a small organization composed of willing and successful business men, capable of directing this loyal spirit of our own people in an effort to build a bigger, better and busier city, was the purpose of the September meeting of the Commercial Club when it appointed fifteen of its members to that efficient body now well known state-wide, as well as in Des Moines, as the Greater Des Moines Committee. Fortunate it was, I am sure, that the men so appointed, should realize immediately, the responsibility thus imposed and begin, at once, an effort to show themselves worthy of the call. Since that date, at least five business days of each week have found a large majority of the members of this committee at luncheon in the Savery ordinary, working out, with enthusiasm and efficiency never equaled in Des Moines before, a plan to improve our city commercially and advertise her merits to the world outside. From the original fifteen, the membership of the committee has been increased from time to time until it now numbers twenty-eight. The past four months have been spent, largely, in perfecting plans for the three year's campaign, but while doing this, we have had factory day, college day, button day, have assisted the State Board of Agriculture in getting additional acreage for their buildings and have succeeded in getting several new business institutions to come to our city.

The members of the committee have formed themselves into a corporate body under the title of the "Greater Des Moines Committee, Incorporated," and their articles of incorporation have been published in full in the Des Moines Daily Capital.

Realizing that no movement of this nature could be effectual without money, a capable committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for a three year's campaign. It is expected that the sum of one hundred thousand dollars will be subscribed, payable in three annual installments, and already a large amount of this is available. In order that the Des Moines public might be assured that the organization had a definite purpose, a platform of twelve distinct planks was adopted and published. Despite the fact that this platform has appeared in all of the daily papers several times, we are still frequently asked what we are trying to do. These twelve planks are as follows:

1. The establishment of a freight bureau; the securing of a freight expert and the solution of the freight problem so far as Des Moines is concerned.
2. Money and effort will be used for the promotion of these factories that are already here and for the securing of new factories.
3. Steam railroads and interurban railways will be encouraged in every possible way.
4. Public institutions, such as Fort Des Moines, will be encouraged and promoted and new ones of the same class will be diligently sought for.
5. All proper agencies will be used for stimulating the Des Moines public to a proper appreciation of their own city and to encourage them to patronize home industries.
6. All classes of commercial and industrial statistics will be published to interest those who may contemplate moving to this city.
7. Beautiful booklets will be published to show the attractive side of the city, such as colleges, public buildings, Fort Des Moines, etc.
8. A news bureau will be established to advertise the city abroad.
9. The local papers have agreed to publish without expense, facts and figures for the promotion of a great city and to encourage loyal citizens in the proper appreciation of what we already have here. No Des Moines newspaper is to receive a cent of any fund raised by the Greater Des Moines Committee, but all have subscribed to the same.
10. The Greater Des Moines Committee will see that strangers and visitors to our city are properly entertained.
11. The Greater Des Moines Committee will have nothing to do with politics.
12. In general, all funds secured and all agencies available will be used for the advancement of the city's welfare.

I regard this program of such importance that every resident of Des Moines should commit it to memory.

The slogan "Des Moines Does Things" has been adopted and buttons bearing this motto are to be seen on nearly every coat lapel in the city. Those who are so unfortunate as to be without them are to be supplied as soon as the factory can turn them out.

The young men of Des Moines have caught the fighting spirit that figures so largely in the upbuilding of any great city. Older men, still young in spirit, are enjoying the keenest pleasure in backing them up in the great work. Down town real estate has never been held at such high figures and record rentals for these down town properties are only records for a day. We are awakening from that old dream that Des Moines was only a "country town." We have a *good* city with a *great* city's future ahead of us. There is nothing wrong with the city, the fault is all our own. We have been simply neglecting our duties—that is all. We owe the fair name of Des Moines an apology for the things we have left undone. For my part, I love my city and the debt of gratitude I owe her can never be cancelled by any services I can tender.

The prospects for a successful campaign of city building in Des Moines could not be brighter. The members of the committee, while conservative, are the most enthusiastic body of men in Iowa today, and with good reason. The movement they have inaugurated is finding willing friends on every side and the good things already accomplished, and in prospect, promise much for the future.

The committee appeals to you, fellow booster, to be loyal to your home city, to publish her advantages to the world whenever possible, and if, perchance, you hear her abused by the ungrateful at home or the unenlightened abroad, point them to our schools and colleges, our public institutions and our factories, our vast facilities for railway transportation, with new interurbans stretching out in every direction; to our beautiful women and sturdy men and their ready response to any worthy call; point them to the merging valleys of the Coon and Des Moines on whose wooded hillsides are clustered the homes of a happy, educated and cultured people and where rise, in significant grandeur, the towering church spires of Greater Des Moines.

The Political Equality Club of Iowa

EVELYN E. DAME

POLITICAL Equality Club is the oldest and one of the largest clubs in the city of Des Moines and was organized October 25, 1870 in the old Y. M. C. A. rooms on Fourth street.

Among its charter members were Mesdames Mary J. Coggeshall, Deborah Cattell, Mary A. Work, A. S. Kissell, Rebecca Nourse, Mary P. Fuller, Eliza H. Hunter, C. H. Gatch, Martha C. Callanan, S. Sharman and M. Gray Pitman.

The only member of the club at the present time who was a charter member that is now living is Mrs. Mary J. Coggeshall, honorary president of the State Suffrage Association who has been one of the foremost leaders in the work, having given much of her valuable time and vast sums of money for the cause.

The object of the organization was a united attempt to educate public sentiment in favor of equal political rights, and while but little has been accomplished in actual change of legislation, yet we are not discouraged; in fact, equal suffrage has had remarkable progress. Man suffrage was 600 years in the making, yet in sixty years there has been an entire change in public opinion and public sentiment, not only in this country but all over the world. In many of our foreign countries women now have more political freedom than they do here in the United States. In four of our own states women have full suffrage and in twenty-two states vote on all school questions and in four other states some form of suffrage.

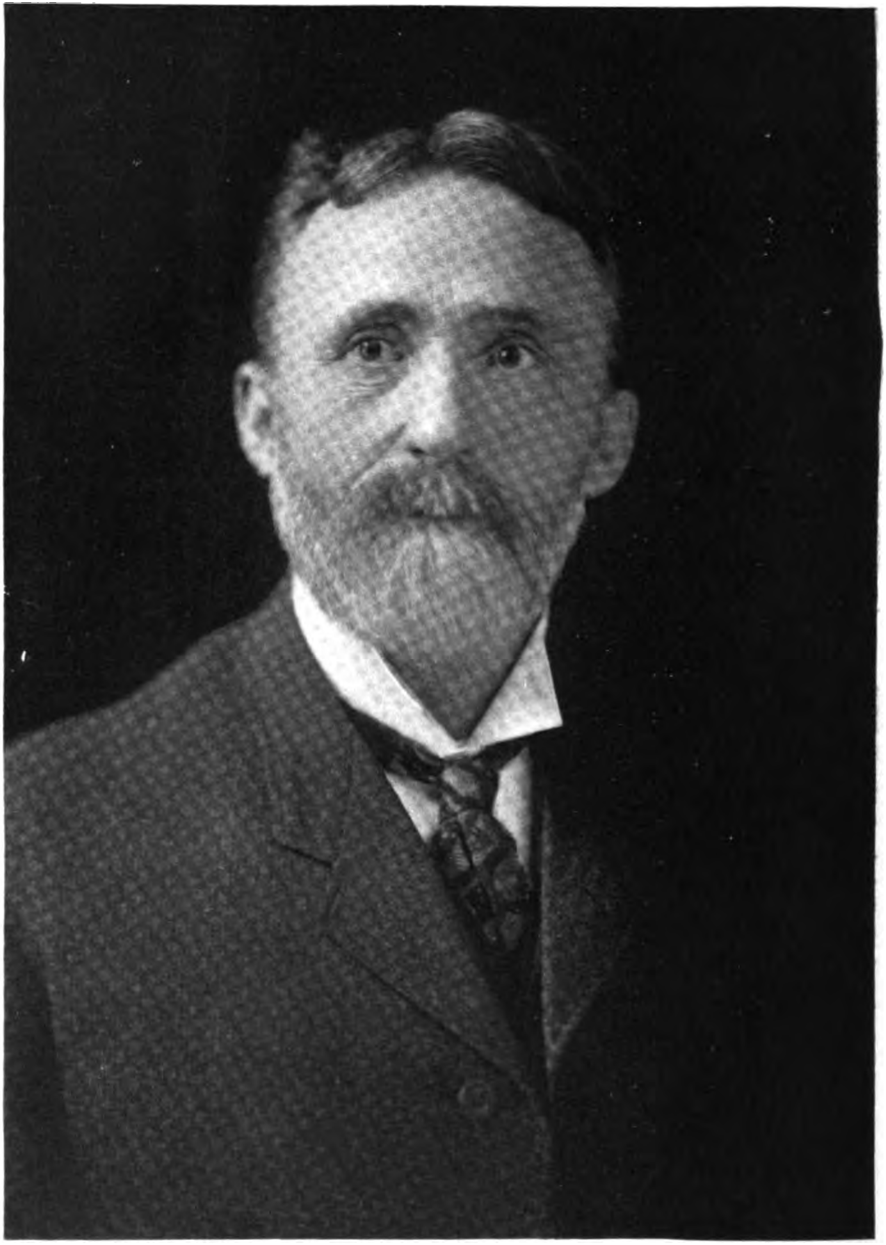
In 1904, 339 organizations not suffrage societies reported to the national organization they had officially endorsed suffrage and since that time many national organizations representing twenty countries and upwards of 6,000,000 of women members have adopted women's suffrage resolutions.

One of the interesting problems to be solved by the convention which will frame a constitution for the new state of Oklahoma is whether or not women shall be given the right to vote. Since the organization of this club thousands of dollars have been spent in the work, yet no debts have been incurred. It has contributed hundreds of dollars to aid the women of other states in their struggle for freedom. It gives annually one hundred dollars to the state work and is the largest suffrage club in the state, numbering 200 members.

The meetings are held monthly, and summer and winter only once in the thirty-six years have they allowed anything to take its place, and that was the tragic death in the home of one of its members. The club has secured the services of Mrs. Evelyn E. Dame, of Hull, Iowa, as chairman of the legislative work this session. Mrs. Dame had the work last year and made many warm friends among the legislators and did excellent work.

While in each legislative year in the last thirty-six years a petition or amendment has been presented and met with adverse decisions, yet we expect to present at least three this year: First, amendment to the constitution; second, presidential suffrage, and third, municipal suffrage.

Mrs. Andrew H. Weber is serving her third year as president of the club. The other officers are Mesdames Mary H. Hazard, Lona I. Robinson, Vivian Robinson-Webb, Mrs. Etta S. Kirk and Mrs. M. M. Pratt.



GEORGE J. DELMEGE

IS A LAW THAT PROHIBITS FREE INTERCHANGE OF EXPERIENCES AMONG FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES AGAINST PUBLIC POLICY

George J. Delmege, President Century Fire Insurance Co.

INDEMNITY is the vital feature in the fire insurance business, and the value of the indemnity offered is dependent upon an adequate rate charged for the liability assumed. Rate making, therefore, is the most important feature in the fire insurance business. The property owner who asks for indemnity, and the company that guarantees it, are equally interested in knowing that the rate paid and charged is equitable. That the rate charged is high enough to make sure and safe the company guaranteeing the indemnity, is equally important to the assured accepting it and the company guaranteeing it. If the rate charged is not high enough to cover the hazard of the risk, the company assuming the liability will fail, and the indemnity relied upon will have no value. If the rate charged is too high, then the assured is not being dealt with justly. The question then is, how is an equitable rate to be fixed on the different classes of hazards? How are the public to know that fire insurance rates are fixed as nearly at what they ought to be to conserve the interests of all as human knowledge and experience can determine? One swallow does not make a summer, neither does the experience of one fire insurance company cover a sufficient field of observation to afford the knowledge necessary to properly rate hazards of all the different classifications. The experience of one company with a certain classification may vary from the experience of another company with a like classification, but if the experience of all the companies, through the past years, is gathered, which experience shows the relative hazard of risks of different classifications, and from which experience is determined the risk liability, and the equitable just charge to make therefor, to protect the rights both of the assured and the assurer, then, and only then, can both parties in interest be assured that the equities of each have been protected in the fullest measure. But how is this information as to the relative hazard of risks of different classes, and the proper charge to make for insuring them, to be secured? Only through conference and interchange of experiences among the companies; and since these conferences and interchanges of experiences cannot now be had in Iowa, as the law prohibits conferences among companies, and since the assured are equally interested with the companies in proper rate making, it naturally follows that any law that prohibits the gathering of knowledge. that will permit the intelligent fixing of rates, is contrary to public policy and should be repealed. The Blanchard law of Iowa is inimical to the best interests of the public, as its prohibitory features prevent the most intelligent handling of the fire insurance business. Any law that prevents the widest freedom among companies in the matter of gathering information vital to the business, and in which the public are as greatly interested as are the companies, is against public policy and should be repealed.

From the present view of the insurance field it would seem to be quite outside of the possibilities for a combination among the fire insurance companies to be effected by which rates could be fixed at an inequitable figure. Competition among companies can always be relied upon to overcome any tendency to an over charge of premium. Competition frequently results in an undercharge of premium, or a charge below the safety line. That the rate maker should be in a position to comprehensively view the entire field in the light of the experience of all the companies, and to fix rates as warranted by such experience, no intelligent or fair-minded person, we think, will dispute. It is unquestioned that the rate maker to do his work right must have a knowledge adequate to properly classify the different hazards and to name for each classification the rate justified by the past fire loss experience on each classification. In order that the public may have the assurance that the rates fixed by the rater, who is selected because of his special fitness for the work, are made as the result of knowledge growing out of the experiences of companies, and that the rates, as made, duly regard the equities involved; it might be well to have a commission appointed by the state to hear and consider evidence offered to show that any rate questioned was not fixed as justified by the hazard of the risk. But surely no law should be allowed to remain on our statute books that through its prohibitions prevents the fair determination of risk liabilities, and the proper charge to be made by the company assuming them. The Blanchard law does this.

W. E. STATLER

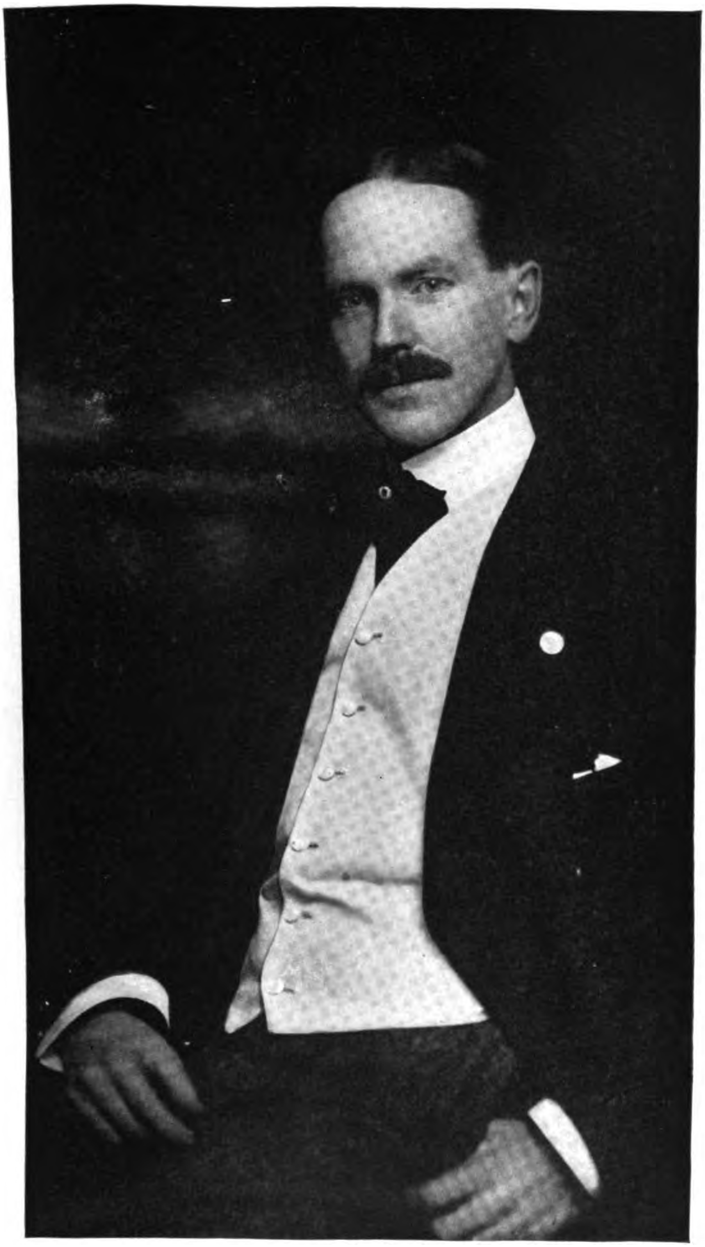
President and General Manager of the Bankers Accident Co.

DISABILITY INSURANCE

E. C. Budlong

NO BRANCH of insurance business has made greater strides in the last few years than that of personal accident and health indemnity insurance covering loss of time as the result of either injury or illness.

Accident insurance alone has been sold for over forty years—the first bid for public favor being the accident "ticket" offered for sale in railway ticket offices. Many business men who could not be persuaded to insure by the year would take a ticket covering from one to thirty days while traveling. This plan of insurance is responsible for the reply so often given by a person solicited to insure, "I never travel and therefore do not need accident insurance." The fact is a man is safer on a railroad train than on foot in the streets of his own town, and nearly all companies pay double indemnities if injured traveling, although the recent railroad disasters may well cause



E. C. BUDLONG

Agency Manager of the Bankers Accident Co.

any man to think twice before starting on a trip without accident insurance.

Remarkable impetus was given the business when about nine years ago certain companies commenced to insure against a limited number of diseases, and later when, at more adequate rates policies were liberalized to cover practically all diseases to which the flesh is heir, it became apparent that health insurance had come to stay.

It is only within the last five years, however, that these benefits have been placed within the reach of the great army of wage earners by the introduction of accident and sickness insurance at moderate rates, and the companies now selling the popular industrial or "dollar-a-

Google

month policy" are making wonderful gains in business. Dr. H. D. Keelor, a recognized authority, says in a recent article:

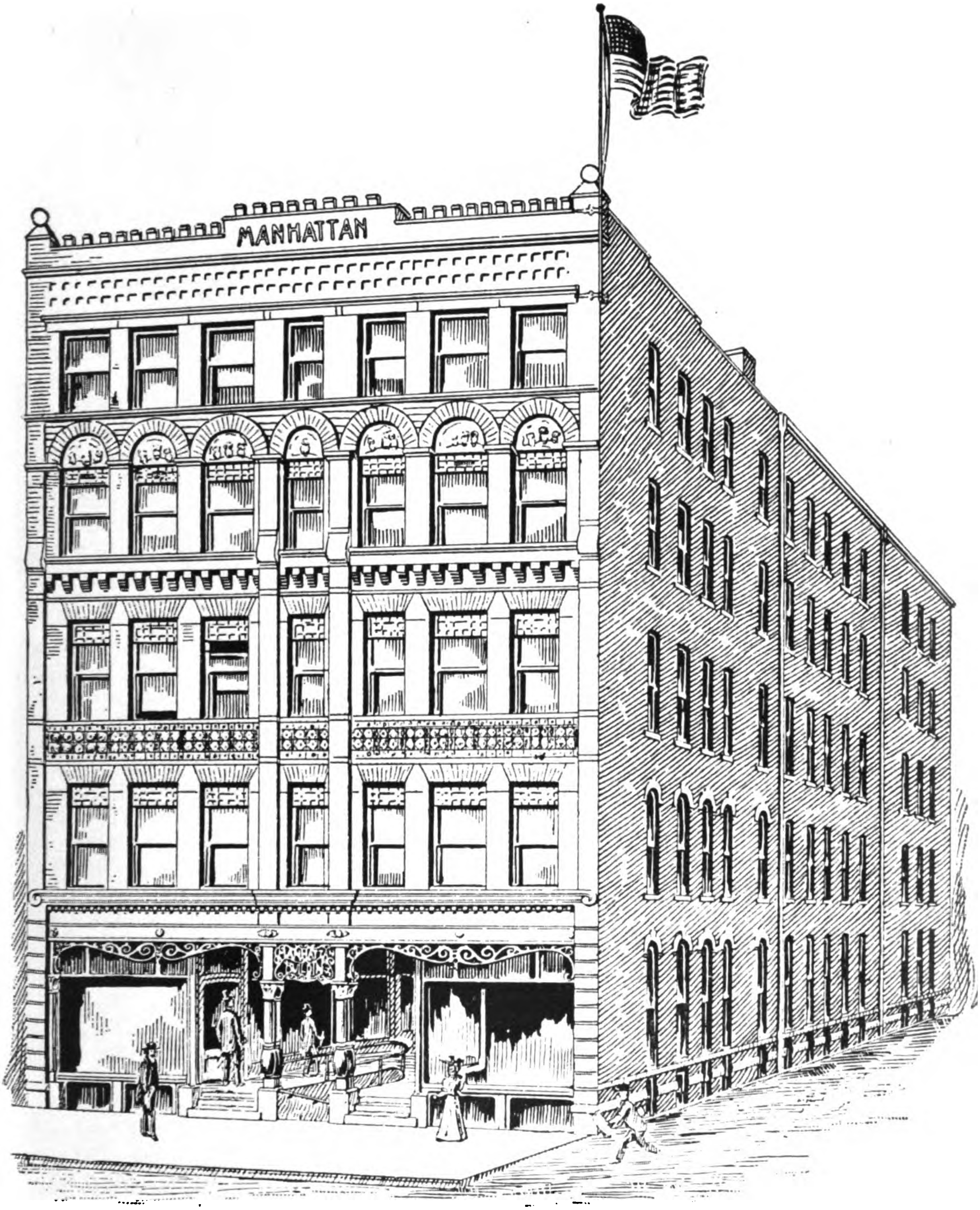
"Careful estimate indicates a total of 24,000,000 business men and wage earners in the United States, and one in seven of these is a victim of accident every year: that is to say, 3,428.471 are disabled by accident, and the statistics of insurance companies show that the average period of disablement is two weeks and five days, an average loss of time per individual of two and five-sevenths days every year. Equally reliable statistics show that as regards loss of time on account of sickness there is an average of two and seven-tenths days per individual in every year. When we reflect that the total amount paid by stock and mutual companies in losses resulting from accident and sickness does not exceed $10,000,000, the enormous loss of time that is not covered by insurance is apparent."

It is therefore evident that insurance against "loss of time" is still in its infancy. For many years accident indemnity was always sold in even amounts of $1,000 death benefit with each $5 of weekly indemnity, and a business man to secure indemnity to the extent of $25 per week was forced to pay for a $5,000 death benefit—whether wanted or not. Hence many people confuse this form of protection with life insurance, and some agents, unable to sell "time indemnity" on its merits as personal protection continue to harp upon the least important benefit to be derived from the policy instead of presenting the features which his prospect will not have to "die to win." About one in five persons insured is either injured or disabled by sickness each year, while only one in ten thousand insured is killed. The real mission of a disability policy is to cover loss of time from any accident or illness and also loss of limbs and eyesight, none of these features being covered by life insurance companies—however nearly all industrial policies provide for an amount for accidental death equal to ten or twelve months' indemnity.

A large percentage of the income of an accident company is paid out in benefits during the year it is collected, premium charges being based on immediate contingencies—the company acting virtually as collector and distributor of benefits among the thousands insured. There is no necessity for vast accumulation of assets or surplus as in life insurance where the payment of every policy is a certainty and must be prepared for.

There has been a great increase in the agency ranks of all accident companies during 1906, and many men who have been making a specialty of life insurance are now successfully selling disability insurance either exclusively or in connection with their other business. No better companies exist than the life, fire and accident companies of Des Moines, and the people of Iowa are very loyal to home institutions.

If a company conducts its business on safe and legitimate lines, and on principles which are approved by underwriters from coast to coast, it is entitled to the support of Iowa people as well as those of other states. If it relies only on the fact that it is a home institution, or tries in strange and devious ways to appear greater than it really is, it should be treated at home as it will be abroad by people who are intelligent enough to see through deceptions or misrepresentations



Manhattan Building

HOME OF
Mill Owners' Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Stedman, G. M.
A. E. Clarke & Co. Agency.
Witmer & Kauffman, Agents.

The Functions of the Life Insurance Agent

THE following address was delivered, by invitation, before the students of the University of Minnesota in its Insurance Course by J. C. Cummins, Secretary of the Equitable Life of Iowa, last month:

"The subject assigned to me for this paper is: 'The Work of the Agent and His Relation to the Company and the Policyholder. The Rights of the Policyholder.'

"I take it that the rights of the policyholder here referred to are those that relate to his dealings with the agent—that I am not to attempt to treat of those rights as they relate to the policy contract with the company—a larger subject, and one naturally falling to a member of the legal profession.

"I conclude, therefore, that there are really only three divisions of this subject, namely: The work of the agent; his relation to the company; and his relations and duties to the policyholder. And I conceive that I can best place before you my views on these subjects by taking up, first, what appears above as the second topic, namely:

THE RELATION OF THE AGENT TO THE COMPANY.

"Organizers of American life insurance companies assume that they will get business only by going after it. It is not a custom of the American people to visit life offices to ask for insurance. This fact being well known, all companies prepare to procure their risks by solicitation To secure a considerable number of applications for insurance is the most difficult undertaking which confronts a management. Hence, the relation to the company of the agent as a solicitor is of the greatest importance. Solicitors are as necessary to a company as leaves are to a tree. They gather in the material out of which the structure is to be erected. Many are needed. A company transacts business in a number of states. One man can cover only a small territory—perhaps two or three counties. To canvass a state of the usual size, therefore, requires forty or fifty agents. And twenty states require a regiment. This refers to persons wholly engaged in insurance work, who give it their entire time and attention. There are usually many others, who are engaged in other pursuits, but who also expend some effort in behalf of life insurance.

"Life insurance does not sell itself. It cannot be exhibited in show windows. It appeals to the mind—not to the body. To induce men to insure is something like getting them to do their part in maintaining good government. If our nation were in danger from a foe in arms, every man of us would be ready to rush to its defense. Such an occasion would appeal to our patriotism in an emotional way. It appears worth while—indeed, a very noble thing—to serve one's country on the field of battle. But it is very different when we are simply called upon quietly to stand for the right, with voice or ballot. Then, some of us are inclined to shirk our duty. So, too, there is, perhaps, not a man in this broad state who would not risk his life to save wife or child from fire or flood. But to lay by a little money each year and pay it to an insurance company, to secure their future from discomfort and want, is an act appealing to the sense of duty only, and not easy to set in motion. There are analagous cases. Giving to charity is one. We are a generous people, and millions are given freely. But other millions are given only because someone—frequently a solicitor—points out to the giver his duty in that regard. Art and literature are fostered in the same manner. Compulsory education carries the idea a step farther. Church work is the greatest example of all. I am not taking it for granted that all men ought to subscribe to theological doctrines. But I am sure that all churches teach morality; and that many men do not listen, and many others pay little heed to what is heard. Solicitors, therefore, each in his own field, and aggregating thousands in all, are employed to prosecute this work, and present its merits to the people. And while the work is difficult, it is also worthy and commendable; and the courteous agent should be a welcome visitor in every home.

"But a company needs not only quantity, but quality as well, in the business it secures. In this respect, also, the solicitor or agent is important. No company

C. H. Ainley

President of the Des Moines Insurance Co.

can wholly carry out its plans with regard to the quality of its risks, without the sympathetic aid of its agency force. Agents must be loyal to the company, and work with the management for good results. Risks are not all good. The poor ones would naturally be most easy to insure; the best ones, the hardest. Except, therefore, for selection, the average of those written would naturally be lower than the general average. This would result in excessive losses to the company and final failure. The company has methods of deciding which are and which are not good risks; but its decision must be made only upon the paper case, that is, from what is laid before it on paper. The agent, who may have a personal acquaintance with the applicant; and who, at any rate, has the opportunity of seeing him, must also form an opinion as to his desirability, and certify to it. And that company is, indeed, unfortunate whose agents are not faithful to it in this respect.

"An agent, then, to bear a satisfactory relation to his company, must be energetic and loyal. He needs no less the quality of courage. He is engaged daily in battles with doubt; with ignorance; with prejudice and with procrastination. One prospect questions the value of the plan of life insurance; another, the standing of his company, or the fairness of its methods. Some have no knowledge of the subject; and some think they know, but do not. The great majority do not doubt; are neither ignorant nor prejudiced, but want to put off action until a more favorable time.

"'Now!' is the battle-cry of the successful agent. He may not quote Horace to his prospect; but he urges no less strongly:

"'Whilst we are talking, envious time
doth slide,
This day's thine own; the next may
be denied.'

"Failure to get the application of any one prospect, at any one time, is a disappointment. It is never a defeat and does not discourage him. He ascribes it to local and temporary conditions; or to his own poor work in presenting the subject; and he expects, and strives for, better success next time. Daily, hourly, he goes out among the people, presenting, explaining, illustrating the great work in which he is engaged. And all the difficulties he encounters can be overcome if he is courageous.

"An agent needs confidence. He must believe in the scheme of insurance; in his own company; and, above all, in himself. It is an old saying that confidence begets confidence. His assertions must be positive; his facts provable. Hesitation forecasts defeat. Strength of conviction carries the hearer along on its flood tide. He must put his soul into his work. His eyes must shine with the light of truth; his pulses quicken with the fever of his earnestness. His language, his bearing, should be impressive. There are appropriate times in insurance, as well as other work, for the pleasing amenities of life. Stories, jokes and light chatter have their suitable places and occasions. But there is a time, in the solicitation of most prospects, when serious demand is made that manifest duty be done. It is then that the confidence of the agent exerts its influence, and produces good results.

"Enthusiasm will help him. It is a quality that spreads like a contagious disease. It makes friends, and disarms enemies. It lifts the feet of the agent over the rocks of difficulty that strew his pathway. It is an enemy of weariness and despondency; but hope leans on it, as upon a staff.

"But agents have other relations to the company than the securing of applications. They collect premiums, pay losses, assist in making assignments, secure policy loans, and attend to many other matters of like nature. They have only such authority as is given them by the company, and the grants of authority are not uniform; as some are employed principally for one purpose, and some for another. The company's authority is usually granted by the contract of employment; and this instrument is frequently well filled with limitations of the general authority. For instance, no agent is authorized to grant insurance. That is done at the home offices only (in a few instances at branch offices). Nor may he vary from the published rates, or modify the usual policy forms. To put it more affirmatively, the agent's authority usually is to quote the published rates; to present and explain the form of policy, by sample or copy; to see that the application is properly filled and the medical examination made, and to collect and remit the first year's premium. And while some agents are also authorized to do other things, none have, I think, broader authority as to the above essentials.

C. B. VAN SLYKE
Gen. Agent Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co.

"An agent's relation to his company has, of course, its financial aspect. Life insurance is one of the employments in which the usual compensations of the employe is by a commission. This is probably because the employe goes out after his business. If life insurance were written in offices; if customers came in voluntarily and called for it, as they do for clothing, for example, there would be less need of those splendid qualities of which I have spoken, in the salesman, and he would be a clerk whom a small salary would fairly compensate. But it is not so. Agents whose duty it is merely to solicit business, frequently have no compensation other than a percentage of the first year's premium. Those who conduct general agencies, maintain offices, pay losses, and look after the office work generally, usually receive, as further compensation, a small commission or collection fee, on such premiums, after the first year, as they collect.

"A little reflection on what has just been said as to the commission system will show that it affords an opportunity to men of ability to do something for themselves. That while an agency is a representation of an absent principal, yet, it is also a private business in which the agent, as an individual, has a personal interest. If he doesn't work, he will earn nothing at all; he is likely to earn little if his work is of inferior quality. But first-class ability, displayed in persistent effort, brings large returns. Ambitious men seek a work of this kind, being willing to expend a great effort for a return equally great. And companies seek ambitious men to represent them; for the success of the agent, no matter how great—and provided always that he acts within honorable lines—is equally a success for the company.

"The world may some day approve the contention of those enthusiasts among us who claim that life insurance work is a profession. If it is a profession, let us dignify and ennoble it by our conduct. If it is not, let us help, to the best of our abilities, to make it one. Life insurance agents are both teachers and advocates; and I will begin what I have to say about

THE WORK OF THE AGENT

by urging that he should prepare for it. One of the most important of his duties is to lay before his prospect the facts with regard to insurance and his company. This is the work of the teacher. To do it creditably, he should himself be well informed. Life insurance is a branch of human knowledge, and is to be acquired by study. Mathematics is another such branch. A teacher of mathematics in your university would undoubtedly be recognized as belonging to a profession. Perhaps a teacher of elementary arithmetic in a country school would not. The difference between the best teaching in life insurance, and the poorest, is as great as that above indicated. It is greater; for even a country teacher has acquired much more learning than his pupils—while the sole preparation of a beginner in life insurance work usually consists in listening, for an hour or two, to the explanation of forms of policies and rates by a superintendent of agents. We cannot claim that such men can do professional work. Let us consider them, rather, as students. Every man who engages in this work should—

DR. C. B. PAUL

Supreme Physician of the Homesteaders

"First. Realize that there is a large fund of information on the subject;

"Second. That he can do justice to his company, the public and himself only when he has acquired this information;

"Third. That he, as a beginner, necessarily lacks it; and

"Fourth. Resolve that he will acquire it as rapidly as possible.

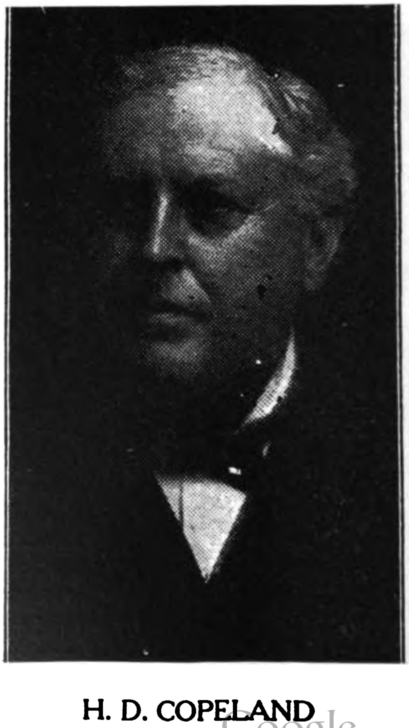
"A student of mathematics, having made some progress in his studies, may begin to teach those not advanced as far as himself. So, too, a life insurance agent may begin work when he himself has taken only a few lessons, but he will be worthy of a place in a profession (if at all) only when he has covered the whole ground, and is master of his subject.

J. E. PAUL
Supreme President of the Homesteaders

"But life insurance work may be likened to another of the learned professions, namely, the law—that is to say, in the matter of the skill acquired by practice. A new lawyer may have read through his course carefully, and finally passed his examination creditably; and yet, he may not be able to try a case well. Indeed, the chances are many that he would not do so. He would lack the skill which comes with long practice. It is so with soliciting life insurance. The abundance of an agent's previously acquired information will avail little, if it is not presented well. An agent presents his case to a prospect as a lawyer presents a case in court. Each wants a favorable verdict or judgment. Tact, shrewdness, knowledge of human nature, help both advocates. Many trials; constant effort toward improvement; daily sharpening of wits; the pain of defeat; the joy of success; bring them both alike to a high degree of skill and efficiency. A new agent cannot wait for this before beginning his work, for he can acquire it only as the work proceeds. But if he is ambitious, and if he recognizes at first his lack of this skill, time will do the rest.

A life insurance agent needs many 'I's.' Information has been mentioned. Integrity and industry are essential. There may be, in all departments of life, a certain degree of prosperity based on dishonesty. I fear there is. But I believe it is false, temporary, and disappointing; that its joyful face is a mask behind which grief sits enthroned; that its sweets turn to bitter in the mouth, and its laughter sinks away in whispered curses. Honesty and truth should be the guiding stars of men, whether engaged in life insurance or any other work. Success, achieved by unfair means, is not success at all, but failure. To enjoy your victory, you must win your game fairly. James Lane Allen in the 'Reign of Law,' said that 'there is no price that will pay for the loss of self-respect.' Shakespeare said, 'To thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.' Few men are in doubt as to the moral quality of their acts; and he whose conscience does not approve his actions has made a poor sale of his birthright.

"The life agent owes, as does any other man, justice and fair treatment to all with whom he deals. With him, too, honesty ought to prove a winning pol-



H. D. COPELAND
Supreme Treasurer of the Homesteaders

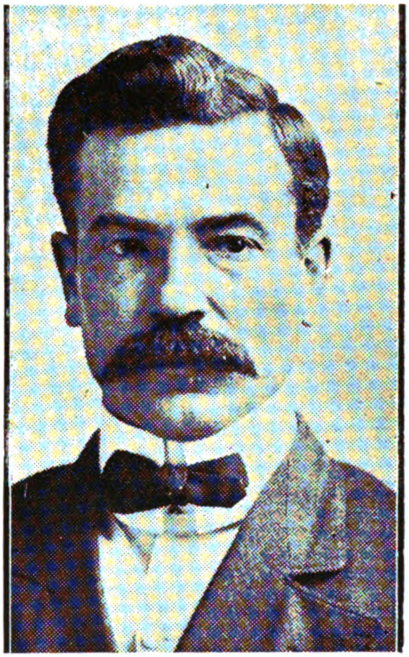
icy; for he is constantly endeavoring to evoke the nobler sentiments in his prospects. His appeals are addressed to the love, the generosity, the duty of mankind. With what success could one hope to do this who was himself false and faithless? A preacher's best asset is piety. All the eloquence with which a gifted man may be endowed; all the learning he may acquire, will not compensate for the lack of true righteousness. A life agent can secure some business by lies and deception; but the confidence of his clientage, to be obtained and held only by honorable conduct, is worth far more to him, even in dollars and cents. Let us not mistake the shadow for the substance. Addison made one of his characters say:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.'

"As was stated at the beginning of this paper, men rarely seek for life insurance. Liberal advertising might bring customers to our doors. Even so, companies would be merely substituting the cost of advertising for the cost of the agent's work. Recognizing this condition, the custom is to seek our prospects in their own homes and places of business. As the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet goes to the mountain. An agent's work, therefore, is to call upon those whom he believes to be able, physically and financially, to insure, and present the offers of his company. His agency contract gives him wide margin of discretion as to details. The goal at which he aims is in plain sight; but the method of arriving at it, over the difficulties which lie in the way, is for him to work out. He may use printed matter and letters to assist in creating an interest; or depend wholly on verbal presentations. He may talk protection, and the creation of an estate; or saving for advanced age. He may try to secure long interviews; or deem short ones best. He makes his choice in all such matters. but this fact is well established, that

INDUSTRY IS NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

"He finds that little work will usually bring him little pay; while vigorous and determined effort is rewarded proportionately. It is a great opportunity to an ambitious man. Many a good man, holding a poor clerkship, would be glad to do more than is asked of him, if it would lead to advancement. But there is no opportunity. Life insurance work is one long opportunity. What an agent can do is limited only by his own mental and physical strength. Comfort, competence, wealth, in due time, are all within his reach. His field is the civilized world; for, if he outgrows any territory in which he is placed, a larger and better one will be given him. Promotion comes slowly, even where merit is recognized, in some employments. In life insurance, the company is as eager as any agent can be, to give him scope for proved ability. The great difficulty is—not to find places big enough for good men; but to find men good enough for big places.



A. H. COREY

Supreme Secretary of the Homesteaders

"Life insurance work has many attractions. It is pitched on a high plane. The argument is addressed to our better natures, and in its best form comes from high thinking. Merely coaxing a prospect to insure is poor work. Our task is to convince the intelligence of the prospect. This is to be done, not by asking him to do one thing while his judgment favors another; but by showing him that the opinion he has held is erroneous, and endeavoring, by argument and illustration, to induce him to change it. The

H. J. ROWE

Secretary of the Home Mutual Insurance Co.

"persistence" of a good agent is not a persistent appeal for a favor, but a persistent effort to present the subject of insurance so that the opposition to its just claims will be withdrawn. Many prospects know little more of insurance than you would know of a book by noting its size, binding and title on the cover. Seeing such a book on the counter, your first thought may be that you do not want it. But you might well adopt a different view if a friend, who had read the book, should point out to you that it is full of beauty and helpfulness. It is such a change that we seek to bring about in our prospects.

It is a beneficent work. A good company always gives a fair return for the payments made to it. An agent goes about doing good. He teaches men to save. His work makes for the betterment of any community. I must pass on to the third branch of my subject, namely:

THE RELATION OF THE AGENT TO THE POLICYHOLDER, INCLUDING THE RIGHTS OF POLICYHOLDERS.

"The agent represents the company. His relation to it is one of trust and confidence. The company is a seller. The policyholder is a buyer. In so far as this condition draws a dividing line between company and policyholder, without doubt, the agent belongs on the company's side. The law and his contract with the company place him there. A policyholder, therefore, should expect of an agent only that service which he can lawfully and equitably render. But this leaves ample room for such service as the policyholder needs. He needs the facts, as they concern him. To have the truth told, so that he may decide fairly. To be informed. so that he need not act ignorantly. An agent's duty to a policyholder is the same as that we all owe to all with whom we live and transact business—fairness, courtesy, good faith. If there is a question of the kind of policy to be selected, the agent should advise in accordance with his knowledge and experience, foregoing any temporary advantage to himself in doing otherwise. He should not ask a prospect to carry too much insurance. Neither the cause of insurance, nor his own future business, will be helped by over-insurance in any case. He should represent a good company, in order that he may honorably recommend it. It is the policyholder's right to have safe insurance, and at a fair cost. An agent, therefore, will always be wrong, unless he connects himself with such a company.

"An honorable agent will not grant a rebate; an honorable policyholder will neither ask nor accept it. There is a legitimate use for every dollar of the premium; if any of it is diverted to another channel, which occurs when a rebate is given, the plan of the management is disturbed and a readjustment has to take place. The policyholder who pays his full premium is injured by a rebate to another policyholder. The law should make the one who accepts (and who, in fact, usually demands it) equally guilty with the one who gives.

"The life agent has a work to do, a duty to perform, assumed by no one else. Modern life is adjusted to a division of labor and duties. Each individual has his part of the world's work to do. His obligation is frequently neither official, nor by contract, but if he usually does that work, we depend upon it; make our arrangements accordingly; and suffer if it is not done. Occasionally a labor strike gives bitter emphasis to this dependence. Just so, our wives and children depend upon the life agent for protection. It is his work to insure husbands and fathers. If he fails to do it, by fault of his own, a widow or child is the victim. That community is best off in which every widow is saved from drudgery; in which every child has a chance to be educated and kept clean. Men who are good citizens will do this while they live. They try hard, too, to save, and leave estates at their death, for the same purpose. But, to create an estate by saving, takes time; and to some, in every community, that time is not given. Life insurance is a method of finance by which an estate is created, without the element of time.

Every man should adopt and use both plans, and thus cover all contingencies. I say every one; for you will easily see that it is impossible to insure only those who are to die soon. Even if we knew who they are—and we do not—it is obvious that when an insurance company carries a thousand dollars at risk a year for, say, thirty dollars, many premium payers must live for each one who dies. Insurance, therefore, should be general; and the agent should do this, his share of the world's work, manfully and well. Even those who, for some fancied reason, delay applying for insurance on their lives, want their neighbors to insure. How we grieve when we learn that a death in our vicinity has left a wife or child not provided for. To make sure there is such provision is the work of the agent. This is his service to the community; and the results are his justification for persistent effort. The world is brighter and better because he lives in it.

MRS. A. H. WEBER

President of the Political Equality Club.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF IOWA AUTHORS

NO. 6. MARGARET COULSON WALKER

Ida M. Street

MARGARET COULSON WALKER

A Typical Western Book

THIS TITLE will probably suggest to the general reader a picture of pioneer life in the far or middle West; the Rocky Mountains in the sixties, or the Mississippi Valley in the forties or fifties. Yet an imaging of a past life in the West is not the representation of the true western conditions of today. The present is not the past, though it is built upon that foundation. In Iowa, in this fall and winter of 1906-7, we do not turn over, for the first time, the unbroken prairie sod, burn our last summer's unmarketed corn till we can scratch a little more coal from a surface vein, nor plant wind-breaks on the north side of our isolated frame houses to keep out the biting prairie winds. The little seedling switches have become tall well-kept groves about our older farms. The houses themselves have gathered closer together and are connected by telephone and trolley lines. The furnace-heated houses with their storm windows are ample protection against the bitter cold of this interior plain, and our well-fed stock is better housed in well-built barns than our grandparents themselves were sixty years ago. We still occasionally suffer inconvenience from our western blizzards, our street cars and railway trains are at times several hours behind the schedule on account of drifting snows; but we have our steam plows to shovel us out, our well-heated cars and houses close at hand where we can warm our chilled bodies between our assaults upon the obstacles that nature puts in our way. Our grandfathers and fathers have subdued the tyrant, Nature, and harnessed her, while we ride in her chariot.

Luxury and ease are enervating to both mind and body. What is going to be the effect upon the coming generation of this rapidly increasing prosperity all through the middle West? Will our children be inert of mind and sluggish of body? The pioneer had every faculty within him, every physical power called into activity. He learned both to be aggressive and to endure. His environment was a many-headed hydra whom he had to conquer and chain to his car of progress. As fast as he provided against one element or overcame one obstacle another arose. He learned to be resourceful, adaptable, doggedly persevering. He subdued the more rugged phases of his surroundings and his sons and daughters came into their inheritance of greater material comfort and more leisure for reading and self culture. Transportation lines were built, the pioneer lost his isolation and came into more direct contact with the rest of the country. The next generation felt their lack of education in the traditions of the world and demanded more knowledge. Then educational institutions sprang up like mushrooms all over the Mississippi Valley. They were of all sorts and conditions and produced all gradations of learned and half-learned men and women. They have lived through their unformed, hoydenish youth and are settling down into their proper places in the world's rank and file of colleges and schools.

And now what is to be the education of our babies who are just entering into this western life? We want them to have knowledge enough to meet their fellows of the East and even of Europe without shame over their deficiencies; but we also want them to retain the sterling qualities of their pioneer ancestors; their intimate knowledge of nature and her possibilities for usefulness as well as for harm, their energy, their practical intelligence, their resourcefulness. The parents and friends of these babies are looking anxiously about to see what means can be found to make them as fine and strong in characters as the parents and grandparents whom they themselves knew and admired, yet without their disabilities.

One of these friends, who has looked about to some purpose, is Margaret Coulson Walker, whose new book, Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends, has for its main purpose, as she states in her preface, not entertainment alone, but profitable employment as well. "The value of the things made is not in their finish, but in the training which they afford—a value ethical rather than intrinsic." The apparent aim of the book is to show children how to make dolls and playthings out of the common flowers, fruits and vegetables of the garden; the real aim is to train them; for "In making use of these apparent inappropriate materials in the construction of their own toys, resourcefulness is engendered, practical intelligence stimulated, the inventive faculty cultivated, sympathetic acquaintance with nature broadened, and manual dexterity increased—all of which will in later life prove of inestimable value.

"Then, too, such employment strengthens, or in some instances, creates the ability to get pure enjoyment out of the near at hand little things, which makes for permanent happiness."

Herself the daughter of pioneers, she thoroughly understands the spirit of unrest, sometimes called, but rather the spirit of energy, of self expression which led her parents and their contemporaries to leave the settled East and fight hydra-headed nature in the Mississippi Valley. She remembers some of the devices used in her childhood to supply the lack of toys. She speaks from her inmost convictions and experiences when she says. "The whole nature of the child cries out for self activity. Producing by his own efforts something that satisfied his own needs gives him the keenest possible pleasure, and puts into him that energy that results in love of work."

Here is the spirit of the pioneer without his material hardships, here is the essence of the fascination of the pioneer's life without the soul harrowing limitations that exhausted him. So I say this is a typical western book, written by a typical western woman. It puts into the at-present-more-conventional educational system of our middle West, the spirit of the past which has made the present possible.

Another element of this book is also a marked characteristic of the West today, and that is the spirit of humor, the spirit of play which does not interfere with work, but is the sunshine on its surface. One cannot walk through the streets of an Iowa town without hearing burlesque, wit and grotesque play of fancy upon the lips of her common citizens. Miss Walker has appreciated the spirit of humor and catered to it in the child. Rastus Prune appeals to the child's sense of humor both in the illustration drawn from the object, and in the story. His feet are made of raisins and tend to turn around, whch is a good point in dancing a back step. In Lady Hollyhock the presence of three tooth pick legs is necessary to support her unusual dignity. Miss Walker's practical knowledge of children has led her to pick out just those incongruities which would appeal to the child's imagination, for instance, "None of the Gourd men ever had the appearance of being either sensible or well behaved. But one ought not to expect sense and dignity from any of their race, for all over the world, those who have neither, are said to be as "green as a gourd." One child brought to Miss Walker a doll with a safety pin for a mouth and gravely remarked, "She won't talk too much with a safety pin for a mouth." In the Apple Jack's Story, he says of the boy who had picked him up.

"If he should choose to take me in
I would cause him never an ache,
For, since he was the making of me,
I'd go down for friendship's sake."

The grotesque expressions which the nature of the material gives some of the dolls' faces is well portrayed by the illustrator, Mary Isabel Hunt. Especially is this true in the case of the gourd children. The colored pictures, then, add just that element of humor which the average child enjoys in the funny picture page of the Sunday paper, but they have a more refining influence than the funny page by the very quality of their content.

Humor is simply the perception of incongruities. If these are of a trivial nature the observer laughs, if they are more serious he sets about to right them. So Miss Walker has presented to the children not only little incongruities of object and material, as given above, but has called attention to harmony of colors, and orderliness of dress with a view to the cultivation of taste, as, in the description of the dress of the paper dolls, and the proper habits of dressing as told in the rag-doll story, or the description of the costume of the cucumber lady and its possibility for toning up her complexion. Miss Walker firmly believes in the regenerative power of the knowledge of nature upon the child's morals. She claims that a part of the value of her book is ethical, as it brings the child to a sympathetic use of the natural materials at hand. When he uses them as dolls his imagination endows them with almost human feeling and they will be a part of his world for the rest of his life.

She has, perhaps, more plainly embodied this idea in her earlier book, "Our Birds and Their Nestlings." This, although issued by a firm of school book publishers, the American Book Company, is not merely a book for schools, but is one of interest to all lovers of birds, being made up of stories by the author interspersed with poetic and legendary selections from the best literary sources. Into this new book, published by the Baker & Taylor Co., she has put no selections —the entire content is her own.

She has appealed to the child's innate sense of rhythm by many original rhymes and verses. The Doughnut Man, with his doughnut coat all buttoned down before, is set to the tune of Old Grimes is Dead. Jack O'Lantern Dreams appeals to the average boy both by its humor and its rhymes:

" 'We are ghosts,' the faces shouted,
'Of the pumpkins in those pies,
If you had not been so greedy,
We should not before you rise.'

'Then the dreadful firelit faces
Faded slowly out of sight,
But the awful pain inside him
Lasted nearly all the night."

Moral lessons, likewise, are well sugar-coated, or rhyme-coated in such verses as the Hickory-nut Nurse.

"The hickory-nut nurse has a hard, hard face
But a heart that is tender and true;
She could not change her looks, you know,
And neither can I, or you.

"But we can be helpful and kind and
good
To all whom we meet and know,
So they never will think of our looks
at all,
But of the goodness that lies below."

Miss Walker does not preach sermons to her little friends, little folks do not like, any better than their elders, to be lectured. But under the jingle of her rhymes and the play of fancy and humor she is indirectly teaching a great social and moral lesson. To quote her own words in closing:

"You, too, can be your own fairy godmother, and if you wish, have a great ball at which all of Lady Hollyhock's visitors may appear, not through the touch of a wand, but through the touch of the hand—and all of them will be so real that they will not fade away when the Princess goes.

"Would it not be best, after all, for every one of us to be our own fairy godmothers, so that when we want very much to have anything happen we can set things to bring it about. Then the things wished for will not vanish away at the stroke of a clock, but will be ours always."

This spirit of self-helpfulness is the true spirit of the West. It is the spirit that inspired our pioneer parents and will make joyous the lives of our children and grandchildren.

HENRY PYLE

Secretary and General Manager of the National Life Association

THE
BELL
COFFEES
J.H.BELL&CO
CHICAGO

Who I am and Where I Came From

By a COFFEE BEAN

Lying in a package of coffee with a great many others like me and labeled The Bell Coffee, it occurred to me whether the Bell People, who pack a very fine grade of coffee, knew anything about my ancestry, and to set myself right before the world, I had my ancestral tree prepared through the medium of a learned scholar, who writes me the following facts:

"Your name was derived from the Arabic Khawah, there were fifty to sixty species, but the list is now restricted to twenty-two, of these seven belong geographically to Asia, and of the fifteen African species eleven are found in the West Coast, two in Central and East Africa and two are natives of Mauritius.

"The tree on which you grew is an evergreen plant of from eighteen to twenty feet high; when flowering you produce dense clusters of pure white color with a rich fragrant odor. Your use was known at a period placed at 875 A. D. You were first brought from Abyssinia into Arabia by a learned and pious Sheik. Down to 1690 the only supply of coffee was from Arabia and in that year the Governor General of the Dutch East Indias received a few coffee seeds from Arabia and Java, and these seeds he planted in the Garden of Batavia where they grew and flourished so abundantly that the culture was immediately commenced on an extended scale in Java. One of the first plants grown in that island was sent to Holland as a present to the Governor of the Dutch East India. It was planted in the Botanical Garden at Amsterdam, and young the West Indian Islands and gradually the culture extended throughout the New World, till now, the progeny of the single plant sent from Java to Holland produces more coffee than is grown by all the other plants in the world. As we judge a woman's beauty by her shape, size and color, so your commercial value is determined. You belong to the medicinal class of food valuable from the stimulating effect upon the nervous and vascular system, you produce a feeling of buoyancy which does not end in depression, increases the frequency of the pulse, lightens the sensation of fatigue and sustains the strength under prolonged and severe exertion. Your value under the rigors of arctic cold has been demonstrated by all arctic explorers, and you are scarcely less useful in tropical regions where you stimulate the action of the skin."

I see, Mr. Bell, that you print on your package South American Mocha and Java. You are certainly right in this, this being a trade name for me, because I am a Mocha and Java descendent. I am proud of my birth and proud that the American people appreciate my qualities in the various brands that you use me in.

Wishing you the best of success in the matter of supplying the people with pure goods, I am,

Yours very truly,
A Coffee Bean.

In connection with the above, we desire to state to our trade that we guarantee all our goods to conform to the Pure Food Law if sold in our original package

THE Mechanics' Savings Bank
OF DES MOINES, IOWA

ASKS for its share of patronage from the citizens of this steadily growing city, offering courteous and impartial attention to the needs of each individual customer.

Its officers and directors are capable and prosperous young business men who have faith in their own futures, who believe in their own home city and are identified with every important movement for its upbuilding, and who direct their Bank with the same active interest they give to their own business.

OFFICERS
H. B. WYMAN, Pres. G. E. MacKINNON, Cashier G. J. JOHNSON, Ass't Cashier

DIRECTORS
R. R. McCUTCHEN JOHN H. GIBSON H. F. GROSS
H. B. WYMAN G. E. MacKINNON
F. C. WATERBURY C. B. McNERNEY NELSON ROYAL

A WAY TO INSURE HEALTH

The pure food law has once and for all time settled it for even the unthinking person, that health and happiness can not be secured by eating and drinking things which are injurious to the stomach and blood. Everybody also knows that of all things consumed by human beings there is but one article that contains all of the food element necessary to build up the health and strength of the body. This article is milk. Now if milk plays such an important role in our daily well being, should we not see to it that we have the best the market affords? Why take a second rate article when a first-class one can be had for the same price? If you really have at heart the welfare of your family, use the milk and cream of the Iowa Dairy Company. Take no substitute. Insist on having it from the Iowa Dairy Company. This well known firm has been in business in Des Moines long enough to have won the most enthusiastic commendation from thousands of Des Moines housekeepers. Their milk and cream has always stood the most critical tests and has in every case come out on top. Absolute purity, perfect sanitation and perfect cleanliness are guaranteed when you use Iowa Dairy Company's milk and cream. Have you tried them?

* * *

Mr. Luther Ferriss is the capable representative in Des Moines of the Travelers, of Hartford, Insurance Company. This old and well known company does a big business in Iowa and the middle West, and has long ago taken the high rank it deserves in the line of insurance companies of America. Mr. Ferriss is well known among successful insurance agents and is a credit to the company he so well represents in the greatest city of the middle West.

* * *

The Baird-Chenoweth-Taylor-Crawford Company is one of the best and most favorably known agencies in Iowa. The members of this company are R. J. Baird, S. E. Chenoweth, H. S. Taylor and E. E. Crawford, who replaces Joel Tuttle, removed to Milwaukee. These are all Des Moines young men, who have made for themselves fine records in business and have won the confidence and regard of the general public. This company represents eleven fire, three plate-glass, one liability and one bond company, and is located at 703 Observatory Building.

CUT FLOWERS
FLORAL DECORATIONS
FUNERAL DESIGNS
IOWA FLORAL CO.
615 LOCUST STREET

Twenty-Second Annual Statement of the

Des Moines Life Insurance Company

DES MOINES, IOWA

January 1st, 1907

OFFICERS

C. E. RAWSON, President and General Mgr.
L. C. RAWSON, Vice-President.
DR. C. H. PHILPOTT, Second Vice-President.
ARTHUR REYNOLDS, Treasurer.
W. S. DONAHEY, Auditor.
DR. J. M. EMERY, Actuary.
A. H. EVANS, Assistant Secretary.
DR. CHARLES W. EATON, Med. Director.
WILL T. SMITH, Superintendent of Agencies.
E. L. RINES, Asst. Superintendent of Agencies.

ASSETS.

Real Estate Owned (unincumbered)	$ 33,752.81
Mortgage loans	1,036,913.00
Loans on Company's Own Policies	640,282.35
Premium notes	13,889.93
Cash in Office and Banks	15,924.31
Agents Ledger Balances	7,320.25
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	31,699.95
Premiums Due and Deferred (net)	117,289.00
Furniture, Fixtures and Supplies	6,000.00
Gross Assets	$1,903,071.60
Less items not admitted	13,270.77
Total admitted assets	$1,889,800.83

LIABILITIES.

Net Present Value of All Policies in Force, Computed According to the Actuaries' Table of Mortality, with 4 per cent Interest		$1,560,561.00
All Other Liabilities		68,745.89
Surplus Assigned and Unassigned		260,493.94
Total		$1,889,800.83
Insurance in Force		$24,052,000.00
Net Increase	$1,761,891.50	
Admitted Assets		1,889,800.83
Net Increase	293,879.47	
Deposit with State Department		1,557,861.94
Net Increase	220,732.44	
Premium Income		753,931.83
Net Increase	42,558.12	
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities		1.16

All Policies are secured by interest-bearing Securities deposited with the Auditor of State of Iowa

OVER $2,400,000.00 PAID POLICY HOLDERS AND BENEFICIARIES

Good Contracts to Reliable Agents

Write Home Office for Policy Prospectus.

Writes Annual Dividend Policies Exclusively.

STATE DEPOSIT

The Company's Pyramid of Assets on Deposit with State Department in accordance with the Iowa Law.

1890	000	1890
1892	21,000.00	1892
1894	58,856.53	1894
1896	120,135.94	1896
1898	183,486.62	1898
1900	250,194.08	1900
1902	285,072.01	1902
1903	418,063.31	1903
1904	903,157.22	1904
1905	1,164,846.11	1905
1906	1,357,129.50	1906
1907	1,577,861.94	1907

Iowa Trust and Savings Bank

Northeast Corner East Fifth and Locust Streets

Conservative Management
Convenient Location
Courteous Treatment

Practical
Progressive
Popular

We receive accounts of
Individuals, Firms, Corporations, Banks and Bankers on Favorable Terms.
We Pay Interest—We Furnish Savings Banks—We are open from 5 to 6 on Saturdays

OFFICERS

W. B. MARTIN, President
G. S. GILBERTSON, Vice-President
A. O. HAUGE, Cashier
L. M. BARLOW, Ass't Cashier

DIRECTORS

W. B. Martin
C. C. Hanger
J. C. Simpson
G. S. Gilbertson
E. T. Meredith
B. H. Thomas
L. O. Larson
L. E. Sampson
A. O. Hauge

WALKS AND TALKS

Elliott S. Miller is the oldest resident agent for an old-line company in Des Moines, having represented the Connecticut Mutual here for twenty-three years. Mr. Miller is a graduate of Yale, and possesses those attributes of heart and mind which have endeared him to a host of friends in Iowa, and also commended him to those with whom he has been associated in business in even a casual way. He began as the local agent for the Connecticut Mutual, and now has the superintendency of the states of Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas. Mr. Miller has been the sort of representative that gives to a company a high standing, reflecting upon it as great credit as does the company upon him. His offices are in the Citizens National Bank building.

* * *

The Star Fire of Louisville has withdrawn from Massachusetts.

* * *

The Security Life Association has been organized at Salina, Kan.

The Chamberlain.....

Newest, best, most home-like and the only absolutely fireproof hotel in Des Moines.

It is conducted on the European plan in the most modern and up-to-date manner, with two superb Cafes in which first-class service, both a la carte and table d'hote, is rendered at very reasonable prices. It being possible to obtain excellent meals at from 25 cents to 75 cents.

The rates for rooms at The Chamberlain range in price from $1.50 to $3.50 per day. Many of the $2.00 rooms having private bath in connection.

.......W. L. Brown, Prop.

The darling little girl on our cover this month is taken from a picture of Virginia Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Don Foster, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Foster. It is sure to win great admiration from all who see it.

Miss Ida M. Street gives us in the sketch of Miss Walker, a most scholarly bit of work and we are proud to own Miss Street as an Iowa girl. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Street, formerly of Oskaloosa. Many old friends will remember Mr. and Mrs. Street. Educated at Vassar and always a student, Miss Street brings to her literary work all the cultivation so essential to good writing. She has published one book, "Ruskin's Principle of Art Criticism," and has for some years contributed to eastern periodicals.

Des Moines has blossomed out in "booster" buttons. Long may the spirit that prompts their wearing live and prosper.

L. C. Robens has resigned as agency director of the Reliance Life of Pittsburg, taking effect January 1st, and will organize a new life insurance company in Pittsburg with $500,000 capital and $250,000 surplus. It will operate on the modified preliminary term basis, issuing both participating and nonparticipating policies on both the annual and deferred dividend basis.

The Midwestern points with pride and pleasure to the splendid insurance articles in the present number. Each one is splendidly written and full of interest for the general public as well as to the insurance men.

IN ALL THAT IS GOOD IOWA AFFORDS THE BEST

21st Annual Statement

Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company

DES MOINES, IOWA

FRANK D. JACKSON, President
SIDNEY A. FOSTER, Secretary

INCOME 1905-1906.

1.	Premium Receipts	$540,293.66	$566.177.65
2.	Total Interest Received..	77,420.03	89,713.43
3.	All other Income.......	21,015.00	8,837.19
	Total Income	$638,728.69	$664.728.27

ASSETS.

1.	Mortgage Loans on Real Estate (First Liens) ..	$993.104.91	1,188,399.00
2.	Loans to Policyholders, Secured by Assignment of Reserve or Cash Surrender Values in Excess of Loans.........	431,671.24	495,922.99
3.	Deferred Premiums, where full year's reserve liability is assumed by Company....	35,314.91	20,840.50
4.	Interests and Rents accrued	33,116.30	40,388.92
5.	Agents' Balances Secured	8,954.29	7,794.16
6.	Cash in Banks and Office	5,755.35	4,434.16
	Total	$1,507,917.00	1,757,979.73

Largest Cash Settlement

DISBURSEMENTS 1905-1906.

1.	Paid for Death Losses..	$ 86,674.56	$ 75,500.45
2.	Dividends and surrender values to policyholders including premium notes	72,953.60	88,365.38
3.	Payments on Instalment Contracts	2,800.00	11,955.00
4.	Commission to Agents..	131,375.66	124,597.58
5.	Expenses of Branch Offices	15,400.69	13,943.79
6.	Medical Fees and Inspection	11,014.40	8,333.13
7.	Officers' Salaries and Home Office Employes..	31,546.76	35,024.22
8.	Rent	3,252.42	3,530.00
9.	Advertising, Printing and Postage	8,388.49	9,249.48
10.	Taxes and State Fees..	12,030.58	12,628.79
11.	Legal, Loan, Managerial and Office Expenses, Telegraphing, etc......	16,834.10	12,475.71
12.	All other Disbursements	3,387.19	3,116.85
	Total Disbursements....	$395,658.45	$398,720.38
	Balance Saved for Reserves	243.070.24	266,007.89
	Total	$638,728.69	$664,728.27

LIABILITIES.

1.	Policy Reserves, per Certificate of Auditor of State	*$1,308,433.00	$1,523,070.00
2.	Present Value of Amounts not yet due	33,536.00	26,377.00
3.	Death Losses in Process of Adjustment not yet due	5,109.00	15,975.00
4.	Death Losses Reported, and no proofs received	4,000.00	5,500.00
5.	All other Liabilities..	6,484.30	3,521.01
6.	Dividends due policyholders and apportioned surplus		4,823.81
	Total Liabilities	$1,357,562.30	1,579,266.82
	Net Surplus	150,354.70	178,712.91
	Total	$1,507,917.00	1,757,979.73

Income Saved to Policyholders....	$243,000	$266,007
Rate of Interest Earned..........	6.14 p.c.	6.13 p.c.

*Secured by a Deposit of $1,625,737.25 of approved securities with the State of Iowa as per Auditor of State's Certificate.

CUT FLOWERS
FLORAL DECORATIONS
FUNERAL DESIGNS
IOWA FLORAL CO.
615 LOCUST STREET

WALKS AND TALKS

We publish in this number the statement of the Century Fire Insurance Company, of Des Moines, Iowa. The Century has had a success unparalleled in the history of Fire Insurance in the middle West. Its management is capable, tried and true, and Century policies are as good as gold in the hand, for the amount of indemnity they promise.

* * *

W. C. Israel and Frank Horton form an agency to handle the Des Moines and Iowa business of the Merchants Life Insurance Company. The names of both of these men stand for all that is good in Iowa citizenship, both being widely and favorably known for their success in the lines of business with which they have been connected. They are long-time residents of Des Moines, their families have grown up about them here, and their worth can be attested to by any citizen of the community. A big business passes through their hands, and the Merchants Life Insurance Company may well congratulate itself in having such representatives in Iowa.

* * *

The firm of Alverson & Montrose, representing the North American Accident Company, is composed of two men whose names are familiar to business men all over the country, H. C. Alverson and John P. Montrose. Mr. Alverson, who is the father-in-law of Mr. Montrose, is especially well and favorably known in Iowa, as he was for a long time a resident of this state, and was warmly welcomed back when he returned to Des Moines with his family after a sojourn of several years in Pennsylvania. Mr. Montrose has made a host of friends since coming to Iowa and the firm is certainly a credit to the company which it represents.

In this number of The Midwestern we publish the annual statement of the Des Moines Life Insurance Company, together with the portraits of the president and general manager, vice-president, second vice-president, and medical director.

The magnificent statement of the Des Moines Life Insurance Company, showing as it does such assuring and satisfactory increases in assets, surplus, deposits with the state, and business in force, emphasizes in a marked degree the fact of the able and exemplary management of this progressive company The Des Moines Life writes only annual dividend paying policies and the officers and agents of the company are enthusiastic and delighted with the outlook for business. All are determined to make this year the banner one in the company's history. With the business momentum already obtained, there certainly is no doubt as to the result.

President Rawson is receiving many congratulations and compliments from leading business men over the fact of his making such an excellent move in buying at a bargain the Turner Block at Seventh and Grand Avenue for a home office building. An excellent portrait of the building is reproduced herein. The company will occupy the two top floors. Most all of the other space in the building has been spoken for by very desirable tenants. Surely, the Des Moines Life does things "right."

* * *

Otto O. Tollefson, secretary and manager of the Northwestern Fire and Marine of Minneapolis, has been elected president, succeeding C. F. Sims, resigned because of advanced age. Vice-president W. A. Laidlaw succeeds Mr. Tollefson as secretary, and Alvin Robertson of Grand Forks becomes vice-president.

1867 The Fortieth Annual Report 1907

....of the....

Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa

Home Office, Des Moines -- January 1, 1907

For the information of its patrons and the public, the following detailed report for the year ending December 31, 1906, is most respectfully submitted

LEDGER ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1906.........		$4,701,836.38
INCOME 1906.		
Premiums	$1,143,238.54	
Interest, rents, etc.......	261,561.72	
Total income		$1,404,800.26
Total		$6,106,636.64
DISBURSEMENTS 1906.		
Death losses paid.......$	141,718.64	
Matured Endowments....	26,872.98	
Dividends to Policyholders	130,639.96	
Surrender Values	79,708.71	
State Fees and Taxes....	22,048.18	
Commissions and Agency Expenses	180,263.62	
Salaries of Officers and Clerks	39,639.64	
Medical Fees	11,384.00	
Printing, Stationery, Postage and Advertising..	14,022.11	
Rent, Home Office......	1,800.00	
Dividends to Stockholders	7,000.00	
All other Disbursements..	4,418.92	
Total Disbursements		$ 659,516.76
Ledger Assets, December 31, 1906....		$5,447,119.88
ASSETS, INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:		
Real Estate owned......$	60,054,03	
First Mortgage Loans...	4,981,113.76	
Loans on Policies.......	258,641.01	
Premium Notes	30,102.54	
Bonds owned	48,903.89	
Cash in Office and Banks	33,404.36	
Other Secured Investments	7,081.85	
Agents' Balances	20,709.85	
Bills Receivable	7,108.59	$5,447,119.88
OTHER ASSETS.		
Interest, due and accrued.$	121,258.91	
Due and Deferred Premiums	71,282.85	192,541.76
Gross assets		$5,639,661.64
Less Items not Admitted.		27,818.44
Total Admitted Assets		$5,611,843.20

LIABILITIES.

Reserve (mid-year) on all policies in force, Actuaries' Table with 4 per cent interest ....$	4,808,825.71
Claims for Death Losses (proofs not completed)	19,090.85
Supplementary Contracts not yet due (present value)	9,913.73
Premiums paid in advance and Com. due Agents	4,703.19
Dividends Contingent on Payment of Due Premiums	8,753.00
Dividends Apportioned for 1907........	135,000.00
Dividends, Deferred, on Semi-Tontine Policies	125,221.04
Unassigned Funds (including Capital Stock)	500,335.68
Total Liabilities ....$	5,611,843.20

INSURANCE.

In force Jan. 1, 1906—19,852 policies, amount	$27,500,162.00
Issued and restored in 1906—3,594 policies, amount	5,327,734.00
Total, 23,446 policies, amount.....	$32,827,896.00
Terminated in 1906—1,352 policies, amount	1,953,577.00
In force Dec. 31, 1906, 22,094 policies, amount	$30,874,319.00

DEPOSITS.

Securities on deposit with Auditor of State Dec. 31, 1906, to protect policyholders ....$	5,109,601.98

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rate of Interest, Rents and Profits earned on Mean Admitted Assets in 1906	5.25 per cent
Death Losses to Mean Amount Insured.	0.49 per cent
Insurance Gained to Amount Written..	63.33 per cent
Gain in Admitted Assets..............	15.42 per cent
Per cent of Admitted Assets in Mortgage Loans	88.76 per cent
Per cent of Mortgage Loans to Reserve	103.58 per cent

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

$2,382,724.00.........	1900	.........$13,307,585.00
3,128,584.00.........	1902	.... 18,521,063.00
4,171,348.00.........	1904	.... 24,275,575.00
4,861,933.00.........	1905	.... 27,500,162.00
5,611,843.00.........	1906	.... 30,874,319.00

OFFICERS

F. M. HUBBELL, President
CYRUS KIRK. Vice-President
J. C. CUMMINS, Secretary
H. D. THOMPSON, Treasurer
GEO. P. HANAWALT. Med. Director

TRUSTEES

F. M. HUBBELL
SIMON CASADY
ROBERT FULLERTON
H. D. THOMPSON
J. C. CUMMINS
HOMER A. MILLER
F. C. HUBBELL
CYRUS KIRK

Agents Wanted: Apply to the Secretary

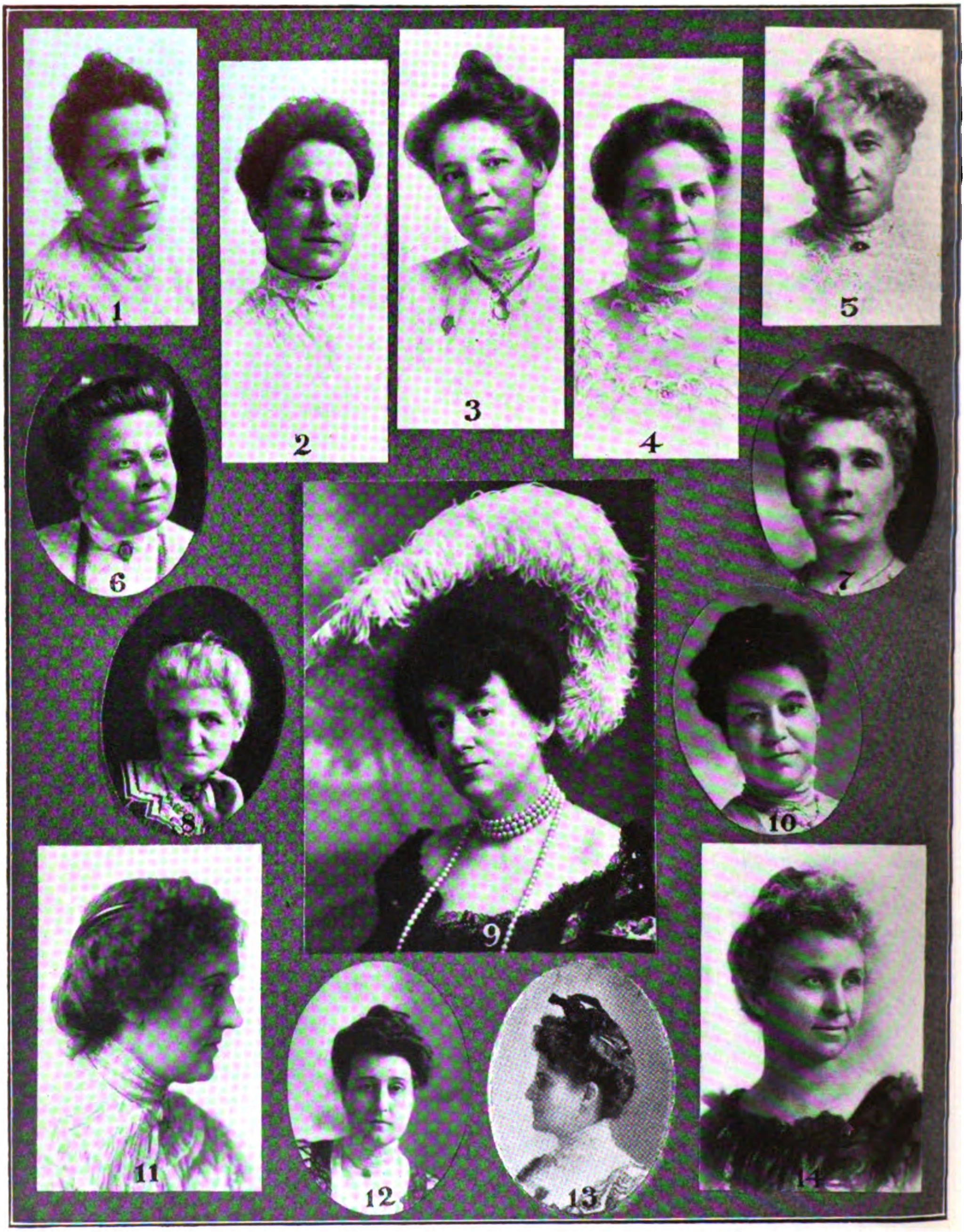


PHOTO BY WEBSTER

MEMBERS OF THE CHAUNCEY DEPEW CLUB OF DES MOINES

1. Mrs. Wilcox 2. Mrs. Cook 3. Mrs. Miner 4. Mrs. Quint 5. Mrs. Phillips 6. Mrs. Garton
7. Mrs. Still 8. Mrs. Strauss 9. Mrs. Howard 10. Mrs. Prouty 11. Mrs. Marsh
12. Mrs. Cokenower 13. Mrs. Ogilvie 14. Mrs. Carroll

ORGANIZED 1881

Des Moines Fire Insurance Company

OF IOWA

Has completed a quarter Century of experience in the Fire Insurance Business. The Company was never in a better financial condition than at present. We solicit the patronage of Western People. We refer with pride to the Company's last annual statement; see below:—

ANNUAL STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1907

(To Insurance Department, State of Iowa)

ASSETS

Real Estate	$115,405.40
Real Estate Mortgages	186,243.50
Bonds	55,423.88
Cash in Banks	55,877.86
Due from Agents	28,065.68
Bills Receivable	233,670.47
Due for Re-Insurance	1,741.95
Interest and Rents	6,114.40
Total	$682,543.14

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$100,000.00
Re-Insurance Reserve	413,912.94
Unpaid Losses (not due)	12,566.00
All other Liabilities	2,285.63
Net Surplus	153,778.57
Total	$682,543.14

Premiums Written in 1906, $478,090.11

Losses Paid Since Organization over

$2,300,000.00

NOT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
LIMITED TERM
LIFE INSURANCE
BUT THE BEST VALUE FOR THE MONEY

F. W. SPRAGUE, Pres. **T. H. KNOTTS, Secy.**

Advantages of Limited Term Life Insurance.....

For the fixed yearly cost of any investment policy a Limited Term Policy will give you three or more times as much insurance.

Or it will give you the same insurance and save you two-thirds or more of the cost, and if you die within the term your family will have BOTH the insurance AND the amount of the savings to the date of your death.

If you live to the end of the term this annual saving in cost with its interest will exceed the value of the investment policy by one-third or more.

Therefore, as a savings, an investment policy loses at least one-third of the savings the money is worth. It is then to your financial advantage if you live, and to that of your estate if you die, to separate your insurance from your investment by taking Term Insurance and investing your savings in some other way.

Term Life Insurance is highly endorsed by all insurance actuaries, not only as sound in principal, but as the only practical method of combining cheapness with safety. The Limited Term Life Association sell Term Insurance AND NOTHING ELSE. If you are interested we solicit yonr investigation and all inquiries answered.

LIMITED TERM LIFE ASSOCIATION 405 Youngerman Block **DES MOINES**

AGENTS WANTED! Those who can sell clean Insurance on its merits.

The People's Savings Bank

Des Moines, Iowa

CAPITAL, - - -	$100,000.00
SURPLUS, - -	$ 75,000.00

STATEMENT of the Condition of the PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK at the Close of Business November 12, 1906. Auditor's Call.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts -	$1,285,329.52
Real Estate - - -	3,500.00
Furniture and Fixtures -	2,000.00
Overdrafts - - -	8,760.37
Cash and Exchange -	307,115.73
	$1,606,705.62
LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock - -	$ 100,000.00
Surplus - - -	25,000.00
Other Profits - -	58,094.37
Dividends Unpaid -	20.00
Deposits - -	1,423,591.25
	$1,606,705.62

Merchants and Bankers Fire Insurance Co.

Statement, January 1st, 1907

ASSETS

First mortgage real estate loans and interest accrued thereon (not due)	$ 35,945.37	
Cash in bank	5,340.78	
Due from other companies	355.95	
Premiums due from agents	1,673.86	
Uncollected premium obligations (not due)	118,917.15	
Certified stockholders bonds	75,000.00	
Other admitted assets	2,972 63	
Total admitted assets		$240,205.74

LIABILITIES

Unpaid losses, net (including all reported and supposed losses)	$ 192.20	
Reserve for re-insurance	112,386 16	
Capital	100,000.00	
All other liabilities	3,003.68	
Total liabilities		$215,582.04
Net surplus over all liabilities		$ 24,623.70
Surplus to policy holders		237,009.86

As showing the growth of the Merchants and Bankers Fire Insurance Company since its re-organization, the following figures are taken from the report of January 1st, 1904. At that date the following was: First mortgage loans $9.050.00; premium obligations not due $999,980.97; total admitted assets $191,284.87; reinsurance reserve $56,902.35.

W. W. LYONS, President CHAS. E. CAMPBELL, Secretary

1880 TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL STATEMENT 1907

Iowa State Traveling Men's Association

DES MOINES, IOWA

"Accident Insurance for State Traveling Men"

Net gain in Membership (1906)	2.622
Members in good standing (Jan. 1st 1907)	26,896
Number of claims (1906)	1,667
Amount paid in benefits (1906)	149,702.93
Benefits paid since organization	$1,367,454.58
Cost per member (1906)	9.00

TREASURER'S STATEMENT CONDENSED

RECEIPTS

Jan. 1st 1906, Balance (Bonds and Cash) both funds		$115,352.50
To Assessments	$187,585.00	
To Annual Dues	23,483.00	
To Membership Fees	20.548.00	
To Interest	4,624.97	
To Miscellaneous Receipts	170.04	236,411.01
		$351,763.51

DISBURSEMENTS

By Benefits Paid	$149,702.93	
By Expense of Management	44.623.75	
By Refunds	1,848.50	196,175.18
Jan. 1st 1907, Balance (Bonds and Cash) both funds		155,588.33
		$351,763.51

Respectfully Submitted,

L. C. DEETS, Secretary and Treasurer

PHONE 687 MUTUAL

Insurance
of
All Kinds

GEO. W. TONES,
Fire Insurance Agency
DES MOINES, IA.

Employers
Liability a
Specialty

OFFICE 207 FIFTH STREET

THE CHAUNCEY DEPEW CLUB

This noted club is twelve years old and is unique in the history of clubdom in Iowa. It was organized by Mrs. Fletcher Howard and Mrs. George W. Ogilvie. The membership is limited to fifteen. At present there are but fourteen members. Mrs. Howard was for a number of years the president and her faithful work in unifying the interests of the club and devoting care and time to looking after it, has had much to do with its success and popularity. Mrs. S. S. Still is at present the president. Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, of Washington, D. C., is an honorary member. The occasion of Mrs. Howard's recent departure to California, where she expects to make her home, called forth expressions of regret from all the members of the club. In her honor several club parties were given, notably among them one by Mrs. Miner and one by Mrs. Strauss. The latter was a very elaborate luncheon to which were invited several guests outside of the club. The main purpose of the Chauncey DePew club is to emulate the brilliant example of Chauncey Depew as an after dinner talker. Many of the members who could not speak without extensive research and study, now talk readily and have learned to speak impromptu before any audience. Questions of the day are chosen for discussion. The members have acquired that rare feminine faculty, to disagree amicably. Good fellowship and thorough enjoyment of every meeting characterizes the club individually and as a whole. It is with pleasure that The Midwestern presents the pictures of the present members of the Chauncey Depew Club. Long may it live and prosper.

IN THE LEAD

Des Moines is fortunate in having a fashionable ladies' tailor, whose work is so superior and whose styles are so fetching that he may well be called the leader in his line in the middle West. Mr. Goldstein has just returned from an eastern trip, and brings new ideas of the spring and summer styles as well as all of the advance fashion sheets. Every well groomed woman pays especial attention to her street gowns. Since simplicity is now the rule for street dresses Mr. Goldstein gives to such gowns just the style and elegance they demand and any woman who gives thought to her tailored gowns will find Mr. Goldstein always in the lead, as to fit, style and elegance. A fine lot of new materials are being shown at his rooms on the fourth floor of the Good block.

Capital Insurance Company

of DES MOINES, IOWA

COMPANYS BUILDING

Capital	-	**$100,000.00**
Assets	- -	**$ 259,485.62**

First Mortgage Real Estate Loans	$76,351.15
Increase in Loans during (1906)	$19,605.15
Increase in Assets during (1906)	$11,942.31

J. S. DEWELL, Pres. *J. D. BERRY, Sec'y.*

State Insurance Company

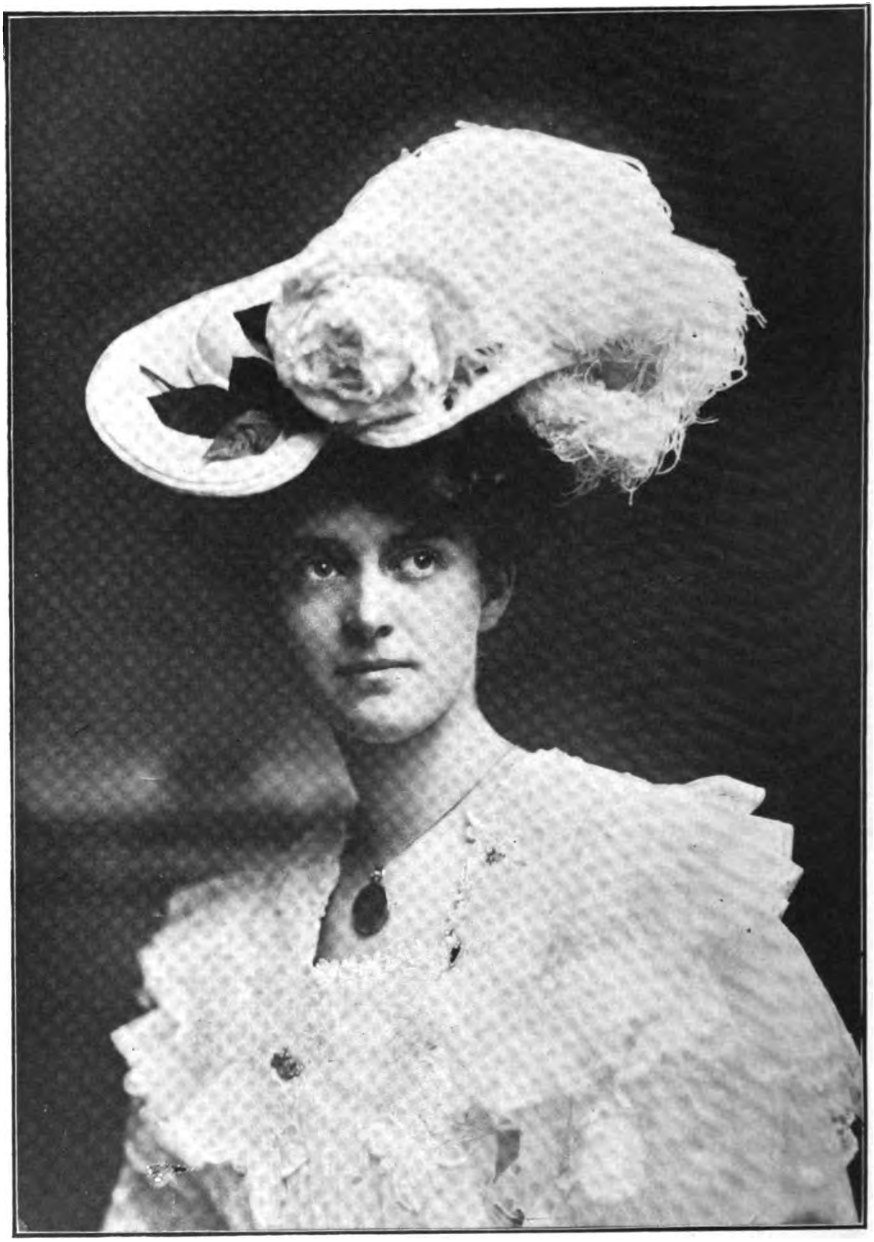
OF DES MOINES, IOWA

Insures Against Loss By Fire, Lightning And Tornadoes

Has	**Cash Capital - - -**	**$ 100,000.00**
	Gross Assets - - -	**387,111.01**
	Surplus to Policy Holders -	**142,236.20**

Has paid its Policy Holders for losses:
THREE MILLION NINE HUNDRED and TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS

Patronize a 'Home Company' and be safe



MISS HARMIE PATTERSON

Daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Weber of Des Moines

Who was guest of honor of several parties during the holidays

The National Life Association

Home Office, Des Moines, Iowa

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Hon. J. B. Sullivan, President
Henry Pyle, Secretary
O. H. Davison, Vice-President
A. J. Zwart, Treasurer
(Cashier Des Moines National Bank)
Wm. Stevenson, M. D., Medical Director

Arthur Reynolds,
(President Des Moines National Bank)
James P. Hewitt,
(Firm Carr, Hewitt, Parker & Wright)
H. S. Butler,
(President Iowa National Bank)

What More Could One Need Than Pure Life Insurance

in a responsible progressive association, at a reasonable cost for the security afforded.

Under The National Plan

the Reserve Fund is deposited with the State of Iowa for the protection of its policy contracts. Preferred risks are written on the lives of both men and women on ages 18 to 55, both inclusive. Policies range from one to five thousand dollars. One-half of the face of the policy is paid in case of total disability by accident.

There Are Many Other Good Features

of the "National" plan both from a Membership and Agency standpoint. Our plan is right, the management is conservative, progressive, economical and reliable, and there is nothing better known today in life insurance for Protection Only than the policies issued by our Association.

We Protect Our Agents Fully

under their contracts. Honorable and prompt dealing is our motto.

A Broad Minded, Progressive and Aggressive Agency Force

is what we are in line to establish.

If You Are Honest

and employ successful business methods in writing life insurance, investigate the "National Plan." Any of our State Managers will tell you what the Association is doing and how it treats its field forces.

If Your References Will Not Bear Investigation

do not waste time or postage. Our Plan embraces a system of Home Office help to agents which will bring results both mutually agreeable and profitable. Willing workers with or without experience in life insurance will be recognized.

We Want District Managers and Local Agents

in Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Washington.

We Want State Agents

in Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Texas and Oklahoma.

We Can Interest You

if you want to write life insurance along plain and progressive lines.

Write the Home Office for Literature, Sample Policy and Agency Proposition for the Field You Desire to Work In.

O. H. DAVISON, Vice-President
Manager for Iowa and Nebraska

National Life Association,
HENRY PYLE, Secretary and General Manager

The fine article of Mr. Boody in the last issue of The Midwestern attracted much attention and we are pleased to have a further contribution this month from the same pen. Mr. Boody speaks with authority and is well known as an artist in his line of work.

* * *

There is not a finer cigar on the market than the Junius Brutus and we wish to correct a misrepresentation that appeared in their advertisement in our January issue. The line which reads "two for 25 cents" should read "three for 25 cents." Ed. Livingston handles the Junius Brutus. If you want a good smoke, the best to be had, try the J. B.

* * *

The importance Des Moines has assumed as one of the great insurance centers of the world is due in large measure to the splendid class of men who have conducted the business here. Among them none rank higher than does Hon. Sidney Foster, whose motto we have chosen for our cover A first class man of affairs, a good citizen, a loyal friend, a generous enemy and always a man of high ideals and fine instincts, Mr. Foster is a distinct example of the type of manhood which has led Des Moines to great things and which will yet do the things insisted upon by the city's motto.

E. S. RANDALL

The popular and capable manager of the Kimball Piano Company.

Established 1896 Incorporated 1906
Incorporated Under the Laws of Iowa
Capital Stock $50,000.00

McQuaid Company

CASH BUYERS MARKET

E. D. FRAIZER, Pres. & Sec.
R. N. Gilkinson, V. Pres. & Treas.

Groceries, Meats, Fish, Bakery, Drugs, Soda Fountain and Japanese Electrical Parlor.

Call any department over long distance phone.

Iowa 847-851 Mutual 847-553

Eleven Delivery Teams to All Parts of the City Daily

312-14-16-18 20 Seventh Street

DES MOINES, IOWA

Mr. James Watt, president of the German Savings Bank, and one of the leading men of business in the state, was again chosen president of the Humane Society at the annual meeting last month. This certainly speaks well for both the society and for Mr. Watt, and the choice was well made. Mr. Watt has a heart big enough to embrace all the needy and suffering and no charitable organization in Iowa is doing so much important work as is being done by the Humane Society. Mrs. Jones-Baird, the popular secretary, was also re-elected.

* * *

The picture we give in this issue of Governor Stone shows him more as he was before the war and is perhaps not so familiar as he was when governor of the state, and wore side whiskers instead of a full beard. The pictures of both Governor Stone and of Mr. Ingersoll will recall many memories of early days to the old settlers of the city and state.

* * *

The Illinois insurance department turned over $1,196,399 to the state treasurer in 1906.

* * *

Frank E. Hitchcock, manager of the Mutual Life of New York at Springfield, Ill., has been appointed manager of the Minnesota Mutual Life at the home office.

Supreme Office
Des Moines, Iowa
The Homesteaders

THE HOMESTEADERS FORGING TO THE FRONT

FAST BECOMING A WORLD POWER IN FRATERNAL INSURANCE

HAVE WRITTEN MORE BUSINESS IN ABOUT TEN MONTHS THAN ANY OTHER FRATERNAL SOCIETY IN HISTORY HAS WRITTEN IN TWO YEARS OR MORE.

(Reprint from Des Moines Register and Leader.)

Although The Homesteaders was only ten months old on the 13th of December, 1906, they have written the fabulous amount of nearly seven million dollars insurance.

The society is especially fortunate in having officers peculiarly fitted by education, ability and experience at the head of their several departments.

Little need be said of John E. Paul, the Supreme President of the society. He is a man who talks little, but thinks deeply, who has made fraternal insurance a life study, and his nine years' training and experience in building up the Yeoman to where he left them, is a sufficient guarantee of a wise and judicious management of The Homesteaders.

Dr. C. B. Paul is at the head of the medical department. His connection with the Yeoman as medical director for many years is also well known. Dr. Paul is a highly educated man and one of the best physicians in the state. A more pleasant and genial gentleman is seldom met. However, as "medical director" of The Homesteaders he is strictly business, and it is safe to say no bad risks pass his approval.

H. D. Copeland, the treasurer of this society, is a prominent banker and well known all over the state. He is an elderly man of large business interests and broad experience. It goes without saying that the funds of this society are in safe hands and will receive a strict accounting.

Mr. A. H. Corey, Supreme Secretary, is another successful banker whose experience and training particularly adapts him for the duties required of him. Although still a young man he has had condensed in his lifetime the experience and training of men much older in years. All matters pertaining to his department are properly handled and all inquiries, correspondence, etc., receives prompt consideration and frank and courteous reply.

Mr. Allen J. Pyle, a bright young business man, is the Assistant Supreme Secretary.

Among the board of directors is the Hon. Jerry B. Sullivan, of Des Moines and T. G. Gilson, Knoxville; S. E. Press, Chariton; F. M. Darner, Ames; W. R. Brokaw, Albia; H. J. Green, Decorah; W. L. Snyder, Des Moines; H. D. Copeland, Burlington. This union of strong practical and experienced insurance men, with strong, conservative and experienced bankers most certainly forms a combination that assures success to The Homesteaders from the start.

The Homesteaders pay twenty-one distinct benefits, more than any other fraternal society.

Many fraternal societies pay benefits which are indistinctly set forth in their certificates and in their advertising matter, or possibly their certificates are not as liberal as their advertising matter, which leads to malcontent and dissatisfaction when settlement is made after an injury occurs.

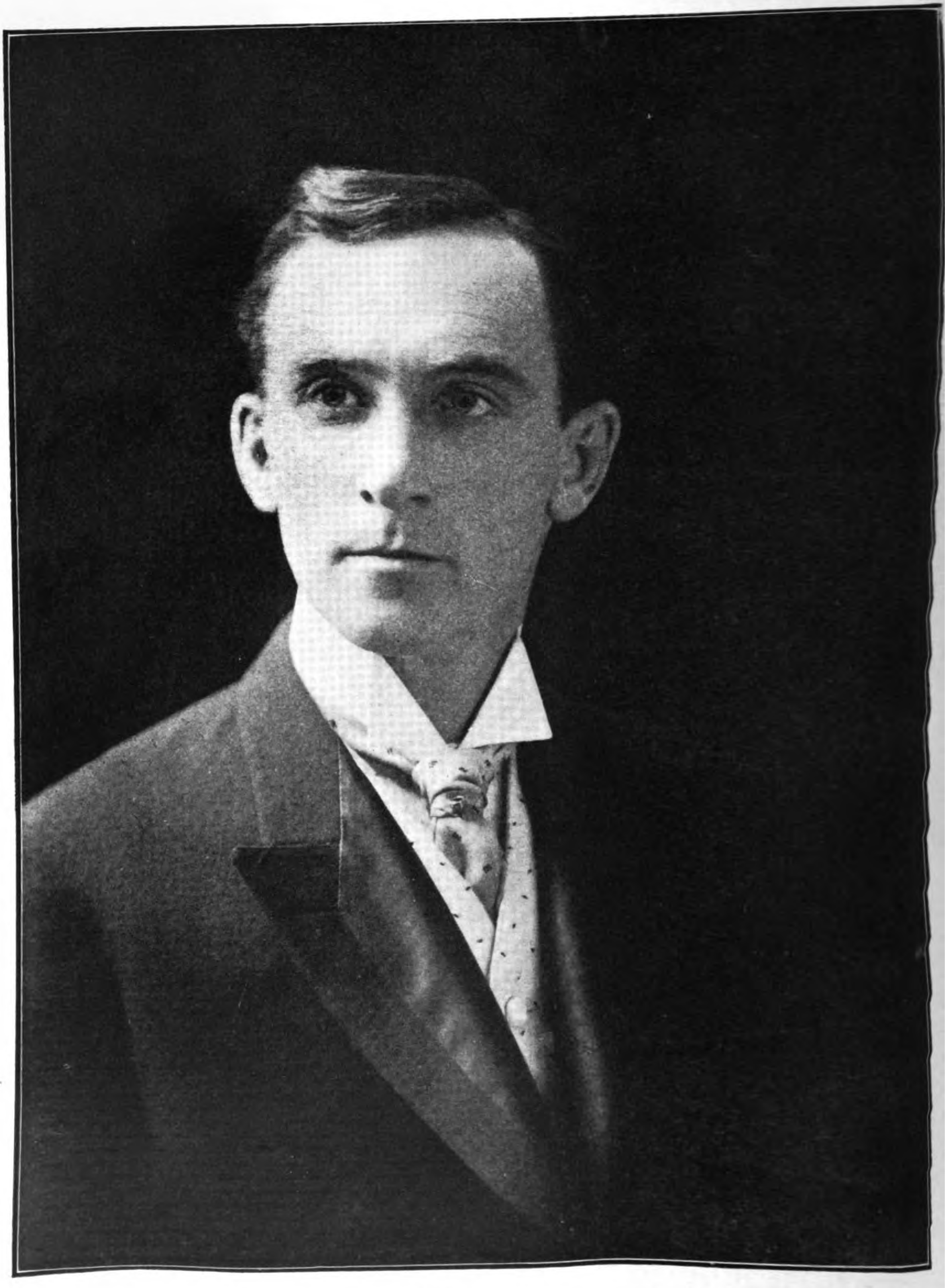
The Homesteaders' experience, through their supreme President and Supreme Medical Director, having pointed out these facts to them, have eliminated them and made their advertising matter and their certificates of insurance correspond with each other, while the certificate itself contains a clear setting forth of all the benefits paid; therefore, in the adjustment of claims, there is absolute satisfaction. As when a member is injured, or dies, under any circumstances, he or his beneficiaries know at a glance at the certificate, just what the benefit is to be, and have nothing but words of praise for the young society. The benefits are death, total permanent disability, loss of hand at three different points, loss of foot, loss of eyes by accident, loss of eye by cataract, loss of part of hand, broken arm, broken leg, breaking extremity of bones of the arm or leg, dislocation of hip, knee, ankle, elbow and wrist, and even providing some benefit for death from suicide, or while engaged in a prohibited occupation. The Homesteaders do not deduct from the face of the certificate the value of temporary disability benefits that are paid during the life of the member as some other societies do. The person entering a hazardous occupation. after becoming a member, does not have his rate of assessment changed, but simply a larger deduction for the reserve is made, should death or disability occur as a result of the hazardous occupation. The rates are the same for each age, no matter what the occupation, if the occupation is not prohibited. The rate of assessment is rated according to age. They charge no membership fee, have no per capita dues; all that is charged a member when joining is the examination fee, $1.50; $1.00 certificate fee and one monthly payment. All members are treated alike when death occurs, it being assumed that so much money paid in advance matures the certificate. The rate of assessment is based upon the probability of the member at his age, living out his expectancy of life, it being assumed that every person has so many years yet to live. To equalize the early dying with the late dying members, eight assessments per year for unexpired expectancy of life or that portion of life yet supposed to be lived, is taken from the certificate in case of death, and a proportionate amount is deducted for disability.

Certificate is incontestible on account of suicide, occupation or residence.

No adoption fee. Creates a Reserve Fund. Deputies Wanted. Big Money

Pay salary, commission or part salary and part commission.

Write J. E. PAUL, Supreme President, Des Moines, Iowa



PAUL JONES

Junior Partner of the E. H. Jones & Son Piano Co.

The Iowa Mutual Tornado Insurance Assn.

∴ The Largest, Cheapest and Best on Earth ∴

N. DENSMORE, President.
J. B. HERRIMAN, Secretary.

Risks in force - - $115,000,000
Losses Paid Since Organization - $500,000
Assessments Paid in 28 Years $10.50 per $1,000 Insured
Cash on Hand Nov. 1, 1906 $93,000

If you meet with a loss and are not insured, it is your own fault.

See the appeals for aid that come from a storm devastated district.

The Time to Apply for Aid is Before The Storm

HOME OFFICE
Suite 709-710 Crocker Building
DES MOINES, IOWA

Why Pay Rent?

Any longer, when you can purchase a lot from us on payments and we will build a house to suit you. We have lots for sale in all parts of the city. If you now own a lot of your own we will sell you lumber for building a house or will build a house complete for you.

Jewett Realty Co.
Ninth and Locust

The City Federation of Women's Clubs has completed arrangements for the presentation here of the wonderful spectacular opera, Egypta, which will be given at the Auditorium, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, February 15th and 16th. This beautiful work has been given with unbounded success in nearly all the larger cities of the country and is the most elaborate entertainment ever before the American public. The story of the opera is laid in the reign of Rameses the Great, and portrays the thrilling incidents in the life of Moses and the escape of the Hebrews from Egyptian bondage. Magnificent special scenery will be used in the staging of the opera. Several hundred participants are required to adequately interpret the score. It is proposed to organize a great festival show of adult singers and also an auxiliary chorus of several hundred young girls from the various Sunday schools of the city. There are forty or more leading roles and a number of charming drills for children. The hundreds of rich oriental costumes used in the metropolitan engagement will be brought to Des Moines especially for the festival. Rehearsals will begin at an early date and on the 28th of January Mr. Wm. D. Chancery, director of the production, will arrive to conduct the final rehearsals and assist in its artistic setting. Numerous committees of prominent club women are actively engaged in planning its working details for it is hoped a large contribution may be realized for the permanent and comfortable establishment of the boys' club recently enrolled on the already long list of the City Federation's public institutes. A good cause and a fine entertainment should enlist a wide and enthusiastic patronage.

COLOR SELECTION — Geo. A. Boody

OH! WHAT shall I select for this dining room? This is an every-day problem. The selection of color in decorating a home is a serious problem with a great many ladies. Did you ever stop to think each color was made for a purpose and to fit a color in the right place is color success? No one, probably, can do this every time perfectly, but with a certain scientific knowledge of the uses of color we can make a great deal of progress toward ultimate success. In the first place it is generally understood there are cold colors, warm colors, neutral colors and colors that quarrel with nearly everything you put with them. There are also cold rooms and warm rooms in our homes, according to the location with respect to sun light.

If a north room and it never receives the direct rays of the sun, it should receive a wall covering of a warm tan, straw color, soft brown or something of that nature; if an extremely sunny south room some shade of green, blue or neutral tint should be used; if a dining room, the modern Moorish schemes in warm, soft browns interspersed with rich cream or straw colors are very desirable, or a lower two-thirds dado panel effect or using the crown and base effect. Always use colors in your dining room that will give a glow and warmth to the table settings. To illustrate: If you use a green in your dining room it will cast a greenish unappetizing color on all that you serve. Reds in dining rooms have been used to excess and will be used very little in the future. The reception hall, the place of first welcome to your friends, should always possess a glow of warmness and gladness, and in the selection of these colors it would be the part of wisdom to have individuality supplemented by suggestions from a color expert, as first impressions which are received in the reception hall are rarely overcome. In the parlor or drawing room cold artistic color effects are admissable, but they should possess a richness and elegance. Then there are colors that are very suitable for a child's room and other colors very pleasing for rooms occupied by old people.

Few people realize the value of color selection in decorating their homes as to real home comfort. In my article next month on "The Effect of Color on the Temperament," I will endeavor to make this thought more clear. There can be no hard and fast rule laid down as to the right selection of color, as in color harmony it must be inherited or acquired by correct environment. If three things are observed closely a great deal of very satisfactory progress can be made:

First: What is the effect of color whenever it is to be used; to make a room warm and inviting or otherwise, to draw attention to the wall itself or to compliment the pictures and furnishings in the room; to make the room restful, quiet and soothing or very loud and flashy?

Second: Always have an object in decorating each room; row, don't drift; cultivate your individuality, that is what makes home. The namby pamby, hit and miss, more miss than hit, decorated homes are an insult to their predecessors—the white walls.

Third: Don't buy cheap fabrics poorly colored when good goods can be had at a slight advance. Daintily printed and colored ginghams cannot give the effect of silk. More foreign fabrics are being used every year as the colors are faster, being pure. The print is more distinct, being done at one-tenth the rate domestic goods are; and in every way they are economical at three times the cost, as the labor for hanging is precisely the same.

All goods must be well hung or your well-planned color schemes are sure to result in failure and prove a constant source of annoyance. When a great artist trys to throw on canvas his thought or ideal of a subject he prepares well his back ground. This is his foundation. Without a good back ground his picture is a failure. This is equally true of the back ground of your home interior; the walls of the respective rooms. So many people of culture in building a home employ an architect of ability to plan and specify for the general structure, and when they reach the climax of all—the interior decorating—they incidentally drop into any old place and buy at random wall coverings without even a suggestion from an expert.

The proper use of colors in all their various schemes harmoniously used is one of the fine arts. If you want to be absolutely right you should turn the matter over to a decorating artist. The fine homes of the East are generally supervised by people who make a specialty of color effects.

The Home Mutual Insurance Association of Iowa

INSURES NOTHING AGAINST FIRE BUT

TOWN DWELLING PROPERTY

Any Good Risk Against Tornadoes.

We have made a Greater Saving to Our Policy Holders Since Organization Than Any Other Company in the State.

For the Five Years Just Closed

A $2,000.00 Fire Policy has cost - - $10.00
A $2,000.00 Tornado Policy has cost - - $ 9.00

Actual Cost Not Estimated

Des Moines Does Things So Does the Home Mutual

On a First-Class Fire Risk We Have Saved Our Members 60 per cent. of the Board Rate of $1.20.

On Tornado Insurance We Have Saved 40 per cent of the Rate of 75 cents.

In the Year 1906 We Made a 30 per cent. Net Increase in the Amount of Insurance in Force

Our Board of Fifteen Directors are Men that have had many years of experience in Mutual Insurance in Iowa.

The HOME MUTUAL is an Iowa Company, organized in Des Moines, Home Office in Des Moines, and if you wish to help make Des Moines, Insure your Dwellings in a Des Moines Company.

Give us a chance to tell you about the HOME MUTUAL by calling at the office or by telephone.

Telephone 657, Mutual. Suite 702 Observatory Bldg.

SO MANY PEOPLE DON'T THINK

Most people are living in this world for what they can enjoy and the good they can do others. It always takes money to get comfort and enjoyment and the more we can get for a dollar the better we like it. We spend a great many dollars uselessly, however, because we don't stop to think at times. The Holland & New Co. enjoy the reputation of being not only the largest and most successful decorators west of Chicago, but the most original and unique in their system of getting business and meriting it after once securing an order. Mr. Boody, their president, advises the writer that they are at the present time sending out a great number of personal letters, offering for the month of January a discount on all wall coverings and decorations of 33 1-3 per cent; for February, 25 per cent; March, 15 per cent. He explained the matter as follows:

The decorators who can decorate are our capital—we have them—we can't do business without them. A good man must earn a good living the year round or he will be discouraged. We guarantee the living, so we are compelled to find the work; hence, these discounts. It is a well-known fact among people who have work of this kind done in the spring of the year that they take long chances of getting satisfactory artists, but by offering these large inducements we can keep our men employed the year round and have done so for years, while the ordinary business in our line hires a man during the rush season and lets him go during the dull season, taking chances on getting a competent man for the next season. Our system not only proves a boon to the working man and is a big item of economy to our customers, but we are thereby enabled to serve a much larger per cent of our customers with men who give entire satisfaction. The only objection we find in extending our business at this time of the year is the fact that the walls receive a few more weeks of winter soot, which is imperceptible. It is strongly evident from the system that the Holland & New Co. are using, that system backed up by pure merit is a large asset to a successful business. Mr. Boody states also that he spends from four to six weeks each winter studying the newest ideas in decorating in the larger cities.

EMIL ENNA
President of the Enna Conservatory of Music

Mr. Emil Enna, president of the Enna Conservatory of Music, is deservedly popular among his host of friends who admire him, as much for his social qual-
ities as for his brilliant musical fac
His little parties in honor of his p
and their friends have long been a p
lar feature of the socal life of the you
crowd, and when some fifty guests
bidden to a party in honor of Miss
jory Marsh and Miss Harmie Patte
almost no regrets were received by
Enna.

Miss Marsh is the president of
graduating class and Miss Patterson
senior in the Stevan school of Chic
and spent her spring vacation in
Moines.

The hall of the conservatory was b
tifully decorated in greenery and red
bon, Chinese lanterns and candles
nishing the light. Mr. Enna was assi
in receiving by the party chaperones.
and Mrs. Ralph Elliott, Mrs. Geo.
Ogilvie, Mrs. J. B. Marsh and Dr.
Mrs. A. H. Weber. Frappe and Gern
confections were served during the ev
ing and were enjoyed by a merry cro
until midnight.

THE RECORD FOR 1906
OF THE
Bankers Accident Company
OF DES MOINES, OWA

1.	Policies issued 1905	5,670
2.	Policies issued 1906	8,278
3.	Number of claims paid in 1906	1,389
4.	Total claims paid	$230,000.00
5.	Claims due and unpaid	None
6.	The largest company of its kind located west of the Mississippi river.	

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

W. E. STATLER, President and General Manager.
CHAS. H. MARTIN, Treasurer.
J. A. KISER, Secretary.
D. W. SMOUSE, Medical Director.
N. T. GUERNSEY, General Counsel.
E. C. BUDLONG, Agency Manager.
T. M. GEORGE, Ass't. Secretary.

Men of good character can get first-class agency contract and most satisfactory results representing the BANKERS—Iowa's Leading Accident and Health Insurance Company.

Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company
of NEWARK, N. J.

The Mutual Benefit is one of the old and well established companies, organized in 1845, with assets of over $100,000,000 and a surplus of $8,000,000. The Company has always enjoyed the utmost confidence of its 200,000 patrons, and no changes in its rates of premiums, plans of policies, or method of doing business have been made or rendered necessary by the recent stringent laws affecting nearly all the companies.

This alone gives the Mutual Benefit an advantage over many of its competitors in its ability to render the best service and to furnish Life Insurance at the lowest net cost and highest absolute safety.

CHAS. B. VAN SLYKE, General Agent

403-5 Citizens National Bank Bldg., DES MOINES, IOWA

THE JUVENILE COURT

By Judge James A. Howe

FROM the earliest dawn of civilization governments have pursued the theory that the way to make people good is by punishing those who are bad. By common consent this rule has been accepted as embodying the wisdom of mankind. In so far as actual criminals are concerned it is undoubtedly the true theory; it is certain that we have never known a better method, and it is doubtful if we ever discover one that will surpass it.

In recent years, however, the idea has been advanced that a distinction should be made in the manner of treating adult and juvenile offenders; that while punishment is the primary consideration, in dealing with an adult criminal, reformation should be the primary consideration in dealing with the juvenile offender, and it is this idea that has found expression in the juvenile court laws.

When one is charged with a criminal offense by indictment, the accusation must be specific, and embrace but one offense; it must be made by the grand jury, and when so made a warrant issued for the arrest of the accused, who is brought before the court in the custody of the sheriff or the police; the accused must be arraigned, must plead to the indictment, and if without bail must be remanded to jail to await trial; must be tried to a jury; a verdict of guilty or not guilty returned and entered of record, and upon this verdict, if guilty, the sentence of the court pronounced, and if not guilty, judgment of discharge entered.

When a child is brought before the juvenile court the procedure is entirely different; it is not charged with a criminal offense; it is simply said to be "dependent," "neglected" or "delinquent."

Instead of an indictment by a grand jury a petition is filed by a person having knowledge of the facts; instead of a warrant a summons is issued; instead of being confined in jail to await a hearing in court the child is, pending such hearing, left with its parents or guardian or kept in the detention home, or in the custody of some suitable person who will properly care for it in the interim; instead of being brought before the court in the custody of the sheriff, or a police officer, it may be accompanied by its parents, guardian, probation officer, or other person with whom it may be living or staying, or in whose custody it may have been placed; instead of having a trial in public, surrounded by all the pomp and dignity of a court, it may be, and generally is, taken into the judge's chambers where it is treated in a gentle and kindly manner, and made to feel that, whether it has any other friends or not, it certainly has one in the judge; and when the hearing is concluded, instead of a mittimus, displaying in every line and word the authority and power of the court, the finale is a simple order providing for that which, in the judgment of the court, will best promote the welfare of the child.

The legislature of Iowa has fully and elaborately defined the meaning of the words, "dependent," "neglected" and "delinquent child," and as the result of its wisdom and foresight in this respect it would seem that every child, who needs the protecting arm of the court, may find refuge within the meaning of one of these terms.

As defined by the legislature the words "neglected child" or "dependent child" mean any child who, for any reason, is destitute or homeless or abandoned; or dependent upon the public for support; or who has not proper parental care or guardianship; or who habitually begs or receives alms; or who is found living in any house of ill fame, or with any vicious or disreputable person; or whose home, by reason of neglect, cruelty or depravity on the part of its parents or guardian or other person in whose care it may be, is an unfit place for such child; and any child under the age of ten years, who is found begging, or giving any public entertainment upon the street for pecuniary gain for self or another; or who accompanies or is used in aid of any person so doing; or who, by reason of other vicious, base or corrupting surroundings, is, in the opinion of the court, within the spirit of the law.

And the words "delinquent child" include any child under the age of sixteen years who violates any law of this state, or any city or village ordinance; or who is incorrigible; or who knowingly associates with thieves, vicious or immoral persons, or who is growing up in idleness or crime; or who knowingly frequents a house of ill fame; or who patronizes any policy shop or place where any gaming

L. E. ELLIS, Secretary **J. S. CLARK,** President **J. G. GARDNER** Vice-President
G. E. MacKINNON, Treasurer **G. A. HOLLAND,** Supt. of Agencies

---

Anchor Fire Insurance Company

DES MOINES, IOWA

Capital Stock - - - $100,000
Assets over - - - $400,000

AN IOWA COMPANY FOR IOWA PEOPLE.
HELPING TO BOOST DES MOINES.

Home Office Over Marquardt Bank.

Mutual 'Phone 1332. Iowa 'Phone 2352 M.

Call by 'Phone and Get an Anchor Policy.

M. H. BRINTON, President J. C. GRIFFITH, Secretary

American Life Insurance Company

Home Offices - Des Moines, Iowa

The American Life has always given its patrons their choice between Annual Dividend and Deferred Dividend Policies. No Policy has been written with a longer deferred dividend period than ten years. The results of our Annual Dividend Policies are equal to the best shown by any Company. American Life Policies are noted for their liberality. Comparison with the contracts of any other company will demonstrate the superior advantages of American Life Policies. The contract is the important consideration to the applicant who knows that he is not buying the Company, but only a contract in the Company of his choice. If you are interested in learning more about the most attractive and liberal Policy contract in the field, call at our offices or write to the company. Liberal contracts will be given to agents of character and ability. For further information address,

American Life Insurance Company
Sixth and Walnut, DES MOINES, IOWA.
C. W. Domback, City Agent

device is, or shall be operated; or who habitually wanders about any railroad yards or tracks, gets upon any moving train or enters any car or engine without lawful authority.

It is said, figuratively speaking, that some children are born with a golden spoon in their mouths. The dependent and neglected children are those who have no spoon at all; those upon whom nature has bestowed, not her smiles, but her frowns. For these provision must be made; homes provided and education furnished. By them justice must be done; the misfortune of fortune supplanted by the charity of man. The problems which their cases present are frequently difficult of solution. They demand and should command the deepest sympathy and most profound wisdom of the court. The prophetic eye which can read from the unwritten pages of futurity, the destiny to come, finds in their cases its field of labor; and to do, in each case, that which time and future events shall demonstrate to have been the best, requires at least divine guidance if not divine wisdom.

It is the delinquent children that require and receive the most time and attention of the court. The term "delinquent" describes no offense, but only the condition of the child when it needs the corrective influence of the court. It may be that the child is, in fact, incorrigible, a thief or a truant; that he runs away from home or stays out nights; that it visits dance halls or wine rooms; that it enters vacant houses; trespasses upon or injures the property of others; that it spends its time with evil companions, or quarrels or fights with other children; or, that its delinquency manifests itself in any of the many other forms of juvenile waywardness. In whatever form the delinquency manifests itself it is always well, in seeking the cause, to look to its heredity and its environment, for unfortunate heredity and bad environment are the twin evils which have made necessary the juvenile court.

The Iowa juvenile court law provides that no child, under the age of sixteen years, shall be committed to jail or police station, or brought into or confined in the same yard or enclosure in which adult convicts are present. This is a wise and humane provision; just, generous, and worthy of the great state which has honored itself in enacting such a statute. But because children under the age of sixteen years ought not to be sent to jail, or confined with adult convicts, it does not follow that none of them need discipline, or that no place should be provided for their detention or confinement. Nor did the legislature so intend. On the other hand the legislature intended to provide for the establishment of detention homes for the discipline of such children, but in doing so did not provide the means for their establishment or maintenance. It assumed that philanthrophy would furnish the means, but this philanthropists have failed to do, and by reason of this erroneous assumption and unfortunate failure one of the features of the law, most necessary to the success of the work in the large cities, has proved fruitless.

In the case of a delinquent child the first thing to be done is to ascertain the facts in the case, not only what the child has done, but the causes which have operated to produce a state of delinquency. The judge cannot, in each case, make a personal investigation; he must therefore, in many instances, rely upon the investigation and report of others. That such investigation may be full and complete it is essential that only intelligent and reliable persons be entrusted with the performance of such services. This is where the work of the probation officer begins; it ends when there is nothing more that can be done for the child under the juvenile law.

The value of the services of efficient probation officers can hardly be overestimated, in the juvenile work. Upon them devolves the duty of discovering those who need the helpful influence of the court, and of bringing their cases to the attention of the court. Upon them falls the labor of ascertaining the facts relative to each case, and of laying such facts fully and fairly before the court. Upon them rests the responsibility of observing the influences of the court's action upon those who have been before it, and of again, or from time to time, bringing them before the court, as their welfare may require.

Voluntary probation officers are, in many instances, valuable aids in the juvenile court work, but in the large cities, in order to so organize and systematize the work as to make it thorough and effective, regular probation officers are necessary.

It is the purpose of the juvenile court to lend a helping hand to every child who needs it. To enlarge the child's

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Capital - - - - $ 3,000,000.00
Surplus to Policy Holders - - $10,408,355.39
Assets - - - - $20,839,174.33

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DES MOINES, IOWA

sense of duty, and to strengthen its character; to inspire confidence, and to receive obedience; to instill into it the idea that it should obey, in the home, and in the school; and, that it must respect and observe the ordinances and laws of the land. To impress upon it the fact that the court is its friend, and not its foe; that it wants its friendship and good will, and where possible enlist its aid and co-operation in the juvenile work, and by so doing transform a negative into a positive force in the great conflict between good and evil. To exercise that uplifting influence which has for its purpose the making of all boys and girls better boys and girls, to the end that when they become men and women the world shall have gained in virtue as the result of its labor.

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DES MOINES, IOWA

E. A. Walker, the Master of Ritual of the Homesteaders, is proving himself to be an expert along these lines and is doing good work in the field. He is a great lodge man.

The Midwestern is proud to present to its readers the finest article that has yet appeared on the "booster" movement, by Gilger E. MacKinnon, cashier of the Mechanics Savings Bank and a member of the Greater Des Moines Committee. Mr. MacKinnon speaks with enthusiasm and assurance of the value of the movement, also, the article has a distinct literary value not always shown in the writing of business men. The article will commend itself to every good citizen of Des Moines.

Prof. H. B. Morgan, formerly superintendent of the Burlington schools and a prominent educator, has been secured as Assistant Field Manager of the Homesteaders.

He is a thorough gentleman and a man of great executive ability. "H. B." is business from start to finish.

MY CREED

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backwards over life's weary way.

AUGUST GAST.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

December 31, 1906

Central Life Assurance Society of the United States

Des Moines, Iowa.

GEORGE B. PEAK, PRESIDENT

Capital Stock Full Paid, $100,000

Authorized Capital Stock, $500,000

ADMITTED ASSETS	
Loans on Real Estate and Policies	$ 578,946.82
Cash in banks and Office	28,671.30
Net Agents Balance (secured)	15,208.98
Premium Notes	6,098.72
Bonds owned	4,541.52
Due and Deferred Premiums net	24,560.45
Furniture, Fixtures and Supplies	5,000.00
Interest due and accrued	8,803.53
Total	$671,830.82
Not admitted	10,401.23
Net Admitted Assets	$661,429.59

LIABILITIES	
Net Present Value of all Policies in Force According to the Actuaries Table of Mortality, with 4 per cent Interest	$536,108.00
All Other Liabilities	4,186.55
Surplus	121,135.04
Total	$661,429.59

Paid to Policy Holders in Death Claims, Dividends, etc., $75,966.99

New Business Written	$5,200,242.50	**Total Income**	$384,405.78
Insurance in Force	10,576,110.75	**Admitted Assets**	661,429.59

PROGRESS IN ELEVEN YEARS:

YEARS	ADMITTED ASSETS	INSURANCE IN FORCE
1896	$2,972.80	$256,000.00
1898	$9,574.13	$556,900.00
1900	$63,482.26	$1,863,655.00
1902	$173,033.89	$3,253,554.00
1904	$411,560.64	$5,908,286.25
1906	$661,429.59	$10,576,110.75

OFFICERS

GEO. B. PEAK, President
WM. L. SHEPARD, Vice-President
M. H. BENSON, Second Vice-President
H. G. EVERETT, Secretary
O. C. MILLER, Assistant Secretary
Judge **GEO. H. CARR**, Counselor
HOMER A. MILLER, Treasurer
DR. D. W. SMOUSE, Medical Director
DR. ADDISON C. PAGE, Ass't Medical Director
W. N. SIMMONS, Field Superintendent

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The formula comes from a noted woman in England whose family has handed it down for many generations.

A permanent cure for falling hair, dandruff and thin hair will be effected in a few days.

Early grayness of hair will also be prevented by its use. Put up in 50c and $1.00 bottles.

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P. O. Box 574 - Des Moines, Iowa

The Western Musical Herald

WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor.

THE Western Musical Herald is a monthly review of music in the West. It covers the musical news of the leading western cities and in addition, that of the smaller communities, colleges conservatories, music clubs, etc. A file of the Western Musical Herald will be a musical history of the West. Subscription is $1.00 per year and every music teacher, musician and music student should be a subscriber. Send for sample copy.

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The MIDWESTERN

DES MOINES, IOWA

VOL. I

NO. VII

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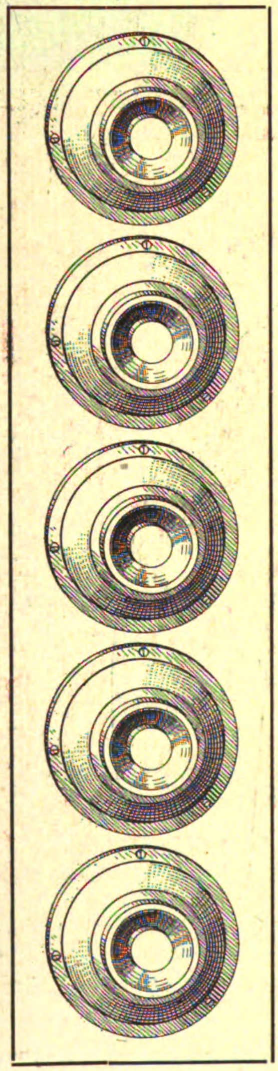
A YEAR.

ARCH
1907



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One will turn on the heat for your whole house.

One will turn on the lights in your stable.

One will turn on the lights in your veranda or drive.

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The turning on of Heat and Light by Electricity means no dust, no smoke, no dirt of any sort whatever.

It means a home free from disagreable odors.

It means a saving of time, a saving of money and a saving of wear and tear by dirt in every way.

People who once know the joy of running a home by Electricity, wonder how they ever endured the former condition of things.

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With Metrostyle and Themodist

The world's most perfect piano player....

It gives a novice a master's command of the piano, enabling even a child to render at will any musical selection from the simplest to the most difficult symphony.

You can turn a dull evening into one of genuine pleasure by playing your favorite piece of music or some song that appeals to you—be it an old melody that awakens pleasant recollections or some new operatic selection.

We are exclusive agents for Iowa

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Our piano line

comprises the **Chickering & Sons, Gabler, Packard, Starr, Richmond, Guest, Armstrong, Chase** and others.

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in the Parritt Building, Seventh and Walnut Sts., are the most elegantly appointed and **MODERN PIANO PARLORS** in the middle west. **The only piano house in Des Moines that enables you to see and hear the piano in rooms corresponding in size and furnishings to those of your own home.**

The Guest Piano Co.

Stores in Des Moines, Burlington, Cedar Rapids,
Ottumwa, Iowa, and Quincy, Ill.

Oldest and Largest in Iowa *Established in 1854*

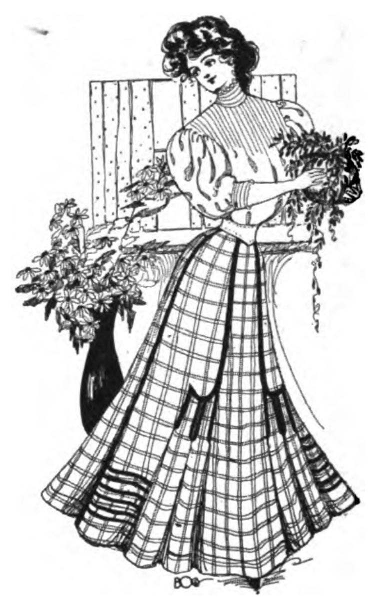
SPRING AT YOUNKERS'

The Spring Merchandise

that this Store is now showing is evidence---

in its extent, variety and excellence---that Younkers' fully realize the possibilities of Des Moines as a Shopping center. The standard is emphatically metropolitan.

The Younker Suit Room offers you the ideas of the world's best modiste at most reasonable cost.



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Spring Fabrics

Wool Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Goods, White Goods---are assembled in such profusion as to forcibly remind the spectator that " Des Moines does things."

YOUNKER BROS., Inc., Des Moines

THE MIDWESTERN

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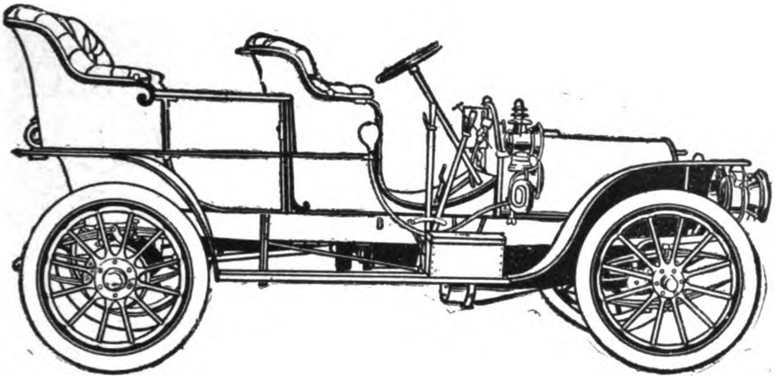

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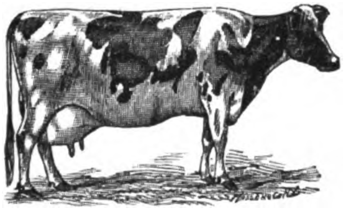

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Overdrafts - - - - -	7,501.36
Furniture and Fixtures - -	1.00
Cash and Exchange - - -	1,091,103.06
	$7,165,786.03

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock - - -		$ 500,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - -		282,215.70
Deposits		
Demand	$ 3,982,450.60	
Time -	2,401,119.73	
		6,383,570.33
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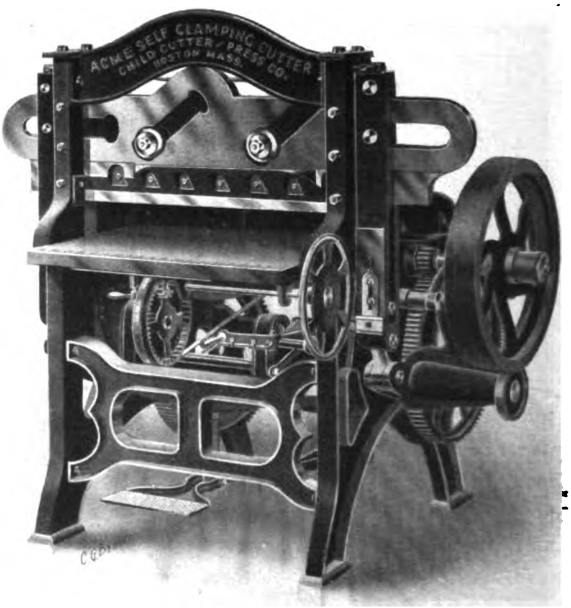
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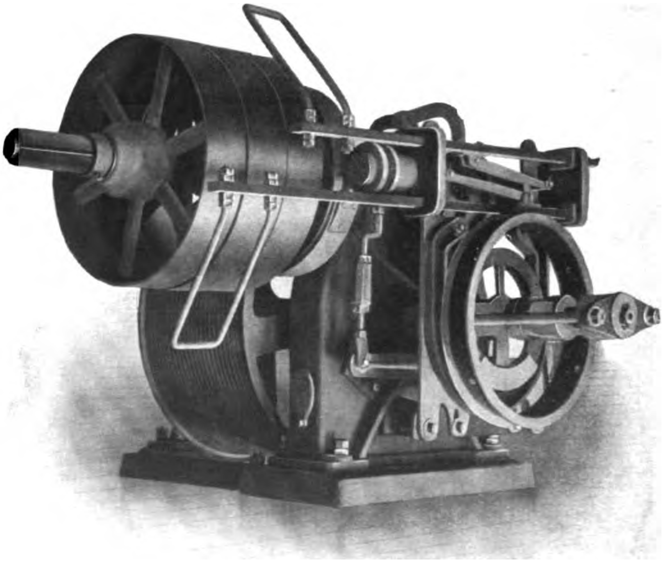

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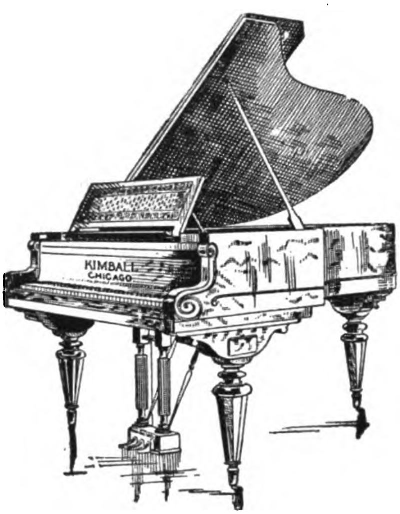
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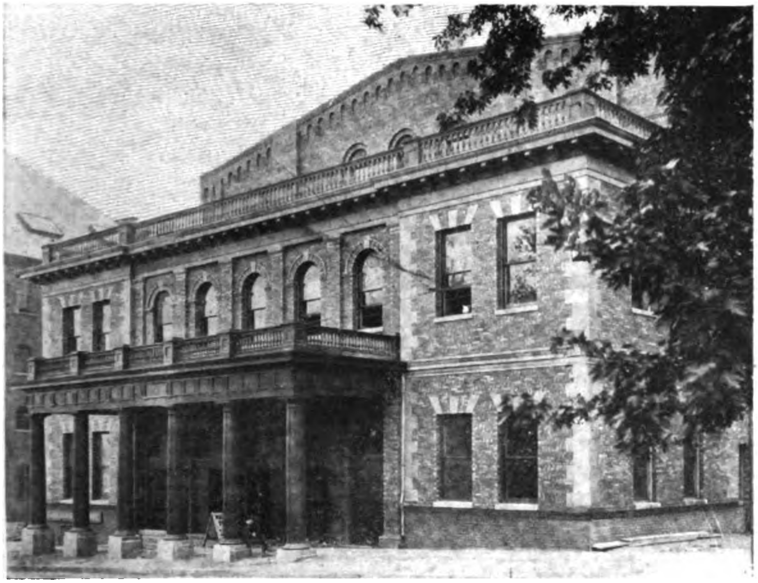

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Howard Music House
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For the past few months we have been very much handicapped owing to the remodeling of our store room. Now that everything is once more in order, we can give our patrons much better service than ever before. We make a specialty of supplying Teachers and carry the most complete stock of Teaching Music, including Studies in the best Editions. We have recently added several New Editions, which will be of special interest to Teachers and Students. Late Popular Hits and Operatic Selections are carried in stock at all times. Catalogues sent free on receipt of application.

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MRS. J. W. COKENOWER
Who won the honors at the Pan-Hellenic Banquet

A prominent official, high in authority in Washington city, has a wife whose admiration for him is mingled with a sense of awe engendered by his greatness. To know that only a few years ago they were both in a "deestrict" school and that now he is a fine public speaker and prominent figure in the nation's official life is a metamorphosis that still puzzles the good woman. Recently, after a public speech of her husband's, a few friends were spending the evening. Several of them commented flatteringly upon the famous speech, and the great man's wife looked up in innocent delight, exclaiming:

"Yes, it was grand! And the best of it is he wrote it all by himself!"

The Pan Hellenic Banque

The annual Pan Hellenic banquet
a grand success from start to finish
reflected great credit upon the comm
having the arrangements in charge.
was held as usual in the Savery ordin
When Greeks meet in this frie
fashion, something of interest is al
to be seen and heard. The honors
carried of in an oratorical way by
J. W. Cokenower, Kappa Kappa Gan
whose toast was "The Pan Helleni
Boosters."

MRS. L. R. WYNN, OF STERLING, ILL.
Who was hostess of the most celebrated afternoon company of the season at the Chamberlain, February 21, 1907

THE COLLEGE GOAT

Mrs. Olive A. Israel, Pi Beta Phi, was the author of the class song, which won the approval of every Greek present.

Tune:—"*Waiting at the Church.*"

William was a goat, as all could plainly see,
Tethered on the college campus green.
Some college girls passed by and Willie did not spy,
Which caused his haughty goatship much chagrin.
Said he, it's up to me, to have a little fun,
And so I'll even up with every one.
And he made very, very good, as other goats all would,
Before another setting of the sun.

Chorus:—

There was Bill, tethered on the green,
He had not been seen,
Which aroused his spleen.
When he found the girls had passed him by,
Oh! how it did upset him.
He gave a minor note, did Bill the college goat,
This sportive little goat, this playful little goat.
I can't get away, to pay you back today,
Wait till the next *initiation*.

Alas, sad to relate, we know the girlies' fate,
They didn't think a goat could be so mean.
He did not hold them up, but he surely won the cup,
And again is tethered on the college green.
Now a warning to all girls, who pass a college goat,
Be sure you show due reverence to him.
For he will surely even up, if not upon his back,
Some other way, it's all the same to him.

FEBRUARY SCENE IN GREENWOOD PARK, DES MOINES

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME I MARCH, 1907 NUMBER 8

THE PASSING OF BLYTHE

Malcolm MacKinnon

COMPARISON may profitably be made between Blythe, the arch-manipulator of Iowa politics for so many years, and the Honorable Leslie M. Shaw, and it is the purpose here to institute such a comparison for the sole object of illuminating, as far as possible, the character of the railroad boss.

Shaw must be granted the possession of a preconceived idea of the field of politics before he entered far upon it. He was long ago deeply convinced of the inability of the people to look after themselves. The facetious have attributed his attitude in this regard to the impressions made upon him during the days when he stocked the farms of Crawford county with fruit trees sent out by the nursery he represented, but it is far more probable that his bias is constitutional. Anyway, the Denison man has always evinced a very real solicitude for the public, holding its welfare to be in danger, if the management of its affairs should pass out of the hands of a few. His sympathies, it would seem, were never broad enough, nor the horizon of his mental vision sufficiently extended, to enable him to understand that the plutocratic plans he has been assisting to carry out, do not take into account some of the most important elements in the whole situation. His activities, moreover, have hardened him along the lines of the schemes of the manipulators in state and nation, and he has progressed so far in the direction of distrust of the people that he believes, if left to their own inclinations, the voters would rush like sheep to the support of Bryan or Hearst for the presidency. Therefore, in his opinion, arises the necessity of deceiving the people, for, to Shaw, Bryan is Anathema and Hearst is anti-Christ. Accordingly, his own loss of prestige in the councils of his party and the loss of prestige of those who think as he does on these matters, are matters of concern to him, not only because of the effects upon his own career as a public man, but also on account of the evil results he foresees to the interests of the community at large. The people, without Shaw, he will admit, might be efficient in the tasks they must undertake, but the people, with Shaw, he is very thoroughly convinced, would be sufficient.

Blythe, on the other hand, stands in no danger of being brought down in sorrow to the grave, because of any calamity that might befall his native land. He has never seriously fancied that he had any other mission than to get results for his employers. Contemplation of his past achievements will convince him that he made good, considering the position he occupied, in his day and generation. The fact that he has been light-hearted through the years when he has been the dictator of the destinies of the politics of the state for the benefit of the railroads and their allies, precludes the possibility that conscience will trouble him during his declining years. He has always looked upon the people as an enemy to be circumvented and overcome. He has always acted upon that theory. While Shaw has been solicitous, he has been hostile.

Hanna, who was one of the chief agents of the plutocratic propaganda that achieved the defeat of Bryan for the presidency in 1896, was in some ways very much like Blythe. In his inability or failure to take the public interest into account, he was exactly like the Burlington attorney. Hanna never got very far away from the idea that the Republican party, the United States, and, indeed, the entire scheme of modern civilization, were primarily designed for the purpose of enabling his own firm and himself to make more money. He was gross mentally and atrophied morally. Cunning was as near to cleverness as he ever attained. His attempts to play the statesman, when he became a senator, excited the risibilities of past masters in the art of political deception, like Quay and Platt. A notoriously receptive candidate for the presidential nomination, he resorted to such transparent tricks as playing to the negroes of the South, and he sought to appear as the friend of labor, when, as a matter of fact, he looked upon the organized movements of workingmen as little less than a personal insult. Having for many years breathed the fetid air of the Perry Payne building in Cleveland, where the monster steel companies had their headquarters and where whole floors were given over to the lairs of attorneys with a national reputation for ability to nullify the laws when their clients wished to violate them; having, in other words, become attuned to such surroundings, Hanna was never quite able to regard the great world with which he later came into contact as anything more than that upon which to practice the tactics of the bulldozer. He was best known in his own city as a traction magnate and was in the public mind there chiefly because of his quarrel with Horace Andrews, president of the street railway company. Andrews threatened to resign if attempts were made to bribe the councilmen. Hanna declared he could see no reason why a franchise should not be bought, just like rails and rolling stock. As manager of McKinley's campaign for the nomination, he became the beneficiary of a desire on the part of a majority of Republicans for the selection of the Canton man.

It is true that Hanna's unscrupulousness made him an important factor in the defeat of Bryan, but the supreme command, which he wished and expected, was not given him by the wealth syndicate seeking to work its will through the election of McKinley. Had Hanna been permitted to be the general he would have engaged the enemy in rough and tumble fight, and would have been defeated. Work of a finer quality than he was capable of was required to bring about victory in the face of the popularity of the Nebraskan and the evident belief of the majority of the voters that the nominee of the Chicago convention ought to be elected for the general good. Daniel Lamont, who had been a member of Cleveland's cabinet and who had developed a genius for politics, was in charge of the general plan for the defeat of Bryan. He had at his command unlimited resources. Corporations and individuals were classified and were subject to assessment as often as required, with no questions asked or explanations offered. By the use of every device known to campaigning, and of some not theretofore known, the country was worked up to a pitch of patriotic fervor by reason of which many of the voters were caused to believe the threat of Bryanism as great a menace to the nation as the old time threat of secession. A second Democratic ticket was placed in the field, with purpose to divide the forces of the opposition. Millions went to the polls and voted for McKinley and Palmer, with as much sense of discharging a duty to God and native land as ever filled the heart of the volunteer following the stars and stripes upon the field of battle. No political wizard has ever appeared in the United States who could hold a candle to Lamont. He accomplished nearly the impossible, for to defeat Bryan under the conditions existing in the early part of the summer of 1896 was as impossible as things usually get to be.

Hanna, contrary to general impression, was merely a subordinate in this fight, and after it was over he demonstrated, what had always been suspected by his associates of that year, that he was a political blunderer of no mean order. With all the assistance the president was able to render him and did render him, for McKinley was generous to a fault, the Cleveland man could not obtain the senatorship from the Ohio legislature, except by his old method of purchase, and the deals he entered into in order to effect his election, remained a heavy handicap for his party, long after he himself had passed away. Cox, as dictator, an issue in the last state campaign, when Herrick was defeated, was a result of Hanna's dire extremity. Herrick, shallow and vacillating, was another of the mistakes of Hanna which the party had to correct by means of its own failure at the polls. Hanna coached Dick and when he died he left the Akron man his toga and Dick is still a millstone to

LEON BROWN

the party in Ohio. Also Hanna's recommendations for federal appointments were in a great number of cases bad.

Blythe was like Hanna, in the latter's supreme disregard of the general welfare of the people, but he was unlike him in most other respects. He always played his hand well. After insuring that the decisive battle against Cummins and the tendencies in Iowa politics that Cummins represented should take place in 1906, through the adoption of the biennial elections amendment, and after picking George D. Perkins as his candidate for the nomination, when that year should arrive, the railroad attorney devoted his energies and ingenuity to effect the control of the Republican state conventions in 1903 and 1904. He was successful in both cases. Though he did not dare fly in the face of the two-term tradition in the first named year, he obtained a state committee organization which would do his bidding and he sought by such means to prevent the governor from making even a fair showing at the polls. It was confidently predicted at the Republican state headquarters that Cummins' plurality would not be over 30,000, and that there was hope of reducing it considerably below that figure. The literary bureau was conducted in such manner as to injure instead of help the candidacy of the governor, and the corporation section of the Republican press had its hammer of deprecation constantly in use on the head of the ticket. Funds were largely spent in a perfunctory manner, or devoted to the assistance of candidates for congress in the closer districts. Speakers were imported whose presence was likely to be unfavorable to the cause of Cummins, who was forced, in self-protection, to have no communication with the committee and to make his own speaking dates and traveling arrangements. In spite of the elaborate plan thus worked out to slaughter the governor in the house of his friends, he was re-elected, however, by nearly 80,000 plurality, the largest ever received by a candidate for state office in the history of Iowa.

There is evidence that the denouement of 1903 led Blythe to a clearer vision of the handwriting on the wall and that it caused him to despair of success in the supreme moment of 1906, unless he adopted different tactics than those he had been accustomed to employ. He did not venture to keep the governor off the delegation to the national convention the following year, as it was in his power to do, and as he assuredly would have done, if Cummins had made a poor showing in the matter of plurality in 1903. He had, it is certain, already arrived at the fixed conclusion that the governor could not be defeated by the usual methods of manipulation and abuse, and that it would injure rather than help the cause of the railroads, if insult was conspicuously offered to the leader of popular sentiment at that time.

Viewed in the searching light of what has since happened, what Blythe proceeded to do in the way of a change of plans, was unquestionably the most effective thing he could have done. He boldly removed the mask of deception which had done duty for so long in the politics of Iowa. He made no further pretence that it was not the railroads and their allied corporations that were fighting Cummins. The well trained batteries of the "stand-pat" press, it is true, still kept up a steady fire of false assertion, but attorneys traversed the state offering contracts to newspapers of both

HARVEY INGHAM

parties to sell their editorial utterances to the railroads for specified considerations. Big shippers were interviewed by those it was thought could have the most influence with them. Whether threats were employed or not, startling changes of attitude were noted on the part of many of those who had long been devoted adherents of Cummins.

Anti-Cummins organizations were quietly formed and put to work in counties that had possessed nothing of the kind. Big politicians who could not be induced to take a position against the governor were pledged to do nothing in his favor, and the majority of the congressional delegation was enlisted in preparing the ground for a successful issue of the coming struggle. A year in advance schemes were concocted for the dividing of delegations from counties in which sentiment was overwhelmingly for Cummins. Secretary Shaw engaged in a vast system of correspondence and urged hundreds of those to whom he was writing to meet him at the national capital. In this way, and in others, weak spots were sought out in the ranks of what was known as the progressive faction.

During a session of the legislature, Des Moines is a hotbed of state politics, and during the opening months of 1906, the railroad lobby was the largest and most capable ever known about the state house. Measures advocated by the governor and expected by him to be passed, since his supporters were in a majority in each of the houses, were buried in committee or openly rejected. Particularly, the state wide primary law, the passage of which would have completely disarmed Blythe, was the object of successful attack by the agents of the manipulators. Everywhere and in every way, the gauntlet was thrown down to Cummins and it was sought to make him feel that an attempt to get a third term could end only in discredit to himself and disaster to his friends.

He accepted the challenge, well knowing all that it meant, and, with the first round of the preliminary go scheduled to be pulled off in the Eleventh district, the home of Perkins, he was to be found in the populous counties of that part of the state, while the legislature was still in session, talking to the farmers at their institutes and conventions and embracing every other opportunity to reach the masses of the Republicans, to whom he had had to go in the past, and who, he felt, would surely stand by him again, if they could be made to understand the situation as it existed. The Eleventh, as it happened, was one of the districts that had been especially friendly to him, and he rallied his former adherents with an energy that convinced them of the need of further activity upon their part. The result was that the governor carried the majority of the counties by overwhelming numbers, and won first blood in the state encounter.

Perkins had been allowed to test the validity of his belief that he could get the delegations from the Sioux City vicinity; but after his failure, and, indeed, before all of the counties in that part of the state had held their caucuses and conventions, the plan of making the editor more than a figure head during the canvass was entirely abandoned. In the Tenth, which was also early in the matter of selecting its representatives to the Des Moines gathering, the machine Blythe had been organizing and perfecting as far as his materials permitted him, was seen in full operation. At Estherville, the county seat of Emmet county, transpired the incident of the "car of instruction," which was switched into the Rock Island yards two weeks before the caucuses and which departed under hurry orders just before midnight of the day when the primaries were held.

Sentiment had been strongly favorable to Cummins in Estherville, and, for that matter, throughout Emmet county, and the railroad employes, who lived in the town and whose votes were decisive whenever there was balloting, were nearly, if not quite unanimous in expressing their approval of the governor's candidacy. When the car had been in the yards for a day, there was a cessation of open expression on the part of those who worked on trains and tracks. There was a well defined rumor that the instruction being given was political in its nature. This was stoutly denied by the two men in charge of the coach, however, one of whom was a ward politician and former alderman of Cedar Rapids, who had been with the company for over thirty years, but had had no previous experience in the line of work he was now supposed to be following. In a moment of anger at the report that political pointers were being given in the car, he offered to bet a large sum of money that such was not the case, and to prove his assertion, he declared that it was only after hours and when away from the car, that he and his companion were meeting the men and confronting them with the campaign proposition. He asserted that, just as the Rock Island road was standing by the men in giving them employment, so it was the duty of the latter to stand by the company in its efforts to defeat Cummins. From trainmen it was later learned that other arguments were used and that some of them implied the threat of discharge. The "instructors" remained on the ground and on the day of the caucuses they were reinforced by Perkins workers from Sioux City, who went to the meetings in the several wards that night to see that the employes of the Rock Island did what they had been told it was their duty to do. Estherville had never had a vote by ballot at any of its caucuses, but such method, after a spirited fight, was inaugurated that night. The railroad workers had planned with the possibility of such an innovation in view, however, and produced a red ticket that could easily be distinguished from the white ones the Cummins men were voting. In spite of this ruse, the wards were carried by the friends of the governor, and the Emmet county convention, a few days later, was almost unanimous for his candidacy.

At this time the campaign against Cummins was in charge of a council of war, composed chiefly of the general attorneys of the railroads. Nearly all the members of the "gentlemen's lobby" of the 1907 session of the legislature were included in this central strategic board. When the personnel of the "gentlemen's lobby" was formally announced this winter and given to the press, it was incomplete, it developed next day, when a further and equally authoritative and decorous statement was made to the effect that W. P. Brady had been added to give the finishing touch of polish, refinement and decency. This same Brady was in personal charge of the attempted outrage at Estherville, and was here, there and everywhere, along the lines of the Rock Island, during last spring and summer, doing similar service in the united effort to defeat the evident will of the Republican voters of the state. As a matter of fact, the "gentlemen's lobby" is the same old lobby of a year ago, with Al Boehmler and Ed Hunter kept out of public view.

Shortly after the Emmet county affair, the entire charge of the campaign to prevent the nomination of Cumimns was placed in the hands of Ed Hunter, who, in consultation with Blythe, was to have full swing, all the funds he required, unlimited power to draw on the passenger departments for gratuitious transportation, and the assured co-operation and obedience of the members of the board of strategy which had not produced results in accordance with expectations and outlay.

Hunter had been chairman of the Democratic state committee during the Cleveland regime, and had long been known as the king of the Des Moines lobby. He was a practical politician of much experience and a man of vast energy and resource. In 1906 he had placed some of the Cummins senators under obligation to him by getting reconsideration of the bill against Sunday theatres and amusements, which had unexpectedly been approved by the Senate, and which, with prospect of passage in the House, was causing some of the statesmen to sweat blood when they opened their mail and when they reflected what their constituents would say and do. These senators had been unable to devise any way to extricate themselves and they appealed to Hunter. Half an hour later he assured them the matter had been fully arranged and that they need give themselves no

E. H. HUNTER

further concern; and the event proved the truth of his statement.

With Blythe behind him, Hunter started in to force a majority of delegates to the state convention for other candidates than Cummins. Free transportation was sent out *ad libitem* and by the barrel full. Enough workers were on the pay roll and on the move to fill an entire train. The most admirably organized correspondence and publicity bureau ever known in the state was set in operation. A bold and persistent effort was made to create the impression that the tariff was the issue and that all the Cummins talk about corporation domination was a hoax and a humbug. It is doubtful if as much was ever before accomplished in so short a space of time by any campaign in the West. Fresh from the depths of despair, the manipulators found themselves at the highest point of confidence. Shortly after Hunter took charge, it looked as though Cummins would be defeated, in spite of the fact that four-fifths of the Republicans of the state were known to be strongly favorable to his success. The counties in the south one-third of the state, constituting the Q reservation, were handled in the usual way,—as was expected in the Cummins camp.

But when counties in the northern and eastern part of the state, that had been regarded as safe for the governor, also went wrong; when counties electing Cummins delegates at their caucuses, chose anti-Cummins representatives to the state convention; when certain strongholds of the governor were captured through the work of Hunter's traveling contingent; when Jackson county divided its delegation through a clever trick of the postmaster of one of its towns; when such things happened, it looked dark indeed for the governor, and the darkness was only relieved by occasional news of victories in unexpected quarters through the activity and unusual ability of local leaders, and by the tidings that John Herriott had been removed as a factor, on account of the failure of his own county to support him.

There were indications, too, that there was some sort of a deal on in the Second district, partly engineered by Secretary Shaw, and that, when the time came, Scott county, which had never instructed its delegates to any convention in the past, would follow its custom in this regard, and would send a set of men to Des Moines, who, supposed to be for the governor, would find pretext for a division and would be at least to the extent of half their number opposed to the nomination of Cummins.

Hunter was working night and day, and after he had held the reins for six weeks, he estimated that he had expended $143,000 in cash and a quarter million in transportation; while, he figured, the Cummins supporters had been able to collect only $6,000 and had had to pay all traveling expenses. Hunter was getting results. There was more money where he had obtained the first. He redoubled his efforts. He saw victory almost in his grasp.

Victory would have been certain for the conspiracy to defeat Cummins and thwart the will of the Republican voters, if it had not been for new circumstances. Chief of these was the development, within a couple of years, of a newspaper of general circulation in the state, and fully and intelligently devoted to the cause of the progressive movement in the Republican party.

Its editor and part owner, Mr. Harvey Ingham, had been rather aligned with the Blythe faction when he was at Algona, in Kossuth county; but, when he had been in Des Moines for a time, and had come to have a first-hand view of the situation, he shifted position. His clear vision and high sense of responsibility to the public, which his paper was seeking to serve and not to deceive, led him to espouse the progressive cause, and his ability as a thinker and a writer developed in the atmosphere of the new associations and points of view, until he took high rank among the most influential and profound makers of editorial utterance in the entire country.

Similarly, Mr. Leon Brown, general political writer on the same paper, had come to an adequate appreciation of the facts of the fight going on, not only in Iowa but throughout the Union, and his vigorous narrative; founded on complete information regarding the events leading up to the happenings of last year, was employed to inform the voters of the state regarding the details of the campaign being fought out and the doings of the men connected with the struggle. Brown went everywhere and his vivid descriptions of what was taking place in the several counties, as well as his general discussions of the battle, were effective in arousing the indignation of thousands of those who believed in fair play and were opposed to government by the corporations. Brown's humor and keen satire in depicting the men who were doing the field work for the railroads, and his frequent reference to the antecedents of those who, like Mr. Hunter, were in general command, made the whole state laugh. The word pictures and apt characterizations by this brilliant young man, with the powerful editorial thundering by Mr. Ingham, served to put the public on its guard and eventually set at naught the efforts upon which Blythe and Hunter had been counting so confidently when they believed they were about to win.

The bolder Hunter became the more effective were the exposures in the columns of the morning newspaper in Des Moines, and the result was that, after the farce of the effort of the railroad forces to carry Scott, their methods became a scandal all over the state and nearly all of the close counties yet to hold caucuses and conventions were easily carried for the governor.

It should be said that it is not the intention to detract from the credit due to the many other fearlessly truthful newspapers of the state, which did service in the cause of the people during all those trying months. The journal to which reference has been made, was, however, the only one, on the Cummins side, that had a general circulation. As such it was a new force in Iowa, at that time and in the regular campaign which followed. It had not been, could not be, counted upon for the effects it produced, by

Blythe and Hunter, when they were making their earliest calculations. But for it, they would surely have succeeded in their nefarious purposes. As it was, the serpent of corporation domination of politics in Iowa was made to show its hideous head in full view of the people.

When it was apparent that Blythe had been beaten, all the elements that were in abeyance, pending decision which side of the fence it would be policy to get down on, went pell mell to the support of the governor. Powerful party leaders, who had said and done nothing one way or the other, now declared that there must be fair play. The congressional delegation, a majority of whom were fiercely hostile to the candidacy of Cummins, and who had endeavored to prevail on Shaw to remain in Washington and not speak for Perkins, on the theory that the secretary's unpopularity with the people would assist rather than injure the chances of the aspirant for the third term; this same congressional delegation shouted louder than anybody else against any attempt by the railroads to steal the convention.

Blythe had become as dead as a door nail, politically. When the present legislature has passed the primary bill, he will never again be able to be even a delegate from his own county, perhaps not even a representative from his own ward, except through the compassion of his neighbors. The Q reservation will be nothing but a memory, because the possibility of manipulation of mass caucuses and conventions will be at an end.

But before he passed off the stage, Blythe gave an exhibition of making the most of the means he possessed. He nearly succeeded when others would have had no hope of success.

WINTER TWILIGHT

Ona Ellis Smith

No stars gleam through the evening grey,
But winds that chill sweep from the West,
Making bare branches creak and sway
And tossing down an empty nest.

Wee sparrows, bravely, 'neath the eaves
Twitter and chirp of days gone by;
Snow flakes have hid the withered leaves
Beneath where violets, buried, lie.

Gray shadows deepen into night.
The firelight dances warm and gay;
My candle throws a beam of light,
'Twill guide some traveler on his way.

GOD IN THE CITY

Dr. F. W. Hodgson

[The following sermon preached recently by Dr. Hodgson in Plymouth Church, was so fine a setting forth of the ideal municipal spirit and attainment that we solicited its use for the readers of The Midwestern.—EDITOR.]

"*The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm.*"—*Nahum 1: 3.*

I READ to you a few moments ago a wonderful psalm [Ps. 148]. The heart of the singer is bursting in praise. In an apostrophe of wondrous beauty he invokes all creation to join in a mighty chorus of praise to God. "Men and angels," he cries, "sing! Sun, moon and stars, sing! Young men and maidens, sing! Forests and tempests, sing! Birds and beasts, oh sing! Saints and God's chosen people, oh sing, sing, all together!"

I like that, oh, I like it! Don't you? That mixing up of men and things, when the great director of a celestial chorus calls for adequate praise to Almighty God—don't you like it?

In a learned way we discuss the relationship of mind to matter, tell of the power of mind over matter and of the influence of matter upon mind, as if our little intellects could divorce what God has joined together and we could consider each as a separate entity. As a truth, men and things are mixed together wherever adequate praise to God is sung. The barren sands of the desert and the naked moral code which the ingenuity of civilization has simply draped with useless verbiage—the radiating roads from imperial Rome and the story of redeeming love that still goes traveling on; an island empire—an empire on an island and a continental democracy—a democracy that shall be world-wide—a tidal wave, a dirty city upon the seashore, and the waters of a great gulf gather themselves into a mountain to wash that city. Men and things! The climb of history marks the pathway of God up through the ages, and wherever you study that pathway, behold, it is saints and shorels, soldiers and machines, men and steamboats, temples and tempests have plowed the path. The whole is one great Divine mixture.

I trust, then, that we may turn to our text, "God hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm," and make a local application of it without in any degree detracting from the sublimity of the poetical faith that produced it.

In September, 1900, there lay upon the Texan coast a city of some 35,000 people. A pious person studying its aspect would never have gone out and given word to the Associated Press that the city was in readiness for a Divine visitation. It was a dirty city. It was a corrupt city. There came the sailor from every port on the globe to satiate his accumulated lust and thirst. There came the cowboy from the western plain with his mania for gambling and his rash spirit of adventure. Provision was ample for the depraved and the rash of every kind and description. More than that, the city was in the clutches of a depraved sort of ward politician—a species of America that has become parasitic in its degeneration and is as common in the public halls of our American municipalities as cockroaches in a filthy kitchen.

The citizens of that city awoke that morning to realize that a great storm was brewing. Far out in the mouth of the gulf was a hurricane sweeping toward the city. It was a veritable "whirlwind and storm," for the wind was veering to every point of the compass and had attained the frightful velocity of 135 miles an hour. In swoops that whirlwind and storm; it picks up the waters of the gulf, sixteen feet deep, and it sweeps them in over that city, and it washes it. The very pavements are swept out to sea. And there lies the thing—naked, prostrate, dripping, trembling, demoralized. In five hours six thousand souls have perished; seven thousand buildings have crumbled as if they were built upon the treacherous sands of the New Testament parable; eighteen millions of property are gone.

That government of ward politicians was the most demoralized thing in the demoralized city. It so happened that there was in existence—created for an obvious purpose—a committee of fifteen enterprising, responsible business men. They were called "The Galveston Deep Water Committee." They immediately assumed control of affairs; and if there is any significance in the name which had been unwittingly given to them to describe a smaller capacity, certainly the enlarged function which they assumed did not transcend to the larger significance of the name—"The Deep Water Committee." So effective was the constructive, inspiring, enheartening work of these men, that a suggestion which came to them was in almost a flash given substance in the demand for a government by commission. The first thought was that the government be appointed by the governor of the state. That was found to be constitutionally impossible. But the former charter was repealed by the state government, and a government by commission was created by the legislature of the state of Texas. These men took hold of their work with enthusiasm. They were successful business men. They gave to their city the benefit of their trained business sagacity, and the city has flourished. Certainly the Lord was in that whirlwind and in that storm; that was His chariot. The preachers of today are wont to find Him in the prayers of the dear old saints, and in the intoxicating perfume of the beautifully tinted flowers, and in the suggestions of the cloudy sky as the glory of the sunlight pours upon it. Hardly a prophet today who finds God coming "in the whirlwind and in the storm."

So conspicuous has been the success of that government that the wind, no longer powerful to lift the cleansing waters of a gulf to wash thousands of inland cities, has nevertheless picked up in loving embrace the fertile seeds of that southern business patriotism and swept them far and wide over our country, reviving municipal hope and giving suggestions of new systems.

Des Moines has her problems. The Commercial Club a few weeks ago conceived the thought that it would be a wise and patriotic thing to request two of her eminent, able and trusted citizens to present to a committee of some two citizens that form of government which each believed to be best suited to the needs of Des Moines. The present city government had no friend to speak for it. There was a gentle remonstrance, and I understand one of our aldermen was invited to speak of that government to which his heart was wedded. He said that eighteen hours were not sufficient in which to collect himself to tell the reasons of his adoration for the present form of government. I do, however, if the man is sincere in the proposition, admire his courage when he says that if he is given sufficient time for preparation he will make that speech. I can hardly understand why one who has an intimate association with the present government, is a part of it, and is wedded to it, needs more than eighteen hours to get himself into shape to tell his love story. There must be something wrong between a husband and wife when the opportunity is given for him to sing her praises if it takes him more than eighteen hours to tell the reason why he loves her and admires her and wants to live with her and believes in her. I don't believe that any of us are long-lived enough to give any man time to find sufficient to talk about convincingly in this city government of ours, which as a system is a combination of incompetent legislation to begin with, and a crazy patchwork of trembling expedients, born out of desperation to end with; nor do I believe that there is ingenuity enough in our city to defend the mismanagement of this crazy patchwork system by an aggregate of incompetency (to put it no worse) which is so as practically to destroy the reputation of any intelligent and honest citizen who finds himself a hopeless minority in it.

Turning from that, let us consider that superb presentation of the possibilities of two forms of city government as presented last Thursday night in the Shriners' Temple. There was one of the most majestic scenes I ever witnessed—that large auditorium, full of men listening as if their souls depended upon it, to every word that dropped from the lips of the speakers. The interest was so deep—do you want to know how deep it was? If you have been in the Shriners' Temple since those men who love healthy amusement of boys, decorated it to suit their own fantastic fancy, you will understand what I mean when I tell you that I became so absorbed that I ceased to look at the strange devices upon those walls that had re-echoed the remonstrance against light amusement and card playing and dancing and several other things. The interest was deep; it was earnest.

The vote of that assembly I know not how to analyze. It was a surprise to me. I expected that the form of government suggested called the Indianapolis plan would be that which would be selected by a large majority. The majority was overwhelming, so far as the committee voted, for the Galveston plan. The significant thing was that before the vote was taken the men of the committee pledged themselves to stand by the form of government that was suggested by the majority in drafting a bill to present to the legislature asking for a new system. I am free to say that had the vote been the other way, I would have done precisely what I am doing this morning: I should have defended that determination. (I couldn't have used this magnificent text that I never used before and perhaps will never use again, but I should have found a text.)

The point is this: I am not here to discuss the relative merits of the two systems. I was honest when I pledged myself. I trust every member of that committee was honest, and I feel that there is but one duty before the honest citizens of Des Moines, and that is to stand by this great hope which has been stirred in the breast of our citizenship. Let me then, just for a moment—not to discuss the relative value of these two suggested forms of government, but to attempt to show how any who may have been disappointed, having hoped the Indianapolis plan would be proposed, may take heart, gain courage, test their loyalty, stand true to that vote.

There were two forms suggested. One considered a government by the mayor and council wherein, so far as the logic of the human brain can possibly do it, the legislative functions should be given to the council and the executive functions to the mayor. Every constitutional lawyer, so far as I am aware, has carried the analogy of our national government down through the state into the municipality. But Judge Cooley—possibly the keenest of them all—felt in his logical soul a slight incongruity, as may be discovered in his chapter upon Municipal Government in his monumental work on constitutional law. He speaks of the dual nature of a municipality, showing how, looking at it from one point of view, the duty of the municipality is government; how, looking at it from the other point of view, the duty is administration. Now, in practically all of our American municipalities the first point of view has been put to the test with every kind of attempt to separate logically and effectively the separate functions of the mayor and the council; first, by enlarging the duties and the powers of the mayor, and then by decreasing the duties and the powers of the mayor; by enlarging the power of the council, and then by depriving the council of its power. With every kind of arrangement and combination attempted in the great municipalities of our county, the whole system has been one colossal failure; so that James Bruce, that great, far-seeing Englishman with tremendous democratic sympathies, declared long ago that the danger of America is the government of her municipalities. It is not to be wondered at that the constitutional lawyers have explained, defended and justified this form of government in our municipalities, for their work is primarily not that of the creative prophet, but that of discovering the logic and justice beneath the system prevailing.

Now let us look at the genesis of the other system.

There comes in unexpectedly upon the Texan coast "a whirlwind and a storm." Providentially a committee of business men is already in existence, created for another purpose, which is brave enough and large enough and patriotic enough to take the reins of affairs. They do it, and they bring the city out of chaos in a splendid business victory. What have they discovered? They have discovered the primary importance of that other function of a municipality which was bothering the logic of Judge Cooley's, of keen mind, when he wrote of those two somewhat conflicting conceptions of municipal government. They discovered that the great need of a municipality is business administration.

Now then, when we turn to study the nature of municipal government, we see clearly after the suggestion that thus comes into our thought. It is very clear to see it after the storm and whirlwind have done their work and brushed away the clouds of custom. Under the clear sky how distinctly it stands out! A municipality is not a sovereign unit. A municipality is a creature of the state. A municipality is a corporation created for definite purposes, and in so far as it has been given legislative functions, they hardly exceed the rules and regulations which every executive board has to prescribe for the proper detail and execution of its business.

And there, friends, we see, too, just what has been the trouble: It has been to tell where the legislative functions of a council ends and where the executive function of a mayor begins. It has been in that clash, that shifting of responsibility, that playing hide and seek with the outraged citizens, which has worn out good men, and in their despair they have let the bad men have their own way. Let a difficulty arise which outrages the best sentiment of Des Moines. Try to fix the responsibility. Go to the man that your highest common sense tells you is the responsible person, and he will send you to another; and he will send you to another; and he will send you to another; and he will send you back to the first; until all your indignation has been wasted in walking and running and talking, and then, calmly despairing, you say, "What can we do?" You go home to let the thing drop, while those shrewd fellows, who have simply the instincts of the fox, grin!

That obscuration of the individual, that dissipation of municipal responsibility, is the great difficulty in our city today. There is not a business firm in this city that could endure a week—it would be bankrupt in a week—if it attempted to manage its affairs as the business affairs of the city of Des Moines are managed.

Here is our hope. Let our government keep near the people. Let our responsibilities so be localized that every individual citizen can see the responsible person. Create a government wherein the people are given by the state the power of recall. Create a government wherein the principle of rotation in office is given its largest scope, to prevent the building up of a machine. Give the people a merit system similar to that of the United States postoffice department. If the postmaster general should be stricken today, and his immediate assistants, so that the department were without a controlling head for a month, the business would go on just as usual. You and I would get our mail, and we should never know the difference except as we read it in the newspapers. Why? Because of that magnificent system wherein every man knows what he is to do, and does it, with the proper checks upon him, with his work open to inspection, until he knows that he is to stand upon his merits. Give the city a merit system like that. Give the workman of the city, the day laborer, a chance to apply upon a public list in a definite order, and you will thereby have destroyed this great, nasty, vile cancer that reaches from the heads of the government down through to the ditch digger, out into the houses of ill-fame and gambling, to every little snipe that can cast a vote. They are all of one piece. It is politics; it is ward politics.

So far as I stand face to face with the men of influence in our city and state, I beg of you, gentlemen, do this great strong, brave thing. Give this city a government wherein every officer shall be responsible; wherein his every act shall be public; wherein his head shall come off the moment he is disloyal; wherein, by a merit system, he is deprived of the power to create a machine; the rotation system, so that the multitude of good men may have the opportunity to bring their ingenuity to bear upon the government of our great, beautiful and growing city.

The thing that I notice is this: Men are afraid to initiate what promises to be experimental. They try to discover the loopholes, the dangers that infest these theoretical suggestions of a system never practiced in Des Moines. I beseech you, don't do that. I can well understand your suspicion, your lack of faith in the men around you. How could it be otherwise in this city, after the experience of these years? But get close to God, understand that God believes in men, and that He puts great responsibility on them; understand that as responsibility is put upon them they show forth their greatness and their divinity. Put responsibility upon them where the people can see them carry it, and hold them responsible to the responsibility that is put upon them. Seek the most effective form of government consistent with the most absolute simplicity that can be contrived; keep the offices close to the public; let nothing be secret; make it possible that every taxpayer know everything that is going on. It can be done. If there be anything that gives my heart joy, it is the comparison of the temper of men of Des Moines today, after the great stirring of soul by the impulse of the "booster" movement, with the condition two years ago, when I preached on this theme. Then the best men would shake their heads and say: "Oh, you don't know about it. We can't do anything. What is the use of stirring us all up when there is no chance to do anything. Why not preach sermons that shall be balm to our souls, that shall be inspirations to the despondent, that shall give us the peace and the calm of heaven amid all these troubles of earth? Why not do it?" Today there is a different spirit. Men are saying, "We can do it." And we can; we can, if we have got the patriotism to match the persistence of the politician. We have God with us, but he has got God against him. If we have a patriotism that will work as persistently, as deeply, as tirelessly, as the politician works, we can clean Des Moines without an earthquake from the west or a tidal wave from the south.

So let's sink individual preference. Let's work earnestly, heartily, for the thing we need. I have all faith that the legislature and the governor of this state will secure these things which Des Moines needs, if they can be assured that Des Moines wants them sufficiently to make good use of them after she gets them. I believe that these noble statesmen and patriots will create a new corporation if only they can find that there is sentiment in Des Moines to match in effective action the lofty dreams and inspirations of her idealizing patriots. While they dream and plan the city beautiful, we men of the ranks must act, and realize the beauty they picture. This is the work of the church.

Do you want me to talk about "Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest," where the streets are paved with gold and where the homes are lined with pearls and every bedroom has a feather bed in it, where the air is perfumed with plants and flowers and beautiful little angels fly around and sing somnolent lullabies? Do you want me to paint a thing like that? Well, I won't if you do.

But oh, I will paint, so long as God gives me strength, the picture of a Jerusalem conceived in heaven, and, like the dream of the New Testament writer, coming down from heaven to earth, so that our city shall be beautiful with tree and shrub, so that the child shall have his chance and the woman shall not be put to shame, so that the citizen may walk the street in safety, so that the honest can thrive and the ignorant be trained and the vicious be converted. I will picture a city here on earth, beautiful as the dream of heaven will let me picture. God will take care of heaven.

Let's dream less; let's work more. Let's pray; let's practice as we pray; and let's understand that not only in the whirlwind that stirs the sea and washes the dirty coast clean, but in the turmoil and clashing forces of selfish interests, in all the noise and dirt of our modern life, amid crimination and recrimination, amid slanders and in the dark shades where the devils scream, God sings, and sings through men and things—let us in this world of these great contrasts realize that "the Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm."

Knew Him at Last

Gen. B. F. Butler built a house in Washington on the same plan as his home in Lowell, and his studies were furnished in exactly the same way. The general and his secretary, Mr. Clancy, afterward city clerk of Washington for many years, were constantly traveling between the two places.

One day a senator called upon Ben Butler in Lowell and the next day in Washington, only to find him and his secretary engaged upon the same work on both occasions.

"Heavens, Clancy, don't you ever stop?" exclaimed the senator.

"No," interposed Gen. Butler, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Clancy arose and bowed, saying: "General, I never was sure until now just who my employer was. I had heard the rumor, but I always discredited it."

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Little Journeys to Homes of Iowa Authors

No. 7. RUPERT HUGHES

Frank G. Moorhead

RUPERT HUGHES

WHEN a young man, just turned thirty-five, writes prose tragedy between 9 and 10 o'clock of a morning; light rollicking songs between 10 and 11; a musical critique between 11 and 12; a poem in blank verse between 1 and 2; dashes off a comic opera between 2 and 3 and fills in the rest of the day with miscellaneous short stories, a novel or two, an encyclopedia, verse-de-societe and dramatic criticisms and still finds time to hold a National Guard commission and write long letters to his friends, he is worth a little study.

The Iowa author who has turned out more written pages than any other writer the state has yet produced, is neither a native-born Iowan nor does he now reside in Iowa. And yet the state may rightly claim him. Rupert Hughes was born in Missouri and now lives in New York. His early, formative days were spent in Iowa, however, and here he laid the foundation of his education. His parents, Judge and Mrs. Felix T. Hughes, still reside in Keokuk, and here Rupert returns every little while to rest from his strenuous literary duties.

An incomplete catalogue of the productions of Rupert Hughes may be of interest. Only the most important shall be mentioned.

He wrote a play, "Alexander the Great," produced by Louis James and Frederick Warde with success.

He wrote a play, "The Triangle," for Mrs. Fiske, but owing to her success with "Leah Kleschna" it was turned over to Charlotte Walker, who produced it in New York, at the Manhattan Theatre.

He wrote a play, "What Will People Say," produced by Blanche Walsh in New York in 1904.

He wrote a play, "The Richest Girl in the World," produced by Grace George, the initial performance in St. Louis last fall.

He wrote a "musical cocktail," entitled "Tommy Rot," produced in New York in 1902. Candor compels the admission that critics pronounced the piece well named.

He wrote a play, "The Wooden Wedding," produced in London in 1902; another, "In the Midst of Life," produced in New York in the same year.

He wrote a variety of juvenile classics, including "The Lakerim Athletic Club" and "The Dozen from Lakerim."

He edited Godey's Lady's Magazine, Current Literature and The Criterion.

While still a student at Yale, he wrote a blank verse poem, called "Gyges' Ring," pronounced by The Literary Digest "a permanent addition to literature" and by Harper's Weekly "the best poem, as it is the most ambitious, that has been printed during the past year'' and compared to Stephen Phillips' and Thomas Hardy's verse.

He set a number of James Whitcomb Riley's poems to music, publishing ''A Riley Album.''

He wrote and edited a number of musical works, including ''The Love Affairs of Great Musicians,'' ''Songs by Thirty Americans,'' ''American Composers'' and ''The Musical Guide.''

He wrote a little holiday gift book, entitled ''Colonel Crockett's Co-operative Christmas,'' which was in the stalls last Christmas.

He wrote two novels, one a story of the civil war, ''The Whirlwind;'' the other a musical romance ''Zal,'' the hero a Polish pianist, one Ladislav Mosziusko, generally supposed to be Ignace Paderewski.

With all his ability, Rupert Hughes has no monopoly on the genius in the family. He is simply a little more versatile than the rest. His father is an able lawyer and railroad authority; his mother a popular society leader. One brother, Felix, is a professional concert singer, with a baritone voice which is the envy of every auditor. Another brother had the good sense and the better fortune to ''get in on the ground floor'' in oil development in Texas, and can now write his check for a half dozen figures and, what's more to the point, have it honored at the bank. His sister is a stage and concert singer of first rank, well known to thousands on two continents as Mlle. Jean Greta, the wife of Herbert Witherspoon, so popular here in Des Moines.

Genius runs in the Hughes family; inherent genius and the kind that comes as a result of hard work. Rupert Hughes' two volume ''Musical Guide'' has taken its place as a standard, but the author frankly admits that ''it meant three years of inferno to me in its preparation.'' Every product of his pen has been labored over carefully; but little has been left to inspiration.

Much as this young man of thirty-five has accomplished, there is one limitation to what may be expected of him. He admits that he does not expect to write The Great American novel or drama. He is possibly as well equipped mentally as those ambitious aspirants now burning the midnight electricity, but he believes one is as unattainable as the other.

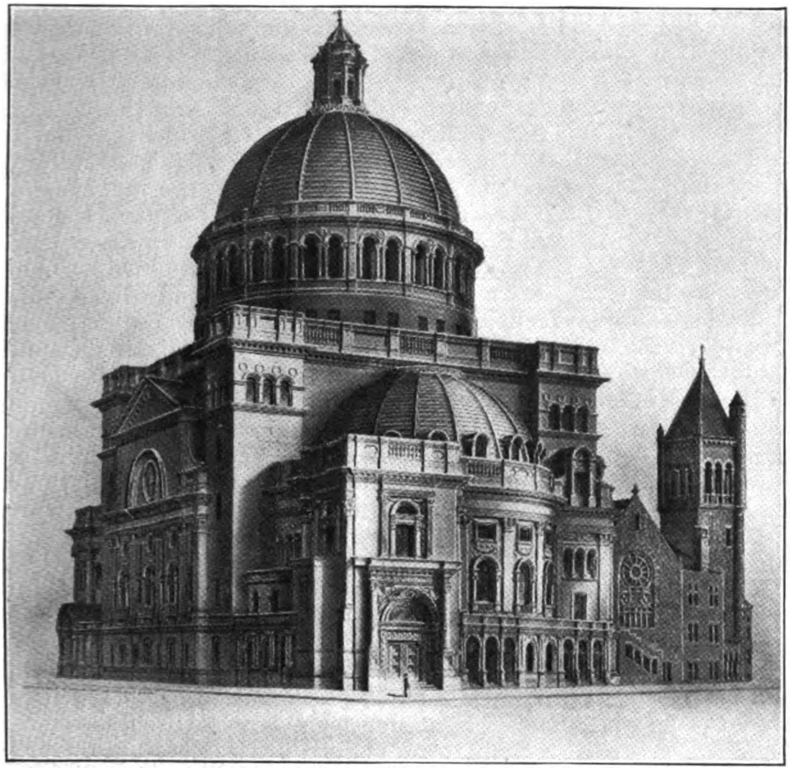
''The Great American Drama has been much prayed for, and everybody seems to be trying to write it,'' he declares. ''Even the foreigners are coming over to Macedonia to help us and Mr. Sutro and Mr. Caine have promised to lend their aid. But, fortunately for the world, The Great American Drama will never be written. This snark will always turn out to be a boojum. The Great American Anything has never been done in any art. It is especially impossible to do The Great American Anything, for America is simply a geographical term. The play that would represent those strange people that Mary E. Wilkins has immortalized has nothing in common with the creatures of Thomas Nelson Page's discovery—except certain imaginary boundaries of longitude and latitude. And even that means nothing; for we in New York are especially aware that interstellar space divides us from the people next door. To write The Great American play is to square the circle. It would be quite honor enough to write a good American play. And Americanism, as I take it, must always be a vague spirit that will defy analysis and, like a ghost, will endure neither questioning nor the light of day. It is not a matter of twang, costume or landscape.''

It is unfair to Mr. Hughes to be constantly talking of ''Gyges Ring'' and not to say a word of ''Zal'' or ''The Whirlwind,'' or any play or musical work. But Bryant, to thousands, is only the author of ''Thanatopsis.'' So in the last analysis, Rupert Hughes usually comes back as the author of ''Gyges Ring.'' It is honor enough in itself for most writers. He wrote it while still a student at Yale and it was almost published by the Scribners at once, but they feared its meagre length, so it waited until 1901, when Russell brought it out. Its Oriental luxuriousness of imagery may be gleaned from a brief extract. But the entire poem deserves to be read.

''Come, Nyssa, O my beauty! lo I puff
Away the lamp's faint life; its sickly strife
But hurts and dims the gentle, silent blaze
Of stars that crowd, like eyes, to gaze at thee,
Thy beauty, and at me, my love—for that

Is not more great than this my passion, vast
As all the drowning ocean of sweet space
That floods our breasts and breaks upon far reefs
Of eminent sharp stars.
And gloomy, too,
My love is, as the midnight sea unsailed
Of any moon. For, sweet, men die for love;
But who, save me, hath murdered for his love?
Yet I have bathed these hands up to their wrists
In hot, swift blood for just my love of thee,
That these same red-stained hands might clasp thy waist
And know the silken softness of thy hair.
Sit here across my knees, and rest thy weight
Against my swelling heart to hold it back;
And lay thy perfect head, as, long ago,
Thou usedst, on my shoulder. Lean far back,
And put away thy veil of jealous hair,
That yonder stars may feast their gaze upon
The fairest curve of throat that earth doth vaunt,
And lay their rays, like fingers, lovingly
Upon this undulant bosom of thine.
O love, rare love, thy flesh is softer far
Than fleeces of young lambs were, when I roamed
The hills, a tattered shepherd, and lay down,
Worn out at night, before my fold's barred gates.
But then there was no face of thee, my queen,
Upon my lonely pillow; nor could dreams,
My loudest-bragging dreams, tell aught like thee.

SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST
(The Mother Church and Its Extension)
BOSTON, MASS. - - - - - DEDICATED JUNE 10, 1906

Christian Science in the Middle West

John L. Rendall, C. S. B.

Christian Science Publication Committee for the State of Iowa

WITHIN the past fifty years many new and wonderful ideas have come to light, ideas which have vitally affected the whole trend of the business, social, and intellectual experience of the civilized world. Discovery has followed discovery in such rapid succession, the new has displaced the old, the seemingly impossible of yesterday has become the established fact of today, to such an extent that humanity no longer deems aught impossible nor even improbable, but awaits with respectful expectancy the unfoldings of the morrow.

If one were asked to give his opinion as to which of the discoveries of the past fifty years he esteemed as most valuable to humanity, the probable tendency would be to search out a comparison of values between the many discoveries in the world's practical things considered from a material standpoint. Much might be said about steam as a motive power, the various uses of electricity, the telegraph, telephone, and wireless telegraphy, the X-ray, radium ray, etc.

It is not my intention to belittle or decry any of these important discoveries, each of which has its sphere of increasing usefulness in the world's work, but I desire to call attention to a discovery outside the material realm, which from the standpoint of actual value to humanity occupies a position infinitely above all else. I speak of the discovery of Christian Science. At this point, I will anticipate your question: "Is not this claim extravagant?" by asking what can possibly be of greater importance to

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man or more worthy of his deepest consideration than that which affects the most vital interests of his very being, that which places him in intelligent, right relationship with God, that which teaches him the exact science of life, and reveals the illimitable possessions to which he is fairly entitled. That which promises a surcease of woe, of sorrow, sickness, sin and death, that which establishes the immutable facts of health, strength, harmony and perfection and their perpetuity? But, you will ask, does Christian Science do all this and if so why is it not more fully known?

Answering the first question I will say: Thousands of intelligent people gathered from all walks of life bear grateful and willing testimony to the infinite efficacy of this religious teaching in the healing of "all manner of diseases," in the overcoming of useless appetites, passions and desires, and in the complete reformation and regeneration of the individual. These testimonies are unimpeachable, given as they are by the people of known integrity and highest standing in each community, they constitute an impregnable array of evidence in support of the divine efficacy of this Christ teaching.

Christian Scientists desire to make this known, they appreciate the needs of humanity, its perplexities, its distresses, and they offer a tried panacea, a sure refuge, and a hope which has been found "not wanting." That they have succeeded to some extent is evidenced by the remarkable growth of the denomination, a growth which has no parallel in the annals of religious history.

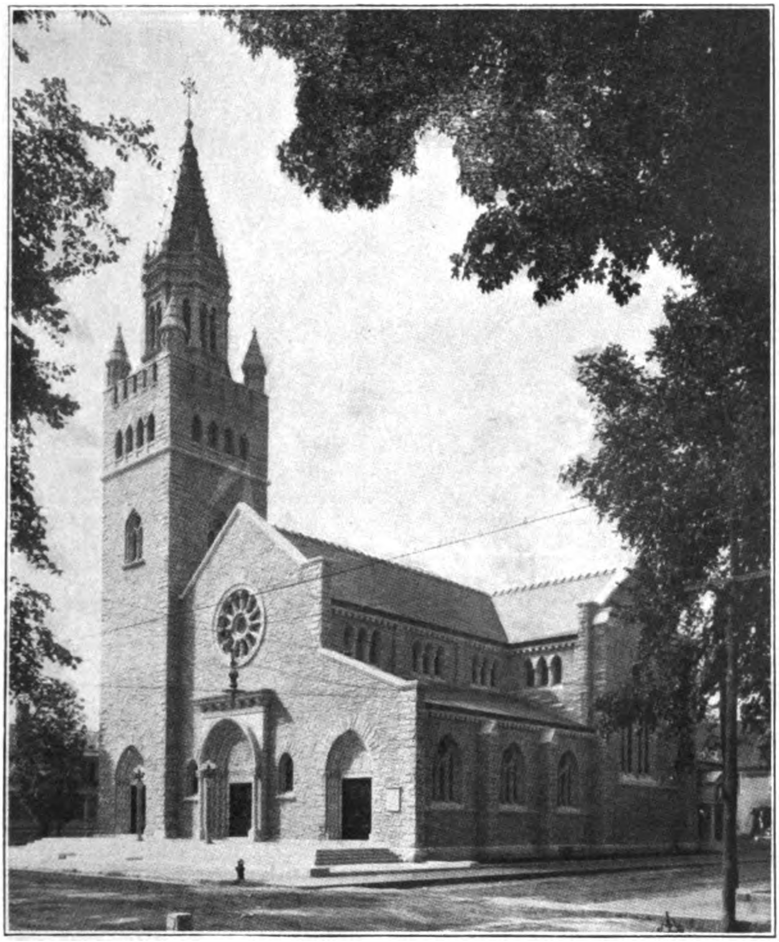
Christian Science was discovered forty years ago by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy. At first its growth was extremely slow and was confined chiefly to the locality in which Mrs. Eddy lived. By degrees the students of Christian Science began to spread the good tidings and here and there one would find his way to western states.

It is a notable fact that each Christian Scientist was a missionary, self-constituted, perhaps, but none the less filled with a deep and abiding conviction of truth, and willing always to give "a reason for the hope within."

Services were begun in a humble way in Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Des Moines, Kansas City, Denver, Omaha and other places in the Middle-West, and today each of these cities has one or more large churches, where the gospel of Christ according to Christian Science is regularly proclaimed for the salvation of humanity. The accompanying cuts show the substantial character of the buildings erected for this purpose.

Perhaps no religious denomination of comparatively recent times has encountered so much opposition from such va-

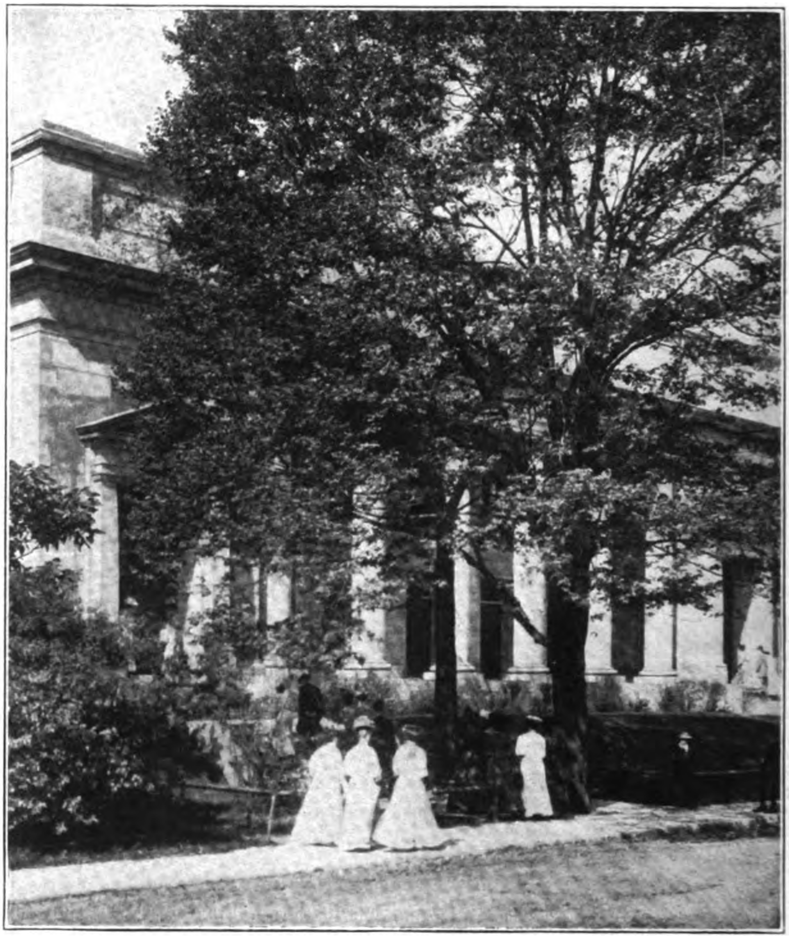
THIRD CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
CHICAGO, ILL



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
The Gift of Rev. Mary Baker Eddy
CONCORD, N. H.

ried sources as has Christian Science. Notwithstanding all this it has gradually made its way and steadfastly gained adherents from all classes of people. The pulpit has denounced it as "un-Christian." The medical fraternity has stigmatized it as "quackery, utterly devoid of science," etc. The general public, taking its tone from its leaders, has allowed prejudice and misconception to bias its view until brought face to face individually with incontrovertible facts of healing. Christian Scientists respectfully insist that no particular religious creed or formulated belief is entitled to a monopoly of the Christian religion. They also insist that if Christian healing is not a fundamental part of the Christian religion the burden of proof must of necessity rest upon its opponents. They rejoice, however, in the "signs of the times" as evidenced in recent action taken in the Episcopal Church in that it is awakening to the necessity for Christian healing in the churches. This is in some measure a justification of the position taken by Christian Scientists and foreshadows the time when more of Christian Science will be adopted by all Christian churches and scientific Christianity will no longer be scoffed at, but accepted and appreciated at its true value.

Christian Scientists are such because a great light has been thrown across their path, a new experience has entered their lives, purifying and elevating their individual characters to a point more nearly approximating pure and ideal Christianity. They are gathered from all classes of people, from every denomination, from the ranks of the infidel, the atheist and the agnostic. The grave has been robbed of its victory, the skep-



FIFTH CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
CHICAGO, ILL.

tic has been given new hope, and the combined forces of evil have been proved powerless. Is it any wonder that these people stand firm with loving gratitude to God giving thanks for His infinite blessings? Is it possible to say to one healed of a deadly disease: "This system that healed you is unchristian and unscientific, an evil to be guarded against?" Is it possible to make such an one believe that the grand and noble Christian woman who stands as the leader of this mighty religious movement, the discoverer and founder of its religious teachings, and the author of its Science text-book, "Science and Health, Key to the Scriptures," is an impostor, and a fraud, as alleged by some recent writers? Is it not written "By their fruits ye shall know them?" The fruits of Christian Science are sufficient evidence of its Christianity, its sufficiency as the greatest healing and saving force revealed to humanity since the time of Jesus Christ. That Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy is the sole author of the Christian Science text book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," has been indisputably established. Her writings all evidence the same clearness and continuity of thought, the same pure literary style and the same spiritual impress. The purity and Christianity of her life has never been questioned for one moment by those who know her personally and the many thousands of grateful followers who know her only through her beneficent and Christ-like teachings join in the debt of gratitude and appreciation of her loving labors for humanity.

Claims made in 1903 that Ralph Waldo Emerson is the author of Christian Science called forth the following statement from Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy:

"To whom it concerns: I was early the pupil of Miss Sarah J. Bodwell, the principal of Sanbornton Academy, of New Hampshire, and finished my course of studies under Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, author of Sanborn's Grammar. Among my early studies were Comstock's Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Blair's Rhetoric, Whateley's Logic, Watt's 'On the Mind and Moral Science.'

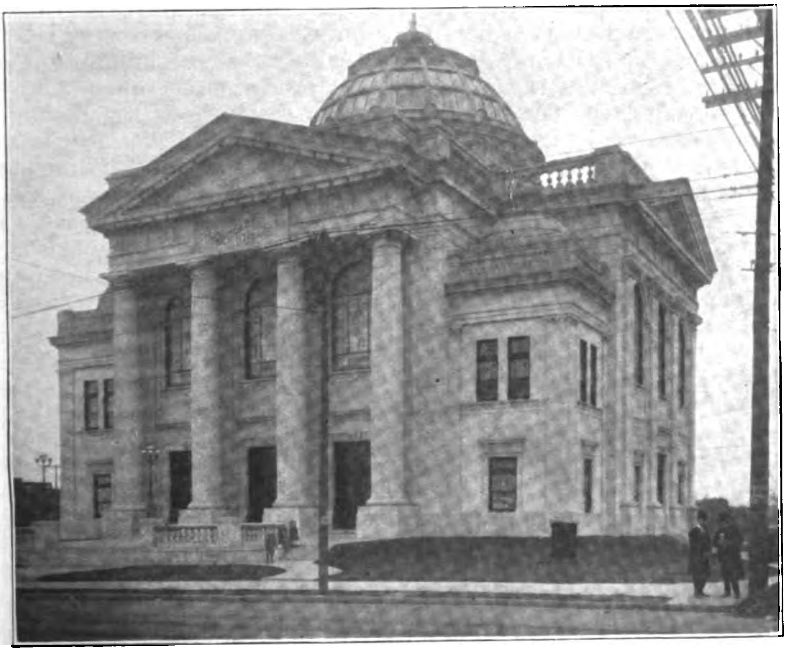
"At sixteen years of age I began writing for the leading newspapers, and for many years wrote for the best magazines in the South and North. I have lectured in large and crowded halls in New York City, Chicago, Boston, Portland, and at Waterville College, and have been invited to lecture in London and Edinburgh.

"In 1883 I started the Christian Science Journal, and for several years was the proprietor and sole editor of that journal. In 1893 Judge S. J. Hanna became editor of the Christian Science Journal, and for ten subsequent years he knew my ability as an editor. In his recent lecture at Chicago, he said, 'Mrs. Eddy is, from every point of view, a woman of sound education and liberal culture.'

"Agassiz, the celebrated naturalist and author, wisely said, 'Every great scientific truth goes through three stages. First, people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it has been discovered before. Lastly, they say they have always believed it.'

"The first attack upon me was,—Mrs. Eddy misinterprets the Scriptures; second, she has stolen the contents of her book, 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' from one P. P. Quimby (an obscure, uneducated man), and he is the founder of Christian Science. Failing in these attempts, the calumniator has resorted to Ralph Waldo Emerson's philosophy as the authority for Christian Science! Lastly, the defamer will declare as honestly (?) 'I have always known it.'

"In 'Science and Health,' edition 271, page 68, paragraph 3, I briefly express myself unmistakably on the subject of 'vulgar metaphysics.' And the manuscripts and letters in my possession which 'vulgar' defamers have circulated stand in evidence. People do not know who is referred to as 'an ignorant woman in New Hampshire.' Many of the



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
KANSAS CITY, MO.

nation's best and most distinguished men and women were natives of the Granite State.

"I am the author of the Christian Science text-book, 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' and the demand for this book increases, and the book is already in its 247th edition of one thousand copies each. (It is now past the 420th edition.) I am rated in the National Magazine (1903) as 'standing the eighth in a list of twenty-two of the foremost living authors.'

"I claim no special merit of any kind. All that I am in reality God has made me. I still wait at the cross to learn definitely more from my Great Master, but not of the Greek nor of the Roman schools—simply how to do His deeds." —Pleasant View, Concord, N. H., June 4, 1903.

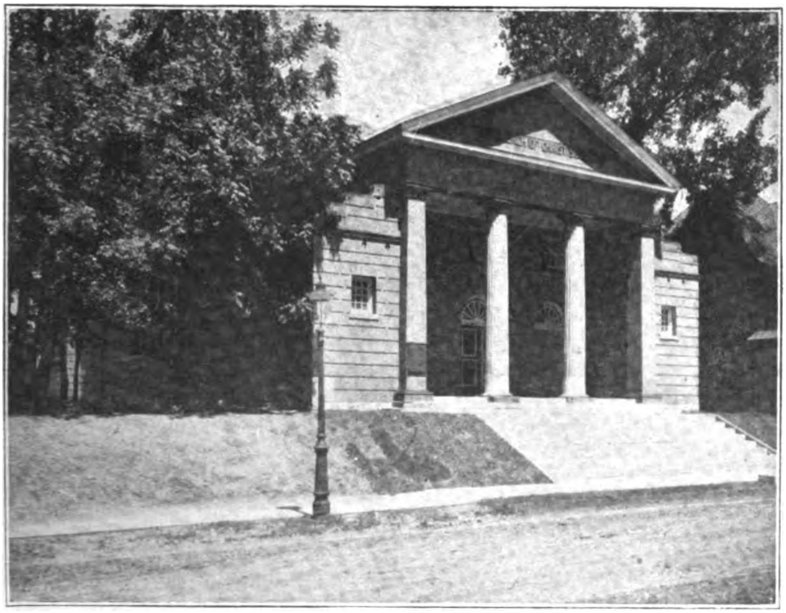
Many persons having but a superficial and mainly incorrect knowledge of Christian Science attempt to explain its healing works solely on the basis of material mental phenomena, and infer that its efficacy is derived from "Magnetism, Hypnotism, Telepathy, Mental Suggestion," etc This inference is protested by Christian Scientists who emphatically declare their religion to be Christian in the highest definition of the term.

The Christian religion is based upon the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came to save the world from sin and its effects. The Bible teaches plainly that sickness, disease, death, all discord in fact, are the results of sin, meaning not that any particular manifestation of sickness is always the result of the same specific sin, but that sickness and discord in its entirety is the result of the general prevalence of sin. Jesus Christ in his ministry healed the sick as well as the sinner. To a man sick of the palsy whom he healed, he said, "Go and sin no more."

As an evidence of his Messiahship, when asked by the Disciples of John, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another," he said, "Go and tell John again, those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." The Apostle James said, "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." James 5:15. Paul said, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Faith in the reality of Jesus healing and regenerative work, and the recognition of the fact that this work was and is of God, may be well said to be the corner-stone upon which the structure of Christianity is built. Jesus laid especial emphasis on healing the sick, and nowhere in the Scriptures, either in the Old Testament or in the New, is it indicated that this healing was of any origin or derived from any power other than that of the Almighty. Jesus said to his Disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, heal the sick." Again he said, "And these signs shall follow them that believe, in my name shall they cast out devils (evils) . . . They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

ALFRED FARLOW, C. S. D.
General Manager Christian Science Publication Committee

I confidently assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that Christian healing was a fundamental part of the early Christian ministry. The New Testament teaches this positively and conclusively. Much of the success of the cause of Christianity was due to the practical demonstrations of its saving and healing power. This is evidenced by such passages as the following: "Then many of the Jews which came to Mary and had seen the things which



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Jesus did, believed on him." John 11: 45. And again, "And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes of both men and women. . . . There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits, and they were healed every one. Many other references bring out the same thought.

Christian Scientists accept these healing works of Jesus and his Disciples in their completeness. They believe such works to be because of the operation of law, but unlike some critics of Christian Science, they recognize this operation of law to be evidence of the power of Divine Mind," not that of "Psychologic force" operating through human mentality.

Speaking of the twenty-six cases of healing recorded in the Gospels, a recent critic stated: "Eleven of the twenty-six are cases in which Jesus used the magnetic touch. Of the remaining fifteen, six were cases in which Jesus did not touch the patient but healed by the spoken word and look, and we may classify these under the head of hypnotism. Of the remaining nine, four cases were wrought on patients not present, which if they are to be accounted for by any means known or partially known to us, were performed by some sore of telepathy."

Speaking of the cases, which could not be placed under either of the above heads, this critic says, "Accepting these miracles as facts, and we lack any positive proof to the contrary, they were performed by a power *absolutely unknown to us.*" I do not wonder that one having such an intensely material concept of Jesus' healing mission should fail to grasp the divine Source of his power. Christian Scientists consistently understand that this power, which our critic states, "is absolutely unknown to him" is of Almighty God, "who healeth all thy diseases." In the words of Paul, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

Much has been said of late concerning the so-called laws of mental suggestion, psychologic force, etc. Christian Scientists are fully aware of the claims made for these supposed laws of the carnal mind, but recognize plainly that because these are of the carnal mind, they are "of the earth, earthy." Not having any basis in absolute truth they counterfeit the healing power of divine Mind, they are of that mind, of which Paul said, "To be carnally minded is death."

Mind healing as accepted by Christian Scientists, is according to law, "the law of the spirit of life in Jesus Christ," therefore spiritual not material law. This law has always been from the in-

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finite nature of its truth, applicable to healing. Jesus, in accordance with this law, which he understood in its fullness, worked intelligently, recognizing the infinite nature of its application, and he said to those who should believe on him throughout all time, "Greater things than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." It is not recorded that greater things than Jesus did have yet been accomplished, therefore because Jesus words are true, these "greater things" remain to be accomplished, and by whom except by those who have started along the way of Christian healing? The claim made by certain classes of people that Jesus worked through animal magnetism, hypnotism, mental suggestion, etc., would take away every evidence of his Messiahship, and would make of him a mental manipulator. I can understand how a materialist, desiring to prove that God had nothing to do with Christian healing, might take the position thus outlined, because such a position offers a ready avenue of escape from the necessity of accepting God as the one source from which all healing comes, but how to reconcile this position to Christianity, I can not see. It is a self-evident proposition, that if Jesus healed by hypnotism, and Jesus came to do the will of God, then hypnotism according to this theory, must be a law of God, and yet if reputable physicians and those who have made a study of hypnotism in its main workings, are to be believed, hypnotism carried to its extremity results in moral idiocy, its effects are detrimental alike to the operator and the one operated upon. The ultimate of hypnotism being evil, it can by no process of logical, Christian, or scientific deduction be claimed that God is its author. The Bible states, "God knoweth no evil, and sendeth no evil upon man."

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to state that there is a vast difference between mind-healing, as understood by Christian Scientists, and those superstitions mentioned.

To Christian Scientists, healing the sick is but an incident in the demonstration of the truths of Christianity, and though it is an essential part of Christianity, it is to them but a proof of the Divine power to heal, which Jesus offered. The regenerative effects of Christian Science, its influence upon the lives and characters of its adherents, its reformatory mission, its health-bestowing, peace-giving influence, attests its value as a Christian teaching and is vastly more than can possibly be included in the so-called healing methods attributed to the superstitions of human mind force. The multitudes at the Pool of Bethesda and those of recent times at the Shrine of Lourdes may have experienced a change in their physical condition, as the result of blind faith, but this did not include spiritual regeneration, neither did it give an abiding faith in and understanding of God, whereby they might keep themselves well, such as is given in Christian Science.

A noted physician has recently said that ninety per cent of the diseases which people have are produced by fear. It is an evident proposition that a reli-

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FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
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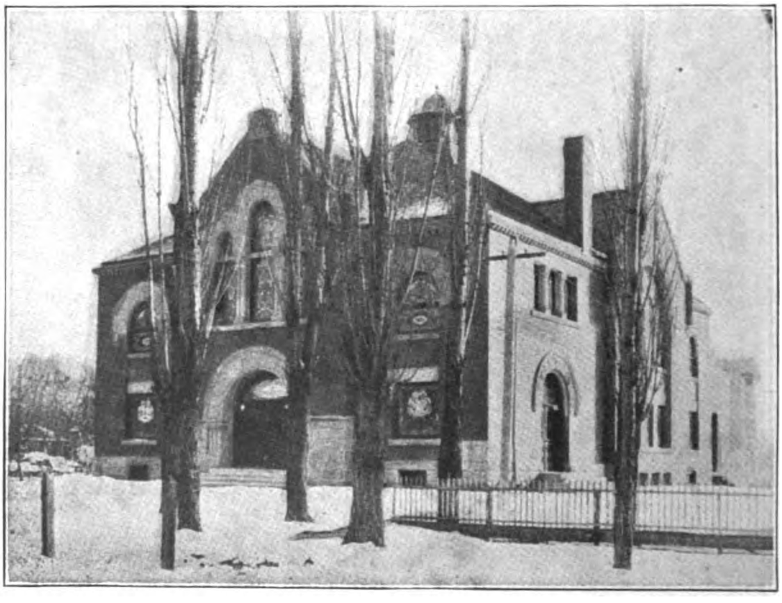
gion which in its practical workings minimizes fear and implants confidence in lieu thereof, is worthy of careful consideration from all thinking people.

Accepting mind-healing as a fact and in order to intelligently discuss it, it is necessary first to know what is meant by mind. Christian Scientists intelligently conceive of God as mind, in the sense that God is the governing and controlling intelligence of the whole universe. Hence "mind-healing," as understood by Christian Scientists, means nothing more nor less than the demonstrations of God's power to heal. It is not strange that those who have failed to grasp the deep, spiritual significance of the early Christian healing should also fail to understand Christian Science. To one who understands Christian Science there is no "lack of coherence, consistency or rationalism" in its teachings, but it becomes one of the most coherent and rational teachings extant, because it teaches from the basis of spiritual truth, the reality and immortality of the things of God.

Because Christian Science recognizes God as the one supreme Creator, the infinite Individuality governing and controlling the universe, because it recognizes man and the universe as the creation of this one infinite Principle and grasps, as does no other religion, "the realities supernal." Because Christian Science recognizes the good and the true as the only real and eternal, this is sufficient evidence that it repudiates no part of eternal reality.

Some critics have said of Christian Science, "It is anti-educational." This statement is hypothetical and conjectural, based upon complete misunderstanding of what is meant by education in its true sense. Education consists of "the imparting or acquisition of knowledge." "A knowledge of men and things." Christian Science is educational in the highest sense of the word, because it presents the truest, best, most logical, rational, reasonable and consistent knowledge or understanding of men and things and their relation to God, ever revealed to humanity. Because it recognizes the infinite nature of truth and that Divine Intelligence is ever present and always available. Knowledge of God and the things of God is true education. Jesus' words, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is certainly applicable in this case. Are Christian Scientists uneducated people? Do they refuse to send their children to school? Do they ignore any of the beautiful, true and good in the phenomena of life? Do their lives manifest ignorance? No! Then such arguments fall flat.

Again it is said, "It is unscientific." A scientific truth is a demonstrable truth, an infinite truth, a God-give



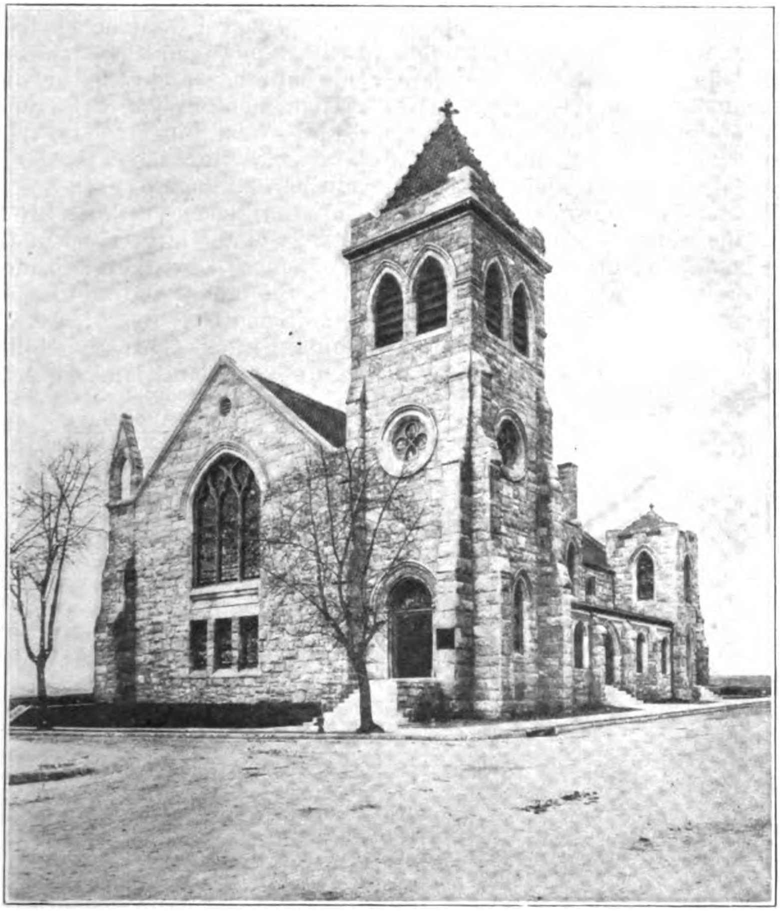
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

truth. A scientific statement is scientific because based upon absolute principle. It is exact and demonstrable. Christian Science possessing all these qualifications may be said to be truly scientific.

Because Christian Scientists have refused to allow their religion to become a subject of spectacular exhibition, is not sufficient reason for the assumption that its claims can not be verified. Christian Scientists are not mountebanks, but Christians. When the Devil tempted Jesus and asked him to leap from a pinnacle of the Temple, Jesus said, "It is also written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

That Christian Science heals, is attested by the people. "What are their names?" "Who saw them diseased before and saw them cured and permanently cured afterwards?" asks one critic. In answer I will say, almost every city, village and hamlet contains these people. Their names are easily found, their cases were mostly diagnosed by reputable physicians, and the world sees today that they are permanently healed. This good news of healing is the basis of the marvelous growth of Christian Science. No one has the right to question the integrity of these Christian people, for they know whereof they speak. Christian Scientists are not making any claims of power in or of themselves, but rest unreservedly in the consciousness of God's presence and power.

The true Christian Scientist does not put his hand into the flame to prove that it can not be burned or drink poison to prove that he can not be harmed, but stands firmly upon the assurance given in Isaiah 43:2: "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the fire, thou shalt not be burned neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." We ask with Paul, Acts



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
KANSAS CITY, MO.

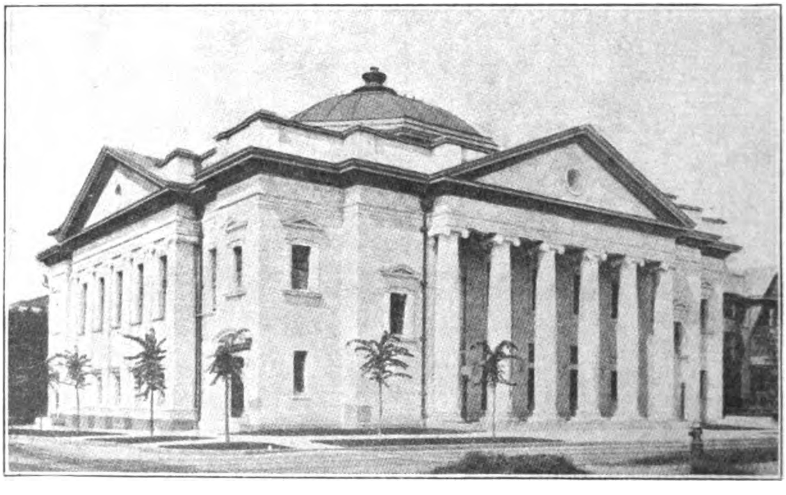
26:8: "Wherefore should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" Christian Scientists do not claim to have already attained to all that Christian Science includes, but that they are on the way is evidenced by their happy, cheerful, peaceful Christian lives, and no amount of criticism, reviling, vituperation or ridicule can interfere in the least with their understanding of that Truth which heals and saves.

In 1897, First Church of Christ Scientist of Chicago was erected. Since that time four more beautiful churches have been built, and the ground is now being broken for Sixth Church. Each of these churches represents an overflow from First Church until today seven places of worship are necessary in Chicago to properly care for the thousands who are seeking the truths of Christian Science in that city. The same interest prevails in a comparative degree in each of the other large cities of the Middle-West. Minneapolis with its four places of worship and Kansas City with five places in which regular services are held, being notable examples.

The first advocate of Christian Science located in Kansas City, June 6, 1886, and began to practise and teach its doctrines. When enough people became interested in the work, meetings were held in private homes and afterwards in halls engaged for that purpose. In July, 1890, a charter was granted from the state of Missouri for the first church organization. On Christmas day in the year 1898, First Church of Christ Scientist of Kansas City, Mo., was dedicated. This building cost $80,000.00 and has a seating capacity of 1,400. It is located on the corner of Forest Avenue and Ninth Street.

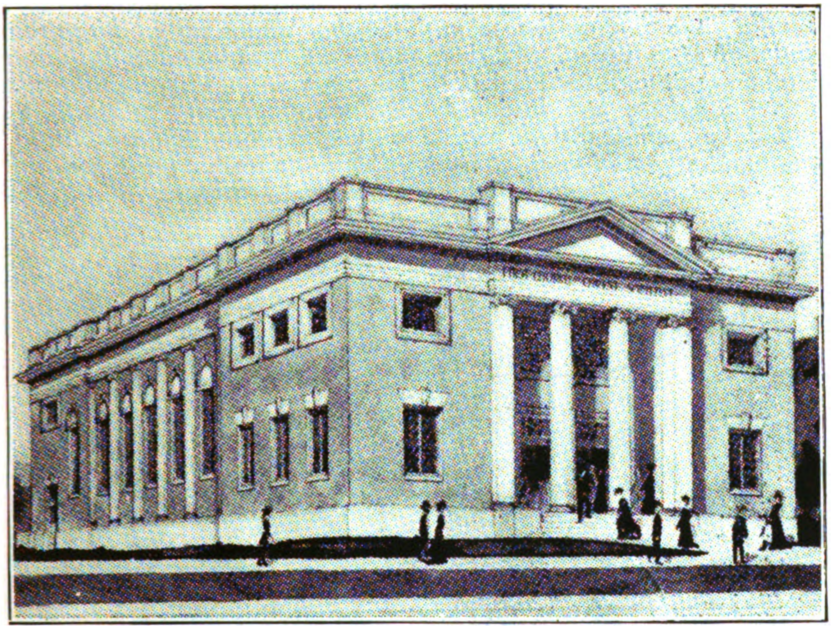
Second Church of Christ Scientist of Kansas City, Mo., was organized February 16, 1898. The magnificent building, a cut of which accompanies this article, was opened for public worship on Christmas day, 1904. The attendance at the above-mentioned churches aggregates 2,500 each Sunday and Wednesday evening. There is also organized in Kansas City and vicinity a third, fourth and fifth church for the spreading of the truths of Christian Science.

The attention of the reader of this article is also called to the beautiful church edifice erected by the Christian Scientists of Denver. This church was built in 1904 and has a seating capacity of 1,756. Some idea of the great interest manifested in the teachings of Christian Science may be gained by the fact that each Sunday and Wednesday evening this church is filled to overflowing. This is true not only of these cities of the Middle-West, but it is also true of every large city throughout the United States and Canada and at the present time Christian Science services are being held in most of the large cities of Great Britain. The Christian Science Journal gives the names and addresses of Christian Scientists in Alaska, Australia, China, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Philippine Islands and Switzerland.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
DENVER, COL.

Slowly but surely this healing and saving gospel of Truth is encircling the world and the command of our Master is being obeyed in its completeness as never before. Mark 16: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. . . . And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. . . . And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
DES MOINES, IOWA.

THE SATISFACTION OF LIFE

President C. W. Eliot, Harvard University

So far as I have seen, there is one indispensable foundation for the satisfactions of life—health. A young man ought to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. That is the foundation for everything else, and I hope you will all be that, if you are nothing more. We have to build every thing in this world of domestic joy and professional success, everything of a useful, honorable career, on bodily wholesomeness and vitality.

This being a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal involves a good deal. It involves not condescending to the ordinary barbaric vices. One must avoid drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, and getting into dirt of any kind, in order to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. Still, none of you would be content with this achievement as the total outcome of your lives. It is a happy thing to have in youth what are called animal spirits—a very descriptive phrase; but animal spirits do not last even in animals; they belong to the kitten or puppy stage. It is a wholesome thing to enjoy for a time, or for a time each day all through life, sports and active bodily exercise. These are legitimate enjoyments, but if made the main object of life they tire. They cease to be a source of durable satisfaction. Play must be incidental in a satisfactory life.

What is the next thing, then, that we want in order to make sure of durable satisfactions in life? We need a strong mental grip, a wholesome capacity for hard work. It is intellectual power and aims that we need. In all the professions—learned, scientific and industrial—large mental endowments should come to educated men. . . . You ought to obtain therefore, the trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense and sustained. That is the great thing to get in college long before the professional school is entered. Get it now. Get it in the years of college life. It is the main achievement of college life to win this mental force, this capacity for keen observation, just inference and sustained forethought, for everything that we mean by the reasoning power of man. That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and of happiness and content throughout a long and busy life.

But there is something more, something beyond this acquired power of intellectual labor. As Shakespeare puts it: "The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation." How is that treasure won? It comes by living with honor, on honor.

Most of you have begun already to live honorably and honored, for the life of honor begins early. Some things the honorable man cannot do, never does. He never wrongs or degrades a woman. He never oppresses or cheats a person weaker or poorer than himself. He never betrays a truth. He is honest, sincere, candid and generous.

BOYER SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE TYRANTS

Our fathers' blood, shed yesterday,
Still reds New England's streams,
'Twas shed to plant on western clay
The freedom of their dreams:
They thought to build a fortress here
Of rights no king could rob,
And now their very sons appear
The tyrants of the mob!

—*S. Lawrence.*

THE LADY ROHESIA

Richard Harris Barham

THE LADY ROHESIA lay on her death-bed! So said the doctor, and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Dr. Butts was the court physician.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Grey.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. He was the Lady Rohesia's husband; he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head. He looked at the disconsolate widower in posse, then at the hour-glass; its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man.

"Ars longa, vita brevis!" said Dr. Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall, but he was no scholar.

"Alas! my poor sister!" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas! my poor mistress!" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed; his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor———?" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Dr. Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady. He pointed to the horologe; scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer—the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?" whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the Church," suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hacket, pertly, as she tripped down-stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic; "in the pantry, I warrant me."

The bower woman was not wont to be in the wrong; in the pantry was the holy man discovered—at his devotions.

Photo by
J.T. LONG

IOWA STATE HISTORICAL BUILDING

"Pax vobiscum!" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"Vita brevis!" retorted Dr. Butts.

He was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin, and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had it been a bishop, indeed, or even a mitred abbot—but a miserable Franciscan!

"Benedicite!" said the friar.

"Ars longa!" returned the leech.

Dr. Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short, sad-colored cloak closer around him, and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment. Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the Church. To all appearance he had little time to lose. As he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might.

The knell seemed to have some effect upon the Lady Rohesia; she raised her head slightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, "A thousand marks to the Priory of St. Mary's Rounceval."

Now, the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions; much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

"Pious soul!" ejaculated Father Francis. "A thousand marks, she said——"

"If she did, I'll be shot," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

"A thousand marks," continued the confessor, fixing his cold gray eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption; "a thousand marks, and as many aves and paters shall be duly said, as soon as the money is paid down."

Sir Guy shrank from the monk's gaze; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for extreme unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down-stairs.

"A thousand thanks," said the latter.

"A thousand marks," said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri, from the top of the landing place.

But his accents fell unheeded. His brother-in-law and the friar were gone; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. The knight groaned audibly. Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines; there was a moment's pause, a moment of intense affliction; she let it fall, all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb. She looked at Sir Guy; drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity. She sobbed aloud. "So kind a lady!" said Beatrice Grey. 'So excellent a wife!" responded Sir Guy. "So good!" said the damsel. "So dear!" said the knight. "So pious!" said she. "So humble!" said he. "So good to the poor!" "So capital a manager!" "So punctual at matins!" "Dinner dished to a moment!" "So devout!" said Beatrice.

"She was too good for earth," continued Sir Guy.

"Ye—ye—yes!" sobbed Beatrice.

"I did not deserve her," said the knight.

"No-o-o-o!" cried the damsel.

"Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another?"

"Not in broad England—not in the whole wide world!" responded Beatrice Grey—"that is, not just such another." Her voice still faltered, but her accents, on the whole, were more articulate. She dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word, "Another!" fell from his lips like a distant echo.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell.

"Beatrice Grey," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, "what's to be done? What's to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttery? and the servants? And what—what's to become of me, Beatrice Grey?" There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. "I'll turn monk myself," said Sir Guy.

"Monk!" said Beatrice.

"I'll be a Carthusian," repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured.

The knight seemed undecided. His eye roamed gloomily around the apartment; it paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance. It rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side. beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased; but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round, he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hands beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face at an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old—that is, poor, miserable, middle-aged—man that I am! No one to comfort, no one to care for me!"

Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she did not speak.

"'Pon my life," continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged tomorrow!"

"Oh, don't say so, Sir Guy!" sighed Beatrice; "you know there's—there's Master Everard, and—Father Francis—"

"Pish!" cried Sir Guy, testily.

Another pause ensued; the knight had released her chin and taken her hand.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice; you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child." Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand, but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bedpost.

"Another!" repeated Sir Guy, musing —"if, indeed, I could find such another!" He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him—

"There's Madam Fitzfoozle."

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the Dowager—"

"Stop—stop!" said the knight; "stop one moment." He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp, and swallowed it. "Beatrice," said he, "what think you of"—his voice sank into a seductive softness—"what think you of—Beatrice Grey?"

The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables—"Oh, Sir Guy!" The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the loving look. But at this very interesting moment a blow descended upon the bald pate of Sir Guy which started him upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers; but a single glance to the rear reversed her position; she fell upon her knees and screamed. The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone. It was she—the all but defunct Rohesia. There she sat bolt upright! her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating, like flint and steel; in her hand she grasped the bedstaff, a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could well testify. Words were wanting, for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. "A husband oftimes makes the best physician," says the proverb: he was a living personification of its truth. Still, it was whispered, he had been content with Dr. Butts; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years, though the improvement of her temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the porte-cochere of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boatful of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship the Darling, commanded by Captain Kemyss, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

BANFORD'S BURGLAR-ALARM

"Another Daring Burglary!" read Mrs. Banford, as she picked up the morning paper. "Lucullus," she said, turning to her husband, "this is the fourth outrage of the kind in this town within a week, and if you don't procure a burglar-alarm, or adopt some other means of security, I shall not remain in this house another night. Some morning we'll get up and find ourselves murdered and the house robbed if we have to depend on the police for protection."

Banford assured his wife that he would have the matter attended to at once. Then he left the house and didn't return until evening. When Mrs. B. asked him if he had given a second thought to the subject which she had broached in the morning, he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and said: "See here, Mirandy! There's no use o' foolin' away money on one o' those new-fangled burglar-alarms. Economy is wealth. Here's a capital idea suggested in this paper—cheap, simple, and effective."

And then he read the suggestion about hanging a tin pan on the chamber-door.

"I tell you, Mirandy! the man who conceived that brilliant notion is a heaven-born genius—a boon to mankind; and his name should go ringing down the corridors of time with those of such brilliant intellect as Watts, Morse, Edison, and other successful scientific investigators. You see, the least jar of the door will dislodge the pan, and the noise occasioned thereby will not only awaken the occupants of the room, but will also scarce the burglar half to death, and perhaps the pan will strike him on the head and fracture his skull. It is a glorious scheme, and the fact that it was not utilized years ago is the most remarkable thing about it."

"Well," assented Mrs. B., in less sanguine tones, "it may be better than nothing, and it won't cost anything; and as Susan has gone out to spend the night with her sick sister, and we'll be all alone, I'll hunt up the pans now."

Accordingly, each inside door was crowned with a tin pan and left slightly ajar. Banford also thoughtfully placed a six-shooter under his pillow and stood a base-ball bat within easy reach.

"Now, Mirandy," he courageously observed, as they were preparing to retire, "if you are awakened by a noise during the night, don't scream and jump out of bed. Just lie still, or some o' the bullets I fire at the burglar may go through you and kill you. Let me wrestle with the intruder, and I'll soon make him regret that he had not postponed being born a few centuries!"

Then they turned down the gas with a feeling of increased security, and were soon asleep. About half-past midnight they were awakened by a noise that sounded like a sharp clap of thunder, followed by a wail that almost chilled the marrow in their bones.

"Goodness!" screamed Mrs. B., in a voice swollen with terror, as she dived under the bed-clothes. "We'll be murdered in a minute. Shoot him, Lucullus! Quick—shoot him!"

Banford, after considerable nervous fumbling under the pillow, grasped his revolver with an unsteady hand and discharged its six barrels in rapid succession, but not with very gratifying results. One bullet shattered the mirror in the bureau; another plowed a furrow along the ceiling; another splintered the bed-post; a fourth perforated a portrait of his wife's mother; and the other two left their imprint on the walls.

"D--don't be fuf-fuf-frightened, M-mirandy," said Banford, encouragingly, his articulation sounding as if it had "collided" with an Arctic wave: "I gug-guess I've kik-kik-killed him. He'll not kik-kik-come here—"

At this juncture there was a noise in an adjoining room, as if a two-ton meteorite had crashed through a boiler-foundry, and Mrs. B. uttered a series of ear-piercing shrieks that would have scared the life out of any burglar.

"M-mirandy," stammered the frightened and demoralized Banford, grasping the ball bat and swinging it around with such reckless promiscuousness that he struck his terror-stricken wife on the head, "Mum-mirandy, the house is fuf-full of midnight mum-marauders, and we'll be bub-bub-butchered in cold bub-bub-blood! Save yourself and don't mum-mind about me!" And leaping out of bed, he sprang through a window on to the roof of a back building, and accidentally rolled off into the yard, fifteen feet below, just as another burglar-alarm went off with a clamor almost as deafening and harrowing as an amateur orchestra. Mrs. B., thinking that she had been hit by the burglar, emitted a fresh outburst of shrieks, while her husband lay groaning in the back yard, with a sprained ankle and a frightful gash in his head.

A policeman had now been awakened by the uproar, and boldly mounting the front stoop, he pulled the door-bell out by the roots without evoking a response. Then he hesitated.

"If a foul murder has been committed," he mused, "the assassin has already made good his escape."

This thought gave him courage, and he forced an entrance. In the entry he collided with a hat-rack which he mistook for the outlaw, and almost demolished it with several whacks of his club. Then he made a careful reconnaissance, and dislodged one of the burglar-alarms.

"Spare my life," he yelled, to his imaginary assailant, "and I'll let you escape!"

He thought he had been stabbed with a frying-pan. He rushed out of the house and secured the assistance of four of his fellow-officers, and a search of the building was resumed. Mrs. Banford was found in bed unconscious. Her husband was found in the yard in nearly a similar condition; and the burglar was found under the sofa, shivering with fear and with his tail clasped tightly between his legs.

The cause of the panic was soon explained. Mrs. Banford had overlooked the presence of her pet dog in the house, and this innocent animal, in running from one room to another, had dislodged the "cheap and effective" burglar-alarms.

MRS. W. L. BROWN
Who has made of the Chamberlain the most popular hotel in the middle west

A NEW CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Robert J. Burdette

One day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read a paragraph copied from a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he had been stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a two-hundred-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to-wit: six bees, age not specified; but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or, in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission, with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bed-room, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea table he had a great fright. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature, said:

"I smell bees. How the odor brings up—"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness:

"Hush up! Yon don't smell anything."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said: "Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretenses, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle full, with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say; he only knew his temperature had risen to eighty-six all over, and to one hundred and ninety-seven on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where, oh, where," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste, "where in the world are those confounded bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then alighted between Mr. Middlerib's shoulders, and went for his marrow, and said calmly: "Here is one of them."

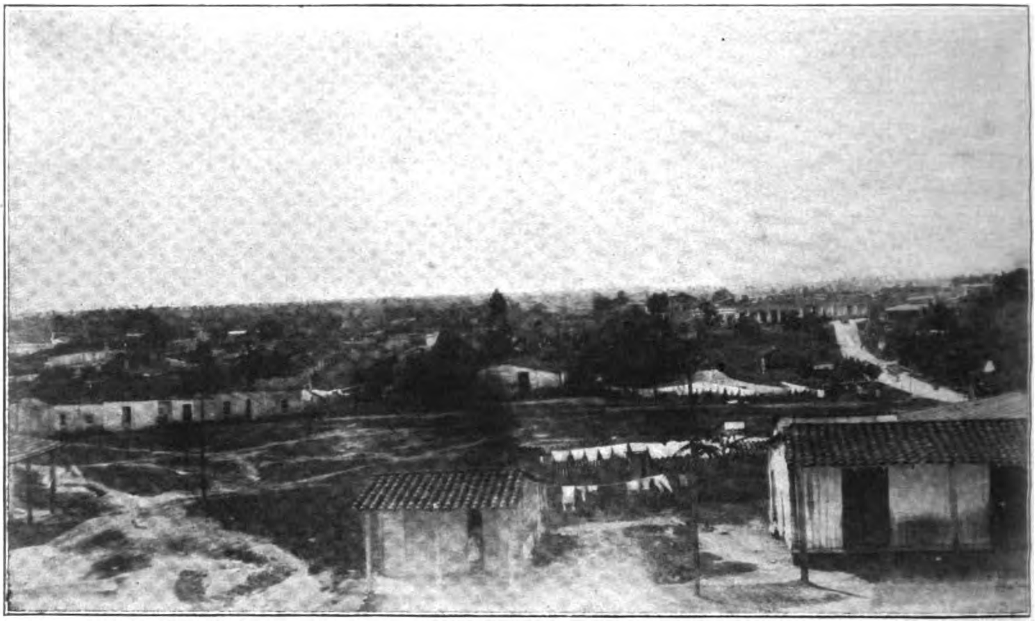
And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

And when a little honey-bee began ticking the sole of Mrs. Middlerib's foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib and the servants, were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion, by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years. pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird jig by the dim light of the night-lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety and to keep the menagerie stirred up, and who had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room; and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.



PINAR DEL RIO, CUBA.

PINAR DEL RIO, CUBA

Capt. J. R. Shook.

SLOWLY the rickety troop train crept out of the city of Habana, westward into the teeth of a gale, a veritable cyclone the like of which Cuba sees only once in a great while.

Westward into the lowlands, the engine asthmatically wheezing ahead, the whole train gyrating about, rocked in the wind like a small boat in a sudden squall, pelted with flying wreckage until far into the night when the locomotive gave up the unequal struggle in despair and settled down, coldly and without cheer to await the morning and its tidings.

And daylight came in the full glory of a tropical sunrise, smiling on the desolation of the night, ruined crops, wrecked dwellings, and royal palms prostrate, stripped of their proud foliage that perhaps had witnessed the events of the ten years' war for independence; and troopers wet and stiffened from the night fitfully preparing a very frugal breakfast.

After awhile the tracks were cleared and a halting progress was resumed over rails six inches under water sagging dangerously with every revolution of the wheels until about noon we neared the foothills of the Organos and Pinar del Rio.

In the inner court of the old Spanish barracks the Marines were under arms, to be relieved as the Cavalry marched in. On the outside were the military representatives of the Liberal party resplendent in their uniforms, won in a none too sanguinary revolution of ninety days duration, accompanied by a band which attempted the "Star Spangled Banner" with painful effort, and surrounded by a dusky crowd of admirers.

And so amid the "vivas" of the "shady" part of the populace the Marines went out and the Cavalry took up its abode in Pinar del Rio, and the trooper was soon as much at home as though this Cuban town had been his birthplace.

The town, with its ten thousand inhabitants, the capital of this most western province, looks on the north, towards the Organos mountains, while in its other directions there stretch out the fertile lowlands of the "Vuelta Abajo," thousand tobacco plantations, for this is palm studded, beautiful, broken by a the center of the world's most famous tobacco region. Through here pass the choicest leaves of the weed, some bales valuable almost as their weights in precious metals, en route to Habana, Europe and America, so that connosieurs of "My Lady Nicotine" the world over may smoke secure in the belief that there is no better tobacco.

Twenty odd miles away to the west the American Tobacco Trust holds some hundreds of thousands of acres of land, six thousand of which are under active and careful cultivation.

A few years ago when Americans began to cultivate tobacco in Cuba, some covered their growing crops entirely with cheese cloth, expecting in this hothouse fashion to materially increase the yield. Cubans grown gray in planting shook their heads with the wisdom of Solons and said the plants would not grow. But thrive the plants did and to such advantage that at harvesting this tobacco yielded leaves twice as long and silky as that exposed to the elements. And now in the season the countryside is like a huge Arab camp with its stretches of cloth-covered fields, white in the sunlight.

In the town itself there is much to attract the newcomer. Located on high ground, from the top of the still higher barracks Pinar del Rio spreads out below, a picturesque sight, a sea of tile-covered roofs broken here and there by the more pretentious buildings, church, government building, hospital, prison, and hotels, made beautiful by a foliage of palm, orange, manga trees with a fringe of tobacco fields a soft green background to the whole.

One soon notes the macadamized main street and fronting on it we find the best stores, residences, and public buildings. Out to the west is the hospital, a little farther in we see the public square or plaza, surrounded by pretty homes; next comes a line of hotels, stores and shops, ending to the east in an open space flanked on each side by shade trees and fine dwellings. From this thoroughfare streets of less magnitude slant off to the outskirts, a border of palm leaf and bark huts of the poor whites and negroes.

The people are essentially Spanish in thoughts, words and deeds, their proximity and recent intimate relations with the United States having made but little impression except in the shops where many shelves are laden with American products.

It has been said that if you scratch a Spaniard you will find a Moor but this interesting procedure is entirely superfluous as it is only necessary to view their architecture to realize the indelible imprint left by the conquest of Granada.

Here every dwelling is almost an exact counterpart of its neighbor, differing mainly in quality. Each house is a one-storied masonry affair, roofed with curved red brick tiles; a veranda occupies the front faced by several massive rounded columns; within the spacious entrance is the living room or *sala,* back of this the dining room or *comedor,* and along one side a row of sleeping rooms, kitchen and servants' quarters. The dwelling is invariably heavily shuttered, ironbarred and enclosed by a staunch wall including a small courtyard, the *patio.*

In the cool of the early morning the town awakes to activity, shop doors come down with a clang, housewives open the windows freely admitting the morning breeze (every aperature is tightly closed during the sleeping hours), and everywhere there is presently a bedlam of confusion and noise. The air is filled with the neighing of horses, braying of mules, bleating of goats and the cries of itinerant vendors of charcoal, water, forage, oranges, pineapples and vegetables. Here and there stand patient ponies and mules, packed with country produce, fruits and vegetables, a string of chickens pendent from one side of the saddle, perhaps a pig triced by the legs dangling from the other. Lecheros make their rounds supplying a milk whose amargous flavor could not but be benefited were its natural affinity for water only understood by the native dairyman.

Countrymen move to and fro, clad in novel striped cotton fabrics, mounted on sturdy, ever-pacing ponies or mules burdened with heavy Mexican-like saddles, their riders invariably armed with knife, machete, or revolver.

But the bottle soon ceases its effervescing and when the morning grows hot the restlessness simmers down until near noon the streets become quite tranquil, though within doors work still goes on, the shopkeeper displays his wares while the saddler and shoemaker pound away at their leather.

HOME OF CAPT. AND MRS. SHOOK

The factory · accustomed American, whose every village has at least a cannery or stocking factory notes the conspicuous absence of smokestacks, and coal smoke is only to be seen at the railroad station, ice factory, pumping station, and electric light plant for Pinar is progressive and boasts of these modern improvements. True their action is desultory and product uncertain but they are no mean possessions nevertheless.

In the evening once more there is an awakening but this time the community is socially inclined. As acetylene and electric light begin to break the darkness the town appears dressed for the evening; demure and pleasing maidens take their places on the porches or at the front windows but always within the sight or hearing of some older member of the household acting as chaperone; meanwhile the cabelleros wend their ways to the cafes to talk politics, business or to gossip over small cups of strong black coffee, chocolate, or spirits, with strong cigarettes and aromatic cigars; maybe some are amorously inclined and these pass back and forth in the vicinity of their fair dulcinas, anon displaying handkerchief signals as comprehensive a code here as the wig-wag of a signal corps; or perhaps if more advanced along Cupid's path they linger on the doorsteps in conversation.

On Thursday and Sunday evenings "all the world" visits the plaza, where now the Cavalry band gives concerts and here the social restrictions are less rigid and Cuban belles with their cavaliers may walk and talk almost without interruption.

The town has two select clubs, the Patria Club and the Spanish Club; at the latter, the "Colonia Espanol," the season's most brilliant functions are given, with billiards and the liquid allurements of the cafe for some and for others the measures of the Habanera and Danzon, those slow, peculiar Cuban national dances whose weird music is said to be derived from that of the old tom-tom festivals of the negro slaves.

One's first impression is that in the lives, habits and customs of this people there are many things peculiar, bizarre and fantastic, but after a while the perspective changes and a sense of due proportion is acquired in reference to them.

Up in the Spanish cuartel where only a few years ago the haughty Don patrolled the sentry posts there is the daily routine of the United States Cavalry, with its round of "stables," guard duty, and "fatigue," while detachments of officers and men are constantly busy in the surrounding country, mapping the province and securing information of military value.

Just now Cuba is in the throes of a political crisis, her sovereignty is uncertain and each man looks on his neighbor with distrust. Many respectable Cubans wish annexation to the United States, not because of any innate love of our country but because that will bring security of property and personal rights; still others believe in the ability of the island to maintain a stable government if given a fair chance; but there is a much greater number of no particular allegiance filled with unscrupulous zeal to obtain office and power and this latter element will likely stir up a storm on whatever course the Ship of State is set.

LANDSCAPE IN CUBA

AD FINEM

Now at the shore, and peering out beyond
Over the darkness of that unsailed sea,
I wonder if the passage will be calm,
And what the voyage has in store for me.

Will there, perchance, be storm and danger there?
Will waves engulf and bury me for aye?
Or will the ship in safety ride the depths?
O thou who knowest all and watchest, say.

Nor fear nor terror any thought disturbs,
Nor hesitancy to obey that last command:
An errant knight, who knowing not his fate
Stays, boldly waiting to essay an unknown land.

And when the black ship looms before my eyes
She'll find me ready to embark and go
Into the darkness, leaving all behind,
Because the Power Unseen has willed it so.

Fashion Notes for Spring of 1907

Louise Everett Ralston

All kinds of laces are being worn this season and hand-made laces are much in evidence, particularly the Irish crochet and the braid laces. Among the finer machine-made laces those with a net background are much sought and insertions of every variety are used in the most unexpected arrangement. Fillet lace is the lace par excellence at present and although the hand-made variety is expensive it is seen on all sides. Sometimes very good imitations may be found, but the lace lover would prefer to have one or two pieces of the hand-made to yards and yards of the imitation. This lace is more generally seen in square medallions of varying sizes displaying a heraldic design or a conventional flower or figure darned in on the square meshed background. When used on linen blouses it is usually in connection with eyelet embroidery, although fillet lace is a favorite embellishment for the handsomest silk or velvet gown.

* * *

A recent revival of a style affected "before the war" is the band of black velvet ribbon worn around the throat by beauties of that day. The reign of the collarless garment today is no doubt responsible for its return to favor, and this band is very fetching when an old-time piece of jewelry is hung upon it. Sometimes a heart or quaint locket is worn at the front and a jeweled clasp at the back.

* * *

The guimpe gowns still hold sway and there are an unusual number of this one prevailing mode exhibited in the smart salons. Small wonder that this mode holds so well, for it is at once simple and becoming to all figures and yet withal youthful. A modification of the guimpe gown was seen in a smart dress of violet-colored cloth taffetas, with bretelles of velvet ribbon and an under blouse of lace over chiffon. Violet chiffon cap sleeves were attached to the bretelles, falling over elbow-length lace sleeves.

* * *

Everything points to the revival of the old-fashioned pendant earrings, and at smart balls and entertainments one sees many evidences of this old mode. One example shown in the shops was of pearls, three in number, and graduated in size. They were topped by a diamond of good size, with a tiny one below in a flexible link. The dangling effect from the lobe of the ear is fetching and becoming—that is to those who care for this kind of ornament.

* * *

Patent leather shoes are no longer *de rigueur* for evening wear, for which the votaries of Terpsichore may be duly thankful, as there is nothing more agonizing than dancing in air-tight slippers in a crowded ballroom. Instead My Lady's feet are daintily shod in soft satin or flexible suede, the color of her gown, and garnished with tiny jeweled bows or roses, made of satin ribbon. Black shoes will not be seen in the South, except with black gowns, and then the dull Matt kid for the day-time and the suede for the evening are preferred to the stiff patent leather. Tan shoes—and there are a dozen shades to choose from—are the correct thing for traveling and outing wear. All manner of white shoes are shown in the new pump models, from the severe buckskin for tailored wash frocks, to the beautifully embroidered linen pumps suitable to accompany lingerie dresses. Shoes are still made from the same material as the dress, but the fad for wearing black shoes with a white dress and white hose, which obtained last summer, is decidedly *passe* this year.

* * *

For early spring wear the best combinations in plaids and checks shown thus far are the golden browns. Sometimes the browns are outlined with a fine line of contrasting color, pale leaf green for example. This combination of colors was carried out beautifully in a Rue Royale creation with pipings of the green. Louisine promises to be a favorite fabric for street wear, in fact there are indications that it will be *de rigueur* for modish street dresses.

* * *

Satin, a material formerly sacred to brides and married women, is now used interchangably by debutantes and brides. The old rule that a woman's first satin gown must needs to be her wedding gown no longer holds good, and many girls of seventeen who have not yet been formally presented to society are appearing in silks and satins. Pale colors take precedent over white in the satins, the latter giving too pertinent a suggestion of orange blossoms, Lohengrin's wedding march and ushers. Most brides prefer softer fabrics, such as lace and chiffon, and if they wear satin at all, ruthlessly envelope it in a mist of tulle.

* * *

Among the newest dress materials for church and best wear will be found voile, plain and embroidered, and voile de soie, a handsome silk-like material which is light in weight and drapes beautifully. Then there is French chevrons, which developes such charming costumes, and the new coliennes which are exquisite when made up after some of the newest models. For street wear the Scotch and Tartan plaids are very smart and the shepherd checks have come back with an intrepidity which is worthy such an old favorite. Besides these we have plaid panamas, French worsteds and English suitings, but the Irish tweeds are the most wear-resisting and make up the most stunning frocks.

* * *

The newest shades in both silk and wool materials as well as combinations of silk and wool and other mixtures are, first of all, London smoke, a gray of smoky hue; browns, from the lightest chocolate to an extremely dark tone, taupe, and the new shades of gray, blue and green, particularly a bronze green.

* * *

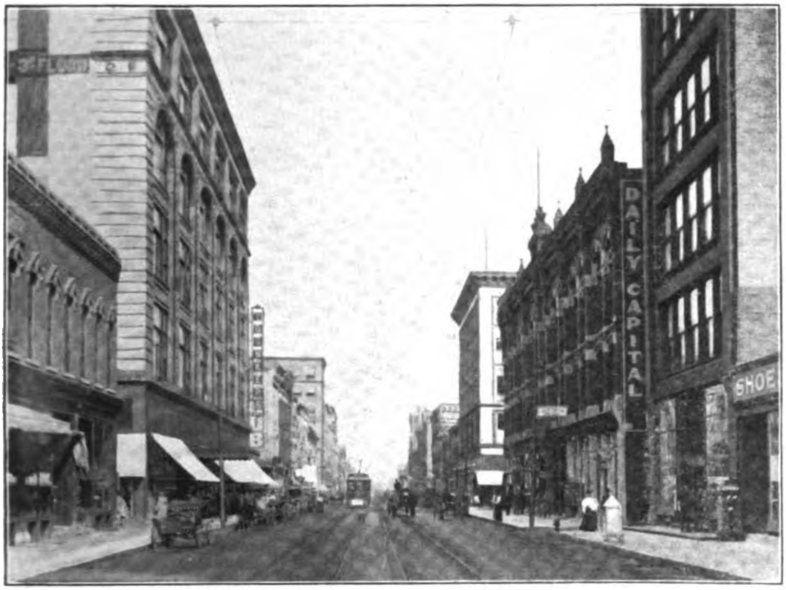
There is every indication that this season will see silks return to the position of general popularity they held up to a few seasons ago, and here, too, stripes and checks are shown, both in colored silks and in a revival of the old-style "pekin stripe," of satin on a grosgrain ground, and in one color. Taffetas will, of course, be in the most general use, and in the 35 and 36-inch widths they cut to most excellent and economical advantage. Silk manufacturers generally are awakening to the great harm that has been done to the silk trade by the few unscrupulous makers, who placed on the market what were known as "loaded" silks. This was a process of the dyers of immersing the skeins of silk, before weaving, into a bath of chemicals that gave greater weight to the silk fiber The result was the unreliable silks wit which the market was flooded, and th great number of unsatisfactory costum that faded and split after very litt wear, prejudicing buyers against a silks, and causing great losses to th trade. The situation has been produ tive of good to the purchaser, for th reputable manufacturers now sell the silks with a guarantee of pure dyein and no chemical loading. Silks that a bought at sales and without this guara tee (which usually takes the form of th manufacturers' name or trademar woven in the selvage), should be car fully examined before buying.

* * *

It goes without saying that the sho coat will be the choice for spring, an vests will be a feature. The liking for bit of handwork, on even the tailor costume, seems to grow rather than d minish, but it is usually of the simpl sort, that the home dressmaker may a complish without the aid of a profe sional embroideress. In the tailored su the work will be on the vest, which ma be more or less elaborate, according to th general character of the costume. The skirt-and-coat suit, with separate waist, bids fair to give place to the one-color costume-gown. with separate coat. The "corslet skirt" seems to have had its day, and is not likely to be seen amongst the new skirts; one of the indications of this fact being the number and variety of belts that are shown amongst dress accessories. Patent leather, kid, silk elastic and ribbon are exploited, and in shape as in material, there is no particular rule, except that all are of medium width; the very wide and the very narrow are not represented.

* * *

Everywhere one sees gold ornamentation; it is used in hats and wrought into the borders of the scarfs so gracefully worn over the low frocks, and is generally used to give a smart finishing touch to gowns and fillets. One beautiful leader of *les modes* at the theater recently had her hair coiffed with a little turban of gold gauze, ornamented with a golden butterfly poised daintily in front. Draping her shoulders was a long scarf of the same gauze, fringed and trimmed across the ends with triple bands of sable fur.



LOOKING EAST FROM EIGHTH ON WALNUT

Recruiting With Kisses

The famous Gordon Highlanders are probably the only regiment ever recruited by a woman. It was a duchess who did the recruiting and the manner of it set a nation to gossiping.

In the year 1794, says Army and Navy Life, King George III. found himself in need of more soldiers and commissioned the youthful Marquis of Huntley to raise a regiment of Highlanders from the tenants on the lands of his father, the Duke of Gordon.

The young marquis found it no easy task to persuade the Highlanders to leave their homes, for in those days when a man enlisted he was a king's man for life, or until he was so stricken by wounds or disease as to be of no use as a soldier.

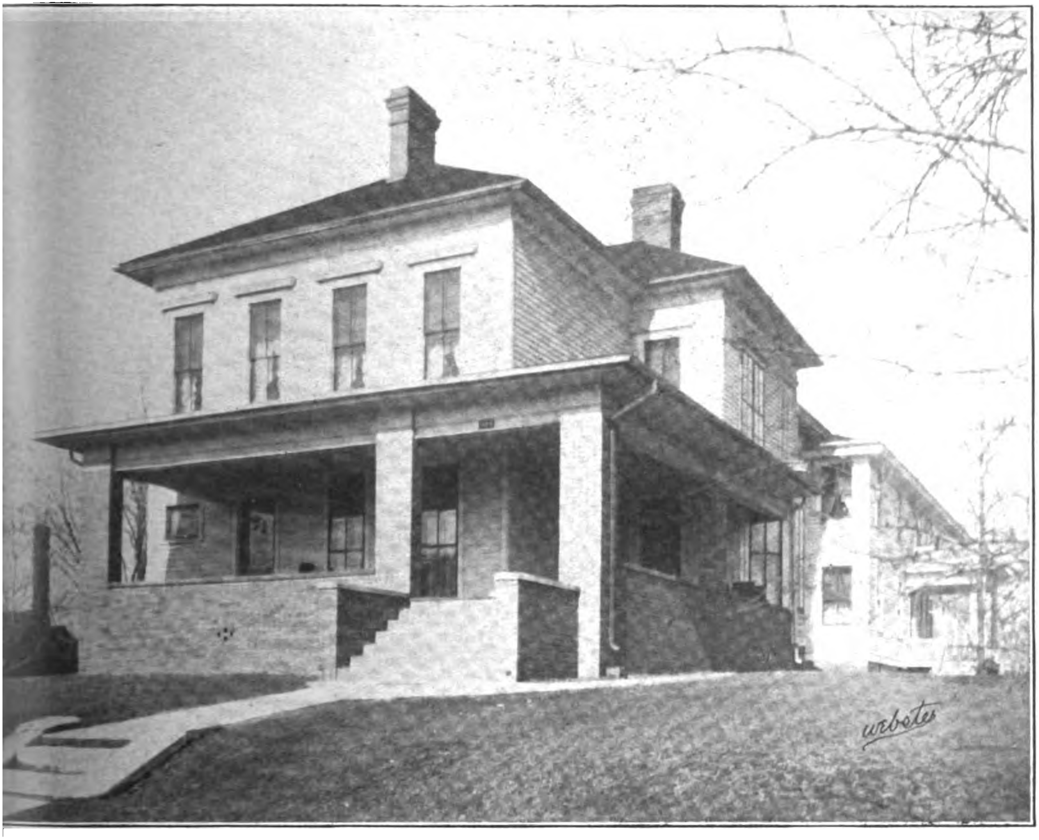
Seeing his difficulty his young mother, the beautiful duchess, determined to help him. Donning a soldier's tunic and a Highlander's bonnet and carrying with her a bag of shillings, she mounted her horse and made daily tours of the countryside.

Arriving at the cottage of a likely man, she called him forth, pointed out the glory of a soldier's life, and putting a coin between her lips invited him to come and take the king's shilling. Such an invitation from the Duchess of Gordon was not likely to be refused, and as she bent down in the saddle each man took the coin from her mouth with his own lips.

There were some shy lads who would have taken the shilling from its rare resting place with their fingers, but the duchess would allow no such timidity. All Scotland was ringing with the news that every man who joined the new regiment would have the privilege of kissing the beautiful duchess, and the duchess saw to it that every recruit exercised his privilege.

With such a recruiting sergeant it is not surprising that the regiment was established at full strength in less than four months.

MRS. M. P. TURNER
Who was the inspiration in the beginning of the B. W. A.



THE BUSINESS WOMEN'S HOME OF DES MOINES, IOWA

The Business Women's Home, Des Moines

THE 11th day of March is the Eighteenth Anniversay of the founding of the Business Women's Association—a home for self-supporting girls. Mrs. Mary Turner was elected first president, but she did not serve in that capacity long but took the vice-presidency, which she has held continuously, having accepted the second vice-presidency at the present time. She has given much in the way of financial aid and self-sacrifice to the Home.

In looking over the old records of the B. W. A., the writer found the following open letter that tells considerable of the past history of the work. This letter shows that six years ago this March we were just formulating the idea of the new Home. Today the Home is built and equipped and the management is struggling under a debt of a little more than $6,000.00, having paid out approximately $16,000.00 during that time on the building and the equipment of the house.

We ask your help to build a Home for self-supporting girls. What will you do? One dollar pays yearly membership in the Business Woman's Association. In the state and city many young girls are obliged to support themselves and aged or sick parents or small brothers and sisters, in fact to bear the burdens of others in many ways. Des Moines, with her many industries and large stores and offices attracts these girls and gives them employment. Wages are low, many of the wage-earners living here and working for wages impossible to the out-of-town girl. Still she comes here, and often begins with these low wages, and with high hopes of advancement drifts into debt and difficulties. What is to become of her? This is not always the case. The best talent is demanded here, and comes in response to the demand.

MRS. J. C. CUMMINS
President of B. W. A.

The wage, too, is often fair, and the worker the strongest and most self-reliant of women.

It is hard for a girl to find a boarding place in a good family in Des Moines at any price. There are some people who kindly entertain the stranger guest, but they are all too few. Even teachers go up and down their districts hunting wearily for a boarding place. Now the low wage earner finds it very much harder to find a place to live. No one takes any particular interest in her; her employer tells her she must live in a respectable place and dress well, but how to do it is left with the individual.

Eleven years ago this need became so apparent that the women in Des Moines established a Home for self-supporting girls. The first year 457 women were assisted and 54 lived in the Home. The second year 1,700 women were assisted and 65 lived in the Home. Seven years ago the Home was moved into the old Callanan College boarding house. Mr. James Callanan is a friend and patron of the work, and gave the rent for eight months — $400.00. The home is still there, but must soon vacate, the place having been sold.

There are about fifty girls in the Home at present. Board, room, bath room, privilege of parlors, piano, sewing machine, etc., are all furnished for $3.00 per week. The price is flexible, as all a girl's wages are never taken for board. A competent girl may assist, for part payment, in the housework.

The furniture in the Home is worth about $3,000.00. The income per annum is about $5,000.00. The expenses are somewhat more than the income. A constant struggle is going on to meet the demands of the work. The work has become a center of helpfulness to working women. It is carried on so quietly that it does not receive the help that it would otherwise receive, and richly merits. Several hundred women are assisted each year in various ways.

At the time of the Harris-Emery fire fourteen girls were out of work, in some cases out of money, and in some cases others were depending on them. They were naturally in much distress over their loss of work. These girls were de-

MRS. IONE W. MARSH
Treasurer of B. W. A.

serving, and the Home management told them to stay and their board would be guaranteed. In twenty-four hours all were placed in good positions, pending the rebuilding of the store.

Any girl of good moral character is eligible to admission. The object is to furnish to the girl in need of it a home as nearly like the best natural one as possible, for a price she can afford to pay. Also to inoculate a love of home, genteel living, gentle and modest manners, honesty and sincerity of purpose in all the ways and walks of life. This means much to the young girl who has come from her home village, where every one knew and understood her, to live in a strange city among strangers.

The girls do their own room work, and if out of employment may assist in the work of the house.

The Callanan College place is now sold to the Methodist Hospital and must be given up. There is no available house in Des Moines for the work. The home of the late W. A. Park on Pleasant Street has been purchased for $5,000.00, and it is necessary to build an addition to the house, costing $5,000.00. The work will take care of the $5,000.00 on the building and lot, by paying $50 per month instead of rent that has been paid formerly. To build the addition we must have $5,000.00 in hand, and must have it by April 1st, if possible. Mr. Callanan will give $1,000.00 if we raise the other

INTERIOR VIEW OF B. W. A.

$4,000.00. We have $1,726 secured at present, and wish to make a great effort to raise the remainder during the last of the month. Money is very hard to raise, and we make an earnest appeal to you to give one dollar or some amount to aid this work. We are obliged to come to you now and ask this favor so that we may carry out our plans and make a Home where it is possible for girls drawing a small salary to live, and grow into useful, noble women.

It is believed by some of our women workers that if the young are properly cared for, educated and protected, that other need for philanthropy would be small indeed, and that money spent in proper education and direction of the young girl is divinely spent.

Very respectfully submitted,
Mrs. Ione W. Marsh,
Chairman Building Fund Committee,
1700 Ninth Street.

This open letter was sent out to Des Moines people generally when the new Home was to be built at 1125 Pleasant Street. In response to this letter and the great efforts made by those interested $3,500.00 was raised and from time to time Mr. F. M. Hubbell loaned various amounts of $500.00 to $1,000.00, giving the B. W. A. the interest and allowing the Association their own time to pay the principal. The new Home was built and ready for occupancy by late in the fall of 1901. $5,232, cost of original homestead, including taxes; $5,000 borrowed to build and improve; $5,000, furnishings and incidental building; $3,500 raised by city contributions, $2,500, heating plant; $1,000 due on interest at present time; total cost, $22,232. Paid, $16,000; $6,232 due at present time.

The running expenses take care of themselves but when anyone fails to pay their way, through sickness or misfortune, it has to come out of the earnings of the management, seconded by some effort of the young women who live in the Home who, by the way, are ready after business hours to help when any scheme for raising money is under consideration.

Since the B. W. A. Home was built the capacity of the same has been taxed to accommodate the young business women who wish to live within its pleasant home-like walls.

The B. W. A. is well equipped, the pictures tell that without further comment. The house holds 65 boarders who pay $3.25 to $4.00 for room and board, in fact enjoying all the accommodations of the house that your own daughter enjoys in your own home. And we will add that the young business women are in turn gracious and kindly one to another as you would wish your own daughter to be.

The home spirit is fostered and cultivated by the young women to a degree that compels the admiration of those who are interested; much of this is due to those directly in charge.

The superintendent in charge is nec-

MRS. HELEN LANE SOMERS, Matron of B. W. A.

MRS. M. W. CAMPBELL, Member House Committee B. W. A.

INTERIOR VIEW OF B. W. A.

essarily the ruling home spirit. Incidental to the regular work and helpful to the same, the Des Moines Federation of Women's Clubs has made the parlors of the Home its place of meeting, taking their noon luncheon once each month in the large dining-room.

The work requires a larger interest. It is educational and a protection to young girls and must be endowed with necessary equipment. The work will then be of great educational value to Iowa and to Des Moines.

The above-named figures show how the work has prospered, but last May the building was threatened with destruction by fire. A painter was cleaning the outer surface of the building with a gasoline blowpipe when the fire was drawn between the clapboards and caught the building on fire. It was a close call, as the wind was very high, but the fire department saved the building, losing only the roof and damaging six rooms.

The loss of the use of six rooms for seven months was a hardship to the finances. The insurance was paid promptly and enabled the management to rebuild but improvements were made which raised the cost $700.00 above the insurance. This was met in part by a donation of $300.00 from a friend of the work in Denver and one of $127.00 from a Des Moines firm. The Home is located at 1125 Pleasant Street and is in nice working order. The needs are constant and many but the management is determined that there shall be a boarding place for the many splendid young girls who fit themselves to take positions in the city and coming here find it next to impossible to find a suitable place in which to live.

When a stranger asks for employment in a Des Moines firm the employer asks. "Where do you live?" and when the girl answers "At the B. W. A." it is the best recommendation she can have.

MRS. SUEL J. SPALDING
Recording Secretary of B. W. A.

It is with great pleasure that The Midwestern presents the foregoing excellent account of the Business Women's Home, located on Pleasant Street. This is one of the enterprises in Des Moines well worth while. The present officers are Mrs. J. C. Cummins, president; Mrs. T. A. Cheshire, first vice-president; Mrs. M. P. Turner, second vice-president; Mrs. J. B. Marsh, treasurer; Mrs. Suel J. Spalding, recording secretary; Mrs. A. L. Smouse, corresponding secretary; Mrs. H. E. Teachout, chairman house committee; Mrs. Ira Kling, Mrs. Martin Flynn, members house committee.

At the present time the young ladies who live at the Home are taking subscriptions for The Midwestern, half of the money to be given to the Home. Anybody taking the magazine will be helping the most worthy cause in the state.—[Editor.]

To Land Him in a Week

MONDAY—Be pretty; smile once.

TUESDAY—Be prettier; frown at him.

WEDNESDAY — Be pensive, sigh once.

THURSDAY—Laugh at him.

FRIDAY—Confess your "regard" for him.

SATURDAY—Be "out!"

SUNDAY—Name the wedding day.

—From the February *Delineator*.

Among the loveliest of the novelties for summer wear are the sheer batiste fichues exquisitely embroidered, with scalloped edges — the design usually long, graceful sprays of flowers in convent work. These and the Romney style of hat in lace and mull presage a summer of picturesque effects.

MRS. A. L. SMOUSE
Corresponding Secretary B. W. A.

Flavored With Fido

Last summer three painters in Wakefield were at work painting the inside of a house. Late in the afternoon they began to wish for something to drink, so they decided to send one of their number to the mistress of the house, and he said to her:

"The frames of your oil painting are very dry.

"The frames of your oil paintings are very dingy. We'll clean them for you if you've got any whisky."

"How much whisky will be needed?" asked the innocent old lady.

"About a quart, ma'am," said the painter.

So the lady brought out a quart of whisky, and the men drank it up and cleaned the picture frames with water.

When they were about through with the day's work the old lady, after inspecting the frames, expressed herself as delighted with them.

"Oh!" she said, "they look beautiful! Who would have thought a quart of whisky would clean so many? It was lucky I saved it. It was what I washed Fido in last Sunday."

Epitomized Calvinism

The Rev. Dr. D—, a local elder in the Methodist Episcopal church in Providence, having left the travelling ministry became a clerk in the general land office at Washington. He did not, however, neglect polemic theology, as the following anecdote shows:

In the same office was a Presbyterian minister of the genuine "blue stocking" school. Repeated controversies were brought to a close by the following big gun which the doctor got off amid tremendous applause from the listening clerks:

"Epitome of Calvinism—

"1. A man gets religion when he doesn't want it.

"2. When he gets it he does not know it.

"3. If he knows it, he has not got it.

"4. If he has it, he cannot lose it.

"5. If he loses it, he never had it."

MRS. T. A. CHESHIRE
First Vice-President of B. W. A.

WHAT WOMEN MAY DO

WHILE the booster movement surges through the air, and our husbands are straining every nerve to live up to our slogan and "do things," the thought occurs to us, "Are we wives making any further effort than the perfunctory one of wearing our buttons?" Perhaps a few of us go a little farther but did you ever stop to think how inconsistent we are after all? We playfully attack a guest who appears at one of our functions without the lapel of his coat being adorned with the little blue disc, while we are wearing a creation bought just before the holidays from Marshall Field's or some other eastern emporium—and this brings us to our subject: "Why should we women of Des Moines go down to Chicago to trade?" Is it economy? Oh, no! The large retail stores of Chicago are doing business under much greater expense, rents are very much higher and salaries proportionately high, so that they cannot afford to sell more cheaply than those Des Moines merchants who are enabled to make their own importations and buy in any market, because of their ability to pay cash and purchase almost unlimited quantities. Do we run down to Chicago for a few days' shopping because we hope to get something newer or more novel than the Des Moines stores display? Here again we are in error, for our local stores can show us style and quality the equivalent of any Chicago store with the price in every case just a little lower, for business in these days of keen competition is a science, and, if the Des Moines merchants purchase as cheaply, and they most assuredly do, they certainly can and do sell with a smaller margin of profit and therefore at a lower price. Let us give you a case to illustrate this point. One of our well known residents made a pur-

INTERIOR VIEW OF B. W. A.

chase at one of the silk sales in Chicago and a little later when her gown was in course of construction, finding she was a little short of material, took a sample to one of our stores with an established reputation for "the best at the lowest price" and, inquiring of one of the salesmen if he could match it, learned it was one of their staple lines carried in a large range of colorings, and the regular price was ten cents a yard below the Chicago store sale price.

If the lady in question reads this article will she verify this statement and by so doing boost our local stores and incidentally our town and state?

We thank her in anticipation.

Finally, let us make an appeal to reason. Does it look right to read in our daily papers, "Mrs. Commercial Club and her sister are in Chicago for a few days' shopping"; "Mr. and Mrs. Shortsight have gone down to Chicago for a week to do their Christmas shopping"; when we know Mr. Shortsight's business is dependent upon the state of Iowa? Why should he spend in Illinois the money he makes in Iowa? Some may say, "We claim the privilege of spending our money where we please," but surely this is the wrong spirit. It is not right, or just.

The men and women of this city, in one united effort, can do great things numerically, and consequently financially, for their town and state. The men are doing their share (already even the Hub is sending inquiries as to our button day); let us prove helpmeets in every sense, remembering that their prosperity is our prosperity. Let us be loyal in word and deed.

"A Booster's Wife."

MISS EDITH M. WRAGG
Business Manager of the M. J. Wragg Nursery Co.

A Young Woman Homesteader

One would not guess, to see a young girl in her rounds of business and pleasure, that she was a homesteader and owner of 170 acres of fine land in Wyoming, twenty-five miles east of Cheyenne. Miss Edith M. Wragg is her father's business manager and he declares he could not keep his office working without her. Last fall Miss Wragg, in company with her father, took up her claim, and in June she will go out to have her forty acres of plowing done and plant in flax, also to build a house. It will be necessary to live on the place eight months, when she can buy for $2.50 per acre. She talks delightedly of her plans and is most enthusiastic about the life of a ranchwoman.

MISS ADAH RAGSDALE
Whose marriage to Mr. Harry O. Parsons occurs April 3d

RUFUS W. HARVEY, Jr.
Of Harvey & Son

A New Des Moines Enterprise

Des Moines not only does things but things are done in Des Moines and many of them with remarkable success, of the sort that reflects credit not alone upon the doers, but upon the city as well. Among the business enterprises that have sprung into existence, with success from the very beginning, is the manufacturing house of Harvey and Son, occupying the second floor of 205 Fourth street. The firm members, R. W. Harvey, who is well known in Iowa as a first class business man, and his son, Rufus Harvey, are both of them inventive geniuses, and it is thro their patented inventions that the business in two years' time has assumed such importance.

They manufacture pocket books and other leather novelties. The concern was two years old in January. Already their goods find sale all over the United States and the business will soon be extended to foreign countries.

Twelve traveling men are on the road during the entire year.

Harvey and Son are the sole patentees and owners and manufacturers of the Mocassin purse for men, and the Belt-on purse, which was patented in 1906, for women, and both are extremely practical and popular.

The Leg-Belt for both men and women is something that delights the traveler, and consists of a belt containing pockets, to be worn just below the knee, and in which all of one's valuables may be safely and conveniently carried. Something new is always coming from the inventive minds of the Harveys. They have several articles now in process of construction and which will be patented.

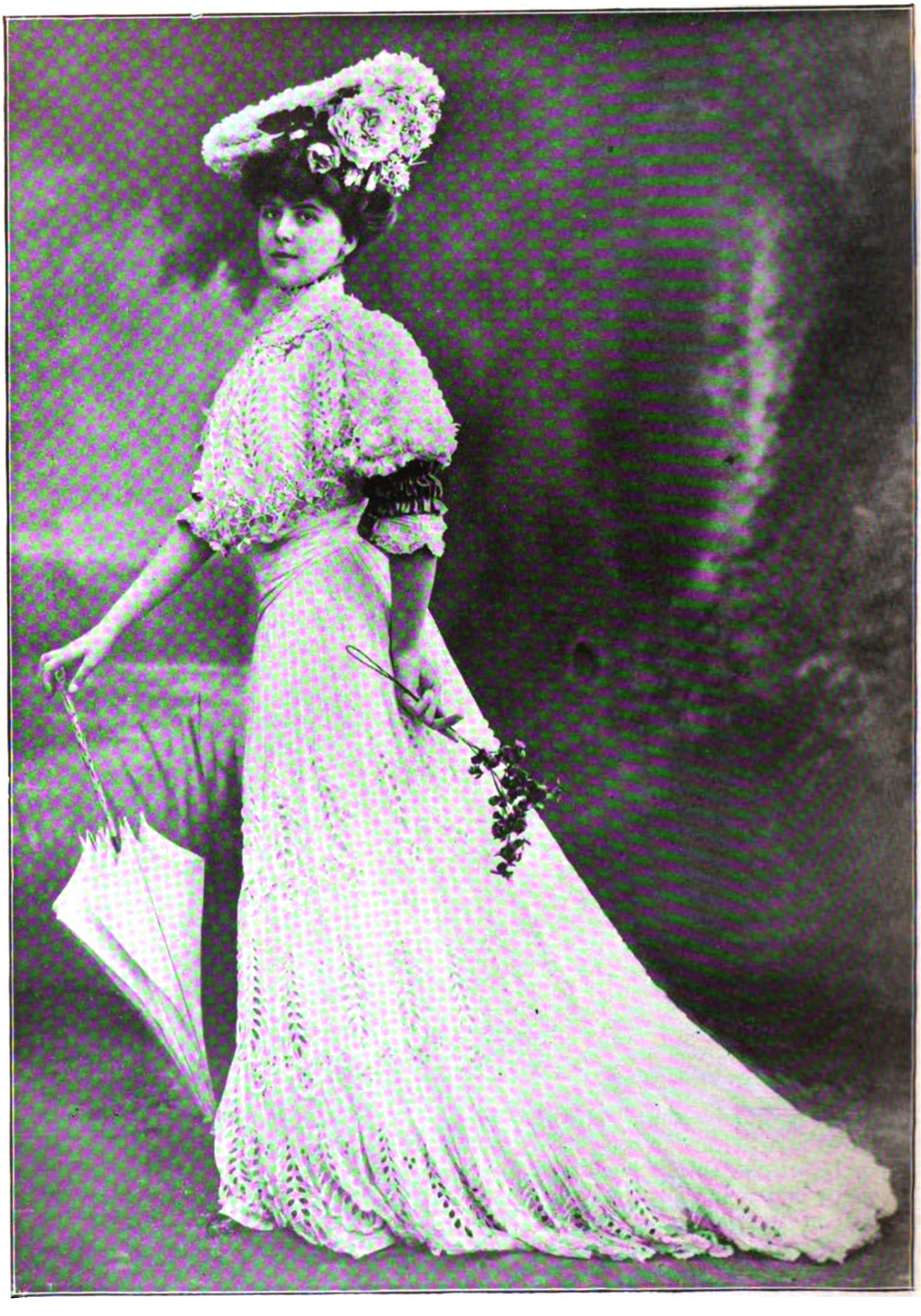
They also manufacture a complete line of all staple leather goods, in purses, traveling bags, hand bags, etc., etc. They are of various grades, colors and prices to meet all demands.

A visit to the establishment of Harvey and Son impresses one with the fact that here is a firm of wide-awake hustlers, whose business is bound to spread, and grow into greater and greater importance.

It is a pleasure to meet both the elder and junior members of the firm, both of them gentlemen of intelligence and cultivation and an acquisition to the life of Des Moines in every way.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

People who know a thing or two about the growth of cities declare that the prosperity of the eating houses of first class rank is a sure sign of great strides forward on the part of a city. If this is true, then the Boston Lunch is one of the best sign marks Des Moines ever had. At breakfast time—very early breakfast time—the crowds begin to gather. The breakfast hour scarce has a break when the early noon crowds come in, and thus it goes the whole day long. The hungry down-towners have had a taste of the best homemade things in Des Moines, and the best coffee most of them ever drank anywhere. They can be quickly served. Everything is beautifully clean. The charge is very nominal. So they go and go again. They tell their friends, and their friends tell their friends. It is thus that the Boston Lunch has become one of the boosting institutions of the city, and a sign of the good times setting in for Des Moines.



A TYPE OF THE SUMMER GIRL OF 1907

MRS. MARY McCANN
On the Roll of Honor

Twenty-six years ago the first woman clerk at Younker's store took her place behind the counter. This was Mrs. Mary McCann. She is still with the Younkers. The store was then located where the Frankel Clothing Co. now is and occupied one floor.

Mrs. McCann then clerked in several departments. Now she is and has been for twenty years buyer and manager of the women and children's furnishing department. Mrs. McCann's appreciation of the fine qualities of her employers is equaled by their appreciation of her and her work. Three generations of some of the old and well known families of Des Moines have been Mrs. McCann's patrons and a year ago, when she celebrated her twenty-five years of employment with Younker Bros., her floor was the scene of a reception of her hundreds of friends among the best people in Des Moines. Many gifts were sent her on that occasion, among them a beautiful watch from the firm. Mrs. McCann in her long term of office has made a host of friends both for herself and for the establishment. These friends will heartily join The Midwestern in congratulations and good wishes for the future.

Des Moines as a Shopping Center

Article No. 1

The growth of a great city is elemental. Fortunate selection of trade centers leads to speedy development of local resources. Pioneer merchants by plodding perseverance lay the foundation for ultimate success. Facilities for travel and traffic bring visible results. Increasing and incoming population govern the volume of supply and demand. As years advance enterprise and ambition say, "We have outgrown the old, let us build larger and finer business homes." Thus, gradually, early landmarks disappear and palatial structures arise. These are monuments to past efforts and sure index of present importance.

* * *

Like the emigrant trail, obscured by the dust of a single day, the track of the temporary tradesman leaves only fleeting impression. But the permanent dealer finds a place in the temple of commerce. His store becomes as familiar to his townsmen as the streets of the city. The memory of his struggling career becomes imbedded in the annals of a now prosperous firm. His successors point with pride to the ladder of his achievements. Small beginnings have added luster to his financial renown. Des Moines furnishes many examples of the enduring fame of founders of business enterprise. Notably, they are found today in the princely dry goods establishments, in the staple lines of groceries and furnishings, and in some specialized articles, as men's clothing, boots and shoes, and a miscellaneous array of merchandise. We make running review of a few of these this month because they are so indelibly inwoven with the strides of progress that are fast turning Iowa's capital city to a—Greater Des Moines.

The firm of Younker Brothers, with whom almost everyone in Iowa is acquainted, celebrated in September, 1906, their fiftieth business anniversary. The three brothers began in a small way to Keokuk, in 1856. Their advent in Des Moines in 1874 marks an era in the prophetic turn of events toward a metropolitan trade. Mr. Herman Younker, who first appeared in Des Moines, is now at the head of the firm's New York organization. Messrs. Aaron and Falk Younker are the active embodiment of popular and efficient merchandising. Mr. Marcus Younker retired in 1894. The firm conducts an extensive wholesale and retail business including mail order supplies. It does importing and jobbing, and since the opening of its daily school in commercial branches it may be recognized as an educational factor in Greater Des Moines. It is worthy of note that the first woman clerk employed in Des Moines was in Younker Bros.' store. It is further on record that several women have been in constant service in their store for periods of twenty-five, twenty-two and twenty years. Indeed, tenure of office is one of the characteristics of the Younker employes. From their magnificent building — with corner frontage on Walnut and Seventh streets, and with five floors of selling space—this firm handles exclusive goods, as good as Chicago or New York.

Of the younger business men, none have achieved a more distinct success than has Mark Johnson, of the Mark Johnson Clothing Co. Mr. Johnson's father, D. M. Johnson, is one of the pioneer business men of the city, and was for many years head of the firm. He is now the retired member and the active management is in the hands of his son. Buyers are made to feel at home in this popular store, and the same good management which brings in customers, keeps them as regular patrons and friends.

* * *

When the Frankel Brothers came to Des Moines a few years ago from Oskaloosa and built the big store at the corner of Seventh and Walnut, a department all to itself was devoted to men and boys' clothing. This department is now a store to itself, the Frankel Clothing Company, managed by Mr. Anselm Frankel. A splendid business has been established, and is handled with skill, proving not only the popularity of the firm but the worth also of Des Moines as a business field. Home shoppers, as well as those from outside, can always be pleased with the reception and the goods offered at the Frankel Clothing Co.

* * *

Wilkins Bros. made what was considered a daring experiment when they came from the East Side a few years ago and established themselves alongside of the Harris-Emery store on Walnut Street. But the experiment has proved an eminent success. Shoppers will find this a busy place and a most satisfactory store in which to do business. The glad hand is extended to all and fair treatment is so ensured that a host of friends have been made by Wilkins Brothers, both for the store and for themlselves. It is conducted on a strictly cash basis.

* * *

Chase & West number many friends among the shoppers who come to Des Moines to buy. This firm is composed of two men whose whole lives have been spent in Des Moines, Mr. Harry West and his brother-in-law, Charles R. Chase. The name of the firm is a guarantee of integrity in all business dealings. They carry a splendid stock of all house furnishings, everything needful from cellar to attic, in the various grades and prices.

* * *

Visitors to Des Moines should certainly visit the Reliable Rug Factory on Eleventh Street, owned and managed by Mrs. W. E. Farrington, one of the most energetic and capable business women in Iowa. The work of the Reliable Rug Factory is well known to be of the very highest quality. The rugs made of old carpets are beautiful and also economical. Mrs. Farrington's business customers are all over the United States and Canada.

* * *

The three floors of the piano house of E. H. Jones & Son attract many visitors. Here may be found thirty makes of standard pianos. They are western distributors for the Victor Talking Machine and Regina Music Box.

Their Saturday concerts have proved most popular with the Victor and Regina and piano and organ music. College and church representatives find here a fine assortment of instruments from which to choose, and every shopper coming to Des

Moines will find it well worth while to visit the Jones piano house on Locust street.

* * *

The loveliest art store in Iowa is that of F. W. Hamilton at 307 Seventh Street. Water colors, etchings, engravings, pastels, oil paintings, fac simile pictures of the old masters, all are found here, the finest collection in the West.

The arrangement is ideal for showing off pictures to the best advantage. Framing is done here in the most approved styles. A visit will delight the most fastidious and make of him a regular habitue.

* * *

The Iowa Seed Stores do an immense business and probably one of the busiest men in Iowa is Mr. Page, the manager of this big establishment. Their business of furnishing seeds and nursery goods extends to all parts of America. Mr. Page is an old resident of Des Moines and has been at the head of the Iowa Seed Company many years. He not only has charge of the business but finds time to write books, and to issue the most complete catalog in this country. His books treat of topics along the line of his business and have a wide sale. Every shopper in the spring should visit the Iowa Seed Company.

* * *

The Shannon & Mott milling plant is an interesting place to visit at all times of the year. The goods of this popular mill go to all parts of this country and their popularity is constantly growing greater. Since the death of Mr. La Moine Mott, Mr. B. A. Lockwood has aided in handling the business. "Falcon Flour" has become a household word, and no good housekeeper is unfamiliar with its sterling quality. It is for sale by all grocers everywhere.

* * *

Davidson Bros. occupy the old location of the L. Harbach store, and are proving more and more popular day by day. They carry a most complete and elegant line of goods and a visit to their store will be a pleasure. Persons contemplating the complete furnishing of their home can find everything for it from cellar to attic in the Davidson Bros.' establishment. Fair treatment, first class quality of goods and fine business methods have served to place this store in the first rank of its class.

The Walker Shoe Store is a comparatively new establishment in Des Moines. They have recently moved into new quarters on Walnut between Sixth and Seventh, and their opening displayed one of the finest and most complete stocks of shoes ever seen in Iowa. Mr. Walker understands the needs of the public and in the three years of his work in Des Moines has well demonstrated this fact. A fine stock from which to select, splendid store service, fair treatment and goods of first class quality, have combined to make a host of friends for Walker Shoe Store. Shoppers should remember the new location.

* * *

The Jewett Lumber Company is one of the old landmarks in the city and its proprietors have been identified with Iowa interests for thirty years and more.

This company makes an attractive proposition to homemakers, that of an offer to build a house and allow the purchaser to pay as convenient. They are located in the old quarters of Ewing & Jewett on Locust Street. They do business all over the Middle West.

* * *

No visit to Des Moines would be complete without going to see the standard store of the Brinsmaid's on Fourth Street. Dishes of all sorts, cut-glass and silverware attract the homekeeper and prices suit all purses, while styles and makes suit all fancies. To old residents this was the store of Perkins & Gray, then Perkins & Brinsmaid, now Brinsmaid's, the Brinsmaid brothers being proprietors and managers.

* * *

If any shopper goes home without a pound of Tone's coffee, a box of Heywood's chocolates or a package of "Meadow Gold" butter, she is foolish indeed and doesn't know what she has missed. They are sold at all good groceries.

* * *

The Harris-Emery store at Seventh and Walnut is a popular trading place, Mr. Henry Harris being still with the company, both Mr. Hardy Harris and Mr. Emery having gone away from Des Moines. In their places one meets Messrs. Manassee and Nate Frankel and Mr. Rosenfield. The store has five floors and all departments are kept up-to-date in every particular.

LOOKING EAST FROM SEVENTH ON LOCUST

Chase Brothers, on Sixth Avenue, do an immense retail grocery business. John Chase and Ed Chase are the proprietors and are among the old residents of Des Moines. First class business methods in every department of their trade have popularized this great establishment and their trade extends to all parts of Iowa. Everything of the best can always be found at Chase Bros. Here you meet fine treatment and get your money's worth.

* * *

W. L. White, "the Sleepless Shoeman," in business here since 1867, has made for his business a high place in the regard of the Des Moines and Iowa public. He owns a big retail and mail order business. Mr. White says last year was his best year in business and the month just closed the best February he has ever had in Des Moines. Mr. White believes in Des Moines and Des Moines believes in him—as is evidenced from his prosperity in his work. He is located at 506 Walnut Street.

* * *

R. B. Soules established the Utica in 1877, removing it from his home town of Utica, N. Y. Messrs. I. & A. Friedlich succeeded him in 1886. They do the largest clothing business of any store in the world in proportion to its size. They are finely located at Sixth and Walnut. The Friedlichs are most capable and far-seeing business men, and their management of their store has brought it fame and success. They have recently added to the building so that now it is five stories and basement. Thirty salesmen are employed. J. D. Johnson has been for twenty years advertising manager, and his work has a wide and popular reading. The Friedlichs are well known as progressive business men and first class citizens, alive to all the best interests of Des Moines and Iowa.

* * *

Everybody knows Reed Hurlbut and his store at Fifth and Walnut. Here one finds a constant crowd of soda fountain devotees, and not only all day but all night also, as this is one of the few places in Des Moines where lunches are served during the 24 hours. Mr. Hurlbut's novelty ads, giving of cash prizes, have proved popular and attracted a large patronage. The specialty of this establishment is filling prescriptions. A fine line of drugs is kept, also toilet novelties of all sorts.

* * *

John Jacobsen, the tailor, in the Watrous building, is fast making a reputation for himself as one of the finest and best in his line of work. Customers are enthusiastic in their praise of his work and once a customer is always a customer with Jacobsen.

A Few of the Shoppers and What They Say

OUT of almost two hundred letters, we choose a few for this month, and regret lack of space to print all of them. The good opinion of shoppers who come to Des Moines to buy must be gratifying not alone to those having things to sell in Des Moines, but to every good citizen of the town.

I have done more shopping in Des Moines than in any other city of the world, except Indianola, and have always found the business firms reliable and obliging. I have been in the largest stores of several cities more pretentious than Des Moines was before her "boosting" days and could not help seeing and saying that Des Moines stores were far ahead in attractiveness and amount of goods.

In point of supply Des Moines excels even Indianola. But, when it comes to prices, give me Indianola first, and after that Des Moines. Mrs. W. H. Berry.

Indianola, February 7, 1907.

* * *

Magnolia, Iowa, Feb. 6, 1907.

Dear Midwestern: I have done most of my shopping in Des Moines for the last twenty years; and while I have done some in Chicago and Omaha, I have always returned to Des Moines. I have always received honest values and courteous treatment.

With best wishes for a Greater Des Moines, I am Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Rose A. Crowe.

* * *

I have done quite a little shopping in Des Moines, at different times being in the city, and I consider the conditions very good.

The service was always prompt and obliging, and such a variety from which to make selections, and prices at all times very reasonable.

Wishing you abundant success in the new venture, "The Midwestern," and hoping the promotion of Des Moines and Iowa interests as your ideals may be fully realized, I am, Yours fraternally,

Cordelia Ross.

Washington, Iowa, Jan. 16, 1907.

* * *

Grimes, Iowa, December 31, 1906.

It is with pleasure that I give my opinion of Des Moines as a shopping place.

I have traded in other cities but have never found one that compares with our city, Des Moines. I most heartily recommend Des Moines as the best place to trade.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. A. M. Allen.

* * *

Granger, Iowa, Feb. 6, 1907.

Des Moines has been our trading place for twenty years and can truly say we have always been treated right.

Yours for the good of our country.

Mrs. Wm. Abel.

* * *

Hebron, Iowa, Feb. 2, 1907.

I have traded a good deal in Des Moines, and my opinion of it as a trading point is good. I have received my money's worth every time, and find it complete in stock and able to compete with any other place of its size and even with larger places.

Very truly,

R. F. D. No. 1. L. T. Archer.

* * *

Mt. Ayr, Iowa, Feb. 7, 1907.

Your letter at hand and will say that I have done quite a good deal of trading in Des Moines and find it a good shopping place. I like it much better than St. Joseph. Yours respectfully,

Miss Minnie Robinson.

* * *

Colfax, Iowa, Feb. 6, 1907.

I am pleased to comply with your request that I give my impressions as a shopper in Des Moines. When we started buying for our institution we had the idea that we must, of course, depend upon large and distant commercial centers for the bulk of our requirements, but I am pleased to say that as time goes on we are learning that for each and every one of our wants there is an adequate and convenient source of supply near at home in our own Capital City.

We find that we do as well in prices, that the goods are more apt to be reliable and deficiencies more readily made good, than when bought in a distant market. There is also a distinct advantage in personally meeting one's salesmen and I must say that one would need to go far to find more uniform courtesy, reliability, or more earnest attention to a patron's needs than is met with in all the stores and supply houses of Des Moines.

With the many interurban roads now either built or under consideration Des Moines will become more and more the Mecca of the small household buyer and personal shopper. I heartily recommend Des Moines as a shopping center.

Very sincerely,

Florence Brown Sherborn.

* * *

Since removing to a village I find lack of quality, quantity and variety, and it means a great deal to step to the telephone, call up Des Moines, give an order for groceries, dry goods, or any desired article, and receive them in the evening, the selection as carefully made as if I had been present.

The advantages as a shopping point are unsurpassed. The almost central location in the state, the excellent facilities for coming to Des Moines with its nineteen steam railroads and six interurbans, making it possible to come, have ample time for shopping and return the same day.

Then the retail houses are all equipped with every modern convenience for the comfort of shoppers. The goods of both nome and foreign manufacture are the best to be procured. So that the most discriminating may be satisfied.

The cordiality with which one meets and the courtesy are great inducements also to the strangers who daily throng the stores. The retailers are firm believers in advertising, and truly this is the genuine medium or way to bring before the public the fact that their wants are known and where to come to procure the desired article. The papers are eagerly watched for and ads carefully read. An order either by mail or phone is carefully and promptly filled by competent, reliable clerks, from any retail house.

Furthermore, the ads do not mean second class goods, cheap, but strictly first class in every respect, and no one need to hesitate to take advantage.

As compared to other shipping houses there should be no comparison.

Iowa is the banner state in the Union for honesty, integrity, wide awake and up to date in every respect.

Let every Iowan prove loyal to our own manufactures and buy Iowa or Des Moines goods. You will surely be satisfied, for there are none better. Help promote Des Moines industries and make the year 1907 more successful to our painstaking merchants than any year that has passed.

Truly yours,

Mrs. Frank I. Lee, Colfax.

A DREAM

I'm tired tonight of the city's fret—
Its ceaseless, restless beat,
Its jarring notes of discord,
And its wearying tread of feet.

The windows are flooded with brilliant light—
Vanity's glitter and show—
The silken-gowned and the girl from the street
Pass back and forth in the glow.

The mansion and hovel together strive
For space on which to stand;
The rich and poor together walk,
But never touch hand to hand.

The thick gray smoke that fills the sky
Will hide the rising sun,
And I'll only know that the day has come
Because the dark has gone.

The painted things on the theater bills
Of the eye require toll;
And the dust of the street is not so bad
As the dirt that soils the soul.

Do you wonder that I long tonight
For a homestead far away,
Where the old trees fold their sheltering arms
Round a cottage low and gray?

Where the broad fields lie on every side,
And the distant woods so blue,
And the grazing herd by the little brook
Make a picture sweet and true?

In summer-time the roses bloom,
And the morning air is sweet
With perfume from the garden flowers,
The early breeze to greet.

The humming-bird among the peas
Is poised on vibrant wing;
The vines about the old gray house
With loving fingers cling.

At evening-time the soft-eyed cows
With look of full content,
Come slowly down the dewy lane,
Breathing the clover scent.

The sky's an arch of glory now;
The pearly gates are wide,
But clouds of red and gold and gray
Their dazzling brightness hide.

But in the rifts between the clouds
Trail angel robes of white;
For the beauty and the wonder
Can ne'er be hidden quite.

And all is peace; and there is none
To make a wider span
'Tween brothers, as they, true and brave,
Clasp hands with brother man.

* * * * * *

The memory of God's country
Brings with it weary pain,
But can you wonder that I dream,
Although the dream be vain?

—*Winifred Walden.*

THE
BELL
COFFEES
J.H. BELL & CO
CHICAGO

Who I am and Where I Came From

By a COFFEE BEAN

Lying in a package of coffee with a great many others like me and labeled The Bell Coffee, it occurred to me whether the Bell People, who pack a very fine grade of coffee, knew anything about my ancestry, and to set myself right before the world, I had my ancestral tree prepared through the medium of a learned scholar, who writes me the following facts:

"Your name was derived from the Arabic Khawah, there were fifty to sixty species, but the list is now restricted to twenty-two, of these seven belong geographically to Asia, and of the fifteen African species eleven are found in the West Coast, two in Central and East Africa and two are natives of Mauritius.

"The tree on which you grew is an evergreen plant of from eighteen to twenty feet high; when flowering you produce dense clusters of pure white color with a rich fragrant odor. Your use was known at a period placed at 875 A. D. You were first brought from Abyssinia into Arabia by a learned and pious Shiek. Down to 1690 the only supply of coffee was from Arabia and in that year the Governor General of the Dutch East Indias received a few coffee seeds from Arabia and Java, and these seeds he planted in the Garden of Batavia where they grew and flourished so abundantly that the culture was immediately commenced on an extended scale in Java. One of the first plants grown in that island was sent to Holland as a present to the Governor of the Dutch East India. It was planted in the Botanical Garden at Amsterdam, and young plants grown from its seeds were sent to Suranam where it was cultivated. Ten years later the plant was introduced in the West Indian Islands and gradually the culture extended throughout the New World, till now, the progeny of the single plant sent from Java to Holland produces more coffee than is grown by all the other plants in the world. As we judge a woman's beauty by her shape, size and color, so your commercial value is determined. You belong to the medicinal class of food valuable from the stimulating effect upon the nervous and vascular system, you produce a feeling of buoyancy which does not end in depression, increases the frequency of the pulse, lightens the sensation of fatigue and sustains the strength under prolonged and severe exertion. Your value under the rigors of arctic cold has been demonstrated by all arctic explorers, and you are scarcely less useful in tropical regions where you stimulate the action of the skin."

I see, Mr. Bell, that you print on your package South American Mocha and Java. You are certainly right in this, this being a trade name for me, because I am a Mocha and Java descendant. I am proud of my birth and proud that the American people appreciate my qualities in the various brands that you use me in.

Wishing you the best of success in the matter of supplying the people with pure goods, I am,

Yours, very truly,
A Coffee Bean.

In connection with the above, we desire to state to our trade that we guarantee all our goods to conform to the Pure Food Law if sold in our original package and seal unbroken.

J. H. BELL & CO., Chicago, Ill.
November, 1906.

MISS GAIL WILSON

A Talented Des Moines Girl

Almost every pronounced genius can trace back to an ancestry of note in some particular. Among the talented young people of Des Moines is a young girl who is no exception to this rule. Miss Gail Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Wilson of 3324 University Avenue is of notable lineage on both sides of her family. Her mother's family included the Garfield line several generations back and the young girl's literary gifts seem to come from this branch.

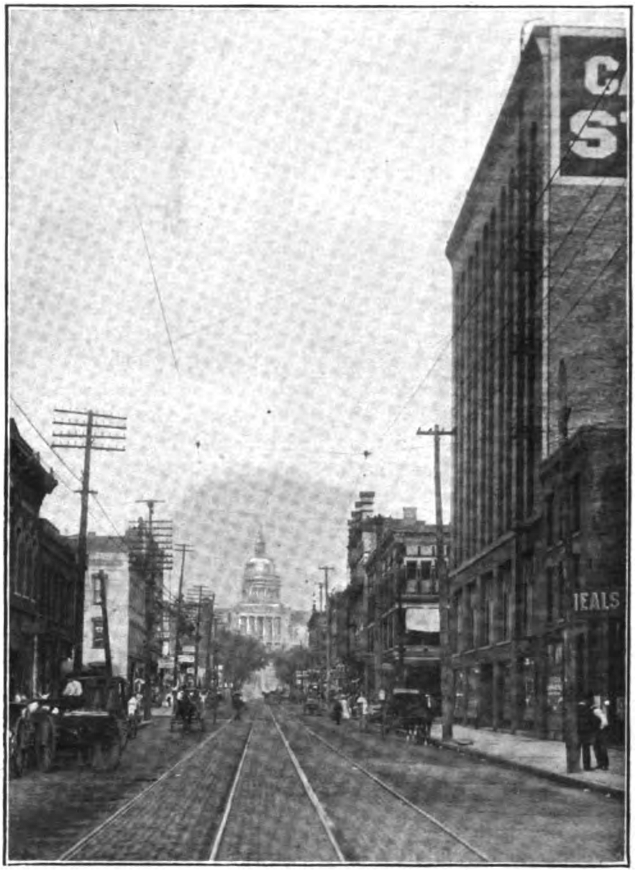
Miss Wilson graduated from West High in the class of 1905. The song that year was written by Miss Wilson, who also composed the music and designed the cover. This song at once stamped Miss Wilson as a genius, it is of such universal merit in every way.

Her parents have given Miss Wilson every advantage in their power. She has studied music with Prof. Nagel. When but a child, she evidenced literary talent and aptness in art work and in music, and caring little for social pleasures she has devoted herself untiringly to the cultivation of her inherited gifts.

In addition to those mentioned, she has a beautiful voice and her ambition now is to become a singer. She will soon go to Chicago to study vocal music.

During the past season, Miss Wilson has been with the Midland Lyceum Bureau as Saxaphone soloist, and has just returned from the season's engagement.

Des Moines and Iowa have certainly reason to be proud of this lovely and talented young daughter, and her many friends will look forward with great and pleasant anticipation for her future success.



EAST LOCUST STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL

The Booster Demonstration

On the afternoon of February 12th, in the Shrine Temple, was held a demonstration unique in character and the first thing of the sort ever held in Des Moines. The idea originated with Mr. Haines, manager of the Des Moines Gas Company, and proved such an immense success that it may well be repeated in the future. Mr. Haines is enthusiastic concerning the possibilities of the city and in order to add to the fame of our products planned to have it shown that, with the aid of a gas stove, most delicious eatables could be made of Des Moines manufactured articles. Long before the appointed hour for the demonstration, people began pouring in from all parts of town, and finally the limit according to the law was reached and the doors were closed. Six hundred people were turned away. The stage was fitted up with gas stoves. Preliminary talks were given by Mrs. E. N. Weeks, Miss Goodrell and Mrs. J. C. Hume, when Mrs. Sara Wharton Moore, known favorably to people all over Iowa, came forward to explain what she intended to do with the Des Moines made goods on her table. Working and talking, in an hour she produced baked ham, delicious and tender and delicately spiced, from the Agar Packing Company; macaroni, from the Des Moines Macaroni Company; buttered rolls from the Farmers' Co-operative Company and Shannon & Mott's flour mill; delicate cake and cinnamon rolls, in which were ingredients from Tone Bros., Shannon & Mott's,

"Finest Quality"

——That is the truth about

Tones' Spices

Sold only in yellow flavor-retaining packages. Always 10c. Most grocers sell them.

"Tested by Taste"

——That is the truth about

Tones' Coffees

In testing we actually "make" coffee and "taste" it. This accounts for their high quality and uniformity.

TONE BROS. DES MOINES

Farmers' Co-operative Company and the Iowa Dairy Company. Delicious coffee from Tone's, with cream from the Iowa Dairy Company, was served last, and the many who had a taste of all these were longing for more. Mrs. Moore knows her subject thoroughly and is a splendid cook, and her Thursday demonstrations at the gas rooms on Locust Street are always crowded. She has made many personal friends as well as friends for the company during the years she has been with them. After the dispersal of the crowd Mr. Haines entertained at five o'clock dinner in the parlors, Des Moines productions being served in the seven courses. His guests were the members of the Greater Des Moines Committee.

NEW KALEIDOSCOPE NASTURTIUM

FINEST floral novelty of the season. A prolific bloomer; every plant bears flowers of a dozen different colors, ranging from creamy white, yellow, orange, red and pink, to an intense crimson maroon shade. Many are also splashed and striped with other tints. To find out how many flowers this wonderful nasturtium will produce, we are offering

$25.00 in Cash Prizes

to the persons growing the greatest number on one plant. If you mention this paper, we will send a regular 15c packet of the seed for three 2-cent stamps, with privilege of competing for prizes. Large, illustrated catalogue of Flower, Vegetable and Farm Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, etc., FREE.

IOWA SEED CO.,
DES MOINES, IOWA.

HERMAN ZINN
LADIES' TAILOR
Temporary Quarters 419-20-21 and 436 Utica Block
Des Moines, Iowa

Dr. F. Duncan
OCULIST
544 Good Block

Heywood's
Chocolates
and Package Candies
Factory at Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. Moore's Choice

Among the articles used by Mrs. Moore in her demonstrations for the gas company last week none merits special mention more than Falcon flour. Mrs. Moore is a Des Moines booster, but she uses Falcon flour, not because it is a home product, but because, as she says, she can get the best results in all her baking when she uses Falcon.

It is especially gratifying to the editor, as she is pleased to know that aside from being one of Des Moines' most favorably known products, Falcon flour is equal in quality to any other flour manufactured, and she has even been told by those who have used Falcon for years that they can get uniformly better results from Falcon than from any other flour they have ever used.

The reasons for this, of course, are that the management of Shannon & Mott Co.'s mills exercise the greatest care in the selection of their wheat and that it is milled under the supervision of their energetic and capable superintendent, Mr. S. N. Clark, who ranks among the best head millers in the country.

The people of Des Moines and Iowa may well be proud of this institution in their midst, and they should encourage their home industries by using home manufactured products wherever possible when they can obtain just as good quality as they could by sending their money to other states. The Midwestern magazine takes especial pride in the fact that Falcon flour is a home-manufactured product.

In the Front Rank

In the front rank of packing plants of America is that of the Agar Packing Company of Des Moines. From the introduction of their goods upon the market, those who knew pronounced success for them, and success has certainly crowned their efforts to give to the public goods that cannot be beaten in quality anywhere. Their output is immense and consists of the goods usually put out by big houses. An especial favorite in the market is their ham, well cured, well smoked and most palatable. Visitors to the plant last fall on "Booster Day" were delighted with the order and cleanliness that prevailed everywhere. Nobody need be afraid to buy anything that comes from the Agar Packing Company. Every homekeeper has a natural care for the welfare of her family and no small part of her responsibility lies in putting before them proper foods. One very important item of the table is the meat, and it surely is a comfort to know that one firm and that a firm in Des Moines can endure the most rigid inspection under the pure food law and receive approval.

The goods of the Agar Packing Company can be found at all first class markets. Anybody who has never used their ham should ask for one and the discovery will be made that it is the finest in the market. A good "booster" for Des Moines is a firm that puts out irreproachable goods. That's what the Agar Packing Company does.

Best Patent
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
No. 36806
FALCON
FLOUR
Shannon & Mott Co
Des Moines, Iowa

FALCON FLOUR is indorsed by Mrs. Moore [redacted] and was used by her in the Gas Company's Booster Demonstrations.

FALCON FLOUR is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.

Shannon & Mott Co.

MILLERS. DES MOINES

CUT FLOWERS
FLORAL DECORATIONS
FUNERAL DESIGNS
IOWA FLORAL CO.
615 LOCUST STREET

A Reliable Company

Several towns in Illinois have been suffering from an epidemic of scarlet fever. In other towns typhoid and diphtheria have been prevalent. Upon careful investigation the Chicago board of health have laid the blame for these epidemics upon the quality of the milk sold at this time of year in the towns in question. A Chicago paper, quoting a member of this board, declares that most of the contagious diseases are contracted through unwise drinking either of water or milk. If milk from diseased or tuberculosis cows is used, all sorts of illnesses result. Then many people do not drink half enough water in the winter. The result is a clogging up of the intestines with ultimate disease of some sort. Des Moines has been comparatively free from the diseases mentioned, and when people have suffered from epidemics, they have not used the milk and cream furnished by the Sanitary Co.

It is a matter of well-known importance that the products of the Sanitary Dairy Co. are absolutely pure and clean, and that the utmost care is taken to give the patrons the best to be had anywhere.

No dairy products are sent forth from a sweeter, fresher, cleaner dairy than are sent from the Sanitary. Surely the housekeeper owes it to her family to throw about them all the safeguards possible. Every good housekeeper should try the Sanitary Dairy Company's products, cream, milk, butter and ice cream.

The New Secretary

Mr. Lucius E. Wilson is the new secretary of the Greater Des Moines Committee and brings to his work a degree of enthusiasm that is infectious. Mr. Wilson is of most prepossessing manner and appearance, is a self-made young man, and sees already a great future for Des Moines. For a number of years he has been a resident of Detroit, and was the private secretary to the postmaster of Detroit for three years, also assistant secretary of the Board of Commerce of that city. The Greater Des Moines Committee are certainly fortunate in filling the important place of secretary with a man so well calculated to lead on to success in the plan for developing and boosting Des Moines.

He Knows the Way

How strange these sad eventful days
That seem to merit little praise,
Until with joys of after years,
Our God has wiped away our tears.
'Tis then we supplicate, and say
Praise God for sending us that way.
—*Raymond W. Mackinnon.*

An entertaining article by Captain J. R. Shook, about Pinar del Rio, Cuba, will delight the many friends of Captain and Mrs. Shook. The latter will be remembered as Miss Helen Slade.

Will Shepherd
HIGH CLASS TAILORING
404·LOCUST ST. OBSERVATORY BLDG

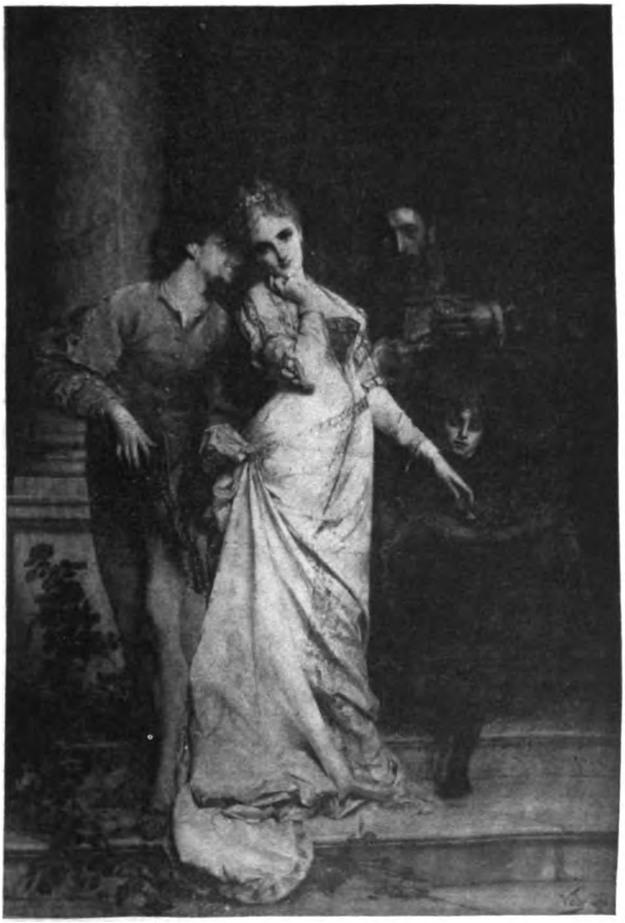
An Acquisition to the List of Professional Men

In the suite of rooms, 410-411 in the new Utica building, elegantly quartered and with an especial care to homelikeness and comfort, a caller may find Dr. B. A. Stockdale, a comparative newcomer and yet well known not only in Des Moines but all over the state as well. Dr. Stockdale came to the west from Ohio, although he is a native of Louisville, Ky.

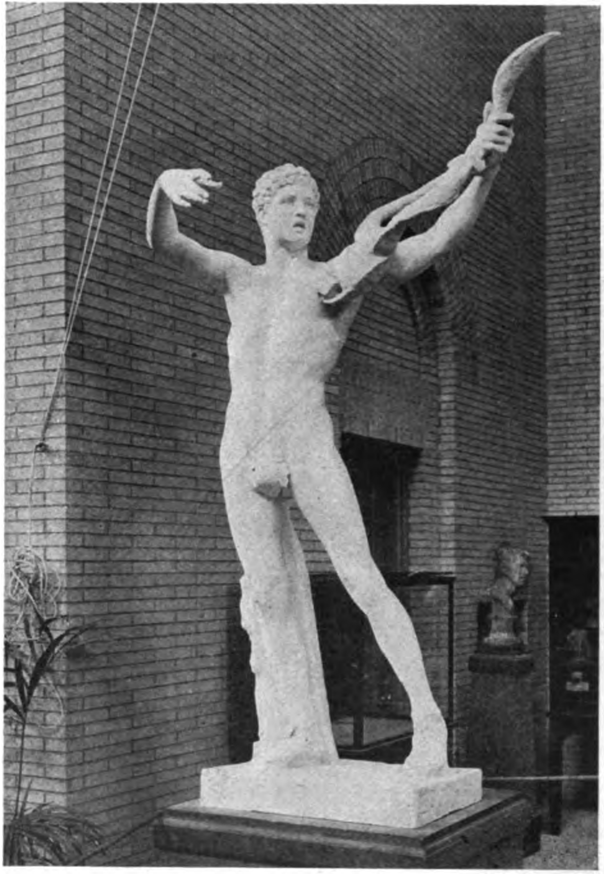
In choosing Des Moines he was certainly fortunate, for his success here has been most remarkable. Dr. Stockdale is a specialist, treating with great success catarrh, and diseases of the stomach and liver, and digestive organs in general. His methods are distinctly original and pleasing to all of his patients, inspiring them with confidence from the first treatment.

Dr. Stockdale has already established himself in four years' practice in an enviable position before the public. He is of the type of men to make good friends wherever he goes.

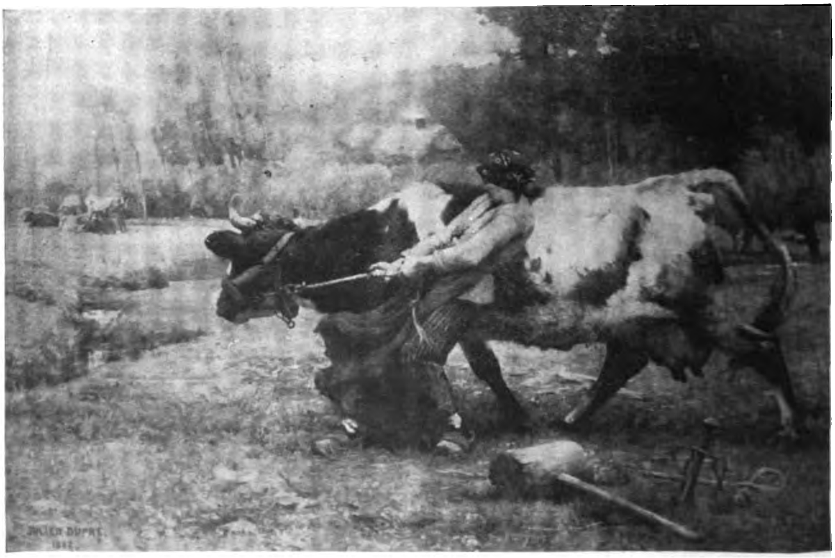
His offices in the Utica are fitted up with every modern appliance and up to date in every detail.



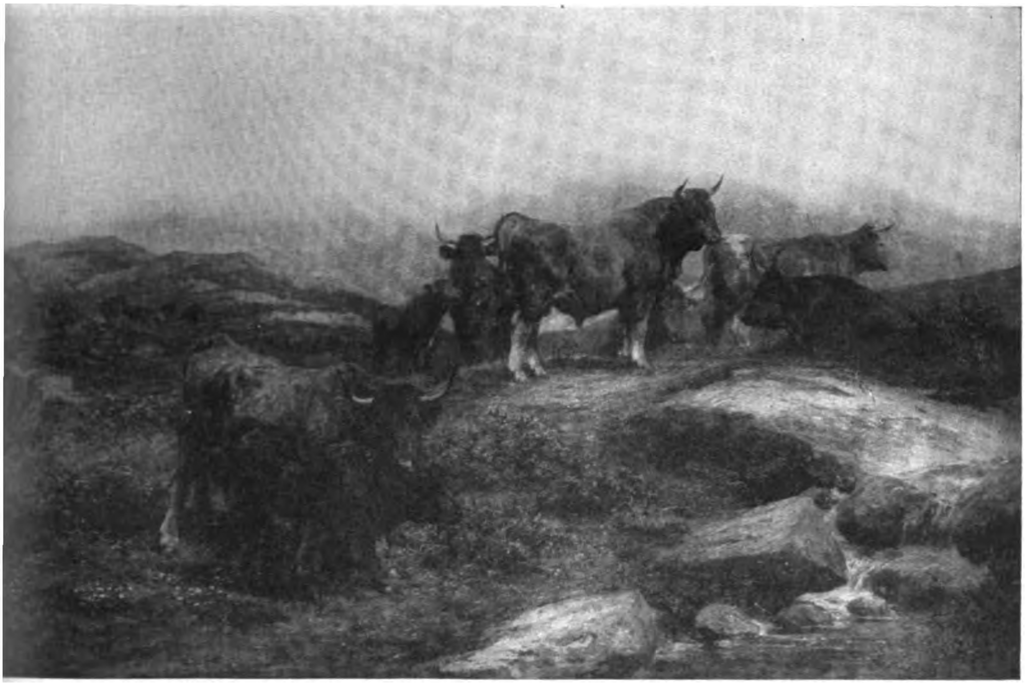
ANATOLE VELY: LOVE AND RICHES
St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts



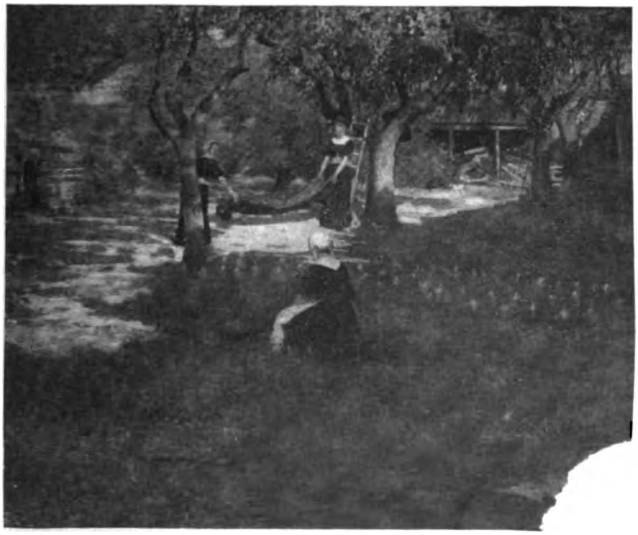
JOHN DONOGHUE: YOUNG SOPHOCLES
St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts


JULIEN DUPRÉ
1882

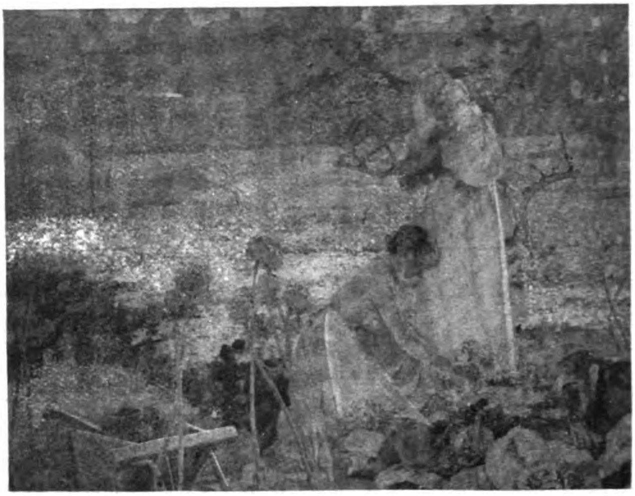
JULIEN DUPRE: IN PASTURE
St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts



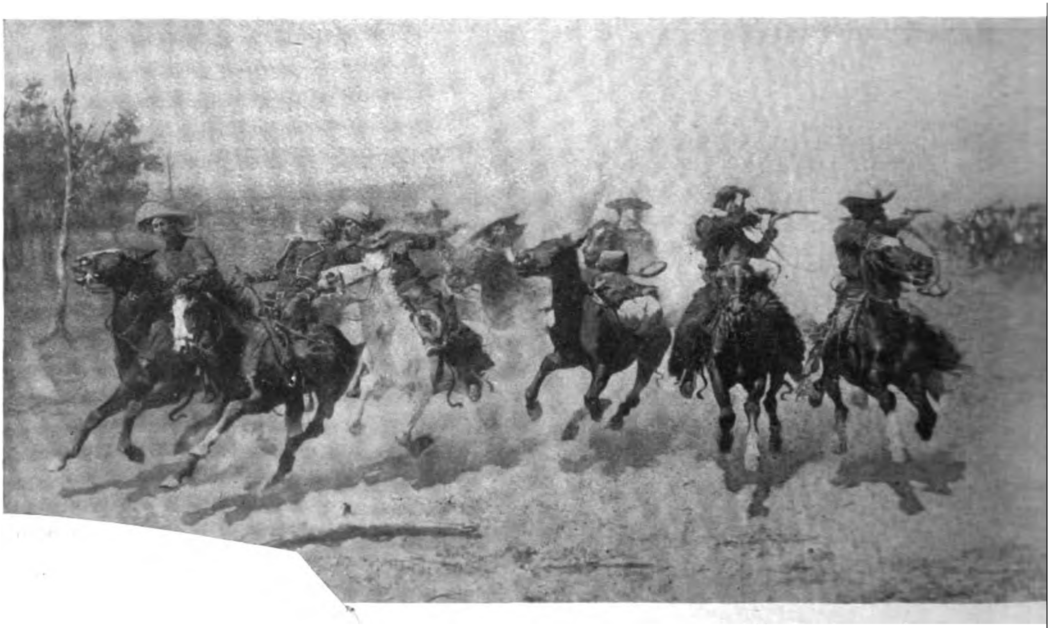
ROSA BONHEUR: CATTLE IN THE HIGHLAND
St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts



St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts



MARY J. MAC MONNIES: A JUNE MORNING
St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts



H FOR FREEDOM—REMINGTON
t. Louis Museum of Fine Arts

The finest thing in the way of Hair Dressing that has ever appeared on the market is

DUCHESS HAIR TONIC

Manufactured in Des Moines by the Duchess Toilet Company

The formula comes from a noted woman in England whose family has handed it down for many generations.

A permanent cure for falling hair, dandruff and thin hair will be effected in a few days.

Early grayness of hair will also be prevented by its use. Put up in 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Address DUCHESS TOILET COMPANY

P. O. Box 574 - Des Moines, Iowa

The Western Musical Herald

WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor.

THE Western Musical Herald is a monthly review of music in the West. It covers the musical news of the leading western cities and in addition, that of the smaller communities, colleges, conservatories, music clubs, etc. A file of the Western Musical Herald will be a musical history of the West. Subscription is $1.00 per year and every music teacher, musician and music student should be a subscriber. Send for sample copy.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL HERALD

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Register and Leader	1905	244,985		
Capital	1906	262,179	Per Cent of Gain,	10 1-2
Capital	1905	237,172		
News	1906	261,523	Per Cent of Gain,	1 24-25
News	1905	256,604		

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* * *

"Want" Advertising Record of the Three Des Moines Daily Newspapers for 1906.

	No. of Separate Want Ads	No. In. Classified Adv.
Register and Leader	*143,739*	*92,168*
Capital	102,681	68,218
News	98,763	55,646

The Register and Leader

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The MIDWESTERN

VOL
1

No. 8

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ER
OPY

1 DOLLAR
A YEAR

APRIL 1907

A SPARKING PROPOSITION

Forty and sour, Jones had no wife
Because he dreaded married life,
Because for meals he could not wait
Nor bear to reach the office late.

He pined alone rather than bear
The daily househould wear and tear,
Wife, cook and furnace on a strike
Were dreams Jones had and did not like.

One night he went to visit Brown
Who kept the jolliest home in town,
Cook pleasant, smiling wife in white,
House warm, and every corner bright.

The reason was not hard to see—
The Browns' used Electricity
For everything beneath the skies,
Light, heat and cooking! Jones "got wise."

He married, and without a sound
The household wheels move smoothly round,
And Jones' life is one long lark
Because of the Electric Spark.

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The Edison Light Co. of Des Moines,

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Most Complete Jewelry Establishment in Iowa. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

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SUPERB SHOWY SHRUBS

Lend the Utmost Beauty to Your Grounds.

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We make a Specialty of Landscape Work. Those contemplating the developing of Home or Pleasure Grounds would find it worth their while to investigate our system of Practical Landscape Gardening. Plans drawn to scale, locating every tree, shrub, building and drive. Prices according to time and thought required. We solicit your patronage.

M. J. Wragg Nursery Co., LANDSCAPE GARDENERS

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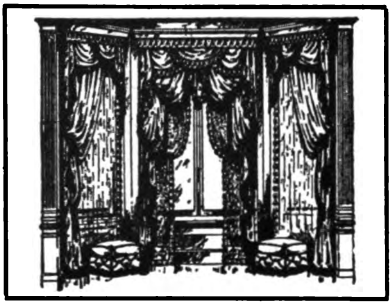

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New Spring Stock of Drapery Goods is Now Ready

We take pleasure in announcing that our spring stock of **Draperies** and **Upholstery** goods is ready for inspection.

This line has been greatly enlarged and is very complete in every detail; in fact we venture to say that there has never been a more up to date and artistic line shown in the city.

We want to call special attention to our line of **new Princess Laces,** that are very swell, and the genuine "Thread Arabians" besides **Saxony Brussels** and **Renaissance Curtains.**

Our large stock of new Madras, Chintz, Cretonnes, Taffetas, Swisses and other materials that are very effective for Curtains and Draperies, is very beautiful.

The new Hand Block-printed Taffetas Bed Spreads with curtains and table covers to match are very artistic and novel.

We make a specialty of "Made to Order" work.

NEW FURNITURE We can show you the nicest, prettiest and best lot of **FURNITURE, RUGS and DRAPERIES, ETC.,** ever shown in Des Moines. Our goods are well made and cheap for the quality.

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Are you satisfied? Try us

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Parisian Ladies' Tailoring Co.
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Oriental Rugs

A carefully selected line. Not a Rug in the assortment that is not meritorious as art and reliable as to texture.

Prices $12 to $125.

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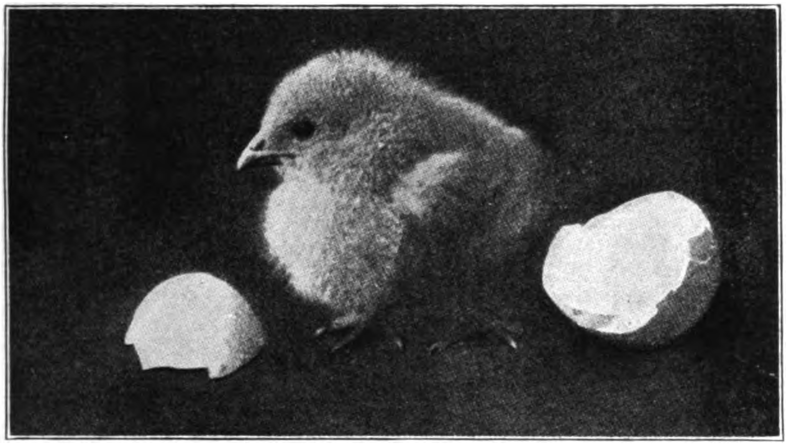
Invite your attention to their fine assortment of boys' clothes for spring. It is notable for many things—one of the chief being its positive individuality. Boys clothes are plentiful, but as a rule they have a distressing sameness in appearance. Frankel's avoid this by original touches which put snap and ginger into the garments. Don't buy commonplace clothes when the best can be had for so little.

Boys' Spring Suits $2.95 to $10.00
Boys' Spring Topcoats $2.95 to $6.95

FRANKEL'S

513-517 Walnut St. **DES MOINES, IOWA**

THE MIDWESTERN



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Meadow Gold Butter

And be satisfied with no other

Fresh From the Churn Every Day

Ask your Grocer for

I. B. C.
CRACKERS

always fresh and crisp

Party Flake
Soda Midget
Blue Point Oyster
I. B. C. Biscuit

THERE ARE NONE BETTER MADE

We Furnish the Purest
Milk on the Market

The only kind your children should ever drink in order for them to be

HEALTHY AND ROBUST

always call for

Iowa Dairy Milk

Des Moines, Iowa

Our "Whipping Cream" is in great demand at
CHASE BROS.

The Chamberlain

Newest, best, most home-like and the only absolutely fireproof hotel in Des Moines.

It is conducted on the European plan in the most modern and up-to-date manner, with two superb Cafes in which first-class service, both a la carte and table d'hote, is rendered at very reasonable prices. It being possible to obtain excellent meals at from 25 cents to 75 cents.

The rates for rooms at The Chamberlain range in price from $1.50 to $3.50 per day. Many of the $2.00 rooms having private bath in connection.

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GO TO
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CHILDREN

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Health and Beauty

like this little boy—if so give them all the

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Order a Case today.

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"Nifty"

Hand Tailored Suits

¶For young men, conservative, snappy styles for the men of middle ages.

¶Qualities for men of all ages that will merit your continuous patronage.

¶Sizes to fit men of regular proportions — also men stout and slim build.

¶Suits that are made by hand by expert journeymen tailors at

$15, $18, $20, $25 and $30.

We are not the largest but we control more exclusive imported designs than any other house in the city. In harmony and contrast of color we excel. "You will never know how much better you could have done if you miss seeing our line."

We would advise you to see our line before buying

J. C. CRABB & CO.

WALLPAPER AND PAINTS

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WE ALSO DO PICTURE FRAMING

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POCKET ELECTRIC
FLASH LIGHT
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Send to department No. 10 and we will mail you free one of our Anti-Trust cut-price Catalogues of Sporting goods. Fishing Tackle, Guns, Ammunition, Baseballs, Footballs, Athletic, Bicycle, Electrical, Cameras, Talking Machines, etc., etc.

Mail Orders Filled Promptly.

Vim **204 West Seventh St.**

Des Moines, Iowa.

They Say—

"Beauty is Only Skin Deep"

not so with

Beauty Chocolates

For the deeper you get into them the better they are. However, don't just take my word for it but buy a box and try them. . . . .

All first class dealers handle them

The Beauty Chocolates are made of the purest ingredients and by strictly first class candy-makers.

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

WE GIVE our friends a happy Easter Greeting. *The Midwestern*, through their aid, is growing and prospering like the spring grass and the buds on the trees. Easter, with its ever recurring resurrection of life, typical of the rising of the Lord and Master of the Universe should hold only joy for every living creation. God meant it so from the beginning. Here's Easter Joy to all of our friends.

* * * * *

¶ Our readers will be especially interested this month in the fine article of Malcolm MacKinnon. His series of articles have attracted attention and comment from all the great newspapers of America. The article by Harry H. Polk is a fine setting forth of the Interurban question. Mr. Lucius E. Wilson, of the Greater Des Moines Committee, proves himself as fine a writer as talker, which is saying a good deal. The splendidly written paper by Paul Jones, was prepared for a banquet in response to a toast and will delight all who see it. Letters of commendation, comment or criticism are cordially welcomed.

* * * * *

¶ A real traveling man has also written us a capital story about a traveling man. It is signed "Tom Brown, Jr.," and many guesses will be given before the right man is found.

* * * * *

¶ But the darlings of our book are our babies. We have taken the greatest pleasure in gathering them together in this number, and if everybody is as pleased with them as we are, we will have some more children's pictures soon. Here are a few of the future Des Moines men and women. The boy on the cover, as beautiful as any cherub by the old masters, is Paul Jones, Jr., the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones of this city.

Lowney's Chocolate Bonbons

Are known and sold almost everywhere. The reason they have the largest sales in the world is that they are superfine goods at reasonable prices. They are made of Mother Nature's own fruits and saps and nuts—pure.

Owing to their purity you can eat them freely and still be happy. They are safe for children. The dinner table is not complete without a dish of bonbons to decorate it, and to enjoy at dessert.

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C. C. TAFT COMPANY,
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Easter Greeting

TO ALL

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Our Rings

Are the talk of the city. We have over 800 different styles for men, women, boys, girls and babies.

Our Watches

Are the best that can be purchased, in seven, fifteen and higher jeweled movements in the best gold filled cases.

Don't Fail to Examine the Easter Novelties

WATCH OUR WINDOW

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WHOLESALE JEWELRY
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NOTE OUR PRICES

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RELIABLE AUTOMOBILES FOR SALE

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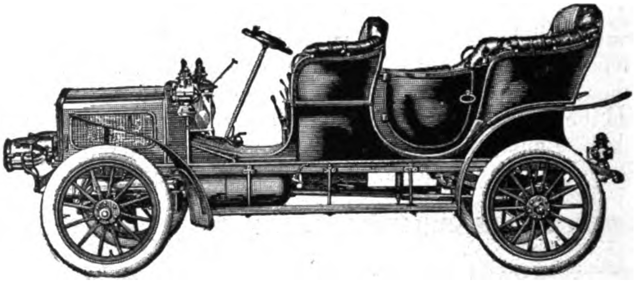

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We carry only the best of everything in our line of business. If you are in the market it would be to your advantage to inspect the following well known makes.

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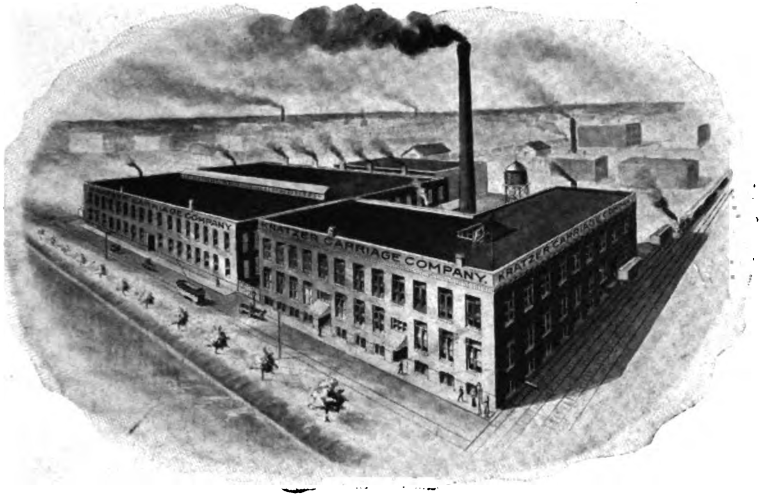
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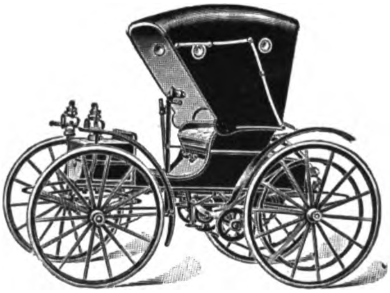

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No TIRE TROUBLE, no DUST. It travels country roads like a carriage and is a GREAT HILL CLIMBER. . . . .

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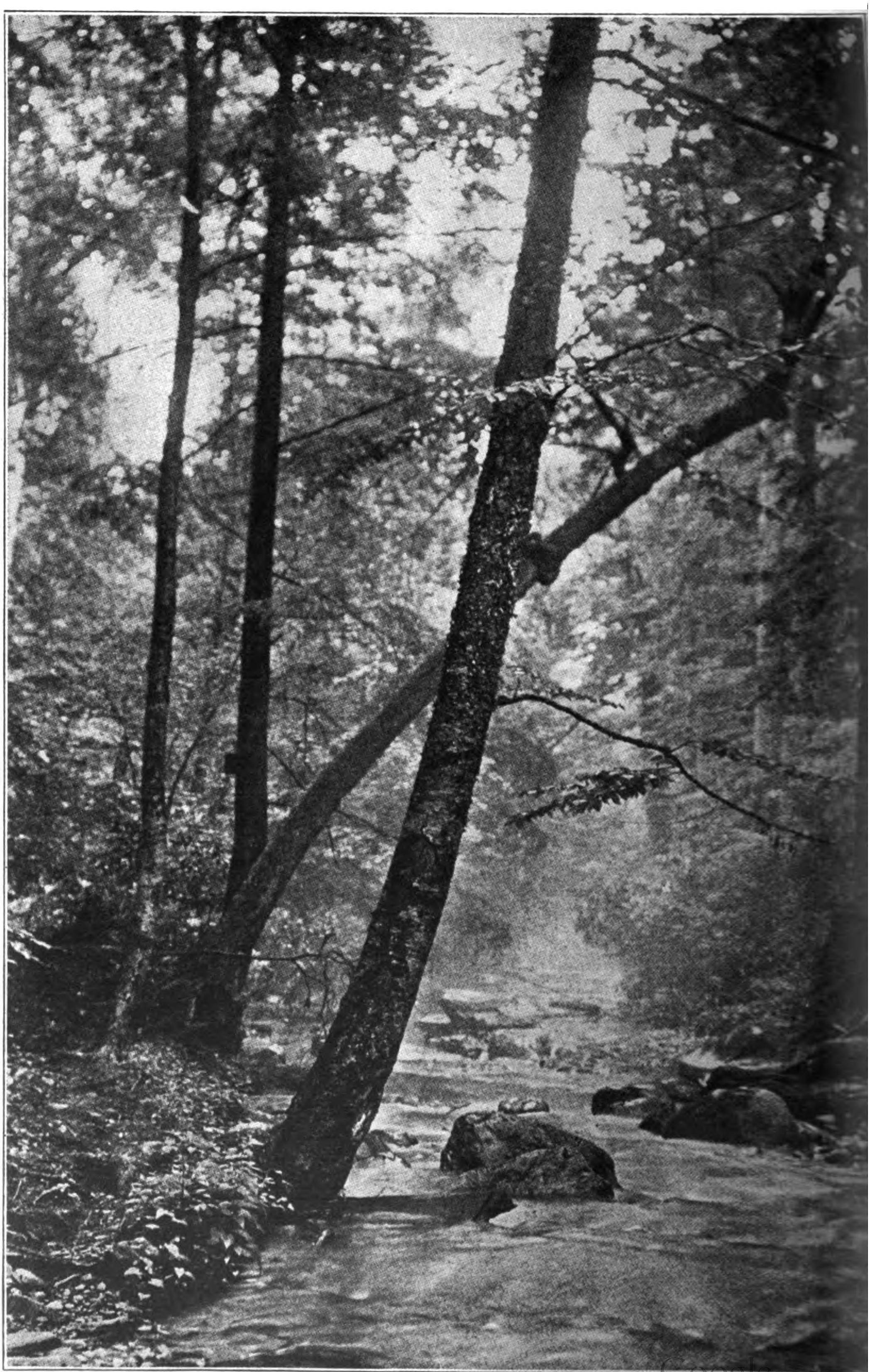


IN EARLY SPRING

EARLY SPRING.

Once more the Heavenly Power,
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles, too.

Opens a door in Heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods,

The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

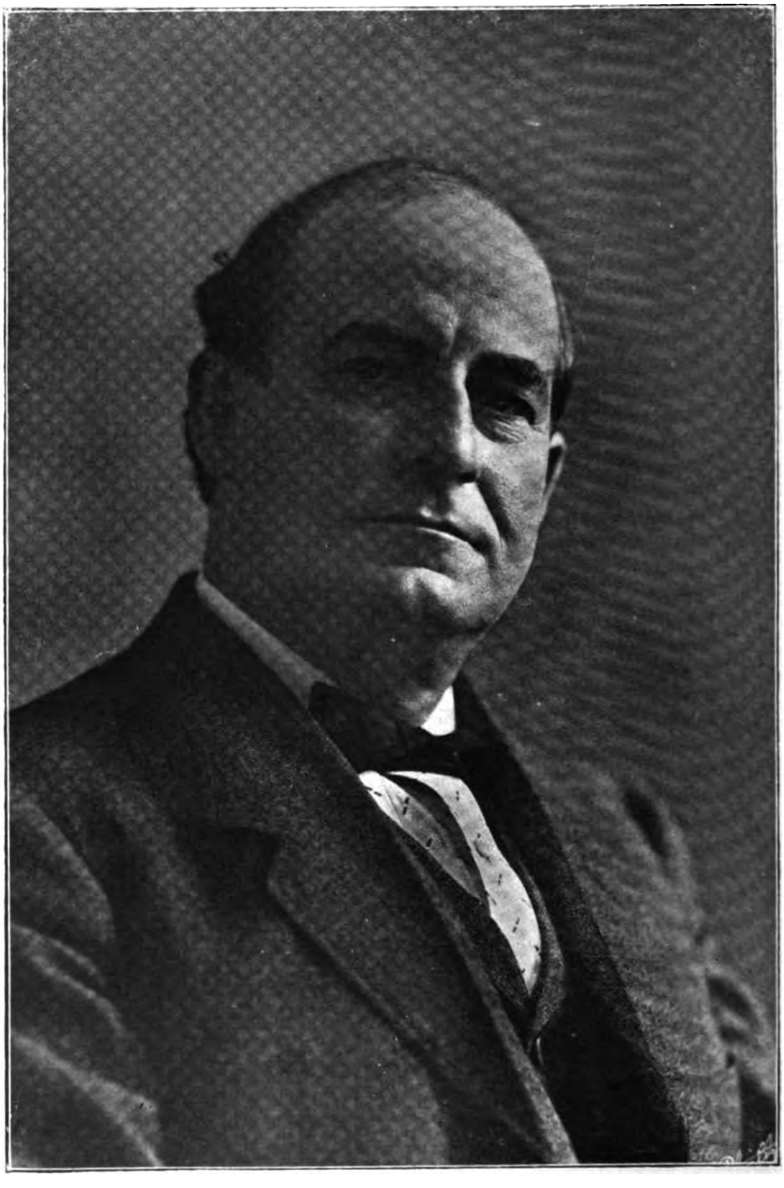
O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

Past, Future, glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell!

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

—*Tennyson.*



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME I APRIL, 1907 NUMBER ~~8~~ 8

BRYAN IN IOWA

By Malcolm MacKinnon

STUDENTS of human nature, as it manifests itself in American political activity, would have found material for reflection if they had attended the joint debate between Governor Cummins and Hon. George D. Perkins, the railroad candidate for head of the Republican state ticket, at the town of Spirit Lake, one afternoon last Spring.

The Governor was in excellent condition physically, and in good voice, and he appeared to enter upon the verbal duel with a certain degree of eagerness, as became one long trained and often successful in forensic combat. He had dictated his opening argument to a stenographer in the drawing room of a Pullman car while en route to that part of the state, the day before, and had tried himself out along its line of thought in an address at Estherville the night previous. His manner of delivery indicated that he believed himself to be giving utterance to views that he held in common with nearly all of the people to whom he was talking. He was never more eloquent than he was at Estherville, and he was not less effective the next day at Spirit Lake, under totally different circumstances.

But it was in the case of the Governor's antagonist that the most interesting material for study was to be found. What the Sioux City man said was wholly beside the matter at issue in the Republican party of the state. His address fell upon his auditors as a mere collection of unrelated assertions having little or nothing to do with the political situation in the state or any other situation except one that existed in the imagination of Mr. Perkins himself.

The same inability to understand, or unwillingness to admit the facts of the situation remained with him later. He believed only what he wanted to believe. Thus it came about that, while he was at no time more than a figurehead in the railroad campaign, he estimated his support as personally loyal to him. When Blythe was seeking someone else who could effect a winning campaign, and had long abandoned the thought of using the Perkins following as anything else than trading material, the Sioux City man still believed that no person could alienate those delegations that were counted as being in favor of his candidacy. Up to the very last moment, the night before the nominations were made in the state convention, he clung to this view of matters, and when a brick wall fell on him in the form of Blythe's declination to force the fighting any further in his behalf, Mr. Perkins was very angry, and there was a scene, and strong words of indignation and reproach.

Perkins was a type of a class of men who opposed the renomination, and he is a type of a considerable part of the membership of both the political parties, in the state and in the nation. The existence of this class of men is, moreover, one of the great facts of the situation. They steadfastly refuse to believe what they do not want to believe, no matter how patent the opposite view may be to the mind that is open to conviction.

When it is considered that the economic conditions of civilized countries are more widely different now, from what they were forty years ago; than

Google

they were forty years ago, from what they were two thousand years before, and when it is considered that it is out of the marvellously rapid change in economic conditions that the social and political problems of the present have arisen, it is clearly seen how important it is to take into consideration, in all calculations, the existence of the hidebound and unseeing set of men which George D. Perkins so admirably represented in the recent preliminary campaign.

Then, too, it is true that men of this sort must in the very nature of things be forceful personalities, or they would not be able to prevent themselves from being influenced by the currents of more accurate thought that flow everywhere around them. Meaning well, in many cases, they are the more dangerous on that account. While, to a degree exercising a conservative influence, their effect, in general, is extremely harmful, by reason of the speedy development of crises in which their part can only be that of stumbling blocks in the way of those who have a better appreciation of the situations and are trying to deal with them.

During a decade of division and uncertainty over the course the party should pursue, the Iowa Democracy has been the political football of this sort of men, and has, on numerous occasions, lent itself to the carrying out of the plans of Blythe and the other manipulators. There has always been a strong sentiment against that kind of thing, however, and the protests were at all times, it is believed, the sentiment of the majority. The enormity of Republican manipulation, and its disastrous effects on the public service, must have been appreciated very keenly by the bulk of the Democracy, who were viewing developments in the opposition ranks in a critical, not to say hostile, spirit. But, while the Democrats could see and point out the shortcomings of the Republicans, for whom they professed contempt because of their subserviency to the railroads, the professed followers of Jefferson in Iowa, could not determine upon any course to pursue themselves and, not possessing any fixed purpose, remained a passive force in the affairs of the state, looking forward hopefully to the time when there should be a clearly outlined policy that should meet with the views of its membership and a resultant revival of interest and enthusiasm. Until such a time, they were under the necessity of merely assisting their fellows to an office here and there, and maintaining an attitude of indifference toward most of the things that were going on in the political world around them, so far as state affairs were concerned.

This was the situation when Governor Cummins had been renominated and the railroads let it be known that they would assist the Democrats in every way to defeat him at the polls. Though the mass of the Democrats were for the Governor as against the railroads, they, nevertheless, allowed the corporation crowd to retain the central committee and conduct the campaign. The Democratic party, the party whose very basic principle is opposition to special privilege, became the handmaiden of Blythe in his last ditch effort to stop the progress of the popular movement in the Republican party. The Democratic state central committee endeavored to line up all elements against the Governor and, with the help of the manipulators who promised to deliver the stand-patters to a man, they had hope of defeating the head of the Republican ticket. All was done that could be done; both the political prohibitionists and the brewing interests were labored with in the effort to get them to vote for Porter; and, when election day came, the railroad bosses turned the standpat vote almost in its entirety to the Democratic candidate for governor.

One thing the Democratic management especially hoped to do, and that was to keep W. J. Bryan out of the fight; and Mr. Bryan, aware of the unholy alliance his party had made in Iowa, was just as anxious to stay out, and early in the fall let it be known that he would not be able to speak in the state. But, as the contest warmed up, anxiety to injure the standing of Cummins with the masses of the people overcame the caution of the Democratic management, and an oportunity was sought to have the Nebraskan speak briefly in some out of the way place in the state, with the idea of having the railway press bureau, operated in connection with the Democratic state headquarters, report his statements in a garbled form, to give readers the impression that Bryan had criticized the Governor very severely and had gone so far as to question his sincerity.

It chanced that Mr. Bryan, in passing from one state to another, would cross a corner of Iowa, and it was arranged that he should speak for a few minutes from a rear platform of the train at a flag station, the name of which had not theretofore been known to many of the people of the commonwealth. Mr. Bryan spoke, the railway press bureau became exceedingly busy, and what purported to be a verbatim account of what the great Commoner said, was soon in most Hawkeye households. The trick had worked and Mr. Bryan was not in a position, for party reasons, to make a public denunciation of the perpetrators of the deception.

But he did another thing the managers of Porter's campaign also did not believe he would do. Advised of what had occurred, and understanding the position in which he had been placed with the Iowa public by his supposed strictures of Cummins, Bryan announced, a short time afterward, that he was coming to the state to make an extended address on the issues of the campaign, and that he would deliver the address in the city of Des Moines. There was nothing for the Democratic managers to do but to arrange for the hall, and to pretend that the coming of the great leader was a result of earnest solicitation on their part. There was fear in the state headquarters, however, and every agency was employed to keep the visitor from coming into contact with those of his personal friends who by letter had told him of the way in which he had been used for the ends of the railroad manipulators. Members of the central committee and representatives of the press bureau were sent to meet Mr. Bryan and he was not allowed to get out of sight and hearing until he was again safely beyond the boundaries of the state. At the meeting in the Auditorium, the Commoner spoke words of praise for Governor Cummins and coupled them with the declaration that, if it were true, as had been reported, that railroad-owned politicians were managing the Democratic campaign and railroad money supporting it, those men should resign their places on the state committee and the money should be returned at once.

Apparently with the idea, that he had not placed himself sufficiently on record to overcome the impression made by the garbled account of his rear platform address, Mr. Bryan has again returned to Iowa this spring, speaking to the members of the legislature, complimenting Governor Cummins in high terms, and lining up, as far as he could, the Democratic members of both houses in support of the state-wide primary law and other measures favored alike by the governor and by the Nebraskan. At such pains was the latter, not only to keep his record clear in these matters, but also, to have all men know that he had kept it clear.

The defeat of the notorious alliance which had for its purpose the turning down of Governor Cummins, together with the act of the Nebraskan in taking a hand personally in getting the representatives of his party in the legislature to do right, has made it extremely probable, if not certain, that, in the next state campaign, the ticket, platform and the management of the campaign, so far as the Democrats are concerned, will be thoroughly progressive, and that on that account, the minority party will show a surprising increase of energy and enthusiasm, particularly if the standpatters should return to control of the Republican party in the state, and retain control of it in the nation. It is not probable that a Democrat named for governor could make much of a showing against Lieutenant-Governor Garst or Attorney-General Byers, either of whom is likely to be the progressive candidate for the Republican nomination next year, but the Perkinses, the Brants and others of that ilk would stand scant chance of election against a Democrat who was making an honest campaign for progressive principles in government. If a "conservative" should be named by the Republicans for President of the United States, and a standpatter for governor by the Republicans of Iowa, it would all be over, except the shouting on the Democratic side of the house.

There are other aspects of the situation that are calculated to put hope in the breast of the sincere Democrat. Not the least of these is the recent appearance of a second commanding figure in the party, a figure that promises to be overshadowing in the near future. This remarkable man is W. R. Hearst.

He spells Democracy with a small "d" and refuses to compromise with the corporation bosses even for the sake of regularity. In some parts of the country the extent and power of his influence are not understood and appreciated, but even those who live at a distance from the centers of population should get an idea of his strength from the clear cut policy he has outlined, its entire reasonableness in view of the conditions of the present and the probabilities of the future, and his steadfast adherence to a course of conduct that never leaves the public for an instant in doubt where he stands in relation to any public matter.

Hearst believes that a great battle to extermination is on between monopolies and the people, and that, to make victory certain, or even to make it possible, the people must not make the slightest concession to the forces that are opposing them, must call things always by their right names, even though those names may have a disagreeable sound, and must never give up the fight, or falter in the fighting, until the possibility of power on the part of the corporation boss has been removed.

Hearst has many thousands of adherents in Iowa, has an organization of the Independence League in the state, and has, as one of his most valued friends and counselors, the Hon. Charles A. Walsh, who resigned from the Democratic national committee last summer, as member from Iowa, in disgust at the prostitution of his party in his state to the purposes of the railroad manipulators.

There is much to be said in favor of Hearst's position, by any unbiased observer of events. Just at present the people of this country are witnessing the spectacle of railroad magnates asking President Roosevelt to certify the correctness of their past conduct, and so help them to assume new and amicable relations with the public; and this at a time when the public regards the magnates as gamblers, at the best, and thieves, at the worst.

Such developments as this and others of the recent past are, however, only superficial phenomena of a larger problem the existence of which is more generally understood now than ever before. It may not be out of place to state this problem in its essential outlines, since it is already affecting Iowa political conditions, being the basic cause of the progressive movement in the Republican party, as well as the Hearst movement in the Democratic party.

The production of surplus wealth, as a result of the invention of machinery and its application to all forms of industry during the last forty years, is such that the saved capital available for investment is increasing at a geometrical ratio, while the opportunities for investment are increasing at only an arithmetical ratio. The owners of monopolies are getting richer at such prodigious rate that to put their incomes into permanent form, they are compelled to buy up the property of others, much faster than others can acquire it, a process, which, if continued for some decades under conditions precisely as they exist today, would inevitably mean that the title to everything tangible would rest on those taking the profits of the monopolies. Take for instance the Standard Oil group, with an indefinite extension of the conditions that have obtained in the past. Profits have had to be put into property. The result is that lighting plants all over the country have been acquired; the distilleries bought up, and large interests, often the controlling interests, purchased in the railway systems. In time, with the start that this group has had over others, it would, indeed, it could not help, owning all the tangible property in this country and much in other countries. At present Standard oil money is going chiefly into lighting and traction plants, later it would be land, then it would be the wholesaling and retailing of merchandise, perhaps, and so on, without the possibility of an end until all property was owned by this group, or by some other group that might outwit it in the struggle to survive.

It is this sort of thing that is the corrolary of the policy of charging all the traffic will stand. To find opportunity for quick investment of saved capital, stock and bond issues of railroads and other utility corporations have been swelled to nominal values many times in excess of the amount it would cost to reproduce the physical properties, and then, by the process of holding the charge for service at the same level while the cost of service has declined and the volume of business has vastly expanded, the nominal value of stock is made to have a real value at its face and, oftentimes, at more than its face. So it comes about that the passenger and freight rates the public is paying to a company with property worth one hundred millions of dollars, is sufficient to be very large remuneration for an investment of four or five times that much. This forcing of the field of investment is the essence of the railroad problem as it exists today. Manipulations for quick and piratical profits are merely attendant and incidental abuses.

So the policy of expansion on the part of the United States and the other commercial nations, is for the purpose of developing foreign avenues for investment, when those opportunities shall be lacking or difficult at home. The present import tariff, which the farmers of Iowa are told, every four years, is for their protection against the poor Egyptians and the pauper peasantry of India, is really, in the estimation of the men who dictate the schedules and, indeed, back up the whole scheme, for the sole purpose of reserving the home market, so that losses incurred in opening up foreign avenues for trade and investment may be recouped by charging the home consumer whatever is required. When the large American investors no longer need this tariff protection, the continuance of the system will hamper, instead of help them, and they will strive for absolute free trade throughout the world. The same interests that now worship the protective tariff will, if present conditions obtain, some day hold as strongly to the view that trade restrictions of any sort are acts of piracy, and will endeavor to have a declaration to that effect made a part of the accepted doctrine of international law.

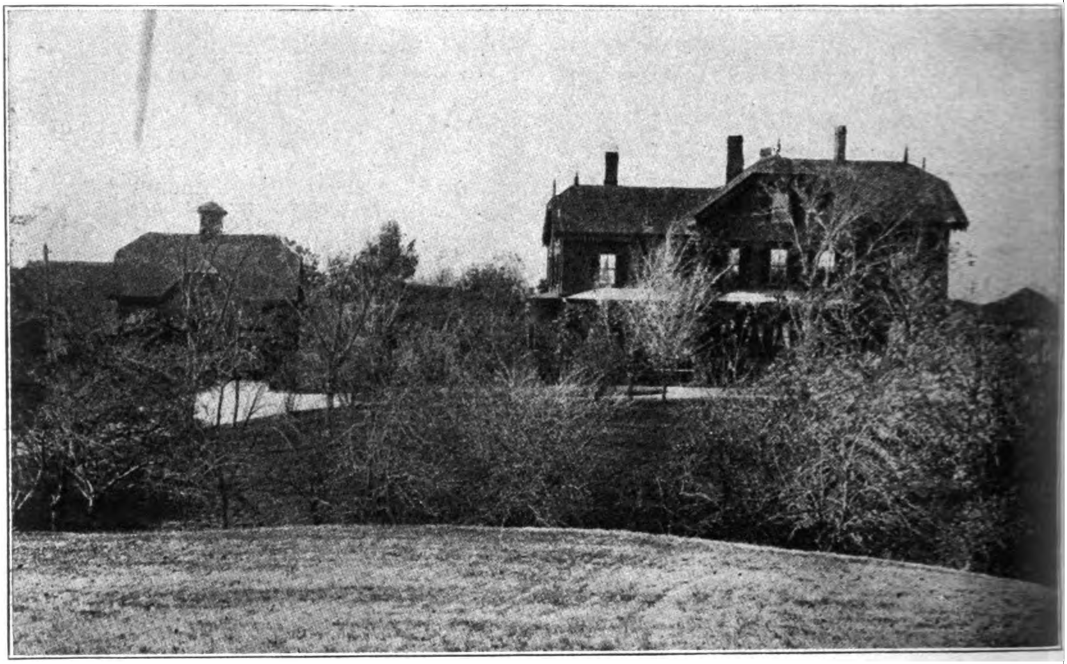
The statements just made are not matters of dispute among financial authorities, the great bankers and economists of the world. They are accepted as self-evident, and their truth is the working hypothesis upon which monopolistic business is being carried on.

The political problem, from the standpoint of the masses, is how to preserve the liberties of the people and maintain government of them, by and for them. Manifestly this problem includes that of a more equitable distribution of the products of industry and all the sincere and enlightened efforts, and proposed efforts, toward remedy are along this line. If the chaotic conditions of the present were continued for long, it is inevitable that all property would pass into the hands of the few, all occupants of land would be renters, and every other form of servitude would be in vogue and be of general application.

Already a desire for a monarchy in this country, or what will amount to a monarchy, is finding expression among those whose holdings are immense and who feel the need of a government so strongly centralized that it can act independently of popular opinion. President Roosevelt himself, doubtless with entirely other motives, has played into the hands of the monarchists by advocating the enlarging of the powers of the national government through designedly arbitrary interpretation of the constitution by the Supreme Court.

As though in alarm at the tendency in that direction, another and opposing force has come into being, in the form of a movement of the masses to protect their powers in the government. Concurrent with the effort for the setting up of a dictatorial authority, is the effort, gaining strength daily, for the giving of more immediate effect to the will of the voters, through the initiative and referendum, the primary election and other means to adapt popular institutions, established under quite different circumstances, to the altered conditions of the present and the future.

Also, there is already an earnest grappling with the question of how to prevent such incomes as will render impossible the continuance of small holdings and personal independence. Government ownership and municipal ownership are primarily advocated with such purpose in view. Those progressives who do not favor public ownership of all the greatly productive industries or monopolies, take a position in favor of such a measure of public control as to insure adequate service, and at the same time give capital only enough return on its investment to keep it invested. To this end a valuation of railroad and other public service plants is being sought, with a view to establishing a schedule of maximum profits, under a system by which, while the properties would be privately owned and operated, the public would know all expenditures and receipts and, to the very cent, the amount of profit.



The public ownership advocates declare, however, that such vigilance as would be required to insure the operation of private ownership under such a scheme, is beyond the capabilities of human nature, and that, consequently, there is no half way measure possible between the anarchy of the present and absolute public ownership and operation.

There will be a strong declaration in favor of one or the other of these plans to leave the maximum amount of value in the possession of the producer, in the next Democratic platform, and the effect of that declaration, whichever it is, will cause a new political alignment of the voters of Iowa as well as throughout the United States.

SORROWING CUPID

Poor little Cupid sadly roams,
  A tear on his dimpled cheek;
His quiver is empty, his arrows flown,
  And new ones he must seek.

His dear little feet have weary grown,
  His eyes have sought in vain;
For a fountain of love that's welling up
  To refill his quiver again.

Beneath a tree in a shady nook,
  At last a pair he spies;
Their hair is silvered with winter gems,
  But there's lovelight in their eyes.

He hovers near to the gentle pair
  And smiles as he hears them tell;
Of the fountain of love in their youthful hearts—
  And he whispers all is well.

For he catches a gleam and a murmur of love
  That has stood a life-long test
And lo, in a moment his quiver's refilled
  And his little heart's at rest.

—*Mrs. Wilson Wharton.*

The Interurban as a Des Moines Booster

H. H. Polk

COMING into Des Moines one day soon after the completion of the Colfax line, I noticed a farmer plowing his fields. When he saw the car coming he suddenly whipped up his horses and drove rapidly for the fence, to which he tied. Jumping over the fence he flagged the car and came to Des Moines. My curiosity was aroused and I asked him what the trouble was. He replied that his tobacco was at his home on the hill, about half a mile away, and as he had his mileage book in his pocket, it would be much quicker for him to come to Des Moines and buy some more tobacco than to go to his home. This aptly illustrates the great advantages of the Interurbans to the city of Des Moines, as well as to the country.

Prior to the year 1884 the street car service of this country was slow and inadequate. The majority of them were horse car lines. However, in a few of the larger cities where the traffic was sufficient to warrant it, the expensive cable systems were installed. The great goal to be obtained therefore was a cheap and practical motive power to take the place of the cable and the old mule, and this soon came in the form of electricity, and during the experimental stage following there were only a very few believers in it as a motive power, however, it became perfected, and today the electric car is to be found in every city of any size in the United States, and on the high speed interurbans the motor equipment rivals in power and speed the steam locomotives, and so has every feature of electric railway construction improved. The light 15 or 20 pound strap rail has given way to the 60, 70 and even 100 pound strap rail, and the road bed construction equals that of the best steam railroad practice.

This improvement in power and speed caused the street railways to build into the suburbs. The lines gradually branched out into interurban systems, connecting not only neighboring cities and towns, but also many that are fifty and one hundred miles apart, and coming in direct competition with steam railways, for freight and passenger traffic. The modern interurban is not a cheaply constructed affair. In view of the kind of service which is being exacted of modern interurban railways, they must have a private right of way and just as good grades and road beds and just as heavy rails as do the steam railways and in addition to this is the cost of the over-head equipment, such as poles and wires, making the cost of the high speed interurban greater per mile than the cost of the steam railroad, built on the same standards.

Today people living in the smaller cities and towns and rural districts are demanding the comforts, advantages and benefits of the larger cities. The rural delivery of mails and rural telephones have been extended in every direction, until today farm houses without these great conveniences are indeed few. And now to make the farm life complete, the electric railway must be built.

Those people living in the towns or rural districts adjacent to the electric railway are indeed fortunate, for it is that which gives to them the life of the large cities.

The hourly service of the electric railway develops social and business intercourse. Statistics show that five persons travel over the electric railway where one travels over the steam railways. The reason for this is obvious. Its cleanliness, frequent service and convenience.

It gives to the town and country the advantages of schools, colleges, churches, lectures and theaters of the larger cities. It also makes it possible for them to obtain the newspapers early each day, and so keep abreast of the times.

Wherever interurbans have been built, real estate has increased in value, selling for from one to six times the previous price asked.

Interurbans give to the district served, rapid, frequent and reliable service, enabling the people to travel, receive and ship freight, mail and express at almost any hour of the day. Thus the farm takes on a new aspect and becomes capable of being used in many ways now impossible. To the farm not adjacent to the interurban it is not profitable to raise poultry, fruit and dairy products for the market. These farm products can be marketed at any time of the year, regardless of the condition of roads, by using the interurban.

Interurban roads are after business and are therefore willing to put in stock yards and loading chutes wherever it is shown that they will be used, thus encouraging the farmer to ship his products to the nearest large city, and to receive his supplies from that same city in the same manner.

The development of interurbans in Iowa has been slow as compared with older states, such as Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, but there is a very good reason for this. The population of Iowa is very much less than that of the states just named, and the distances greater between its cities and towns which are also much smaller in comparison. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan and other eastern states, there is hardly a town of any note without its interurban. In the state of Iowa for example, our best territory can only show a rural population of a little over two hundred to the mile, while the states just named can boast of from five hundred to one thousand to the mile. So you can see that these investments must be very cautiously made. They should therefore be encouraged rather than driven out.

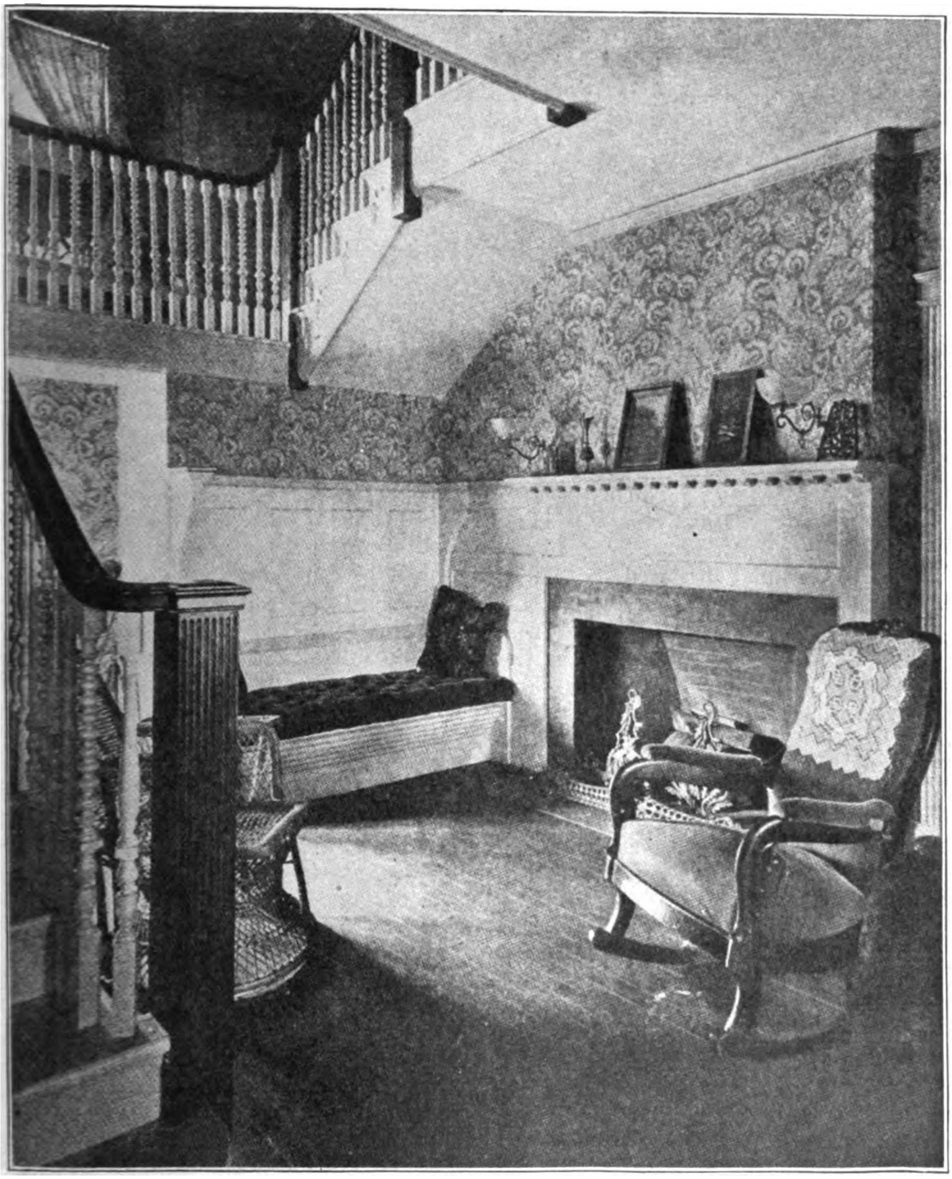
The principal electric railways in Iowa are the Cedar Rapids & Iowa City Railway, with 29 miles; the Mason City & Clear Lake, with 17 miles; the Waterloo,. Cedar Falls & Northern Railway, with 40 miles; the Tama & Toledo, with 3 miles, the Iowa & Illinois Railway, with 36 miles; the Interurban Railway of Des Moines, with 75 miles, and the Fort Dodge & Southern, with 80 miles, which will be completed this summer, making a total of only 280 miles. If you will compare the Federal census of 1900 with the state census of 1905, you will see that the population of Iowa has decreased 21,803, the rural districts showing a decrease in population of over 100,000. The difference is the gain in urban population. You will also see that on careful comparison practically every township in the state showed a decrease in population with the exception of those townships served by the interurbans, which showed an increase. I only mention this fact to show the great importance these roads are to Iowa and to Des Moines. The fact that the population of townships served by interurbans has increased show that the farms are being cut up, which means that these lines in time will be the centers of the population of the state.

Within a radius of fifty miles of Des Moines there are over 700,000 people tributary to us and they are only waiting for the opportunity to avail themselves of our splendid advantages. At present only a few of these people can come to Des Moines to trade, owing to the very inadequate train service of the steam railroads. Give them frequent and rapid service, cheap fares, and convenient flag stops and you will see a difference in our streets, for under these conditions it will be an easy matter for them to reach Des Moines.

Des Moines is the center of the richest agricultural state in the Union; but does she profit by this? No. The raw materials which she should have delivered *here* are taken away to Chicago, Kansas City, Peoria, St. Louis, and Omaha, because the steam railroads want the long haul. Des Moines should be to Iowa what these cities are to the middle west. This will be impossible until we have more short hauls running into Des Moines, draining the territory in which the raw material is produced. These are the lines which must save the day for Des Moines. It is not only the packing houses, manufacturers and jobbers who are benefited, but the retailers, schools, colleges, churches and theaters are also greatly benefited by this convenient means of travel and communication. Our large banking institutions would soon be brought into close touch with the banks of smaller cities and towns. I believe all of the merchants of this city will say that they have already been very much benefited by the seventy-five miles of interurban lines now in operation.

We are bringing into Des Moines daily an average of 1,000 shoppers, who spend, it is estimated, an average of $7.50 per capita.

Now is it good policy for the city of Des Moines or any other city to hinder interurban development? Is it good pol-



A BEAUTIFUL HALL

icy for the city to make it hard for a man to spend his money here? We do not place additional tracks in the streets but use those of the Street Railway Company, and still it is the policy of the people, who I believe are in the minority, to put a tax on the trade we are bringing into Des Moines.

On every round trip passenger we bring to Des Moines from Colfax we make a small profit on 75c, while Des Moines makes a profit on $7.50. Is it fair then to place restrictions upon us for bringing this man into Des Moines?

If Des Moines is to become a city like Indianapolis, Detroit, and other such cities, no one factor will do as much towards it as interurbans. Our companies stand ready to extend a welcome to any interurbans that may wish to use our terminals. In fact, we have already closed terminal contracts with the Fort Dodge road and Mr. Parks' Creston line.

It is to be regretted that the present franchise controversy, which became acute in September, 1905, has since then prevented any new roads being built. It is obvious that until this is disposed of, and things are on a staple basis again no money can be raised for the building of more interurbans, and so from the standpoint of both the interurbans and the public, it is desirable that the situation be worked out to a conclusion as rapidly as possible.

* * *

Cities are things of convenience. They are built to serve a purpose and the purpose changes with the age and conditions. Men built the walled cities of five centuries ago because there was no other way of securing liberty for the individual. The American pioneers grouped their families together for protection from the Indians. With the passage of time the early villages in this country became the religious and commercial centers, but the growth of cities has always been a case of the survival of the fittest. Competition among them is governed by the same general laws that control competition between individuals. The human element is always the determining one. "God made the country but man made the city." The extreme illustration of this adage is offered in the building of the steel trust city, Gary.

A writer for the New York Tribune in 1856, with prophetic vision, stated that "Des Moines is destined to be one of the largest, if not the largest, inland cities of the state." At that time the population was eleven hundred, which probably included the soldiers and Indians. Des Moines began to "do things" in '57, when the capital was brought here. The man who seeks to explain the growth of Des Moines as the natural result of position, or climate, or some other element outside of human control, must at least confess that the boundaries of Iowa were fixed by man in such a way as to leave Des Moines about in the center. It is not meant to infer that Des Moines was the determining factor in deciding upon the boundaries of the state, but it was those man-made boundaries which gave Des Moines its first decided advantage over other pioneer villages.

Practically all the cities of the Middle West have passed through four evolutionary stages: a means of self-protection; a retail point to supply the immediate territory; a jobbing center to distribute goods in quantities over a larger section; and lastly a manufacturing location. The first three steps are naturally correlated. It is easy to start a little retail trade within a stockade, and it is equally simple to gradually grow into a wholesale trade from the retail start, if the surrounding country demands expansion. The real test of the spirit of a city comes when the times demand that the fourth step be taken. To go beyond a jobbing business and engage in manufacturing, requires a complete change of business methods and a new organization. It is a radical departure from the business habits born of retail or wholesale merchandising.

The men who guided the destinies of Des Moines made the best of its early opportunities. In pioneer days it supplied sugar and coffee to the settlers. It grew with years and became a great retail market. The next step was taken successfully, and it became the natural distributing point for the richest section of the Union. In the last few years the bolder men have entered the manufacturing field, *and are succeeding*. The Agar Packing Company, the Cownie Glove Company, the Des Moines Bridge & Iron Works, the Kratzer Carriage Company, the Des Moines Clay Manufacturing Company, the Flint Brick & Coal Company, the Des Moines Casket Company, the Sheuerman Brothers'

Woolen Mills and a dozen others are such pronounced successes that the practicability of manufacture in Des Moines is fully demonstrated, if such demonstration was necessary.

Within the past few weeks three large enterprises have decided upon Des Moines as their future location, as a result of the movement by the Greater Des Moines Committee, for a "Greater Des Moines." This incident in the city's growth again emphasizes the truth that Des Moines will be just what its people make it. The Committee can advise—can point the way—can demonstrate the practical success of the factory system here, but it cannot compel popular support.

The commercial future of Des Moines lies in the extension and multiplication of its factories. All honor to the men who have demonstrated the possibility of profitable manufacture here! But it must not be left to a few men to build this city. Des Moines shares with Iowa in having few millionaires and no paupers. The aggregate wealth of the state is probably more evenly distributed in Iowa than in any other equal portion of the world. The farm produce yearly is more valuable when measured in dollars than the total output of the gold mines of the globe. The distribution of this huge sum among many hands has made Iowa a creditor state, and has produced a host of small investors. It is impossible to ascertain the amount of money that has left Iowa during the past generation for investment elsewhere, but a careful estimate compels the acceptance of stupendous figures. Practically all of this has been used in land purchases or real estate loans. It is said upon good authority that the citizens of Iowa have bought land, and the mortgages controlling land to a total acreage equal to twice Iowa itself.

This means that Iowa capital has improved two other states, instead of building up Iowa, and it has been the money of small investors which has gone forth. The larger capitalists have had faith in the future of their own cities and invested at home.

Des Moines is in direct competition with other cities of her class, but she has nothing to fear from such competition, if the popular support of her own small investor is always with her. There is no other point so well situated as a present and future market. It is little known, even among Des Moines people, that the state of Iowa is noted as the best customer for high-grade goods in the West. More money per capita is made and expended in the territory tributary to Des Moines than in any other equal geographical division. This is more significant than the beds of coal which underlie the city, or the extensive clay deposits which are scattered about in every direction.

The value of a great home market, to a manufacturer, is steadily becoming greater and greater. It is the jealousy of commerce that is keeping nations armed to the teeth. "For the protection of our markets" will be the slogan in our next war. Yet here around Des Moines exists a market which consumes three hundred millions of dollars' worth of manufactured goods each year, while not more than ten per cent of that amount is "home made." Men are learning that it is economy to ship raw material to the market, convert it into manufactured products there and sell, instead of locating at the source of the raw material and ship the product great distances to find a market.

It will be part of the work of building a Greater Des Moines to let the world know that Des Moines is in the center of the greatest market on earth. It is the magnet that attracts factories, and the condition which guarantees their permanent success.

MRS. CLINTON R. CARPENTER

From the Author of "The Lion and the Mouse"

From Charles Klein's "Defense of Christian Science": The world believes too much in the power of evil and not enough in the power of good. It believes in the power of money, in physical force, in self-will, in self-love, in the survival of the strongest, and the consequent destruction of the weak. It believes in the power of hate, of cunning, of subtlety, and in the futility of love as a force or energy. As a consequence, evil predominates. Christian Science teaches the power of good, and good only, the power of mind, and mind only. It does not ignore disease, but teaches us to lessen the power of disease, and not to be afraid of it. It teaches us the health-restoring quality of sound thought, the antitoxic quality of love and truth, the dynamic energy of pure, hopeful thought unadulterated by fear of the poisonous germs of sin, disease, and death. Christian Science gives us hope, and it gives us health. How, then, can he who has never been to Christian Science for hope or for health, judge of its power in this or any other direction?

WHAT POETS WRITE

How strange it seems that poets
With all their zeal and zest,
Write of things too beautiful
To give this dull world rest.

They write such beautiful rhymes
Of flow'rs that never grow,
Skies so bright in starry light
That only poets know.

They will write of days so long—
Days filled with pain and woe,
Aching hearts and aching brows,
Cares ne'er to lighter grow.

They will write of sweethearts kind,
Of soldiers brave and true,
Hearts so false, then words so pure,
And diamonds formed of dew.

If I knew what poets do,
I would write a rhyme,
I would write of flowers, too,
A-blooming all the time.

I would sing the sweetest lay
Of hearts made very glad
By a smile right in its place
Just sent to cheer the sad.

I would shout in sweetest voice,
Kind words and of good cheer,
Deeds of kindness, deeds of love,
For mourning ones off here.

I would write of living love
The false should be the true,
You'd not find a painful heart
If poets felt just what I do.

—*Jessie M. Abel.*

Copyrighted June, 1900.

MY DREAM

Last night as I was sleeping,
I dreamed of a beautiful star,
That high up in the heavens
Was twinkling there so far
Among a host of others,
But none so clear and fair
In radiance and lustre,
To this one could compare.

That star kept flying nearer
To me from up so high,
And changed into her likeness
With the twinkle in her eye—
Into the face and form of my sweetheart
The one that I adore
Above all other maidens
Now and forever more.

As I watched that star changing
And tried to draw more nigh,
The smile on the face it faded,
Tears gathered in the eye.

The lips were slowly parting
And words they seemed to frame,
And as I strove to listen
I plainly heard my name.

I heard them say "Forget me,
And think of me no more,
For even though I love you
And you do me adore,
It can only be friendship
'Twixt you and me, my dear."
While I was wishing ever
That it should have been more near.

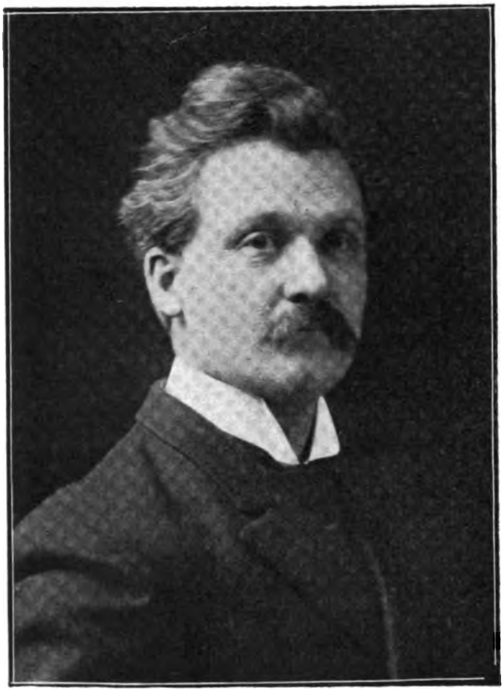
With that she turned to leave me;
I tried to hold her nigh
And keep her there forever;
She only gave a sigh.
I saw her disappearing,
Awoke then with a scream.
The picture it had faded;
I'm glad 'twas but a dream.

—*Paul Kann.*

Little Journeys to Homes of Iowa Authors

No. 8. LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

Frank G. Moorhead



LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY once gave expression to this "wholly unscholastic opinion:"

"Plain hoss-sense in poetry-writin'
Would jes knock sentiment a-kitin'!
Mostly poets is all star-gazin'
And moanin' and groanin' and paraphrasin'!"

Lewis Worthington Smith is working about eighteen hours each day of the year trying to knock a little "hoss-sense" into present-day American poetry. He is leaving the "moanin' and groanin' and paraphrasin'" to those makers of verse who feel called upon

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow."

He is not alone in this self-imposed task, although there is but a corporal's guard in comparison with the legions of lily-painters. On the one side stand Rudyard Kipling, Edwin Markham, Florence Wilkinson and a very few ers. On the other are sweet-voiced verse-makers in monotonous thousands. The minority is not discouraged, for it remembers its Ibsen,—that "the strongest person in the world is the one who stands most alone." It is puissant; it seeks to convert the world by brute time. He has no will to pierce beyond force, not by honied insinuations and flattery Part of the world,—the magazine editors,—are already converted.

In Mr. Smith's opinion the wonder and the wonder-creator of our present world is the machine. The age of stone and the age of bronze and other ages have passed. This is the age of the machine. From the days of savagery, man's whole moral, spiritual and intellectual development has been conditioned by the material world. His problem has been first that of the conquest of nature. It is the machine that has freed him in a measure from that limitation. It is the machine that has turned his pair of hands into a hundred and so given him leisure. It is the machine that has opened a thousand new avenues of activity and endeavor, of aspiration and happiness to him. The machine, of course, is nothing in itself. It is greasy, dirty, a thing of the earth that must go back to earth and become nothing once more. Poetry turns away from these externals at the first glance and is tempted to conclude that the machine is not a subject for the artist. The poetaster, the mere maker of verse, the sentimentalist does not look back a second externals and find ultimate realities and ultimate worth. His business is with superficialities, and the machine, together with the whole life of the machine

MRS. WARREN GARST
Who has been a leader in the social life of Des Moines for several seasons.

age, offers no superficialities for the employment of his muse. He, therefore, goes back to his old occupation of painting the lily, that needs no painting, of revealing other beauty and good already revealed, of doing other idle and useless things better left undone.

Mr. Smith was sitting in his comfortable study, not far from the University campus on which he is a familiar figure, when he gave utterance to this dictum that will cause thrills of horror to pass through the anemic frames of the old-school poets, the lily-painters:

"The poet who lives in the machine age should interpret the good, the worth, the beauty, the significance of that age. The age of iron, the age of chivalric love, the age of world discovery, the age of Renaissance, the age of revolution, the age of democracy, the various ages of sentimentalism have all had their interpreters and passed. The thing that has been well done once is not in need of being done again. It can not be as well done by a later poet who is not in the atmosphere of that life that in the first place made it possible. It will be forever a hopeless ambition for later writers to hope to rival the peculiar delicacy and refinement of sentiment of the cavalier poets. The effort when it is made must always appear an imitation, it must strike the ear as a false note, because we are not now and never can again be in that mood and sentiment. It is so with every other echoing of the spirit of dead ages. It is dead before it has had any reality of life. Further, it must be so through the very limitation of the poet's vision implied by such echoing. The present and the future are larger than the past and nobler. The artist who does not see that is fundamentally incompetent to open the eyes of others. That is above all things the poet's function and if his capabilities do not rise to that he is immediately shown to be a verse-maker, perhaps, man of feeling, antiquarian, sentimentalist, scholar,—but not poet."

So much for ideas and ideals; just a little as to personality and achievements.

It is not too much to state that Mr. Smith is not only the leading poet of the state today but that he is rapidly taking high rank among those devoted poets who are going to leave a permanent impress on American literature. "Devoted," because the task is both thankless and unprofitable. People do not read poetry nowadays, editors do not pay for it. Why try earnestly and honestly to produce good poetry when the public wants mediocre short stories and meritless farces? Who knows, for instance, that this man who may justly be called the most promising poet in the West today, contributed "The Prairie," to The Critic, "True American Culture" to The Reader, "The Case with Poetry" to Putnam's, "The Fire Dancer" to Appleton's, and so on? But who does not know that George Cohan wrote "Little Johnnie Jones" and that the quatrains in The Smart Set are "just the dearest poetry that ever was?" Poets like Lewis Worthington Smith will have to accept drafts on posterity.

Mr. Smith is still a young man, but a few months passed forty. He has published two standard text-books, a lecture classic, some hundred or more poems in the best magazines of the country and a little volume of poetry, "In the Furrow," that should be in every Iowa home. He is a critic as well as a poet; his book reviews in The Dial prove him doubly gifted; his critical articles in Putnam's, The Reader, The Critic, The Suwanee Review and other periodicals show that did he choose to forsake poetry entirely literature would still know his name. But it is as a poet that he must stand or fall, a poet of the new school. He is an ardent lover of nature. One has but to read the lines,

"Not the breath of any fragrance can
be sweeter to my fancy
Than the smell of earth the plowshare
turns against the sun of May."

or

"My soul is out on the prairie where
the eye may sweep afar
From gold of the burnished heaven to
the silver evening star."

to realize this. He is not always writing of mechanics; sometimes of Marjorie in April, of a girl reading Chaucer, of a violin, of gypsies on the flowing road, of a graceful dancer,—but never of the "red, red rose," or the "kiss" that inevitably rhymes with "bliss" and "miss"

"The leap of the rods of polished steel
is the brain of man on fire;
The surge and sigh of the prisoned
steam is the throbbing of desire."

Woman's beauty is not the only thing that sets the brain awhirl; a kiss not the only desire.

I KILLED A ROBIN

I killed a robin. The little thing
With scarlet breast on a glossy wing,
That comes in the apple-tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there;
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry—
Then on the ground I saw him lie;
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more on the apple-tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Thrilling his song in gay delight.

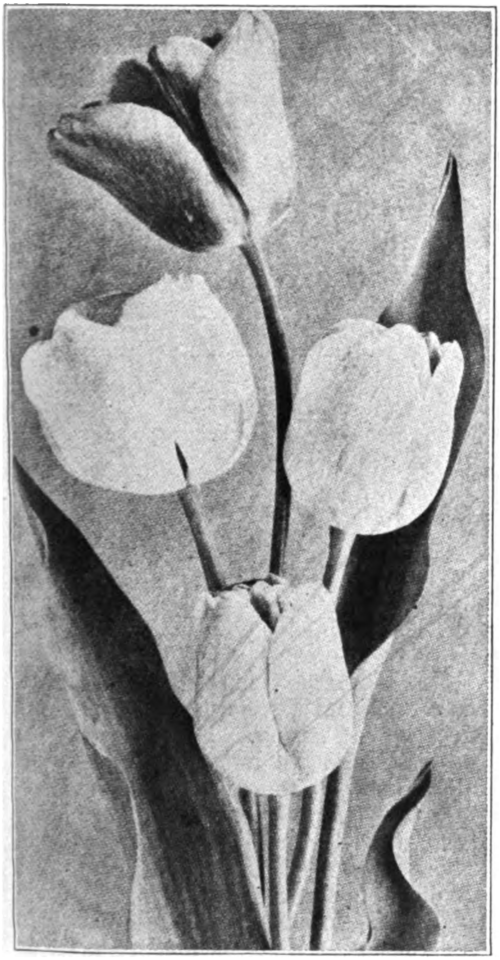
And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never I can repay
The little life that I took away.

—SIDNEY DAYRE, IN *Youth's Companion.*

THE ICONOCLAST

Paul Jones

Toast, Hyperion Banquet, February, 1906



THE iconoclast is a breaker of idols. A destroyer of useless customs and precedent. The enemy of sham and deceit. He holds nothing in common with the anarchist, or the nihilist, for his is not the ravages of fire, nor the pursuit of plunder. He gives better than he takes.

He attacks a seemingly sacred idol, and strips from it the dead and useless teachings of its past, that he may clothe it anew in the highest ideal of the present moment.

It was the spirit of the iconoclast that made possible the Magna Charta, which buried in one grave the chains and shackles of the vassal with the robe and sceptre of the liege, and over that grave blooms the flower of liberty for the English common people forever.

It was the spirit of the iconoclast which created the Renaissance and raised the sodden eyes of the Old World to the roseate dawn of the new thought.

It was the spirit of the iconoclast which struck a blow at the malfeasance of Church and State, and destroyed the sacred fallacy of the divine right of unscrupulous kings.

It was the spirit of the iconoclast which led a God-fearing people, dissatisfied with existing conditions, and time-honored customs, to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the Supreme Being, and to brave the merciless caprices of a pathless ocean that they might plant anew the precious flower of liberty in the unknown land of the setting sun.

It was this spirit which led the sons of freedom to take up arms in deadly civil strife, and caused the sacrifice of millions of America's noblest manhood that this same flower of liberty might bloom unblemished and shed its sweet perfume for you and me, and for your sons and for my sons forever.

What then is the characteristic of this spirit, so seemingly devoid of reverence, and so destitute of respect? Has it no sentiment? Would it ruthlessly destroy the most sacred traditions of our fathers without compunction? Yes, for to the iconoclast, custom is but the shackle which retards the evolution of self and hampers the growth of communities. Custom is to a nation what the hoop is to a cask, and the iconoclast doth but break these bands that he may build a barrel or construct a hogshead.

With all due respect to a great patriot, and with full appreciation of the debt and reverence which we owe to the Father of our Country, the iconoclast would gladly tear down that most magnificent monument to his name, and in its place, and from those same gran-

FRANCIS HOWELL
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ford Howell

ite blocks, build an altar to Minerva, or erect an hospital for the care of his subjects, and for the protection of his children.

Who represents this spirit today, and who is the modern iconoclast? For the answer, you have but to look into each other's faces. It is the young man, strong and mighty, in his youth and in the experience of his fathers.

Yesterday legislation and reform, business and enterprise, were promoted solely by hoary heads, and withering hands, and a man was hardly considered capable of great responsibility before the age of 50. Today his active life begins at 30.

Our youth has usurped power and responsibility from his father, completely changing, and even destroying, methods and customs dear to his time; and has established new systems more elastic, more speedy, and in keeping with the feverish pace at which we move. It is not now considered a fault that a young man has faith in his ability, and the world of enterprise will help him to prove it, for on every hand he is demonstrating the truth of his opinions, and the utility of his cause.

Our fathers struggled and bled to maintain and preserve the rights and liberties we enjoy. Fortunate in this possession are we, but not secure, for out of the very systems which we are creating have grown giants more formidable than Goliath, and idols more indestructible than have yet claimed the attention of the iconoclast.

I need but mention: Federal trust control, and the rights of States, the estrangement of capital and labor, the fight against graft, the demand for more just and equitable business methods, both public and private, that most momentous and troublesome question of temperance, and there is one question, though not now seriously considered outside of the home and the church, the realization of which will one day be declared necessary to public policy, personal purity.

Let the members of this club begin the crusade of the iconoclast in Des Moines tonight.

In our city are many institutions, both private and political which may be given due credit for the good they have wrought in the past, but which should

AUGUST BILZ, JR.
Son of Mr. and Mrs. August Bilz

now be discarded or condemned as valueless or unfit for the needs of a rapidly growing commonwealth.

Our time-honored City Charter might profitably be changed to avoid partisan methods, to do away with bossism and the possibility of a spoil system, to encourage good men in preparing for appointive offices under a strict civil service or merit system. This would eliminate useless expenditures and institute methods more business-like, more elastic and more direct, in the conduct of our municipal affairs. These, however, can only be brought about by painstaking and concerted effort, but there are other matters of vital importance which individuals may accomplish.

There seems to be a well-established fallacy concerning our Capital City, to the effect that Des Moines is dead, no sport, no vim, no enterprise. For years we have allowed to go unchallenged the idea that our fair city is but a congregation of misguided rustics, whose council is eternally pervaded with the perfume of new-mown hay, and whose legislators carry the familiar odor of the stable. Who, within this circle, has not often overheard the expression, "Des Moines is an overgrown country town," and who of you has not, either by your silence or by your utterance, helped to lend color to this fallacy? Should such a statement ever come to your knowledge, let the spirit of the iconoclast rise within you to shatter a false impression, and to eradicate an erroneous slogan.

If you meet such a one, lead him to the gilded dome of our most beautiful state building, and from such a vantage show him a great and mighty commonwealth stretching from far and wide on every side, with palatial homes and comfort-

PHYLLIS CLEMENS
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Clemens

able cots, and peopled with honest, thrifty men, who own the homes they dwell in. Mark how the smoke of busy factories bears evidence of our prosperity, and with what frequency the spire and cross testifies to our religion. Turn him but once that his eyes may behold our many temples to Minerva, and tell him that Des Moines can boast of as great a number of as large and better equipped school-houses, with as many children in actual attendance, as he could find in the World's Fair City, St. Louis. Ask of any schoolboy what fertile land produces the highest type of manhood, and the most renowned American statesmen, and he will tell you that your feet are grounded on its soil.

For a list of our bank depositors, give him the city directory, and he will understand you when you say that while we are the fifty-eighth city in point of population, we are the forty-second in bank clearances. Ask of Uncle Sam what other country town in this great domain, with twice the population, furnishes an equal postal revenue. Show him our Hall of History, and our most magnificent free libraries. If he be a tourist, take him through our many comfortable, cleanly, and well-appointed hotels. Then ask him where else in this great land of enterprise can he find a city so conservative, so safe in business, so æsthetic in temperament, and, for its size, so enterprising.

If all these do not appeal, and he shall find no pleasure in such pursuits, send him to Milwaukee for his brew, to El Paso for his gaming, to St. Louis for his boodle, and to Omaha for the gratification of his desires. We cannot use him in our economy.

You, the members of the Hyperion Club, are a representative body of Des Moines' best young blood, and in your hands, even now, has fallen the reins of government. You may drive fast, but you must drive well. You are the heir apparent to a wealth of experience, and a treasure of learning, the pedigreed sons of generations of gentle mothers and thinking fathers. You are the iconoclast of today, go hence, a breaker of useless idols, a destroyer of hampering customs.

DONALD WAYNE SUTHERLAND
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Lial Sutherland

CHARLES SLYE
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Lew J. Slye

TOM BROWN—"TRAVELING MAN"

TOM BROWN is a well-known representative of a big Chicago manufacturing concern and has all Iowa for "his territory."

He knows all about towns, trains, junctions, hotels, etc.; and can tell you just how to go to get there. All the hotel men know him and he gets a room generally the best, no matter if there is a convention or circus in town and dozens have been previously turned away. He gets the best that's going but can eat an hardtack lunch counter sandwich if necessary, or make a meal off of the train boy's stock at the said train boy's corner grocery in front end of the smoker.

Brown was with one firm for a number of years, enjoyed a trade always increasing. The "house" thought the reputation of their goods was doing it all, but he thought he at least was doing some of it. A competing firm sent him word to come and see them when convenient. Tom called on the strength of the invitation. The head of the house received him cordially as Brown was well known to him, because their salesmen had frequently written in that Brown had carried off the order and that they could only send in the reasons why they did not get it and explain how it happened.

They talked over how much his annual sales had been and what salary he had been receiving, etc. Brown told him all about it, that is approximately told him, as Tom held to the theory that a traveling man had a reasonable license to lie just a bit on two points, to-wit: his sales and his salary. However, the result of the talk was that he made a contract to go with the new house at an advance in salary. The old house Brown had been with so long hated to let him

SARAH EMELINE STATLER
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Statler

go as he had been with them a long time and helped them to build up a good business in Iowa.

The new house Brown was now engaged to represent was the largest in the United States in their line. Their goods were recognized everywhere as standard but price pretty stiff. But Tom was a hustler, had tact, good humor and was a stayer,—he was now at the top of his ambition and was anxious to get back to "his territory."

As he was leaving Chicago to make his first trip for the new company, the manager of the sales department says: "Mr. Brown, you better stop at the State University on your way back and see Prof. Sparks, as he wants to buy some apparatus." Tom said: "All right, he would call on him as soon as possible." But he was bored to think he had to take up that University matter the very first thing.

What troubled him on the matter was that while with the old firm he had written a very exhaustive letter to Professor Sparks, extolling the goods he then represented and told off at length their good points and why they were superior to others, and proposed as they were for a State institution and the apparatus was to be used by the students, it would be some advertisement for their goods and he would therefore name a very low price, etc. Several pages of typewritten paper except the signature. Tom wished he had not written that letter. To go there now and try to sell the Professor higher priced apparatus would be no easy job after he had put himself on record so strong in that letter over his own signature.

The letter was typewritten because when with the old house they had at first mildly told Tom that he could when ever convenient employ a stenographer as it would save him time and they did not mind the expense. The truth was they had had a good deal of trouble in making out his letters but did not exactly want to tell him his writing was so poor they could not read them, as Brown thought he was a way-up penman. A stenographer was not always available and Tom continued to send in letters that required half a dozen clerks to translate till finally the "house" had written him to always employ a stenographer or telegraph as they had something else to do beside hold an inquest over his letters every few days. So Brown had got into the habit of employing a stenographer and did not care a rap only he was sorry for those cheap chaps at the house who could not appreciate a good thing when they saw it.

So Brown dropped off at the University town, hunted up Professor Sparks whom he found in his laboratory. The Professor was a very kindly fellow, not much used to going against such fellows as Brown and if it had not been for that measley letter, Tom would have thought the Professor rather easy. Tom explained about the new line of goods as though he had always been with that company and told about many Universities that had adopted his apparatus, under his breath cursing that letter and wondering what would happen if the Professor got on to the fact that he was the same fellow who had written it.

After some skirmishing the Professor frankly told Brown, that an old college chum who was now Professor at Princeton, had written him that the only apparatus to buy was that which Tom now represented and while the price was awfully high compared with the other proposals he had received, he was most afraid to buy anything else especially after what his college chum had written him. But says Sparks: "I have had a most interesting and earnest letter from another firm who make me a flattering proposal and I will read it to you." Great Grief! thought Tom, "now I am up against my own letter and he is going to read it to me." Brown's new card of his "house" lay on the Professor's desk right in front of him and it looked a sure thing that when the Professor read that letter he would catch on to the fact that Brown was the one who wrote it.

After digging around among his papers, Sparks discovered the all fated letter and with great urbanity began to read it to Brown. Tom groaned inwardly and never heard a word of it being absorbed in guessing what to say when the Professor struck the signature and saw he was the writer. Beads of perspiration stood out on Brown's brow as the Professor neared the end, as Tom never doubted the Professor would read the signature all straight, not realizing that hundreds had guessed at what that signature could possibly be when looking at it on hotel registers. So Brown braced himself to what he thought was the inevitable and proposed to explain it away somehow if he could as he had about got the sale cinched if that fool letter did not spoil it all. Just then the Professor got to the end and wound up with "Yours sincerely, Theo. Bowers." Tom was surprised for a second but tumbled at once that the Professor had not read the signature correctly. His spirits went up with a bound. He at once told the Professor he knew Bowers well. He was a fine fellow. He had often tried to get Theodore. (He knew him so well he always called him Theodore) to come with his "house." Sorry such a fine fellow should stay with such a small concern. Insisted the Professor should light another cigar. Hustled him into signing a contract with all possible dispatch and was soon on the wing to the next town.

CHARLES HERBERT WISEMAN
WILLIAM ORRIN WISEMAN
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wiseman

Tom wrote his son that night who was attending commercial college to be studious and apply himself diligently to his studies but not to strain himself to be such a good penman as lots of great men were not so much in that line and he added further that the house had promised to make a place for him in the Chicago office as soon as he finished his course.

Tom, Jr., was delighted to learn he would go to Chicago—something he had fondly dreamed of but most afraid to hope for. Now he was really to go to the great city, but he wondered what had happened to the "old man" to talk that way about penmanship, but the clerkship filled his mind and he could hardly sleep.

He wrote in a few days: "Dear Papa: I am delighted to learn I am promised a job in the great city of Chicago and can hardly wait to finish; however, I will be through in two weeks and will be ready to start at once. Took first prize in mathematics and penmanship." Tom wrote the firm that the boy would be ready to come in two weeks and go to work. They answered for him to send the boy up when through school and they would put him to work. That it would be small pay at the start but on the merits of the boy would depend his future advancement. In due time Brown, Jr., showed up at the Chicago office with a letter to the firm from Brown, Sr., asking them to help him get a respectable boarding place at a price to fit size of his salary. He also gave the young man a whole lot of instructions and advice and told him by all means to so conduct himself that he would not disgrace his dear mother, nor lose his father his job, nor make the firm sorry that they had ever got mixed up with the Brown family. He told him he had faith in his succeeding but he must carve out his own future.

The young man started with high hopes and good resolves. His mother tearful at her dear boy going to the big wicked city with all its terrible temptations, but young Tom told his mother he was of age, a man, and could take care of himself, that she must have faith in him. After a few days Tom, Jr., wrote that the head bookkeeper had examined him in mathematics, bookkeeping and penmanship and seemed favorably impressed. Said: "He guessed he would do," and that "He could write most as good as his father," and young Tom said he did not know whether to laugh outright or feel hurt.

The senior member of the firm invited Tom to go home with him to tea and said he would get him a boarding place nearby his home. Tom said he was quite dazed at this kindness and felt most afraid to go but concluded he would get through somehow. He wrote his mother he got along all right and all were very kind to him. There were two very pretty daughters who were very pleasant to him. They invited him to come over and call if he ever got homesick, and as they were so nice and pleasant he thought he would get a little homesick so he could avail himself of their kind invitations. He added that he found his pay pretty small and it was a tight squeeze to keep even but hoped to merit a raise before long.

Brown, Sr., was very successful with his new house. The goods they made were well known and gave satisfaction to his customers. He was genial with all. His stories were bright and new, he was a past master in several secret societies and also a past master at most any game of cards. His customers liked to hear his views on politics, the policy of the government and he could talk crops with any yokel in Iowa. If he got a little the worst of it playing cinch or smear with the boys he knew how to doctor his expense account by making a town by telephone, etc., and get even.

He had many experiences that were new and rare. Many hairbreadth escapes from wrecks, runaway teams, and his iron constitution was endangered many times by the provender he was forced to encounter at the various hotels? At one time he visited a very small inland town. Day was hot and dusty. After a drive of ten miles he arrived at the village. The hotel consisted of four rooms. His head was aching with the dust and heat and he did not feel hungry the least. The proprietor, a retired (or tired) farmer, announced that dinner was ready. Tom went into the dining room and sat down. Everything was uninviting and tended to dissipate what little appetite he might have. A slatternly girl with slippers on came shuffling toward him to take his order for dinner. He asked for a glass of water. She shuffled out and got him a glass. It looked a dark brown and he tasted it and it was too warm to drink such a hot, stifling day and Brown said to the girl: "This water is very warm, can not you get me a little ice in it?" The girl stepped back in utmost astonishment

GEORGE MORTON SHOLLENBERGER
Son of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Shollenberger

and said "ICE! In the summer time? You must be crazy."

The liveryman who drove Tom back to the railway station said: "This fellow you see on ahead in that field is a raw Swede, only come over recently and can not speak much English, and when we come up to him I will josh him a bit so you can hear him talk. He has rented that piece of land for half the crop and is digging away his very best. So when they got opposite to him in the road the liveryman said:

"Hello, Swanson, what makes your corn look so yellow?"

Swanson, answered: "Ha is all right, Ha bane yellow when Ay plant him."

Brown smiled at the liveryman, but the latter tried it again and said:

"Your corn looks pretty thin, guess you won't have more than half a crop?"

Swanson came back and said: "Yaas, Ay gat a half a crop; da lanlord ha gat da oder half."

Brown roared at the reply and the liveryman disgustedly said: "I guess Swanson, you are pretty close to a fool."

And Swanson replied: "Yaas, I yust haar; yust do oder side da fence."

As time rolled on, Tom, Jr., wrote

WILLIAM ALLEN HEYWOOD
Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Heywood

from time to time of advancements and his pay had been increased very materially. He now had a very responsible position. Liked Chicago, his work, the firm and hoped the firm liked him. Saw the daughter quite often, or as often as he felt a bit homesick. Tom ran in to Chicago quite often to change samples. See the boy, post up on new articles of the firm's manufacture and to relax a bit from road work. Father and son enjoyed these visits immensely. Brown Sr., told the son he was very proud of the progress he was making and hoped if he kept on that some day he would make a great salesman like his dad, and while he might be great in mathematics and office work, he could still show him a few things gained from experience. For instance, how to make an expense account come out even by "working in" a phantom drive, etc. Told him to keep on as he had been doing and success was sure to come and in all events to never do anything to bring sorrow to his dear mother, nor that might shake the old man's job.

While in Chicago on one occasion, Haskel, the credit man of the firm took Brown, Sr., to lunch with him. They talked over "Iowa's crops," "Brown's trade," etc. Said he had a splendid business in Iowa and that the firm liked him immensely. But he would give him a tip that it was common remark around the office that he, Brown, got into his expense account more bus fares than any other salesman in the employ of the firm. A few weeks after this as Brown was about to board a "Q." train at Glenwood for Creston, someone in the sleeper rapped on the window and Brown found it was Haskel, the credit man, who had been out to Omaha to look after a "lame duck."

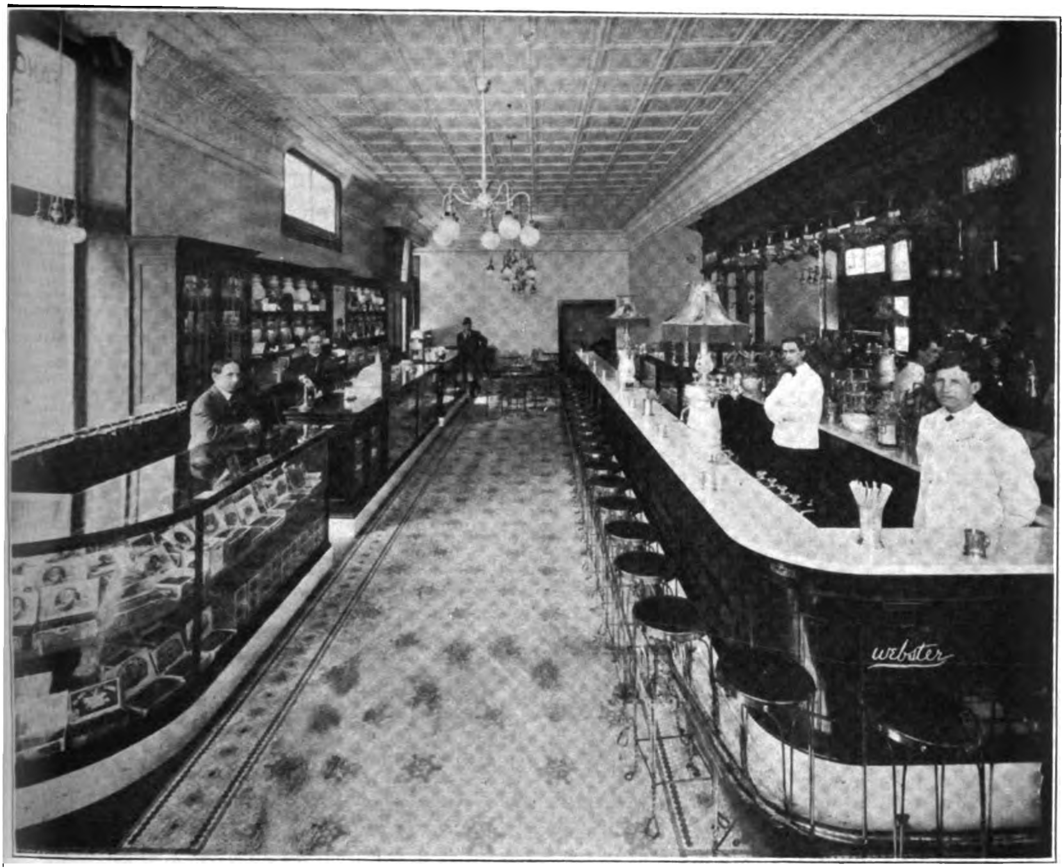
Brown joined Haskel in the sleeper, and they chatted along till the train rolled into Villisca. Brown pulled out his expense book and got busy all at once, and Haskel asked him what he was doing. Brown answered and said: "I was only putting down a bus fare, whenever I go through a town and see the buses backed up as you see out there I can not resist charging up a bus fare."

As years advanced, young Tom continued to report further advancement in both position and salary, and considered himself pretty solid with the firm and with the younger daughter and that he was homesick a good deal now. His salary he reported was fast growing up to that enjoyed by his revered father. Brown, Sr., was very proud of his boy and all his customers knew and heard time and again all about it.

Finally Brown, Jr., wrote Brown, Sr., as follows:

On the first of the year I was promoted to manager of sales department at a salary of $500 per year more than that of my respected father. It will now be my duty to inspect those expense accounts of yours, including trips to towns by telephone, bus fares, phantom drives, etc.

Please be careful, dear papa, and never swell those so much as to cause sorrow to dear mamma, or jeopardize my place with the firm. Your loving son,
Tom Brown, Jr.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HANDSOME STORE OF KROMER & WATERS,
Seventh and Walnut

A Popular New Store

For some time curiosity of all passers-by on Walnut street has been aroused as to the new store which was at last opened March 1st at the corner of Walnut and Seventh streets. The fine location, in the heart of the shopping district, warranted the opening of a fine establishment, and nobody was disappointed when the opening day came, and the firm of Kromer & Waters were ready for business. They have one of the most beautiful places ever opened in Des Moines and with the handsome and up-to-date equipment, everything exquisitely fresh and clean, it is no wonder that business began with a rush from the first hour of opening. Candies of all sorts, in boxes and in bulk, cigars and the fine soda fountain, from which the best luncheonette in Des Moines is served, are the features of the business.

The extremely popular luncheonette is made superior here to anything ever seen in Des Moines, on account of its variety and the manner of serving. Andy Parks, who was three years in Chicago, and who is well and favorably known in this city, has been secured for the lunch department.

Among the candies, perhaps the most popular are the "Beauty" chocolates and the Heywood chocolates. They are prepared to serve parties and also furnish all varieties of ices and ice creams on order. Both Mr. Kromer and Mr. Waters are native Des Moines boys and they have a host of friends who will wish them well in their new business venture. With everything in their favor, their business ability, fine location and the first-class service they offer, the future surely holds good things for them. A visit to this establishment will delight all of our readers.

THE MOUSE

William D. Howells

WISHING to tell the story of our Mouse, because I think it illustrates some amusing traits in a certain class of Venetians, I explain at once that he was not a mouse, but a man so called from his wretched, trembling little manner, his fugitive expression and peaked visage.

He first appeared to us on the driver's seat of that carriage in which we posted so splendidly one springtime from Padua to Ponte Lagoscuro. But though he mounted to his place just outside the city gate, we did not regard him much, nor, indeed, observe what a mouse he was until the driver stopped to water his horses near Battaglia, and the Mouse got down to stretch his forlorn little legs. Then I got down too, and bade him good day, and told him it was a very hot day—for he was a mouse apparently so plunged in wretchedness that I doubted if he knew what kind of day it was.

When I had spoken, he began to praise (in the wary manner of the Venetians when they find themselves in the company of a foreigner who does not look like an Englishman) the Castle of the Obizzi near by, which is now the country seat of the ex-Duke of Modena; and he presently said something to imply that he thought me a German.

"But I am not a German," said I.

"As many excuses," said the Mouse, sadly, but with evident relief; and then began to talk more freely, and of the evil times.

"Are you going all the way with us to Florence?" I asked.

"No, signor, to Bologna; from there to Ancona."

"Have you ever been in Venice? We are just coming from there."

"Oh, yes."

"It is a beautiful place. Do you like it?"

"Sufficiently. But one does not enjoy himself very well there."

"But I thought Venice interesting."

"Sufficiently, signor. *Ma!*" said the Mouse, shrugging his shoulders, and putting on the air of being luxuriously fastidious in his choice of cities, "the water is so bad in Venice."

The Mouse is dressed in a heavy winter overcoat, and has no garment to form a compromise with his shirt-sleeves, if he should wish to render the weather more endurable by throwing off the surtout. In spite of his momentary assumption of consequence, I suspect that his coat is in the Mont di Pieta. It comes out directly that he is a ship carpenter who has worked in the arsenal of Venice and at the shipyards in Trieste.

But there is no work any more. He went to Trieste lately to get a job on the three frigates which the Sultan had ordered to be built there. *Ma!* After all, the frigates are to be built in Marseilles instead. There is nothing. And everything is so dear. In Venetia you spend much and gain little. Perhaps there is work at Ancona.

By this time the horses are watered; the Mouse regains his seat, and we almost forget him, till he jumps from his place, just before we reach the hotel in Rovigo, and disappears—down the first hole in the side of a house, perhaps. He might have done much worse, and spent the night at the hotel as we did.

The next morning at four o'clock, when we start, he is on the box again, nibbling bread and cheese, and glancing furtively back at us to say good morning. He has little twinkling black eyes, just like a mouse, and a sharp moustache, and sharp tuft on his chin—as like Victor Emmanuel's as a mouse's tuft can be.

The cold morning air seems to shrivel him, and he crouches into a little gelid ball on the seat beside the driver, while we wind along the Po on the smooth gray road; while the twilight lifts slowly from the distances of field and vineyard; while the black boats of the Po, with their gaunt white sails, show spectrally through the mists; while the trees and the bushes break into innumerable voices, and the birds are glad of another day in Italy; while the peasant drives his mellow-eyed dun oxen afield; while his wife comes in her scarlet bodice to the door, and the children's faces peer out from behind her skirts; while the air freshens, the east flushes, and the great miracle is wrought anew.

Once again, before we reach the ferry of the Po, the Mouse leaps down and disappears as mysteriously as at Rovigo. We see him no more till we meet in the station on the other side of the river, where we hear him bargaining long and earnestly with the ticket seller for a third-class passage to Bologna. He fails to get it, I think, at less than the usual rate, for he retires from the contest more shrunken and forlorn than ever, and walks up and down the station, startled at a word, shocked at any sudden noise.

For curiosity, I ask how much he paid for crossing the river, mentioning the fabulous sum it had cost us.

It appears that he paid sixteen soldi only. "What could they do when a man was in misery? I had nothing else."

Even while thus betraying his poverty the Mouse did not beg, and we began to respect his poverty. In a little while we pitied it, witnessing the manner in which he sat down on the edge of a chair, with a smile of meek desperation.

It is a more serious case when an artisan is out of work in the Old World than one can understand in the New.

There the struggle for bread is so fierce and the competition so great; and then, a man bred to one trade cannot turn his hand to another, as in America. Even the rudest and least skilled labor has more to do it than are wanted. The Italians are very good to the poor, but the tradesman out of work must become a beggar before charity can help him.

We, who are poor enough to be wise, consult foolishly together concerning the Mouse. It blesses him that gives and him that takes—this business of charity. And then, there is something irresistibly relishing and splendid in the consciousness of being the instrument of a special providence! Have I all my life admired comedies who rescue innocence, succor distress, and go about pressing gold into those beneficent characters in novels and the palm of poverty, and telling it to take it and be happy, and now shall I reject an occasion, made to my hand, for emulating them in real life?

"I think I will give the Mouse five frances," I say.

"Yes certainly."

"But I will be prudent," I continue. "I will not give him this money. I will tell him it is a loan which he may pay me back again whenever he can. In this way I shall relieve him now and furnish him an incentive to economy."

I call the Mouse, and he runs tremulously towards me.

"Have you friends in Ancona?"

"No, signor."

"How much money have you left?"

He shows me three soldi. "Enough for a coffee."

"And then?"

"God knows."

So I give him the five frances, and explain my little scheme of making it a loan, and not a gift; and then I give him my address.

He does not appear to understand the scheme of the loan; but he takes the money , and is quite stunned by his good fortune. He thanks me absently, and goes and shows the piece to the guards, with a smile that illumines and transfigures his whole person. At Bologna, he has come to his senses; he loads me with blessings, he is ready to weep; he reverences me, he wishes me a good voyage, endless prosperity, and innumerable days; and takes the train for Ancona.

"Ah, ah!" I congratulated myself—"is it not a fine thing to be the instrument of a special providence?"

It is pleasant to think of the Mouse during all that journey, and if we are never so tired it rests us to say, "I wonder where the Mouse is by this time?" When we get home, and coldly count up our expenses, we rejoice in the five francs lent to the Mouse. "And I know he will pay it back if ever he can," I say. "That was a Mouse of integrity."

Two weeks later comes a comely young woman with a young child—a child strong on its legs, a child which tries to open everything in the room, which wants to pull the cloth off the table, to throw itself out of the open window—a child of which I have never seen the peer for restlessness and curiosity. This young woman has been directed to call on me as a person likely to pay her way to Ferrara.

"But who sent you? But, in fine, why should I pay your way to Ferrara? I have never seen you before."

"My husband, whom you benefited on his way to Ancona, sent me. Here is his letter and the card you gave him."

I call out to my fellow-victim, "My dear, here is news of the Mouse!"

"Don't tell me he's sent you the money already?"

"Not at all. He has sent me his wife and child, that I may forward them to him at Ferrara, out of my goodness and the boundless prosperity which has followed his good wishes—I, who am a great signor in his eyes, and an insatiable giver of five-francs pieces—the instrument of a perpetual special providence. The Mouse has found work at Fererra, and his wife comes here from Trieste. As for the rest, I am to send her to him, as I said."

"You are deceived," I say, solemnly, to the Mouse's wife. "I am not a rich man. I lent your husband five francs because he had nothing. I am sorry; but I cannot spare twenty florins to send you to Ferrara. If *one* will help you?"

"Thanks the same," said the young woman, who was well dressed enough; and blessed me, and gathered up her child and went her way.

But her blessing did not lighten my heart, depressed and troubled by so strange an end to my little scheme of a beneficent loan. After all, perhaps the Mouse may have been as keenly disappointed as myself. With the ineradicable idea of the Italians that persons who speak English are wealthy by nature, it was not such an absurd conception of the case to suppose that if I had lent him five francs once I should like to do it continually. Perhaps he may yet pay back the loan with usury. But I doubt it. In the mean time, I am far from blaming the Mouse. I merely feel that there is a misunderstanding, which I can pardon if he can.

JOSEPH AND JEANETTE CHERRY
Children of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cherry

Aunt Polly's "George Washington"

GEORGE Washington!"

From down the hill the answer floated up, muffled by the distance—"Ma'm?"

"Come heah, sah!"

Aunt Polly folded her arms and leaned against the doorway and waited for the appearance of her son and heir above the edge of the hill on which her cabin stood. The crown of a ragged straw hat surmounting a dusky face first appeared, followed by a pair of shoulders covered with a nondescript shirt; then as he climbed the incline, there rose gradually to his mother's view a pair of large and heavy trousers in an advanced stage of dilapidation, and dragging slowly along, as if unwilling to follow the body, two bare black feet; and thus, fully revealed from top to toe, came a solemn and dirty little darkey.

His mother's eyes rested on him with a sparkle of indignation in them.

"George Washington," she said, "you sartainly is de laziest nigger I eber see. How long, sah, does you s'pose you was a'comin' up dat hill? You don't no? I don' nether; 'twas so long I los' all count. You'll bring yore mudder's gray har in sorrer to de grabe yet, wid yore pokin' and slowness, see if you don'. Heah I is waitin' and a'waitin' on you for to go down to ole Mass' Cunningham's wid dose tings. Take 'em to de young city man boardin' dar, and tell him dese is his clean close dat yore old mudder washed, and dat they comes to fifty cents. And if you let de grass grow under yore feet, George Washin'ton, or spiles dese cloes, or loses dat fifty cents, I'll break yore bones, chile, when you comes home. You heah dat?"

George Washington nodded. He never exhausted himself in unnecessary speech. He was a strange, silent child, with a long solemn face and chronic toothache, or jawache, for he never appeared without a white rag tied up over his ears, and terminating in two flopping ends of equal length on the top of his head—an adornment that give him the look of an aged rabbit, black in the face and gray in the ears.

On the present occasion, his mother freshened up his toilet by tying another rag around his jaws, and giving him the basket containing the "young city man's" beautifully laundried linen, and a final injunction to be careful, started him safely off.

George Washington rested his basket on his hip and jogged along. Meditations as to what his mother might have for supper on the strength of the fifty cents brightened his visage and accelerated his steps. His fancy revelled in visions of white biscuit and crisp bacon floating in its own grease. He was gravely weighing the relative merits of spring chicken fried and more elderly chicken stewed, when—

There was only one muddy place on George Washington's route to town; that was down at the foot of the hill, by the railroad track. Why should his feet slip from under him, and he go sliding into the mud right there? It was too bad. It did not hurt him, but those shirts and shining collars, alas! Some of them tumbled out, and he lifted them up all spattered and soiled.

He sat down and contemplated the situation with an expression of speechless solemnity. He was afraid to go back, and he was afraid to go on, but he would rather face the "city man" than his mother; and with a sigh that nearly burst the twine string that did duty as a suspender, he lifted the linen into its place and trudged on.

The young folks at "Mass' Cunningham's" sent him to the boarder's room, with many a jest on his slowness, and he shook in his ragged clothes when the young man lifted the things from the basket to put them away.

He exclaimed in anger at their soiled appearance, and of course, immediately bundled them back into the basket.

"Here, George," he said, "take these back to your mother to wash, and don't you dare, you little vagabond! ever bring such looking things to me again!"

Slowly the namesake of our illustrious countryman climbed the hill toward home; slowly he entered and set down his basket. The rapidity with which he emerged from the door, about three minutes later, might have led a stranger to believe that it was a different boy.

But it was not. It was the same George.

The next afternoon came around, and George Washington again departed on his errand. No thoughts of supper or good things ran rife in his brain today. He attended strictly to business. His mother, standing in the door-way, called after him: "Be keerful, George Washin'ton, 'bout de train. I heer'd it at de upper junction jess now. It'll be long trectly."

George Washington nodded and disappeared. He crossed the muddy place in safety, and breathed more freely. He was turning toward town, when something on the railroad track caught his eye. There lay the big rock that had been on the hill above ever since he could remember; it was right in the middle of the track. He wondered how the coming train would get over it.

Across on the other side, the hill sloped down to a deep ravine. What if the big rock pushed the train off! His heart gave a great jump. He had heard them talk of an accident once, where many people were killed. He thought of running to tell somebody, but it was a good way to the next house, and just then he heard the train faintly; it was too late for that. Just above, in the direction that the train was coming, was a sharp curve. It could not stop if it came tearing round that, and on the other side of the bend was a very high trestle that made him sick to look at.

The slow, dull boy stood and trembled.

In a moment more he had set his basket carefully in the bush, and ran around the curve. At the edge of the trestle he paused, and then dropping on his hands and knees, crept as fast as he could over the dizzy height to the other side. He staggered to his feet, and ran on.

When the train dashed in sight, the engineer spied a small object on the track, pointing frantically behind him. The child ran away fro mthe track, but continued to wave and point and shout "Stop!"

The train whistled and slackened. George Washington, hatless and breathless, was jerked into the engine, where he gasped, "Big rock on de track round de curve." The train was moved slowly over the trestle and stopped in the curve, and there, indeed, was the rock that might have hurled them all down to death but for that ridiculous-looking little boy.

Meanwhile in the cabin, Aunt Polly was restless, and concluded to go down to the foot of the hill, and wait for George Washington. Behold, then, as she appeared down the path, the sight that met her gaze.

"What's dis boy bin a-doin'! I'se his mother. I is. What's dis mean!"

On this identical train was the president of the road.

"Why, auntie," he said, "you have a boy to be proud of. He crept over the high trestle and warned the train, and maybe saved all our lives. He's a hero."

Aunt Polly was dazed.

"A hearo," she said; "dat's a big t'ing for a little black nigger. George Washin'ton, whar's dat basket?"

"In de bushes, mammy; I'se gwine for to get it."

The train was nearly ready to be off. The president called Aunt Polly aside, and she came back with a beaming face, and five ten-dollar bills clutched in her hands.

Aunt Polly caught George in her arms.

"Dey sed you was a hearo, George Washin'ton, but you is yore mammy's own boy, and you shall hab chicken for yore supper dis berry night, and a whole poun' cake to-morrow, yes, you shall!"

And when George Washington returned the gentleman his washing, he, like his namesake, was a hero.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—*Longfellow.*

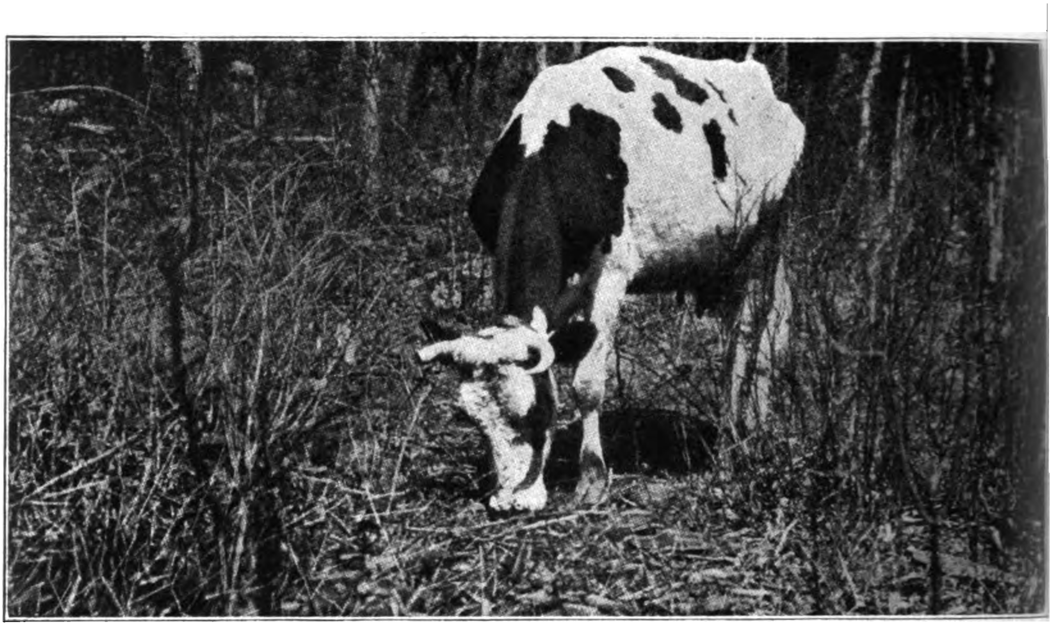
VARINA HUNTER
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott Hunter

THE BEST WOMAN

Lately 400 leading women were asked over the telephone by a Chicago newspaper to say who is "the best woman in Chicago," not the wisest, not the most beautiful, not the richest, but simply the best. The name that was given in the replies of a majority of the questioned was Jane Addams. All the others receiving votes were either social settlement workers or leaders in some special work of social uplift.

Of course it is to be expected that in reply to such a question some woman who is widely known will be named by most. Miss Addams may not be absolutely the "best" woman in Chicago, but she is known as one whose life is devoted to doing good in the service of those who need help, encouragement and sympathy. The vote she received is a testimony in recognition of her broad, sincere, active to a judgment that she is the woman who is doing most good in the city, and in this view it must be accepted as a remarkable tribute of admiration.

It is, moreover, a tribute to the right estimate of life which those who named her entertain. It signifies a sound appreciation of the real values of human character and labor, and makes the homage that is given to reigning beauties and society favorites seem comparatively cheap and unmerited, although it by no means implies that they are not good women worthy of confidence and affection. Miss Addams, the philanthropist, who is giving the energy of her soul to earnest effort to improve the temporal and moral condition of the unfortunate in Chicago, may properly rejoice in this evidence that her motive is understood



"OLD BOSSY"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

This department will be conducted along the line of work of the Humane Society. Stories of animals you have known will be welcomed by us.—EDITOR.

DOVETROT'S WAY

Mrs. Fairchild-Allen

It was a common sight—the faithful animal overloaded, pulling beyond his strength, the trembling limbs at last given out, and nothing but blows and shouts to reward him for doing his best.

"Shame on thee!"

The deep bass voice was heard with startling clearness from the group of men and boys who made up the usual spectators of such a scene.

"Shame on thee!"

The astonished Jehu dropped his arm to turn and see who it was that dared to interfere with him in the management of his "property."

"Just you mind your own business, 'n I'll tend to mine."

"This is my business, friend. It's the business of every man to see there's no injustice done his brother; all the more, so if that brother's dumb."

"Well, Old Broadbrim, let's see 'thee' get thut 'oss up 'thout beaten' or yellin' ut 'im."

"Ye hadn't better be sassy," sang out a small boy; "Dovetrot's got a star under his coat."

The man quieted down at once. He looked inquiringly at "Dovetrot" as the children, unrebuked, called the good, broad-chested, not very tall, old gentleman. His Quaker garb was dove-color, and a way he had of walking also sug- was familiarly known in the community. Dovetrot did not deny the boy's statement, but looked at the brawny teamster gested the name "Dovetrot," by which he with a quiet, steady eye that commanded respect.

All this time the fallen horse lay panting, with his limbs outstretched and trembling, and a look of despair in his eyes.

Dovetrot got down on his knees to rub the aching joints, while, at the same time, he said to the man:

"Now, do thee get a bucket of water, quick!" and to the poor beast he said, in soothing tones:

"Thee's got a hard master, poor boy, but maybe we can make him better. Poor boy, good boy." He repeated this softly many times until the irritated nerves became quiet and the look of distress passed [illegible]

"Now, help him to drink," said Dovetrot, as the man brought the water; "and don't on any account yell at him or even speak roughly to him. Your poor horse [illegible] as nervous as a child."

"Poor boy, good boy," repeated Dovetrot, soothingly, as he brought from one capacious pocket a tin basin and from the other a little bag of oats.

He put some water with the oats and held the compound under the horse's mouth. After eating, the poor beast's spirits continued to rise, and without any urging he soon got upon his feet.

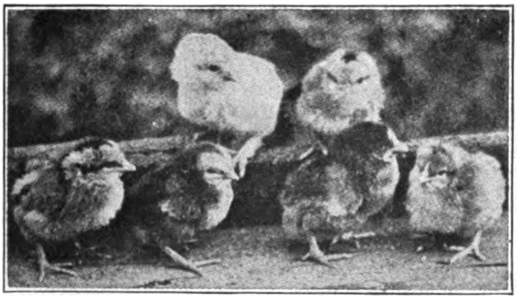
The crowd cheered and the driver looked ashamed.

"Now, thee doesn't want to yell at thy faithful servant at any time," said Dovetrot, kindly. "If thee will feel of his pulse before and after thee has shouted at him in a cross way, thee will find it has jumped ahead at a gallopin' rate under thy harsh, hard tones. When it does not make him nervous and feverish it makes him stubborn and ugly—as it does his brother, man. Horses don't like to be 'ordered around,' as the boys say. Why can't thee be polite to them when they are doing thee a favor? They are wonderfully kind and accommodating. They never haggle about what thee is going to pay them, but pitch right in and do their very best."

All this time Dovetrot was rubbing the horse's nose, and occasionally his knees and ankles, and almost whispering "poor boy, good boy."

"And thee seldom even thanks them," he resumed to the driver. Dovetrot removed the stones from before the load, and then said in a cheery tone to the horse, "now, come on, my boy;" the animal started and followed his benefactor like a lamb.

A string of small boys brought up the rear, while the driver walked at the side holding the lines and looking as though he had found an idea.



Horse Feeds Horse

Pedestrians along Broadway near the Central Hardware Company witnessed a sight Saturday that is almost past belief. A team of horses was hitched to a post near the curb, and near the team some one had stopped with a load of baled hay. The hay was in reach of one of the horses of the team hitched to the post, but entirely out of the reach of the other horse. The horse nearest the hay could easily reach over and filch large mouthfuls of juicy hay, while the other horse was out of reach. But, being of a charitable nature the "near" horse would eat one mouthful himself, and then grab another which he would extend to his partner who would greedily transfer the same to his own mouth.—*Muskogee (I. T.) Phoenix.*

WILLIAM HERBERT ATHERTON
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Atherton

Wanted Her Love to Go

Col. James E. Stuart, chief of the postal secret service of the government, at Chicago, was startled recently, to find standing at his desk a young miss of eight, who politely asked:

"Please, sir, I want my letter."

"Where is your letter?" asked the colonel.

Some inquiry developed the fact that the child had written her father a letter in which she had forgotten to mention her love for him. Then she had mailed the letter without an address or stamp. She had bothered everybody in the main division of the post office, until some joker had sent her to the secret service branch. Understanding the importance of the matter from the child's point of view, the colonel sent out a tracer for the letter and in a day he had it. The child returned, and he laid it open before her.

She gravely wrote on the page within:

"I send you my love, dear papa."

Then she sealed the letter, affixed a stamp, put on the address, after which, looking up into the colonel's grizzled face, she said:

"Thank you, sir; you are a very nice man. I will kiss you for finding my letter."

The colonel got his reward and the child went her way thoroughly happy.

Saved His Life

Yesterday, shortly before noon, a man was crossing the Seventeenth Street bridge over Wheeling creek, and, noticing some object in the water, he leaned over the balustrade. Reaching out too far, he lost his balance and tumbled over, falling into a deep hole in the creek. A few spectators were in sight, and all rushed to the bank fully expecting to see the man go down. He sank twice, and was about going down the third time never to rise again, when a huge, shaggy Newfoundland dog dashed down the bank, leaped into the creek, swam to the man, and grasping him by the coat held him up and pulled him toward the shore until the man's feet were on solid ground, not letting go his hold until both were clear out of the water. Then the shaggy brute shook his coat dry, and walked off wagging his tail, amid the plaudits of a hundred odd men and boys who had been attracted by the shouts of the few people who had witnessed the man's tumble. The man, as much dead as alive, waited until he had recovered his senses entirely and drained somewhat, and then walked off. Neither the man nor dog was known to any of the eye witnesses.—*National Humane Educator.*

The same force fashioned the sparrow,
That fashioned the man, the king.
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul
To furred and feathered thing;
And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right.
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stephenson, for many years prominent in club and philanthropic circles in Chicago, has decided to become a nun and will end her days in St. Elizabeth's hospital. Dr. Stevenson was the first woman member of the American Medical Association. She was a professor in the Northwestern Medical School, president of the National Temperance Hospital and has been a delegate to many national and international congresses. She is the author of several medical works.

ART IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Edited by Mrs. F. W. Webster

GOOD TASTE IN ART

Ruskin

Now, pardon me, for telling you frankly, you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire, for beauty. And I want you to think a little of the deep significance of this word "taste;" for no statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is essentially a moral quality. "No," say many of my antagonists, "taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty; we shall be glad to know that; but preach no sermons to us."

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and index of morality—it is the ONLY morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their "taste" is, and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. "You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?" "A pipe and a quartern of gin." I know you. "You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?" "A swept hearth and a clean tea-table, and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast." Good, I know you also, "You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?" "My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths." "You, little boy with the dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?" "A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing." Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

"Nay," perhaps you answer, "we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they *do* right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor the little girl that likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to Sunday-school." Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thirsting for a bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

But you may answer or think, "Is the liking for outside ornaments,—for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture,—a moral quality?" Yes, most surely, if a rightly-set liking. Taste for *any* pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only, here again we have to define the word "good." I don't mean by "good," clever—or learned—or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarreling over their dice: it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it;

MRS. F. H. SCHOENHUT, OF MARSHALLTOWN
Director of Central Art Association of Iowa

but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an "unmannered," or "immoral" quality. It is "bad taste" in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call "loveliness" (we ought to have an opposite word, hateliness, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

* * *

The model of the bronze statue of William the Silent, which Henry M. Shrady has been commissioned to execute for the Holland Society of New York, is nearly finished. The Municipal Art Commission will presently be asked to pass judgment upon its artistic merit, as the Holland Society hopes to erect it on the right of Riverside Drive, about Nineteenth street, if the permission of the Park Department can be obtained for this site. The statue will cost about $40,000, of which the society has raised more than $20,000.

* * *

The missing portrait of the late Secretary of State John Hay was found recently in a Providence, R. I., pawnshop. The missing portrait of President Roosevelt has also now been located. W. D. Murphy, who painted the portraits, states that four portraits of President Roosevelt and McKinley, Secretary Hay and Senator Hanna had been obtained from him last March under false pretenses to be exhibited for the benefit of a society in either Washington or Maryland. Later all four portraits disappeared, and all traces of the men by whom he had been approached were lost for some time. The disappearance of the portraits was reported to the District Attorney at Washington, and a man giving the name of William J. Wilson was indicted. The portraits of McKinley and Hanna were recovered in a vacant house in Philadelphia.

* * *

The Saint Louis Museum of Fine Arts contains one of the most valuable collections in the middle West. Aside from this they have many valuable loan collections, and special exhibitions are presented to acquaint the public with what is being done in art in our own country and elsewhere. Entertaining and instructive lectures are also given as part of the museum work.

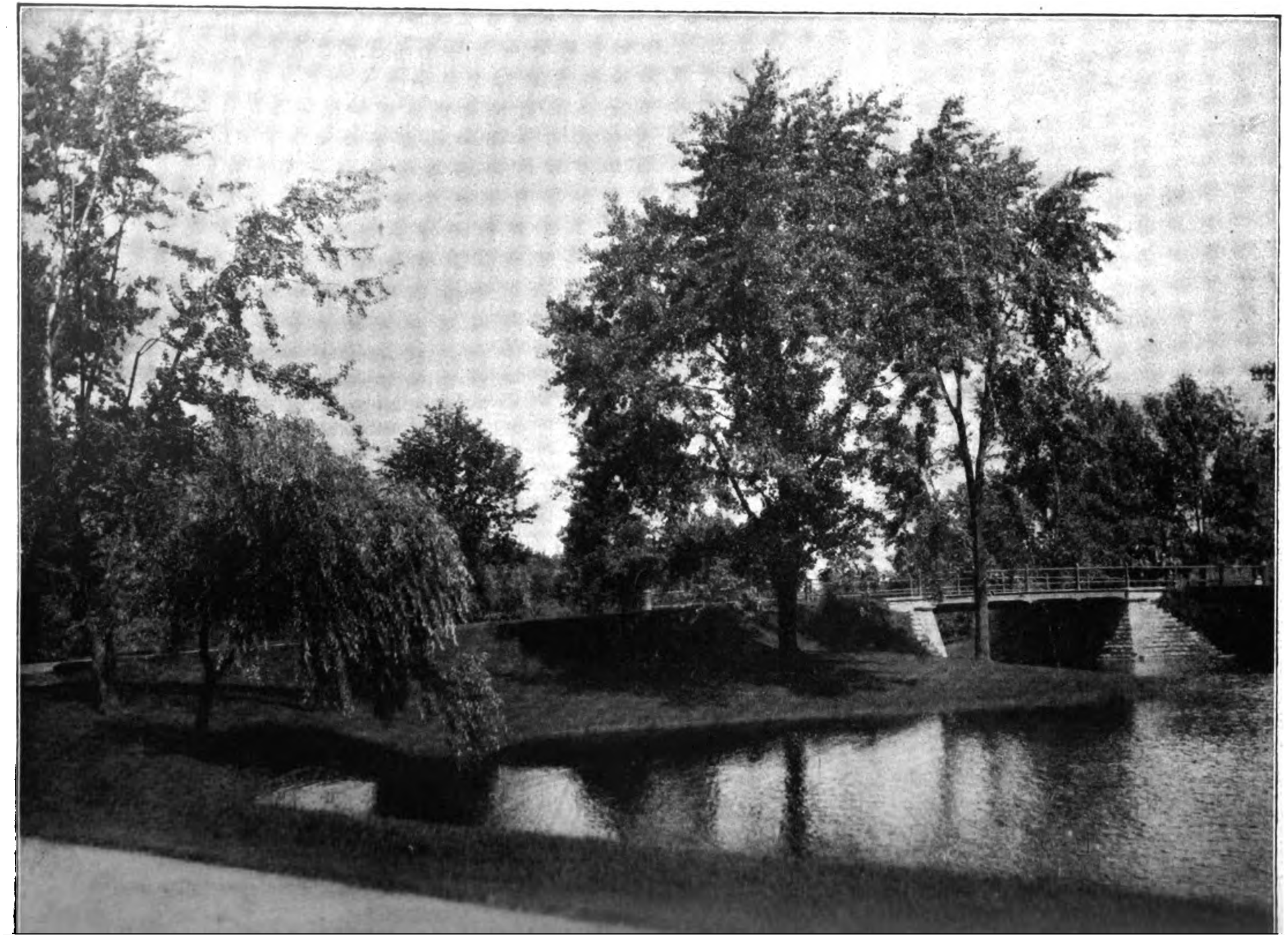
The school of instruction maintains classes in painting and drawing, modeling, pottery, book-binding, and other forms of art workmanship. The aim is not alone to educate professional artists in the best ideals and techniques, but also to afford all who desire it an insight into art.

* * *

President Roosevelt has taken active interest in the plans to erect a statue of Henry W. Longfellow, the great American poet. It is estimated that $35,000 is needed to procure an appropriate statue, and Congress has headed the contribution list with a donation of $4,000 and a site, and $10,000 of the money needed is now in hand. Contributions of any amount will be welcomed by the association. The treasurer is Mr. Bernard H. Warner, of Washington, but the active work is being done in Philadelphia by Mr. James W. Nagle. The executive committee includes Bishop Alexander McKay-Smith.

* * *

The American Art Association, in Paris, has opened an exhibition of sketches by its members. The contributing artists are Messrs. Beach, Tillac, Walkowitz, McLaughlin, Lionel Walden, Mulhaupt, Wooll, McKillap, Varian, Stanlaws, Clapp, Johnson, Biesel, Faulkner, Huntington, Aid, Ulmann, Lec [illegible], Webster, Daniell, Brinley, Wessel, Hag-



erman and Goetsch. The association, by the way, is making a vigorous effort toward founding a home of its own. An endowment fund has been started and an appeal made for subscriptions. The new board of officers, just elected, is as follows: President, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker; first vice-president, Mr. Paul W. Bartlett; second vice-president, Mr. Herbert W. Faulkner; honorary secretary, Mr. Sidney B. Veit; treasurer, Mr. H. H. Harjes; board of governors, Messrs. Frank H. Mason, W. S. Dalliba, B. J. Shoninger, H. W. Faulkner, Percy Peixotto, Sidney B. Veit, H. H. Harjes, Francis Kimbel, H. H. Getty, George H. Leonard, F. Morton Johnson and F. W. Simmons. The members of the new art committee are Mr. H. S. Hubbel, chairman; Messrs. Lionel Walden, R. Ullam, D. S. McLaughlan and A. St. G. Huntington, as painters; Mr. Chester Beach and Mr. F. Glasgens, as sculptors; Mr. R. Payne and Mr. T. P. Hubbard, as architects.

* * *

The annual exhibition of the Women's International Art Club was opened in London, England, the middle of December at the Grafton Galleries, and marks a distinct advance on previous efforts. Among the new recruits who strengthen the collection are Constance Halford and Mrs. Mary McEvoy, while other features of the exhibition are Mary Cameron's large canvas, "Maxamino de Segoira," and a number of careful and satisfactory copies of Velasquez by Mrs. Philip O. Somers-Cocks.

* * *

The Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences has been lately enriched by the acquisition of a full-length portrait by James McNeill Whistler, bought from funds in the possession of the institute with the assistance of nine private contributors. Miss Florence Leyland, the subject, wears a gray dress, shown against a dark background. The painting is said to be a fine specimen of the characteristic work of the great American.

* * *

The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts will give a private exhibition of painting by Albert Worcester at 6 Madison street. Mr. Worcester is a young American artist who, by serious thought and earnest application, has achieved considerable distinction abroad, particularly in Paris, where he has exhibited several times in the Salon.

DYING IN HARNESS

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road—
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load.
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the cruel teamster goading the beast to rise.
Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched and the patient eyes grow dim.
See, on the friendly stones how peacefully rests his head,
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead.
After the burdened journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts, and the cruel load—waiting only to die;
Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps;
Fell, and the great load killed him; one of the day's mishaps:
One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

GLADYS WALKER
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Walker

In The Middle West

William Neal, one of the oldest and most prominent Ida county farmers, recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday. Mr. Neal is another of Iowa's veteran celebrities, for he prides himself on the fact that he sang in the choir when Victoria was crowned queen of England—sixty-nine years ago.

* * *

Articles of incorporation for a half million dollar beet sugar factory at Waverly, Iowa, have been filed with the secretary of state. It is understood that Spreckels, of the sugar trust, is interested in the plant.

In answer to the question, "Does Iowa need a law to punish family desertion?" fifty-one county attorneys reply that they have seen the need of such a law. The city of Davenport has for years been the center of agitation in favor of punishing wife deserters. Miss Clara Lunbeck, state agent for placing children from the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, has written an extended paper dealing primarily with the rights of the interested child, but favoring a law for dealing with recreant husbands.

DORIS LOUISE ANDERSON
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Anderson

Mrs. Lydia Mooar, widow of Judge Daniel Mooar, died recently in Keokuk, Iowa, at the age of eighty-four years. Mrs. Mooar was born in Virginia and remembered being held upon the knee of General Lafayette when a child, at the home of her grandfather, Hon. William Wright Southgate.

* * *

W. S. Harwood, of Charles City, Iowa, is the author of an account of the works of Luther Burbank, entitled "New Creations in Plant Life." The Macmillan Company is authority for the statement that a German version will soon appear. An Italian edition is being prepared by the Societa diegh Agricoltori Italiani, in Rome.

* * *

Captain Hilts, known as the cowboy evangelist, is spending the winter in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. He is resting from his religious labors on account of ill health. President Roosevelt, who met Captain Hilts in the West, remembered him this

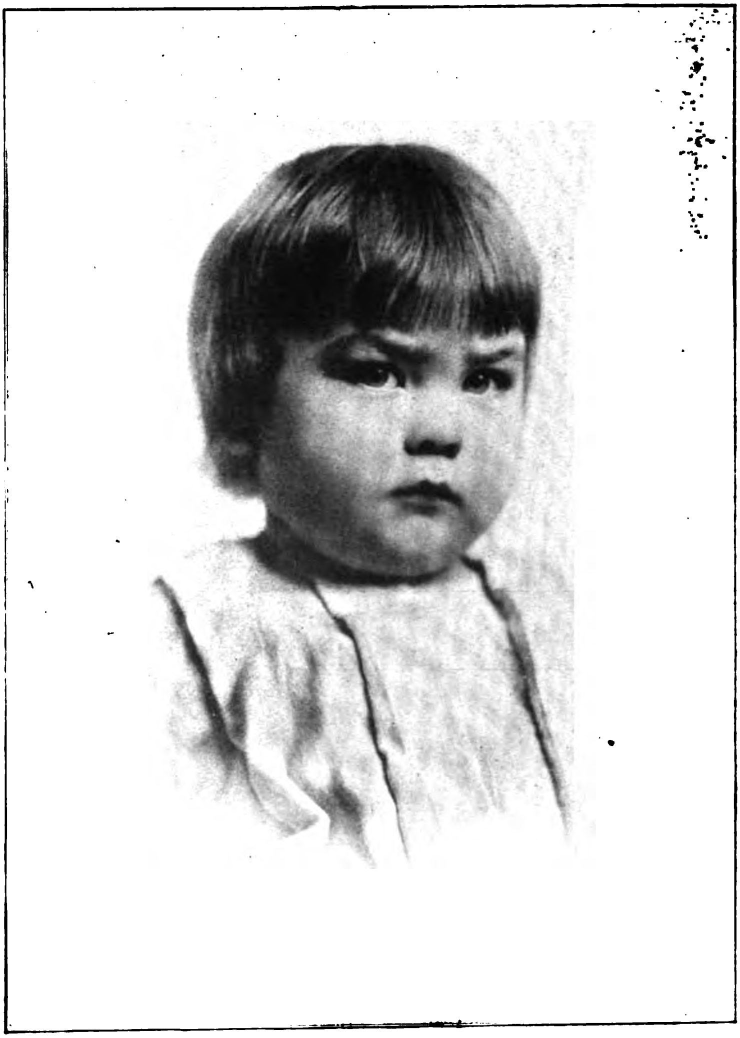
The year 1906 was a prosperous one for railway construction, according to the Railway Age. The total mileage was 223,139. Texas stands at the head of the states with 701 miles of track, while Louisiana and South Dakota are almost tied for second place.

* * *

A little of that spirit which makes the whole world kin was demonstrated recently near Hudson, Iowa, when seventy-five men and boys with half as many teams took possession of a neighbor's corn field. The owner, Frank G. Strayer, was at the bedside of his dying wife, while his volunteer helpers picked the 1,500 bushels of the golden grain.

* * *

Charles Nigg is at home from the Philippines for a three months' visit with his parents at Maquoketa. His name will be added to the list of Iowa authors, as he has compiled a Tagalog dictionary combining the English and Filipino languages. The book has been ordered by the government for use in the Filipino



JOSEPH JONES
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones

Charles King, R. F. D., near Blockton, Iowa, is prepared to withstand the attacks of Boreas on his daily country trips. He has fitted up his wagon with a device which consists of a gasoline burner connected with a tank at the rear of the box. The burner is surrounded with metal and so arranged that all the heat from it comes up into the wagon. The lighting, regulating and extinguishing are all done from the inside.

* * *

Frank C. Lowden, a native of Iowa and graduate of Iowa State University, class of 1885, has not only won distinction as a lawyer in Chicago, but was this year elected to congress. Mr. Lowden married a daughter of the late George M. Pullman and is financially able to enter the arena of politics. His loyalty to Iowa University has been shown through scholarships bestowed and prizes established.

* * *

Following the example of Editor Long, of the Manson Journal, who has just started to college after reaching his fiftieth year, attorney S. M. Endicott, of Traer, will quit the legal practice built up in the last twenty-five years, to begin an advanced college course. This voluntary relinquishment of successful business enterprises, for purposes of study, may well impress Iowa youth with the benefits of the higher education.

* * *

E. Glenn Clark, of Des Moines, is the author of a study of Jesus Christ, entitled "The Art of Living as Taught by One

ALBERT CUMMINS RAWSON AND HOLLIS ALLEN RAWSON, Jr.
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Rawson

Who Mastered Life." Theological questions do not enter into the work, which is simply a study of the Christ life from the viewpoint of the value of its example.

* * *

C. F. Taylor, of Ames, Iowa, has a relic of the Pike's Peak fever of 1856. It is a half-pint glass bottle on one side of which is blown "For Pike's Peak." On the same side is a miner with a pack swinging from a stick. On the reverse is an American eagle. Rufus Alvord, who carried this bottle to Pike's Peak and back, died on a river steamer carrying his regiment, the Eighth Illinois cavalry, and was buried on the west bank of the Mississippi at Helena, Ark.

* * *

Rumor says that George W. Cable, the well-known author, is soon to marry Miss Stevenson, of Lexington, Ky., who was president of the Women's Club of Central Kentucky, under whose auspices he gave his first lectures in the Blue Grass State. Miss Stevenson is an heiress and descended from one of the oldest Kentucky families.

* * *

Residents of Salix, Iowa, have petitioned the war department at Washington to cut a canal through a neck of sandbar on the Nebraska side, to prevent the treacherous Missouri river from throwing Lakeport township, Iowa, into Nebraska.

* * *

The remarks made by Dr. John Quincy Adams, of Boston, to 300 club women in Chicago, apply to other cities as well: "You can never make ideal citizens out of Chicago street urchins. We give millions for educational purposes, but little for example. The streets are filthy, hideous bill-boards are set up along the streets and boulevards, and there is a fence around the city hall to protect persons from stones falling from it.

* * *

Governor Harris, of Ohio, admits that "to hold office, if asked to do so by the people, is every man's duty to the state, but to seek and hold office while young is often the gravest mistake of a man's life." To the young man called upon to choose between his farm and political office, he says: "My advice is always choose the farm." Governor Harris is proud of the title the people of the state have conferred on him—"The Farmer Governor."

* * *

Otto Schaeckenburger, of Grinnell, Iowa, says his great-grandfather, Max Schneckenburger, was author of the great German war song, "Die Wacht am Rhein." The words were written about the time of the threatened French invas-

MRS. FRED H. PEASE AND SON GALBRAITH PEASE

ion of Germany in 1840. Herr S. was at that time a resident of Switzerland, but became so aroused over the impending fate of the fatherland that he poured out his soul in patriotic verse. Years afterward his remains were removed from Switzerland to a resting place on German soil, and a fine monument was erected to his memory.

* * *

When the excursion steamer Lady Elgin was in flames off a point near Winnetka, Ill., many years ago, the captain called to those who had escaped by means of an improvised raft, "Some of us will have to leave the raft! Who will follow me?" Among those who heard and understood was Edward Mellon, Milwaukee, who leaped into the lake and swam about until he struck a piece of floating wreckage to which he clung until he finally came ashore. This modest hero died recently at the home of his daughter in Milwaukee. He came to Milwaukee in 1855 and had held various minor city positions.

According to the census of 1900 the center of population in the United States is in Bartholomew county, Indiana, on the farm of Henry Marr, six miles from Columbus. The exact spot is marked by a little red stake in front of Mr. Marr's red barn, while the monument erected by the Indianapolis News stands near and has an inscription indicating the exact center.

* * *

The monument ordered by the Ingersoll monument association of Peoria, Ill., has been completed in clay. It will be cast in New York and is expected to be ready for unveiling in Glen Oak Park, Peoria, on the anniversary of Ingersoll's death, July 21, 1907. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll died at his home, Walton-on-the-Hudson, July 21, 1899. He was distinguished in both his military and legal career, but his widest fame rests on his labors as an agnostic lecturer.

* * *

General Pleasant Porter, principal chief of the Creek nation in the Indian Territory section of the state of Okla-

E. T. MEREDITH, Jr., ASST. EDITOR SUCCESSFUL FARMER
Son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Meredith

homa, stands alone in his peculiar distinction as an Indian chief railroad magnate. General Porter has held various important offices. He is noted for his loyalty to his Indian fellow citizens.

* * *

After nine months of travel and consideration of sites, the Iowa Board of Control has located the state sanitarium for tuberculosis near Iowa City. The board paid $26,800 for 280 acres of land and farm buildings. This leaves $23,200 for building purposes, from the state appropriation, and it is planned to have the institution in operation by July 1, 1907. The close proximity of the state university hospital and bacteriological laboratory at Iowa City will be of great advantage to the sanitarium.

* * *

Elder Reed, of Knoxville, Iowa, now nearing his ninety-first birthday anniversary, has just compiled his reminiscences of Black Hawk, the famous Indian Chief. Mr. Reed while living near Fort Madison entertained Black Hawk in his home. The acquaintance began in 1837. Mr. Reed also knew Chief Keokuk, and his beautiful daughter, Nauasia, who became almost broken hearted over a love affair with an eastern youth.

* * *

Congressman Robert Cousins sent this holiday toast for "Uncle Sam" to an Iowa friend: "Not Egypt's balm, nor Britain's beef, nor France's sweetest cordials, nor Scotia's sheep, nor Spanish wines, nor Holland's ancient larder, nor Irish stews, nor all the milk and honey of ancient Palestine, nor German noodles and hop beer, nor all of them together, can match the rich abundance of good food which Uncle Sam provides for all the world and for his widespread Christmas table here at home, where more than 80,000,000 sit and feast in joy and great prosperity, with thankfulness to Providence for industry and opportunity.

* * *

Electric stereopticons are the latest addition to Des Moines schools. The board will wire every building and furnish hundreds of slides. The schools are to buy their own machines. Through this system there will be practical demonstrations of physiology, botany and kindred branches of science.

VIRGINIA FOSTER
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Don Foster

DAVID MAISH LIDDLE
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Liddle

The Chicago Commercial Association is planning the greatest agricultural exposition ever held in this country. The time proposed for this harvest home festival is next October or November. The railroads are counted upon to do all in their power to aid the movement. There will be prizes offered for the exhibits of the field and the forest and altogether it is to be a sort of national prosperity jubilee.

* * *

Sixty years ago when Iowa became a state, Des Moines, now the capital and by far the largest city in the state, did not rank among the seven cities boasting of more than 1,000 population. The census of 1850 gave Des Moines but 502 population. Burlington led with 4,082, Dubuque next, 3,108; Muscatine, 2,540; Keokuk, 2,478; Davenport, 1,848; Fort Madison, 1,509, and Iowa City, then the capital, 1,250. Dubuque stills holds second place, while Burlington has dropped to seventh in the list.

JACK TUTTLE
Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Tuttle of Chicago

ELIZABETH LOUISE HALE OF CHICAGO
Granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Holmes of Des Moines

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this month the picture of a talented young Iowa girl who is at present a teacher at Granger. Miss Jessie Abel Ringgenberg. She is a native of the state and was educated in Des Moines. Some years since a small volume of her poems was published here and we give a selection from the booklet in this issue of The Midwestern.

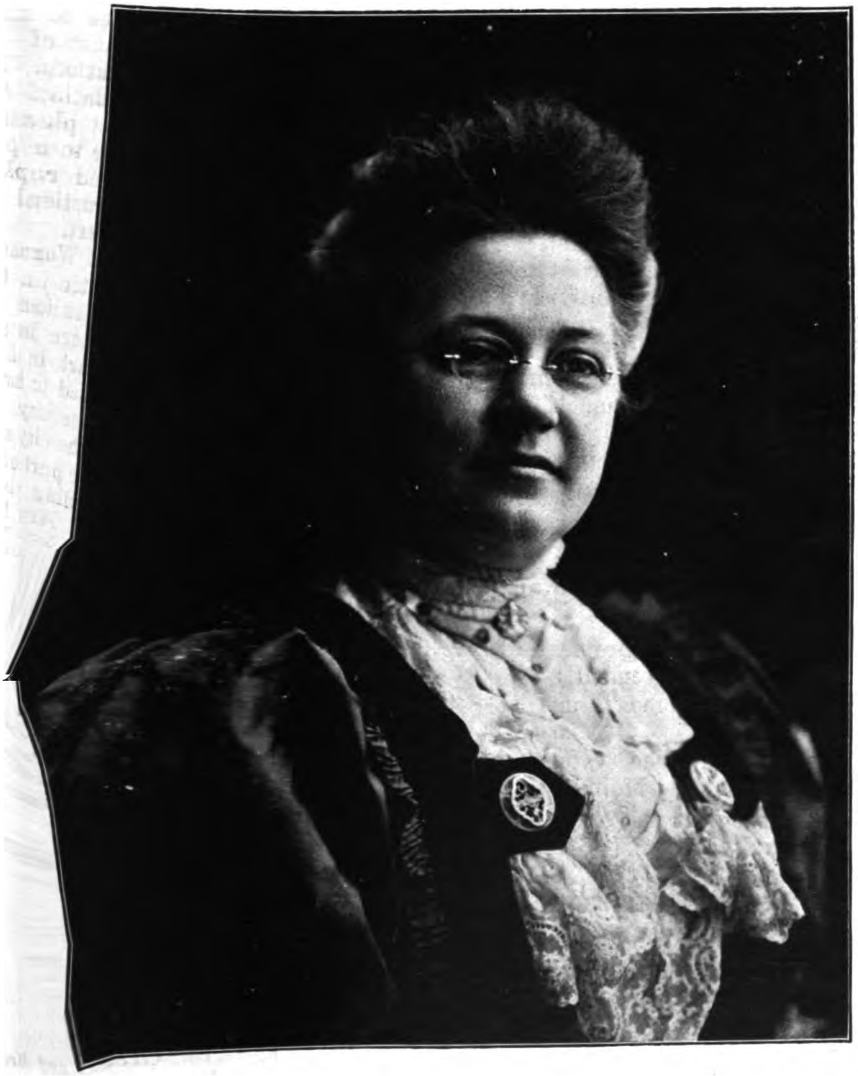
ADELINE W. PARSONS
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Parsons

A Duty to Your Child

Every mother when she looks with love upon her babies must feel that a part of her duty is to provide for their health of body in so far as she can do so. Cleanliness is conducive to health as everyone knows,—cleanliness of mind, body and spirit being next to godliness. The bath brings cleanliness of body, and with the bath a most important thing is the soap used by the bather. There is a soap made in the city of Des Moines which combines purity and cleansing power in an eminent degree. It is fine for scrubbing the teeth, being superior to any tooth paste, liquid or powder in the market. It is splendid in tonic and cleansing quality for the delicate skin of a baby or the skin of a grown-up person. It is surely the duty of every mother and every home-keeper to make the acquaintance of this splendid toilet article, Puck Soap, made in Des Moines. Ask your grocer for it. He keeps it. Ask your druggist for it. He keeps it. And after you have once had it, you will keep it.

MRS. W. E. ANDERSON
Of Des Moines

CLUB TALK



MRS. W. T. JOHNSTON

Who was unanimously re-elected President of the Art Committee of the Des Moines Women's Clubs

This committee devotes its energies to promoting Civic Art in Des Moines

March Meeting of the Civic Art Committee

The Civic Art Committee, City Federation, Mrs. W. T. Johnston, Mrs. J. G. Berryhill, Mrs. W. H. Baily, Chairman, presented a practical program before the City Federation. Mrs. Johnston in introducing speakers said that a decade ago the subject of Civic Art would not have been the one chosen for consideration of such an organization of women but today the women in the villages, towns and cities were thinking and working along these lines. If every man, woman and child in a community were to choose the kind of a city in which to live, clean, healthful and beautiful or the opposite kind, the vote would be unanimous for the attractive sort but notwithstanding this desire the individual loses sight of his part in creating the city beautiful. Since the solution of the problem rests with two forces, the individual and official co-operation. If we were to choose a slogan it would be a "better city to live in." The program of the afternoon was to give practical hints for working out this problem of the city beautiful and was as follows:

Mr. Geo. Hallet—Architecture.

Mr. Chas. N. Page—The beautifying of home grounds.

Mr. Jansen Hanes—The problem of a clean city. (Smoke abatement.)

Mr. M. J. Wragg—Some things at hand to do.

Mr. Lucius Wilson—The value of civic art to a greater Des Moines.

The last on the program was a "Vision of Our City Beautiful," by Mrs. W. E. Ballard.

In introducing this number the chairman said those who accomplish much have visions and the value of the dreamer is recognized in all movements. Some one has said that "It is all right to dream provided one is wide awake when dreaming," and this member had been chosen by the committee to give those present a vision of our city of the future after the lowly foundations had been laid and the artistic revelation had been wrought. It was a most pleasing picture in verse, a fitting close to a program born of enthusiasm and replete with ideas beautiful and practical on some phases of modern civic art.

The Art Department of the Woman's Club and Civic Art Committee in the Federation believe that attention of proper officials to their privilege in extending or promoting civic art in Des Moines is all that will be needed to have a clean and beautiful residence city.

All the federated clubs in the city are expected to give a program or part of a program to questions regarding civic betterment between now and May 1st. May 1st is to be "clean up" day. The mayor will issue a proclamation asking all citizens to co-operate and clean up their premises. The Commercial Club, Federation of Woman's Clubs and Greater Des Moines Committee and East Side Commercial Club representatives will make up the central committee on this work and they will ask organizations and individuals throughout the city to co-operate.

Women's Press Club Banquet

On the evening of the 19th of March the Women's Press Club of Des Moines held their annual banquet in the Chamberlain hotel. This annual event is one of special interest in Des Moines and invitations are highly prized by those so fortunate as to be bidden. Over a hundred guests were present this year, including the press representatives of the city and their friends, as well as several notable guests from out of town. Mrs. Anna Ross-Clarke, president of the club, received the guests, who were introduced by Mrs. Ogilvie, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Hardin of the social committee.

At eight o'clock the party repaired to the dining-room. It was conceded by all who were present that Mrs. Brown, who is a sort of "mother" to the club, exceeded all her previous efforts in the beauty of the arrangements, the tables being resplendent in scarlet carnations with candelabra with red shades and quantities of ferns. The color scheme was carried out in the six courses which were served. Everything was delicious and the "feast of reason" followed with Miss Mary Cookerly as toast-mistress. Miss Cookerly was a delight to all who heard her, and was bright and witty in her introductions and remarks. Those responding to toasts were Hon. John Cownie, who explained something of the method of the work of the state board of control; Mr. Charles Clarke, who spoke of the work of women in the advertising field; Mrs. Hardin of Ames spoke entertainingly of the Press Club as an Iowa "booster"; Mr. Harry Polk's talk was the ablest ner gave greetings from the I. F. W. C. Mrs. Harry Polk's talk was the ablest effort of the eventing, containing as it did food for sober thought, as well as much information in regard to the power of the interurban to promote the interest of Des Moines in many ways, as well as a factor for progress throughout the entire state. The club had hoped to hear Hon. J. S. Polk, so long identified with the city's interests, speak on this topic. But as his health prevented his presence, a most acceptable substitute was found in his son, a worthy son of one of our first and best citizens.

Mr. Lucius E. Wilson praised Des Moines in a neat little speech on "What is the matter with Des Moines?" He says one thing ails the town—yet too young — a fault soon remedied. Mr. Wilson in five weeks has made a most favorable impression and has developed into a first-class booster.

LUCIUS E. WILSON

The evening was voted by all present as the most delightful ever enjoyed by the club and much of the success was certainly due to Mrs. W. L. Brown, who has been the club hostess every year but one at the annual banquets. She has succeeded in doing what is seldom done at a hotel, made the club affairs seem just like a lovely home party, with none of the stiff formality which usually attends public functions.

Boone Chapter, D. A. R.

The following is a list of officers elected at the March meeting, Daniel Boone Chapter, Boone, Iowa:

Regent—Permelia Saunders Crooks, 311 Boone Street.

Vice-Regent—Edna Coombs Gove, 309 Benton Street.

Recording Secretary—Mable Brown Rogers, 1321 Green Street.

Corresponding Secretary — Evelyn Parks Held, 427 College Street.

Registrar—Almeda Brenton Harpel, 1229 Fourth Street.

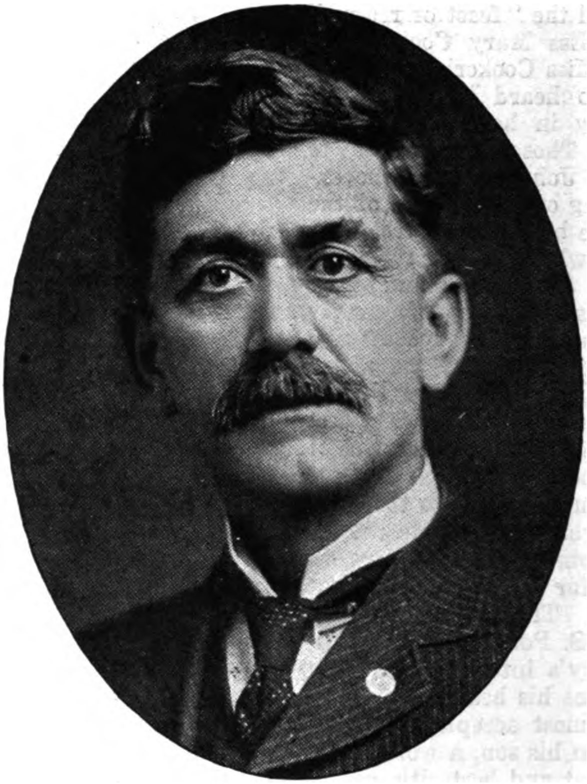
Treasurer — Grace Gove Daugherty, 303 Fifth Street.

Historian — Louise Minchin McLain, 1217 Green Street.

Chaplain — Sarah Currier Barron, 1113 Carroll Street.

Delegate to Washington—Emma Carr Bates. Alternates—Louise Minchin McLain, Luella Bates Ballou, Almeda Brenton Harpel, Olive Stevens Damon.

Very truly yours,
Evelyn Parks Held,
Cor. Sec. Daniel Boone Chapter, D. A. R.,
Boone, Iowa.



M. J. WRAGG

Whose recent talks before the Woman's Clubs of this city upon Civic Art have been most delightful and entertaining.

Where to Get It

Once upon a time in the city of Des Moines, the business man was wont to ask himself, "Where shall I get something palatable and yet inexpensive for my noonday luncheon down town?" That question has been solved with the coming of the Boston Lunch, located on West Sixth avenue and on East Fifth street. A man's car fare now pays for a luncheon satisfying, well cooked and most palatable. Both men and women patronize the Boston Lunch for every meal of the day and there is hardly a cessation of business during the daylight hours.

Patrons if asked what attracts them to the Boston Lunch would tell you the cleanliness, home-cooked food, delicious coffee, quick service and moderate prices. These things are winners of favor and have set the Boston Lunch high in the favor of the public.

The Kahler Store

THE KAHLER SHOE Co. is one of the old established houses of Des Moines. "Carl," as he is known to his host of Des Moines friends, is now the head of the establishment, and has shown himself as fine a business man as his father was. Mr. Kahler was a Des Moines pioneer and helped to build up the city. The Kahlers belonged to the town and it is gratifying that their long established business has been handed from father to son, and is more of a success even than in earlier years. Carl has made a success by the best business methods, added to his cordial and winning personality, thus making of his patrons personal friends.

ELIZABETH DAHLBERG

A Des Moines Girl's Voice

Among the pupils of distinction in Mrs. Goodwin's School of Music and who have received all of their instruction from Mrs. Goodwin is Miss Elizabeth Dahlberg, possessing one of the most delicious contralto voices ever heard in Des Moines.

Miss Dahlberg is a Des Moines girl, and graduates this year from the Goodwin School of Music, in the three departments, Harmony, Public School Music and Voice. All who have heard her sing feel that this young girl's wonderful voice will lead her to fame and fortune. Her range is from E flat below to A natural in alt. Every tone is rich, resonant, sweet as a silver bell and has that sympathetic quality which stamps a voice as great. Her pianissimos are velvety, and her crescendos and minuendos beautiful. Miss Dahlberg has appeared recently in recital and in several of the churches. Her voice is especially adapted to sacred music. In presence Miss Dahlberg wins her hearers at once. She sings as easily and naturally as a bird, her voice at once captivating every ear and appealing to the deep places of every heart. She will soon be given a complimentary recital by Mrs. Goodwin.

Buying Versus Building

Beware of houses built to sell, and of all houses built upon very small lots, says a writer in the *Homebuilder's Supplement of Country Life in America.* If you do not care for room to expand, mentally and morally, in the presence and ownership of trees, shrubs, flowers, and a garden, you had better stay in the city; you will be more comfortable there.

The profit on houses built to sell ranges from 20 to 35 per cent of the selling price. That is, a house which you can buy for $6,500 probably cost the owner not more than $5,000.

In most cases it will be found better to buy a lot, not from a speculator, of some size, and preferably one with trees upon it. Build there your own house, according to the plans of some competent architect—a house free from makeshifts and absurdities, a house you will feel proud to own and to live in.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Edited By Miranda

If fifty students of literature were asked to prepare a list of the ten best novels probably everyone would mention "Romola" and many would place it first. The reader who cares only for an interesting story is charmed by the romance. The student of history finds keen delight in a story that is interwoven with well known characters and prominent places and is true in every picture. And finally the student of character never grows tired of watching the subtle influences which drag down to "the deepest hell" a youth blessed with intellect and opportunity but who lacks the moral stamina to resist temptation. In all literature there is no other picture so strikingly presented of a young man who would like to do right but who is so weak that he does wrong because it seems easier at the moment. The majority of lives that are failures, the majority of men who go wrong, are in kinship with Tito. They do not start out with the intention of leading an evil life; but they take the course of least resistance and are overwhelmed. The world is full of Titos, but it is also filled with Romolas. Romola is the antithesis of Tito; patient, trusting, faithful, trying to believe that all is for the best; no sacrifice is too great for her to make; no burden can crush her soul. But George Eliot's wonderful story, the greatest I believe that has ever been written in the English language, does not call for a review or for comment. I have been led to renewed enthusiasm for "Romola" by the new two volume edition which has just been published. It has been edited by Dr. Guido Biagi, Librarian of the Laurentian Library, Florence. The greatest interest to the new edition attaches to the hundred and sixty engravings of scenes and characters which add greatly to the historical interest of the romance and shed additional light on the places described. These illustrations are from photographs taken by Dr. Biagi especially for this work, and the editor's introduction tells how the story was written, how long and faithfully George Eliot worked in gathering her material and studying the history of Florence, the manners and customs and even the forms of expression of the people of that period. All these features will be appreciated by the student, and, if possible, increase the popularity of the great novel. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $3.00.)

Mrs. D. E. Allen, of Downs, Kan., first instituted a public library by subscription in her town, then worked four years as librarian without pay. Now the library is in a Carnegie building and its 1,700 volumes are placed at the service of teachers and pupils over a large area of country through the use of the rural telephone system and the patient labors of the librarian who supplies all possible information by phone, and in case of long messages sends a typewritten copy by mail. Helen Gould gave 500 volumes to the Downs library.

Apropos of the recent sale in New York of a copy of Edgar Allan Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue" for $1,400, Professor George E. Woodberry's mention of this famous tale in the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe, is of some interest. "Poe's first success," he says, "in Graham's Magazine, was the tale of 'The Murders of the Rue Morgue,' which appeared in the number for April, 1841, the first of his editing. He had been led to this new ratiocinative vein, perhaps, by his studies in cryptography, which he had kept up; and he continued to work it, becoming thereby the father of the modern detective novel."

The third English edition of The House of a Thousand Candles was exhausted in November, and the novel bids fair to repeat its American success. It is already issued in independent editions in Canada and Australia. The English press in speaking in cordial praise of the workmanship of the tale, which presents, moreover, that rarest of achievements these days—a new and astonishing device in romantic fiction.

The A. S. Barnes Company are bringing out numerous important books aside from their educational books. The latest story by Alfred Henry Lewis, "Confessions of a Detective," promises to be an interesting story along the lines which are so characteristic of Mr. Lewis.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. has lately published a beautiful collection of facsimile reproductions of the drawings of

Jean Francois Millet, accompanied with an introductory essay by Leonce Benedite of the Luxembourg Gallery. The book is an imperial quarto, thus allowing reproductions of such a size that the work of this most extraordinary figure of nineteenth century art may be fully comprehended and studied to the best advantage. There are fifty reproductions, including all the well-known, and many other drawings.

A close friend of Senator Lodge is responsible for the statement that the Massachusetts statesman for years has received an income from his literary efforts far in excess of his salary as a senator. He has written on more phases of American history than any other man in public life. His latest work is a book of essays, including some account of Greenfield, Massachusetts, whose history is one of the most romantic in the annals of American civilization. It was the scene of numerous bloody battles with Indians and was for years the extreme outpost of western civilization in that part of the continent.

There is "one striking new feature" in Molly Elliot Seawell's latest novel, "The Victory,' 'according to Book News, and that is "a remarkable parallel between the *noblesse* of the French Revolution and these high-bred men and women of Old Virginia" during the Civil War. As the Frenchwomen watched the confiscation of their estates with a shrug and marched to the guillotine smilingly, so the women of the South carried their heads high through the long years of devastation and impoverishment. "The Victory" is a romance showing their cheerful courage under endless strain.

William Shakespeare is the hero of a new and striking novel by the Danish woman writer, Sophus Banditz. Moreover, British and American readers will probably soon have a chance to read this tale, for Queen Alexandra, who recently read it in the original, was so much impressed by it that she advised the author to have it translated into English. This translation is now proceeding and the English version is to be dedicated to the queen, who is herself a Dane.

RUSSELL AND PRISCILLA PRATT
Children of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Pratt

Styles for Spring

Louise Everett Ralston

Tailored styles in linen shirt waists are to be very popular this season.

At net and lace counters an increased demand for butter color and ecru nets is reported.

The newest feature of the short waist this season is the broad shoulder effect, a revoval of the Gibson model.

Persian organdies, while of small cost, seem destined for all sorts of dainty effects. These are barred or plaided and then flowered.

Panama weaves are in mixtures—stylish checs, plain and broken—over plaid effects and stripes in fashionable tan and gray combinations.

Bordered gingham from Scotland is carrying all before it. Such an innovation was not known in years, and every woman who sees it starts a-planning new frocks "with borders."

The newest wrinkle is the waist set, consisting of a little yoke of color with collar and cuffs to match. These are used on white waists of sheer material.

It is a triumph of stripes. Last season checks and plaids queened over the country. Now stripes supersede them, though many members of the plaid family are wonderfully admired.

Among some fine wools of herringbone weave, gun-metal and white in hair lines or half-inch stripes are blended with narrow lines of color. There are also many two-toned effects shot with bright colors.

The tendency among embroideries is to wide flouncing. Wide with a lacy effect in the design. Some of the flouncings come with the designs in a rather flat effect, mercerized—after Japanese embroidering.

The 1907 embroideries are quite different from those of former seasons. They are composed like pictures and painted in the most delicate colors with skillful touches that leave them dainty and springlike.

As to the tailor-mades for spring and summer, a season of light colors is imminent. Materials all along the line of worsteds, cheviots, serges and their kind proclaim it. Lovely effects are found in the serges and cheviots of white ground traversed with stripes of many widths from hair lines up. Stripes are very conspicuous in all showings of dress goods, although it can not be said that checks and blocks seem to have lost any ground. The white grounds are striped or cross-checked with soft browns, steel, black, etc., and in some of the pieces touches of color are introduced.

A trend to more elaborate designs and greater richness of fabric is observed everywhere.

Among the spring woolens are the new wool taffetas so much liked for house dresses because they are light weight and drape gracefully.

Many large plaids will be seen in silks and light woolen fabrics. Girdles are gradually disappearing and narrow belts are fastened on to the bodice.

The trend of the fashion is to stripes —stripes in Pekin effects, in clusters or otherwise varied. There are checks, broken plaids and very decided plaids.

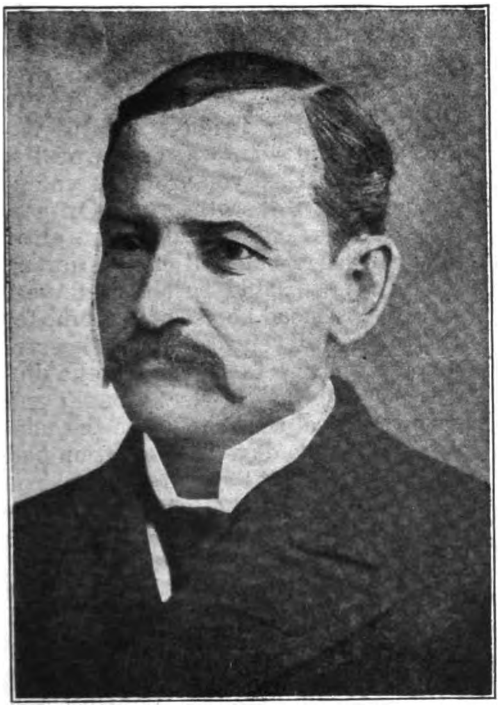
Buttons are of unusual importance in fashion's scheme this spring, and particularly noticeable is the revival of the silk button, crocheted or plain.

There is a distinct change in the styles of lingerie blouses this season. The sleeves are stil lshort, and even shorter than last year, being merely tiny puffs with a deep cuff above the elbow and finished with a very narrow ruffle. A great deal of the trimming consists of Italian filet lace, white baby Irish and heavy appliques also form a good part of the trimming.

The designs are new and the effect that of hand-painting over plain or striped backgrounds.

Baronne silk muslin has a sheer ground, ombre stripes like cloud-colors, with dainty flower printings.

Shadow work comes in colors this year. Batiste in pale lavender, pink, blue and yellow embroideries have lace inserts.



J. I. MYERLY
Postmaster of Des Moines

Des Moines will have the honor soon to introduce to the chair of city postmaster another one of a long line of men who have done honor to that important position—J. I. Myerly, well known as a substantial citizen and a positive factor for good in the life of the city and state. Mr. Myerly is a native of Des Moines and has been closely identified with every interest of the town. He is heart and soul a loyal Iowan and his many good friends have showered him with congratulations since his appointment to the office of postmaster.

He has served one term as city alderman and has always been a devoted Hull man, and in the fight several years since with Judge Prouty, Mr. Hull owed his success to the fine work in his behalf by Mr. Myerly. Mr. Myerly is one who succeeds in his undertakings, whatever they are. Careful and with good judgment, a first-class knowledge of men and business matters, he weighs well everything into which he ventures, and when he does venture he succeeds. In the position of postmaster he will have the loyal support of the Des Moines public, with which he is a favorite, and there is no doubt that he will add another term of successful work to his already successful career as a business man and as a public official.

KIRKWOOD CAFE
Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets
"The Place to Eat"
T. E. VEITCH, Mgr.

Wear Clothes

That show Distinction, Character and Elegance

Made to Your Order at a Moderate Price

PETERSON TAILORING CO. - 206 Fifth Street

Effect of Color on the Temperament

George A. Boody

There are as many temperaments in the world as people. They are as varied in degree of intensity as environment can make them. Why does the housewife have a bright, cheerful warm colored kitchen? Because it makes her heart light and the work seems so much easier.

Don't you know there is something in the human breast that makes you feel happy and buoyant some days and sad and depressed other days, with no appreciable difference in your health or general circumstances. This feeling can be accounted for in a large degree by the general environment you throw about yourself. Such as sunlight, size of your living rooms, singing birds, green grass, beautiful flowers and the greatest of all the general tone harmony and color of your wall decorations, which you see every waking minute of your indoor life, and yet how few refined people really place the emphasis here.

But it is true we are all very much like the ostrich, when he buries his head in the sand he imagines no one can see him. When a man has his shoes well shined he feels dressed up because he is looking at his feet more than at anything else. So the thing that we see most is the thing that affects us most.

Beautiful color harmony in your home decorations only means colors to which your soul responds, some people love yellow, some green and others blue, but all colors that appeal to you as beautiful will not have the most wholesome effect on your temperament, for there are beautiful color combinations to be appropriately used in a den or dutch room that you would not think of using in a chamber or sick room. Did you ever think why it is all in your mood. To illustrate, in your liveliest waking moments you want your walls to appeal to your feelings, when you are tired you go to a room that will soothe you. On general principles all humanity is alike. What will cheer one will cheer another, but one thing should be observed very closely. The mood object of a room, for instance, the kitchen for happy, cheerful work in preparing family meals; the dining room for a flow of easy thought and harmony. Meal time should be the happiest hour of the day. The reception hall full of welcome with a glad color scheme and so on through the home. It is the perversiveness of this order of things that puts the home out of harmony.

When refined people of ample means wish to build a home they consult an architect of ability and standing as they wish the exterior of their home to possess architectural beauty, the elevation well balanced, as well as having a considerable degree of individuality. When the final touch is reached, the decorating, too often is a copy of some lady friend's home, and the owner's individuality entirely lost. This is a great mistake. You should put your home into the hands of decorating experts, and have your individuality strongly woven into the fabric of right modern decorating as used in the sweetest place on earth— your own home.

YOUR OLD HOUSE

made to look like new by our expert painters and paper hangers. Finest line of Varnishes, Paints, Wallpaper, Picture Frames, etc., in the city. . . . .

ED FORSTER & CO.
607 FOREST AVE.
Estimates cheerfully furnished.
Both Phones.

Knew Who He Was

One summer's day, a number of years ago, when Henry Ward Beecher was passing a part of his vacation at Litchfield Springs, Ct., he passed a young lad who looked at the great preacher so determinedly that Mr. Beecher made up his mind to speak to him. He was always very fond of children, and usually made friends with them.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Beecher.

"Johnny Brown," modestly answered the boy.

"Well, Johnny, do you know me?"

"Know you? Sure I know you."

"Well, who am I?"

"Shucks," said the boy, as he hurried off to school, "everybody knows you're the husband of the lady that wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

THE
BELL
COFFEES
J.H.BELL&CO
CHICAGO

Who I am and Where I Came From

By a COFFEE BEAN

Lying in a package of coffee with a great many others like me and labeled The Bell Coffee, it occurred to me whether the Bell People, who pack a very fine grade of coffee, knew anything about my ancestry, and to set myself right before the world, I had my ancestral tree prepared through the medium of a learned scholar, who writes me the following facts:

"Your name was derived from the Arabic Khawah, there were fifty to sixty species, but the list is now restricted to twenty-two, of these seven belong geographically to Asia, and of the fifteen African species eleven are found in the West Coast, two in Central and East Africa and two are natives of Mauritius.

"The tree on which you grew is an evergreen plant of from eighteen to twenty feet high; when flowering you produce dense clusters of pure white color with a rich fragrant odor. Your use was known at a period placed at 875 A. D. You were first brought from Abyssinia into Arabia by a learned and pious Shiek. Down to 1690 the only supply of coffee was from Arabia and in that year the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies received a few coffee seeds from Arabia and Java, and these seeds he planted in the Garden of Batavia where they grew and flourished so abundantly that the culture was immediately commenced on an extended scale in Java. One of the first plants grown in that island was sent to Holland as a present to the Governor of the Dutch East India. It was planted in the Botanical Garden at Amsterdam, and young plants grown from its seeds were sent to Suranam where it was cultivated. Ten years later the plant was introduced in the West Indian Islands and gradually the culture extended throughout the New World, till now, the progeny of the single plant sent from Java to Holland produces more coffee than is grown by all the other plants in the world. As we judge a woman's beauty by her shape, size and color, so your commercial value is determined. You belong to the medicinal class of food valuable from the stimulating effect upon the nervous and vascular system, you produce a feeling of buoyancy which does not end in depression, increases the frequency of the pulse, lightens the sensation of fatigue and sustains the strength under prolonged and severe exertion. Your value under the rigors of arctic cold has been demonstrated by all arctic explorers, and you are scarcely less useful in tropical regions where you stimulate the action of the skin."

I see, Mr. Bell, that you print on your package South American Mocha and Java. You are certainly right in this, this being a trade name for me, because I am a Mocha and Java descendant. I am proud of my birth and proud that the American people appreciate my qualities in the various brands you use me in.

Wishing you the best of success in the matter of supplying the people with pure goods, I am,

Yours, very truly,
A Coffee Bean.

In connection with the above, we desire to state to our trade that we guarantee all our goods to conform to the Pure Food Law if sold in our original package and seal unbroken.

J. H. BELL & CO., Chicago, Ill.
November, 1906.

GEO. A. WATERS
Of Kromer & Waters

The really
STUNNING
hats this season are shown
at
SEFREN & GLICKMAN'S
810 LOCUST ST.

French Styles direct from Paris, also the choicest variety of Exclusive Pattern Hats.

"Our Easter Showing" would command the admiration of the "Chic" and Stylish Dresser anywhere at anytime.

In the March number of the Midwestern a misleading statement appeared which we wish to correct before our readers. In speaking of the merits of Falcon Flour, and the fact that Mrs. Moore of the Des Moines Gas Co. uses it in her demonstrations, it is made to appear that it is "Mrs. Moore's choice" of all other flours. Mrs. Moore is such an artist in her line of work that we believe she could make delicious things of even a poor flour, but she includes in her favorite makes of flour, a number of famous brands besides the splendid Falcon, known so well and favorably all over America.

The "Booster Luncheon" programs, however, included only the Falcon, as it is the only flour made in Des Moines. But in her demonstrations at the Gas Company's rooms, Mrs. Moore uses several brands of both bread and pastry flours.

The Midwestern admires both Mrs. Moore in her superior work, and Falcon Flour for its superior merit, and is glad to correct the error made last month.

E. M. KROMER
Of Kromer & Waters

Greatest Grocery and Market in the Middle West

E. D. FRAZIER
President of the McQuaid Co.

Among the many good things exceptional in both size and quality boosted by Des Moines is the largest and most completely equipped grocery and market in the Middle West. It is in reality what its name implies, a general market. Upon entering the house of the McQuaid Company on Seventh street for the first time the visitor stares about in amazement. The frontage of ninety-four feet of solid glass looks imposing from the outside but to see the bigness of the establishment one must step inside. This company's business was established in 1896, incorporated in 1906, and has grown to be one of the leading business houses in Iowa. The splendid system of arrangement and management must immediately appeal to the most casual observer. A small army of clerks are busy constantly, and every customer receives most careful attention. The several departments include groceries, meat, fish, drugs, bakery, fresh fruits of all kinds, vegetables and a finely patronized luncheon, the latter growing so rapidly that it already takes up a big space.

The store in its several departments occupies 3,000 square feet of floor space. Their trade includes an immense patronage of both Des Moines and interurban people who find here what they want, and satisfactory both in quality and price. Purchase coupons are given and the premiums are valuable and attractive. Everything in the market can always be found at McQuaid's, even the rarest and choicest articles, kept in very few stores. This big business is handled most efficiently by two young men who stand in the front rank of the progressive business men of Des Moines. E. D. Frazier, President and Secretary of the company, and R. N. Gilkinson, Vice-President and Treasurer. Mr. Frazier has been here six years. Mr. Gilkinson but a few months.

So rated is the McQuaid Company's store that visitors from other towns are sure to be directed to it as one of the places worth seeing. Seventh street is now just in the heart of the shopping district, accessible to all, and the McQuaid Company with their numbers 312-14-16-18-20 Seventh street, have perhaps the choicest location on the street

R. N. GILKINSON
Vice-President and Treasurer of the McQuaid Co.

ETHEL BLANCHE CARTER
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Carter

A Voice of Promise

Mrs. Goodwin, the noted teacher of voice in Des Moines, of the Goodwin School of Music, has won distinction for herself in the work of one of her pupils, Miss Carter, whose beautiful voice and fine method have won for her such high praise everywhere she has been heard. Miss Carter is a pupil of Mrs. Goodwin and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Carter of 1733 Seventh street. Although quite a young girl, her voice is already of such wonderful promise that her future as a great singer is assured. Her range is from high C to F below middle C. She sang recently before Nordica, who complimented her greatly both in voice and method and assured her that great success lay before her.

No pains will be spared to complete Miss Carter's musical education. Her mother will probably accompany her to New York during the coming season, where she will study for six months before going to Europe for further lessons.

Mrs. Ada Heidt-Oberman

Appears in the Title Role of the Child of the Regiment, at Foster's April 5 and 6

"The most wonderful child impersonator I ever saw" was the verdict of a great actor once after seeing Mrs. Ada Heidt-Oberman in an impersonation. Big eyes, "full of dreams," a delicate, sweet face, a sensitive mouth and intellectual brow, these things first appeal to one who meets her. Then she is just a fairy woman in size and with a child's unconscious grace of poise and manner. Her voice is the most wonderful thing about her. Even in ordinary conversation impressive and full of delicacy and strength.

It is because Mrs. Oberman is to appear in the title role that all Des Moines looks forward with expectancy to the production at Foster's of "The Child of the Regiment." The play as presented here will be a combination of the best features of the opera, "The Daughter of the Regiment" and the original drama, "The Child of the Regiment." It is to be given under the auspices of the Rebekahs, who will be assisted in making a grand success of it by the Odd Fellows. Mrs. Oberman will be in charge. She has recently taken lessons for her part in Chicago, of the great Dr. Henshaw. A picked chorus of 100 girls, all trained voices, will be a special feature. They appear in some wonderful songs. Sixteen girls in the French peasant dress will appear in the French dances. Twenty-four soldiers from the Fort will give all of the military work.

Miss Hazel Kirk will be the leading soloist. Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Shank also have important work in the play. The scenes will be realistic in the extreme. The art room scene, which has helped to make the fame of the play, and the palm garden scene, with the fountain of running water and the statues which sing the dirge and slowly come to life, will create a sensation among Des Moines playgoers. The play will be given at Foster's April 5th and 6th.

Music Teachers

We make a specialty of supplying teachers, and carry the most complete stock of teaching music, "including studies in the best editions," in the city.

We have Schirmers, Wood, Ditson, Litolff and Peters Editions, of Standard Works.

Latest Popular Music in stock at all times.

Write for catalogues as we have a special mail order department.

Knape, Fischer, Behning and Ivers and Pond Pianos.

"Best Ever."

HOWARD MUSIC HOUSE, 315 Seventh Street.

Des Moines as a Shopping Center

Article No. 2

The article on Des Moines as a shopping center in the March Midwestern met with unqualified approval from our suburban and inter-urban readers. One of our subscribers in Saylor writes us: "Do continue your suggestions in regard to the places we may visit with advantage in Des Moines. You certainly know how to make your city attractive to the shoppers who visit it." We certainly appreciate the kindness of our readers, and for several issues will endeavor to successfully boost Des Moines along these practical lines. The Midwestern was started with the express purpose of furthering the interests of the Middle West, and Des Moines as the center of the Middle West surely claims our loyalty and our best effort.

* * *

The work of remodeling the building which is to become the Des Moines Department Store has been begun in earnest, as anyone passing the corner of Eighth and Walnut may well see for himself. The enthusiasm of the proprietors of this big enterprise has long since developed into a settled purpose, that promises to Iowa the most splendid store within her borders. The plans are now fully completed, much of the help is engaged, and with the opening in view for August 1st, everything looks well for a splendid success for all who are concerned in the venture.

* * *

Mr. E. S. Randall of the Kimball Piano Company is a busy man and one who knows how to make a success of the business he handles. Mr. Randall is a good booster and declares the state of Iowa to be one of the finest fields in which the Kimball piano is sold. A big business is done for the Kimball from the Des Moines office, and in the hands of Mr. Randall the business is steadily growing. Their location at Eighth and Walnut is one of the best in the city.

* * *

E. W. BAILEY
Proprietor of "The Glasgow"

The show windows at Younkers' are always so attractive that a constant crowd surrounds them on pleasant days. Among these gazers are many men, who seem as absorbed in the beauties of feminine finery as do the women. Their showing of the exquisite spring things, gowns, lingerie, waists, hats, wraps and accessories to a dainty toilet of every sort, has been unusual during the past month. Also the house furnishings windows have been most beautiful and make every woman long to begin the spring cleaning and re-furnishing. Des Moines could hardly get along without these beautiful windows which compare with the windows of any of the great stores in the big cities.

* * *

Visitors to Des Moines manufacturing plants on "Booster Day" found one of the most interesting places to be the plant of the Kratzer Carriage Co., where Mr. C. S. Walker did the part of host to perfection. Now that spring has come, and the lovely drives about Des Moines will again attract the lover of out-door life, those in need of vehicles of any sort will find just what they want at the Kratzer's. Their work is first class and high grade in every particular, and cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction. Visitors to the city should surely visit this interesting plant, whether needing a buggy or not. It is well worth seeing.

* * *

On Walnut street, near the corner of Seventh, are three such lovely jewelers' windows, that they rival in beauty those of the flower store next door. Jewels of all sorts are here displayed, useful and ornamental, odd things, quaint pieces, oriental effects, and all in exquisite taste and for most reasonable prices. These are the windows of the Parritt Jewelry Store. Mr. Parritt, although a comparative newcomer here, from Bloomington, Ill., has made for himself already a place in the front rank of Des Moines business men. The store is popular with all classes of people, and the shopper, both in Des Moines and from outside, finds just what he wants and needs here.

* * *

"Up-to-date" might well be the motto of the Nicoll Tailoring Co. Everything proves it, from the attractive show windows to the stunning clothes they turn out. Nowadays men in all businesses must be well dressed and suitably dressed. A visit to the Nicoll store is an education to a man in regard to what he should wear to appear to the best advantage.

Mr. Mercer, the popular manager, conducts his establishment along the most approved and advanced lines, and once a customer is always friend and customer here.

* * *

The J. L. Mason millinery store on Seventh street, both wholesale and retail, is one of the oldest and most reliable stores in Iowa. Mr. Mason is a Des Moines pioneer and has successfully handled a large business here for many years. At this time of year they do an immense business and hundreds of the Easter hats will come from there as they always do. Everything in the millinery line at most moderate prices can be found at Mason's.

* * *

The Walker Shoe Company are doing the biggest business this spring in the history of their store. Their location is one of the best on Walnut street and their windows are an indication of the big and fashionable stock they carry. Beautiful shoes and shoes that fit are shown here and the fitters know their business. This is the keynote to the splendid success Mr. Walker is making in Des Moines.

First Class Work **Pressing and Repairing**

JOHN S. JACOBSON

FINE TAILORING

There is a sense of pride and satisfaction that goes with wearing a FIRST CLASS Tailor-Made Suit more than any other kind worn.

Motto: EVERY PROMISE FULFILLED.

Rooms 201-209 Watrous Block, Opposite Street Car Waiting Room.

Iowa Phone 1113-M

To be well groomed is an essential which no person can afford to overlook. In order to be well groomed you should send your clothing to the

DES MOINES DRESS CLUB

719 Locust Street

To be cleaned and pressed. Mut. Phone 1019.

* * *

Anybody who doesn't know Mandelbaum's doesn't know much about shopping in Des Moines. This popular store at Fifth and Walnut has grown from a small beginning into one of the big stores of the Middle West. A fine stock of goods, all up-to-date and of splendid variety, is found at this store and scores of shoppers visit Mandelbaum's before going elsewhere, knowing how satisfactory they will find everything. The proprietors have well proved the value of generous and business-like methods with the public and make new friends every day. Their success is most gratifying to their host of friends in Iowa.

* * *

Down-town shoppers who do not know the delight of lunching at the Chamberlain have missed a great pleasure. The general cafe and the Dutch room are both popular with those who know them. The service is fine, the cuisine tempting and the whole air of the hotel is restful and gratifying to the guest who appreciates refinement and home-likeness in hotel surroundings. Shoppers should try their special noon luncheon.

The splendid furniture store of Davidson Bros. on Walnut street, in the quarters formerly occupied by the Harbach's, is the biggest establishment of the sort in Iowa, and one of the leaders in the Middle West. The success of this firm goes well to show what Des Moines may do for courageous and industrious young men.

Twenty-two years ago the firm was established on Court avenue. One room was then occupied. Their second location was at 315 Walnut, soon including 317 and 319. The members of the firm are Solomon, Jacob and Louis Davidson. A few years ago when L. Harbach & Sons went into the wholesale business, the Davidsons' secured a long lease on the building and moved in. Beside their retail establishment, they have immense merchandise quarters in East Des Moines, extending from Locust to Grand avenue. The Davidson house is known well and favorably all over Iowa. Much of the state work has been given to them. The Polk county courthouse was furnished by them, also the city library. Mr. Louis Davidson, in a recent interview, said, "I believe in Des Moines. I am proud of her growth and increasing importance. I believe in doing things that will reflect credit upon our city." And the firm of Davidson Bros. certainly does just that.

* * *

A wonderfully attractive place is the new store of the Vim Company, formerly known as the Specialty Company. Their new home is on Seventh street, between Walnut and Mulberry.

The manager is Mr. H. Brinegar, who has been in Des Moines but eight months and likes the city wonderfully well. The Vim Company has been located in Des Moines four years and do a big business which reaches out all over the state. All sorts of sporting goods and electric fixtures are found here, as well as a multitude of novel and useful things it would take pages to enumerate.

* * *

The windows of the Iowa Floral Company on Locust street are a delight to the eye of all who pass that way. The flower stores in a city or town are a sure sign of prosperity. They could not exist in a place where poverty was the rule The æsthetic sense is not cultivated with flowers in midwinter among the poor. Mr. Baker, of the Iowa Floral Company, has just the perfection of taste and skill which enables him to keep the windows beautiful. Their fine location entitles them to the immediate attention of the public. They furnish most of the decorations for parties in Des Moines, besides filling big orders every day from outside. Orders may be sent them from anywhere in the country by mail or telegram, and they will be promptly and satisfactorily filled.

A. G. MAISH

Assistant Superintendent of the Des Moines Railway Co.

The recent election of "Bert" Maish, as he is known to all of the old residents of Des Moines, to the office of assistant superintendent of the Des Moines City Railway Co., meets with hearty approval from the general public.

Mr. Maish, both personally and in a business capacity, has a host of friends who wish him every success, and who feel that he is just the man for the place for which he has been selected.

Edward J. Wilcox, of Denver, who left the ministry because he could not gain proper support therefrom, and went into the mines to work has become immensely wealthy. He controls an immense amount of mining stock and other investments. He built the Argentine Central railway, the highest railway system now operated in the world. It runs from Georgetown, Colorado, nineteen miles, terminating on Mt. McClellan. Mr. Wilcox has dropped the title of "Rev." but adheres to his religious standards. Nothing can induce him to run a train over his railway on Sunday.

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Jewelers and Opticians
Fourth and Walnut
Optical Department now in charge of Mr. W. F. Innes, Eye Specialist. Cross-eyes and difficult cases solicited.

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See our Stock before buying
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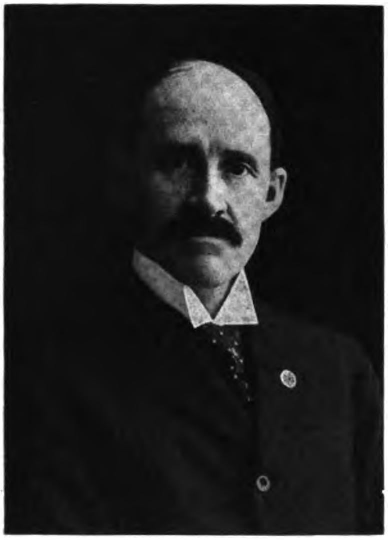
While strolling down the street one day,
I saw many men going on their way;
And, as I'm observing, just a bit,
I noticed some of their suits did not fit.
Says I to friend Smith, at my side,
Is it possible these men do here abide?
There's no use for a man to look like a bum
When "NICOLL THE TAILOR" makes suits for
such a small sum.
First class, fine cloth suits, tailored neat as a pin,
And for men to look like this, I think it's a sin.

Nicoll the Tailor

WILLIAM JERREMS' SONS.
WE INVITE YOU TO CALL

The Midland Lyceum Bureau



A. J. SNYDER, President

This Des Moines institution was organized June 26, 1901, incorporated September, 1906, and is now the "greatest in the world." Starting in 1901 with 260 engagements that first season, they grew to 4,835 engagements in the present winter, a number greater than any other one bureau in the world and a business as great as *all* the bureaus had put together back in the '90's.

The Midland decided that the Bureau world had much to learn from the vaudeville and show world, even though these last named worlds were somewhat in disrepute in lyceum circles. They concluded a lecture and entertainment Bureau could be run on the Circuit Plan, and with great faith, and some money, they launched forth defiantly as "The Circuit Folks."

The story reads like a romance. The business grew beyond all expectations. The best talent knocked at their door and agents and towns came for the asking. Lecturers who before sold at $75 on the old plan were sold by the Midland *at a profit* at $40; music companies which brought $100 on the old plan could be bought for $60 on the new.

At first, towns doubted and feared and competitors made misrepresentations and gloomy predictions. Sometimes a Midland attraction failed to please, then the competitors used it and said they *all* failed *all* the time. Everything possible to tear down the Midland was done with the result it grew faster than ever. The competitors had helped wonderfully. Then came a time when visions of greater things to come caused a territorial expansion. Companies were strengthened, the best talent was secured, branch agencies were established in various cities.

Today the Midland covers thirty-eight states from North and South Carolina on the Atlantic to California, Washington and Oregon on the Pacific; from Texas to Canada.

Suite No. 805, Steinway Hall, Chicago, in charge of Riggs & Doty, No. 226-227 Argyle Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., in charge of White and Freeman, are now established branch offices. Circuit managers are located at Salem, Oregon; Atlanta, Georgia; St. Paul, Minn., and Dallas, Tex.

The home office at No. 354-362 Good Block, Des Moines, is a beehive of workers in charge of Messrs Snyder and Howell.

J. S. WHITE, Vice-President

Des Moines Paper Box Mfg. Co.
makes everything in the Box Line
Little Wedding Cake Boxes a Specialty
All work guaranteed.
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MIDLAND LYCEUM BUREAU

Chicago :: :: *Des Moines* :: :: *Kansas City*

THE CIRCUIT FOLKS

DEALING ON THE CIRCUIT PLAN EXCLUSIVELY WITH "EXTRAS" FOR THOSE TOWNS WANTING TO PAY MORE

Our Plan

Saves money
Saves missed dates
Saves changed dates
Saves irregular dates
Saves Talent from wearisome trips
Saves work and worry for the Committee

¶ Our average jump is under 50 miles. We fill 95 out of every 100 dates on the date assigned originally without miss or change. Our dates come regularly about one per month. Our prices are much lower than the same grade talent can be bought from other agencies.

The Talent

¶ We can show you that our talent is right and satisfactory if you doubt. Sometimes our low prices make a committee fearful. We can satisfy you fully in that point if you will let us. Again, on our plan the risk of pleasing is assumed by us. Should we send you poor talent, through accident, we agree unequivocally to "make wrong things rights."

Remember

¶ If you have bought nothing from the Midland Bureau *lately* you know nothing of their talent.

¶ If you do not know the Midland Bureau as they are *now* you do not know them at all.

¶ Our literature, our circulars and our representatives will tell the whole story. We will be courteous and prompt if you will but write.

MIDLAND LYCEUM BUREAU

354 to 362 Good Block
DES MOINES, IOWA

CHICAGO OFFICE
805 Steinway Hall

KANSAS CITY OFFICE
226-257 Argyle Building

FORD HOWELL, Secretary

The officers of Midland Lyceum Bureau are A. D. Snyder, President; J. S White, Vice-President; Ford Howell, Secretary. Their faces are herewit produced, so committees may know wha the men they deal with look like.

In Chautauqua work the Midlan stands in a class with three other great agencies, the four controlling practically the entire Chautauqua business in the United States. The Midland will control this coming summer practically the entire program in over forty assemblies besides a vast amount of talent sold to other assemblies.

Another vision has come. The Bureau world speculates. Everyone wonders what "The Circuit Folks" will do next.

Music and the Play.

At the conclusion of the Pension concert recently in Boston, Dr. Carl Muck arose and addressed the musicians of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who had just completed the successful playing of a Wagner program. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have heard tonight in your rendering of these Wagner excerpts beauties, which up to now had escaped my notice. That I have been enabled to do so is due to yourselves."

Mme. Lillian Nordica will open her engagement at New Orleans, with the San Carlo Opera Company as "La Gioconda." By a curious coincidence this will be the third time Mme. Nordica has made an initial appearance as "La Gioconda." She did so first at the Metropolitan a few months since, and in London a short time ago.

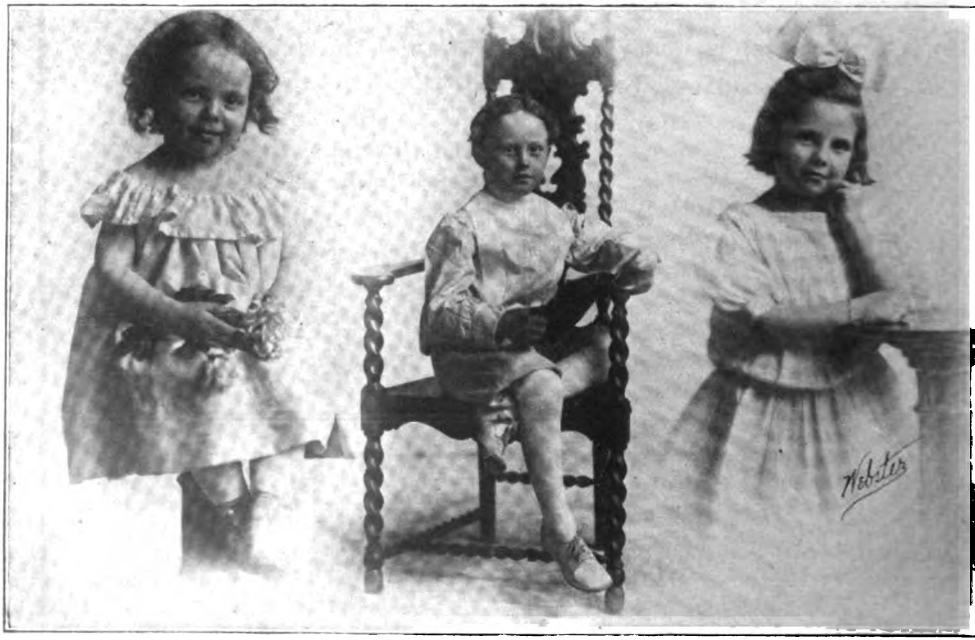
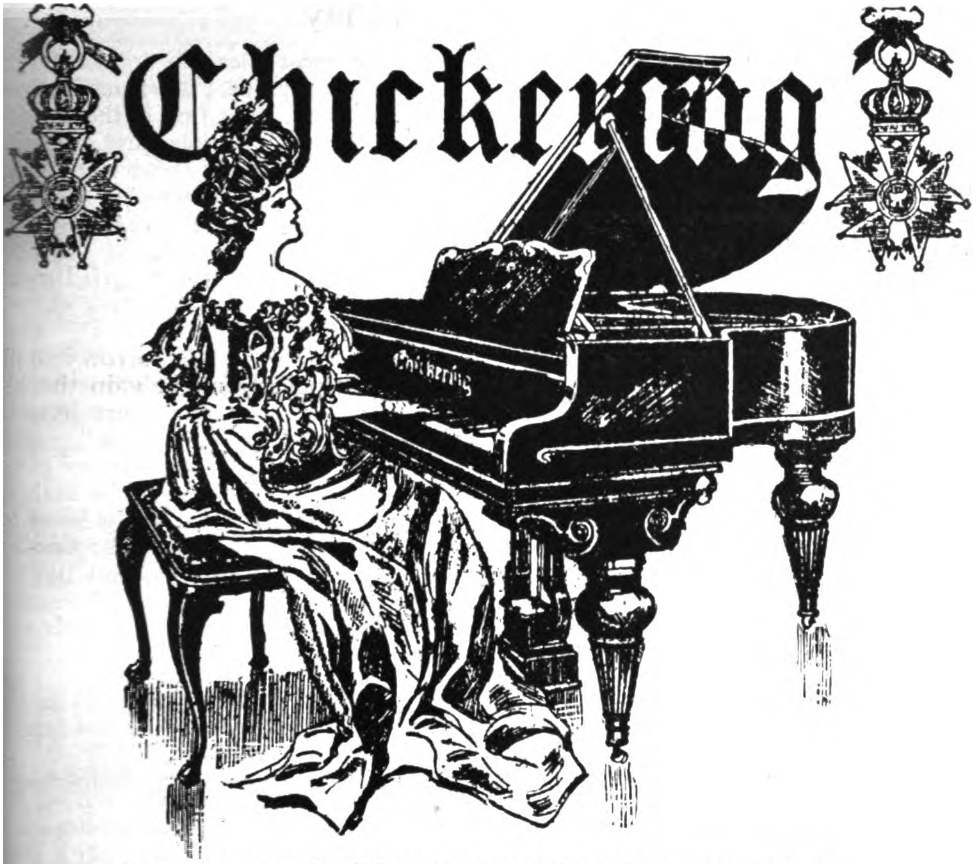


Photo by Webster

KATHERYN, JAMES and VIRGINIA CAMP

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Camp



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herefore intending purchasers of a strictly first class Piano should not fail to examine the merits of the

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The Guest Piano Co.

Second and Third Floors, Corner Seventh and Walnut.

Music and the Play

Few American singers are meeting with greater success in Europe than George Hamlin, the tenor. Whenever and wherever he sings in Germany the press and public unite in according him flattering praise. November 10th he sang as a big charity concert in the Berlin Opera House of which the chief patroness was Princess Etel Friedrich, the daughter-in-law of the Kaiser. The concert was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season and was attended by the Kaiserin and all the court. Among the others who took part on the program were Berger, Rotrauser and Griswold, of the Berlin Royal Opera, and Nest of the Dresden Opera.

* * *

Mme. Schumann-Heink has been talking to a reporter. She believes that the mission of art is to give pleasure "to the cultivated and the uncultivated senses at once; also to the critical judgment." She argues that the real artist is the one that gives the most pleasure to the la number of persons. "When I m hear the great artists sing in the sple opera houses of Europe and Ame bringing to the ears of those who can ford the high-priced temples of m their gift of song, I long to have their placed within the hearing of the p If I could give the world the gift I sho like, it would be to endow free seats every opera house in the world wh those who suffer from the sorrow and ease called poverty might gain the and hearing of song as it pours from throats of the great singers." M Schumann-Heink might begin by giv song recitals at low prices. The scale Symphony Hall, Boston, might be as lows: Floor, 50 and 25 cents; first cony, 15 and 10 cents; second balco free. Perhaps she has never thought this easy way of "placing art within hearing of the poor."

Mrs. Goodwin and Her Work.

One of Mrs. Goodwin's gifted pupils is Miss Margaret Jones, a dramatic soprano of splendid range. Her voice is of great promise and her five years of training with Mrs. Goodwin have done wonders for her.

Miss Jones' sister, Miss Marie Jones, trained by Mrs. Goodwin, recently went to Los Angeles, and out of forty applicants for the leading soprano in the Emanuel Presbyterian church of that city she was unanimously chosen. She has since been offered positions in four of the other big churches of Los Angeles. Her beautiful voice is well remembered in Des Moines.

Miss Cornelia York, lyric soprano, has studied with Mrs. Goodwin two years and will graduate in June. She will also take a post-graduate course, as she feels that Mrs. Goodwin's method for finishing the voice is the only true method. Miss York is a young girl of fine intellectual attainment.

HIGH CLASS TAILORING
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Miss Rose Davis, lyric soprano, four years in the Goodwin school, Miss Aurilla Davis, both possessed fine voices, belong to this year's cl These young ladies both reflect gr credit upon the training received in Goodwin school.

Monsieur Duflos began studying Mrs. Goodwin two and a half years He had never sung a note and did know that he could sing. He has de oped one of the most beautiful barito ever heard in the city, with a range two and one-half octaves, reaching B flat. He will soon be presented i public recital.

Miss Ida L. Curtis, one of Mrs. Go win's pupils, is now supervisor of m in the schools of Fonda, Iowa, and Katherine Loizeaux, another of her gr uates, is supervisor in Manning, Io

Mrs. Goodwin is one teacher never makes a mistake in placing a vo and when a voice is properly placed cultivation at the Goodwin school bri out all of its beauty and sweetness. M Goodwin's pupils certainly do her cre by their excellent work and in the sh time she has been in Des Moines M Goodwin has placed her school in front rank of music schools in the M dle West, and has won for herself a m enviable reputation as a teacher.

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Familiar to hosts of buyers in Des Moines and Iowa is the name of T. I. Stoner, for many years retailer and wholesaler of wallpaper and wall furnishings of high grade. Mr. Stoner is an artist in his line and has made for himself an enviable reputation and an enviable success in his business. For several years past his retail store has been located in the Iliad block on Walnut street. During the past month they have removed to fine new quarters across the street, where the are ready to receive all of their patro showing an unusually beautiful stock o goods in all grades and to suit the tast of every purchaser. House painting i also a specialty with this firm and they guarantee the best work in all lines Des Moines is credited with many business firms which stand for all that i good in business life and none of them rank higher than the T. I. Stoner Co.

* * *

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ALL WORK POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

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The Car built in Iowa, tested on Iowa hills and especially designed to meet all Iowa road conditions.

Mason

The Car that climbed the Capitol steps and won the hill-climbing contest in Des Moines July 4, '06, defeating all comers.

and

Anything from a runabout to a 4-cylinder touring car.

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Always good! This year better than ever!

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NO MORE
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MODERN
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E. F. BAILEY, Prop.
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to let us make you a suit this spring. If you already know us—you have confidence in our methods. If you never tried us lay aside your prejudices against our one price, $15 no more no less, and let us show you what we can do. Our goods for this season are unexcelled. Bright, snappy, up-to-date patterns, several grades higher than other $15 stores have and comparing favorably with those sold at double the price.

Think It Over

You seldom wear a suit out,—get tired of it,—fashions change, etc. Why pay a price elsewhere you could get two suits made for by us. We have been located eight years in Des Moines. Now number our customers by the thousands and because of our square dealings.

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Located at Eighth and New York Ave. have been in business for the past three years, and have in that time built up a wonderful trade by giving entire satisfaction to their customers. It is their one aim to maintain a reasonable price regardless of the cost or scarcity of ice. Their ice is cut above all drainage, making it the cleanest and purest ice offered the people.

Their aim is to deliver the best goods promptly.

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to suit all tastes and all purses.

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Manufactured in Des Moines by the Duchess Toilet Company

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A permanent cure for falling hair, dandruff and thin hair will be effected in a few days.

Early grayness of hair will also be prevented by its use. Put up in 50c and $1.00 bottles.

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The Western Musical Herald

WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor.

THE Western Musical Herald is a monthly review of music in the West. It covers the musical news of the leading western cities and in addition, that of the smaller communities, colleges, conservatories, music clubs, etc. A file of the Western Musical Herald will be a musical history of the West. Subscription is $1.00 per year and every music teacher, musician and music student should be a subscriber. Send for sample copy.

THE WESTERN MUSICAL HERALD

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The MIDWESTERN

NO. IX

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$2.50 per share per month.

When you have paid $2.50 per share for 20 months, or in other words when the stock is half paid for, our company will take your note for $50.00 per share at 5 per cent per annum to pay the balance and **and we guarantee that this note will be paid off in full by your dividends.** The dividends from the first crop should pay this note and leave you a good balance besides.

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are interested in peach orchards in Oregon County, Mo., and they are all well pleased with their investments. Most of the residents of this section are former Iowa people.

HARVEST TIME IN OREGON COUNTY, MO.

The Famous Ozark Fruit Belt

produces the finest peaches, apples, grapes and small fruit of any section in the United States.

A majority of the officers of our company are all well known, reliable residents of Des Moines. Mr. A. M. Odell, our Vice-President, is a Director of the First National Bank of Oelwein, Iowa, and Mr. U. G. Davis, our Orchard Manager and local representative at Koshkonong, Mo., is one of the first citizens of southern Missouri, and well versed in fruit raising.

Call at our office or send for application blanks and literature. We have a handsome album with fifteen photographs of scenes in Oregon County which will be mailed you FREE upon application.

Remember this fact—Peach Orchards in Oregon County pay as high as 150 per cent per annum, so do not delay in securing a few shares of our stock.

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Mr. J. E. Marshall,
Gen'l Mgr. Ozark Development Company,

Chicago and Great Western Railway Offices,
Des Moines, Iowa, March 1, 1907.

Dear Sir:

After our return from Koshkonong and having had time to think over the prospects for the future of that district as a peach proposition it certainly gives us great pleasure to say to you and to any one that it could not be better for that purpose. Every requirement that nature could provide to make Koshkonong and vicinity the greatest peach growing country in the United States is there.

We thank you very kindly for having suggested the trip to us and wish you success in fully developing the country.

Yours truly,
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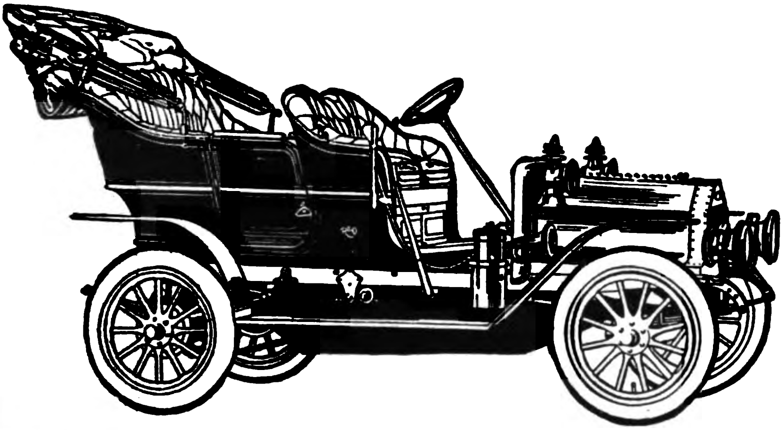

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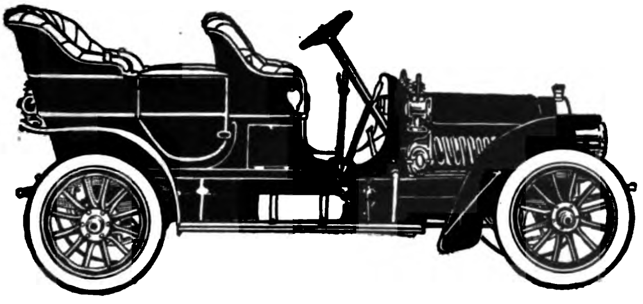

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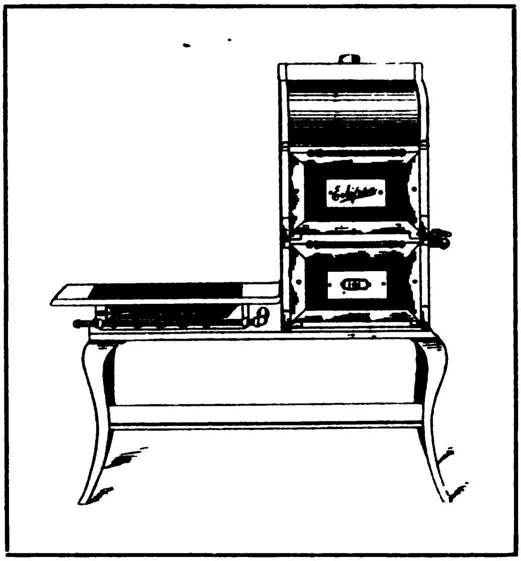

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THE MIDWESTERN

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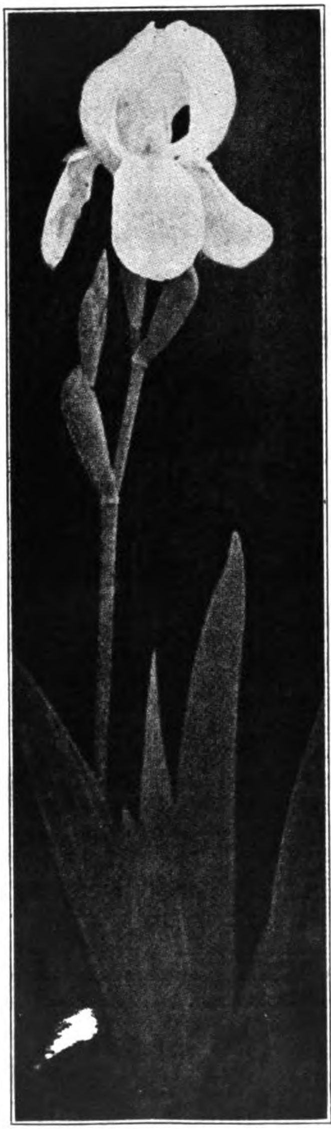


WITH THE PUBLISHERS

WE PRESENT the May number of THE MIDWESTERN to our readers and friends with a feeling of pardonable pride. We know you will like it and will feel that it belongs to the springtime and the May, representing in small measure this lovely month in Iowa. We have many letters of compliment and thank you for them. Every word of appreciation during this first year of our existence is precious to us.

* * * * *

We have attempted to suggest something to you of the value of a home of your own. In our magazine we can only give a suggestion. But we have given you among our advertisers, the best of the home-makers, architects, builders, lumber companies, interior furnishers and those who will show you how to care for your grounds. You can depend upon them all.

* * * * *

Our special articles are of much interest. J. B. Weaver, Jr., is delightful in his paper, and we shall hope again to read from his gifted pen. Harold Wells is a promising young writer whose work is appearing in several eastern journals. His write-up of the Automobile Club will have many especially interested readers. The sketches of W. W. Wise and W. F. Harsh, and the story of the Flynn bank building will be read by every Des Moines resident with a feeling of pride.

* * * * *

It is with regret that we omit some of our regular features on account of our crowded pages. Although eight pages are added, the month's business has filled the book to overflowing.

* * * * *

A feature of the June issue will be an illustrated article about the growth of the Christian Science Church in the middle west, by John Rendall. Polk County with its thriving towns and splended farms will receive special attention. Several fine stories and our regular departments will, with the illustrations, make an ideal June number.

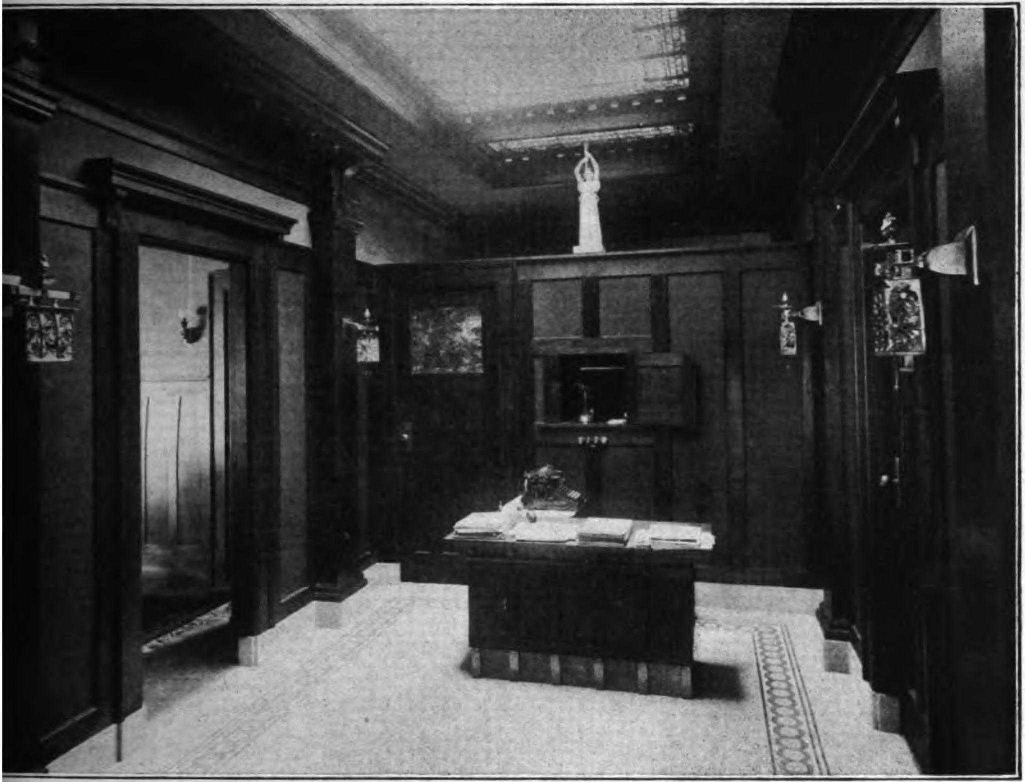
* * * * *

Almost every month we disappoint a great many of our friends by not being able to supply extra copies of THE MIDWESTERN. To insure against disappointment, send us your orders early. For three months past the newsstands have sold out entirely, and every copy sold inside of ten days after publication. Do not send to us for back numbers. We can not fill orders.

* * * * *

We always appreciate suggestions from our readers. Write and tell us how we can make the magazine more attractive to you and a better booster for Des Moines and Iowa.

Won't you do this?



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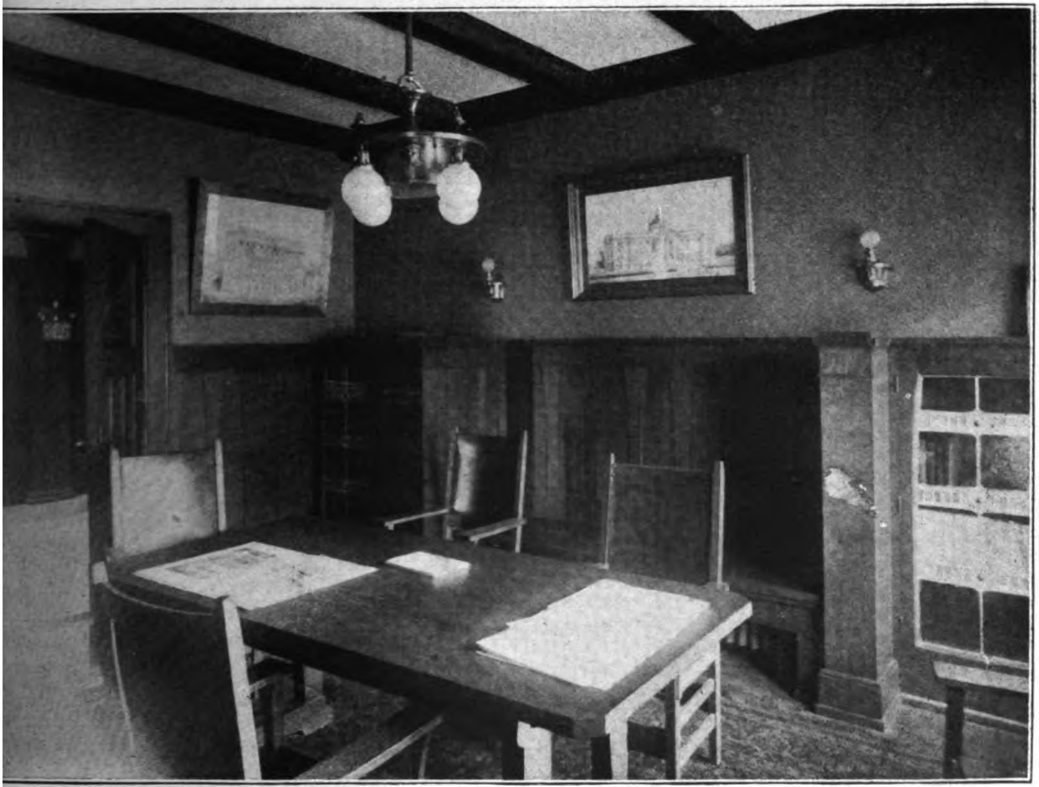

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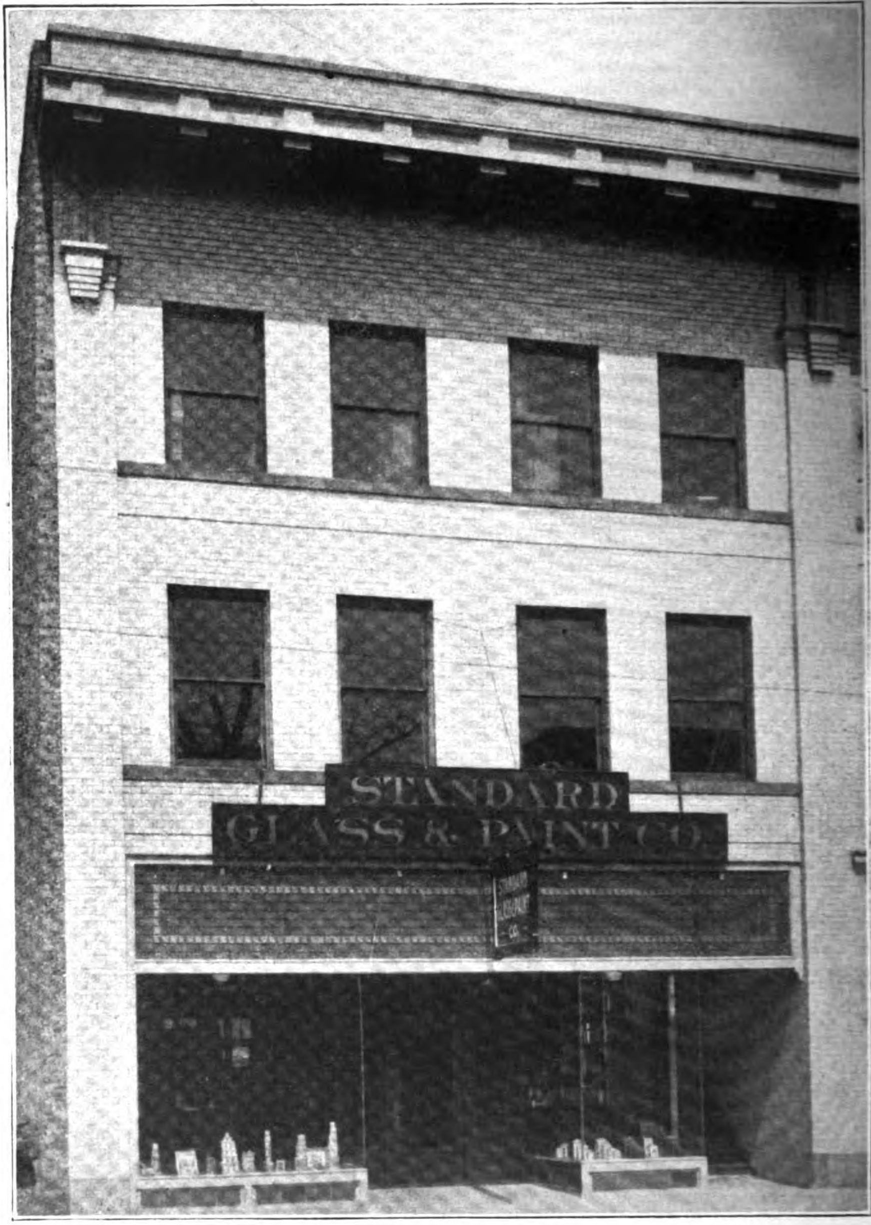

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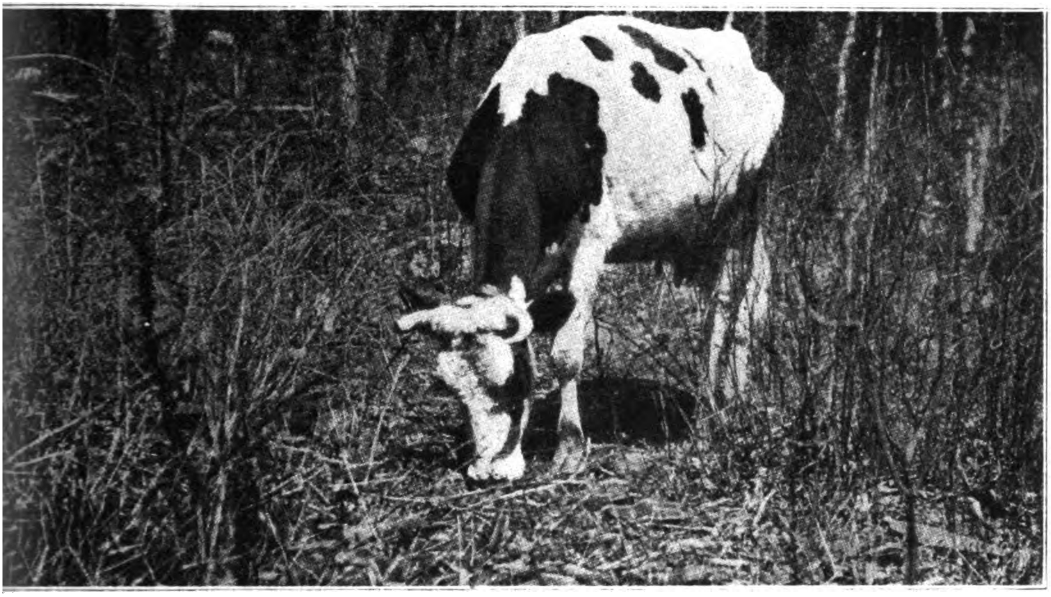
Iowa's largest and best exclusive Paint and Glass Store. Des Moines has had the distinction of being the principal jobbing center of the State in other lines, but can now claim as a permanent addition the most complete and best equipped Paint and Glass Jobbing House west of Chicago. Inspection of the present quarters and stock of the **Standard Glass and Paint Co.** would be a surprise to many of the readers of the "Midwestern."



"OLD BOSSY"

MEADOW GOLD BUTTER

Made of PURE PASTUERIZED Cream from IOWA COWS

To be well groomed is an essential which no person can afford to overlook. In order to be well groomed you should send your clothing to the

DES MOINES DRESS CLUB
719 Locust Street

To be cleaned and pressed. Mut. Phone 1019.

Remember that we carry a complete line of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Optical Goods and Diamonds

Give us a call and we will convince you that our prices are the lowest. Established 1881.

HERMAN IDZAL, 721 West Walnut St.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

BUILT BY FIXED SUM ABOVE COST

BY

Jas. Maine, Pres. *H. A. Maine, Vice-Pres.* *O. E. Maine, Sec'y and Treas.*

James Maine & Sons Co.

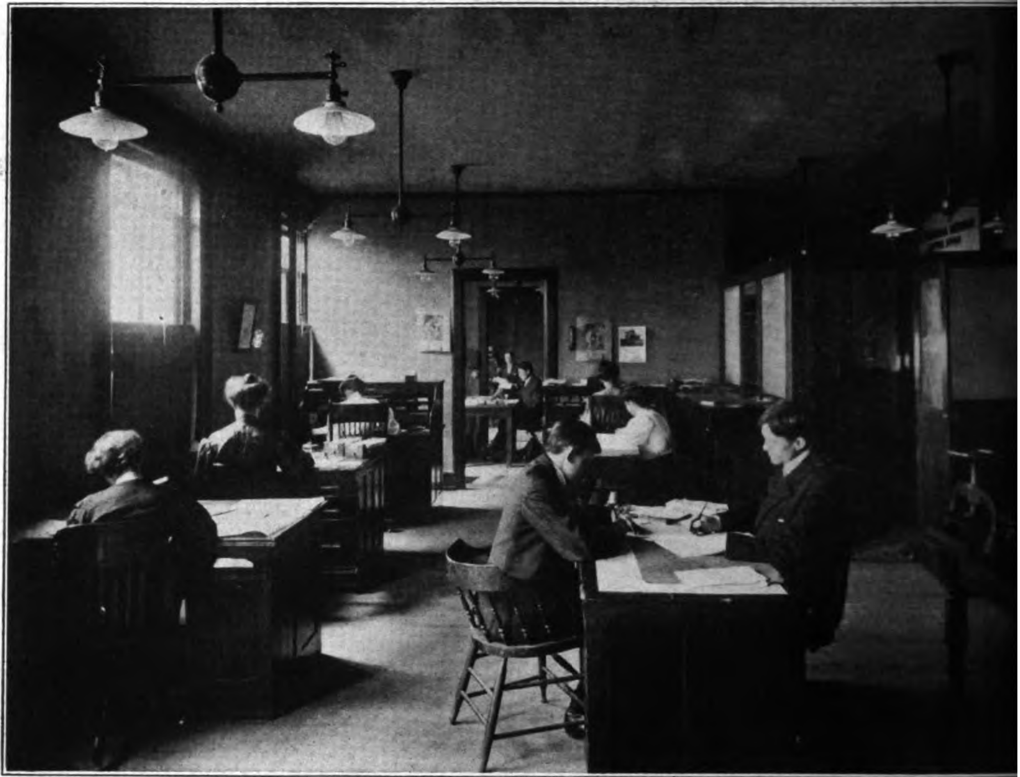
General Contractors

Manufacturers of Sand Brick

Office, 119 W. Eighth St.
Phones: Mut. 804, Iowa 804

Yards, E. 21st and Murray Sts.
Phone: Iowa 633

DES MOINES, IOWA



The above picture represents a part of the new offices of the BANKERS ACCIDENT COMPANY on the Sixth Flo
of the Flynn Building.
The arrangement was made specially for the Home Offices of Iowa's Accident and Health Insurance Co
pany, and is admirably adapted to the present and future accommodation of
its rapidly increasing business.

Iowa
Monument Co.

I. N. WEBSTER, Mgr.

No. 312 West Eighth Street
Des Moines - - Iowa

The Housekeeper is Interested
IN
HARDWOOD FLOORS

We have many kinds, $\frac{13}{16}$ in. and $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick to cover old floors. Kiln-dried—quality superior—price to please. Other Lumber too. Everything dry.

Gilcrest Lumber Co.

West Fourth and Vine St.
East Third and Locust St.

WE DO ENGRAVING

PHOTO BY HOSTETLER & COLVILLE

When you have any cuts to be made SEE US or CALL us up by phone, IOWA 106, MUTUAL 383, and we will send our representative to SEE YOU.

Read the Cap Line at Top Again

Register and Leader Engraving Dept.

Office 125 Fourth St.
DES MOINES, IOWA

WE LAUNDER LACE CURTAINS

We have special facilties for this particular work. To prevent tearing all curtains are enclosed in a net and cleansed by agitation in soft water and pure soap suds.

Our curtain stretchers were made especialy for us and give the correct hang to your curtains.

To be sure of safe work and best results send your curtains here.

Munger's Laundry

1109-1111 W. Grand Ave.
No. 579 Both Phones

The Consumers Ice Co.

Located at Eighth and New York Ave., have been in business for the past three years, and have in that time built up a wonderful trade by giving entire satisfaction to their customers. It is their one aim to maintain a reasonable price regardless of the cost or scarcity of ice. Their ice is cut above all drainage, making it the cleanest and purest ice offered to the people. They take good care of their customers and deliver the best ice promptly.

Both Mut. and Ia. Phones No. 1785.

Carter Studio

Fifth and Locust Sts. Over Franz

Suitable Wedding Presents

In Water Colors and Hand Painted China

Instruction Given - - - Expert Firing

WHEELER LUMBER AND BRIDGE SUPPLY COMPANY — MANUFACTURERS WHOLESALERS — WHEELER LUMBER

ONE OF THE WHEELER LUMBER CO'S BIG SHEDS

The place to get all kinds of good Lumber. Our aim is to Satisfy in Quality and Price.

WHEELER LUMBER COMPANY

208 South Seventh St., DES MOINES, IOWA. Both Phones

Would you Have Your

CHILDREN

the perfection of

Health and Beauty

like this little boy—if so give them all the

Poncele Water

they can drink

PURITY and CLEANLINESS are guaranteed for "PONCELE."

Order a Case today

The Ponce De Leon Water Co.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Holbrook Marble and Tile Co.

Contractors in

Interior Marble Work

Ceramic Mosaic Tile Floors

Ornamental Terra Cotta

Iowa Phone 1010
Mutual Phone 962

806 Locust St., DES MOINES, IOWA

When wanting the Best Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Evergreens, etc., call on the

M. J. WRAGG NURSERY CO.

Landscape Gardners

302 Good Block Des Moines, Iowa

ST. JOHN & BARQUIST CO.

ARCHITECTURAL SHEET METAL WORKERS
ALL KINDS OF ROOFING AND STEEL CEILINGS

418 W. Eighth St.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Mutual Phone 830

J. H. Queal & Co.

LUMBER

East Second St. and Grand Ave.
West Seventh Street and Chestnut **Des Moines, Ia.**

See Steele & Shea

THE WIDE AWAKE PLUMBERS

417 Ninth Street

Before letting your Plumbing, Heating, Gas Fitting, Water or Sewer Contract.

References: Any of Our Customers

Estimates Furnished
Repair Work a Specialty

Also Managers of the

Capital Gas Mantel Co.

Who carry the Largest and Most Complete Line of
Gas Fixtures
Burners
Mantels, Etc.
in the City

Everything in the Light Line

Do you need a mantel, do your faucets leak, or do you need anything in our line? If so, call up; we will do the rest

Mutual Phone L-7482 **Iowa Phone 1220-X**

MAY MORNING IN IOWA.

A flash of blue sky on wing!
Oh, this is the spring:
Leaf all athrill with the tale of a nest,
Grief holding gladness her babe at the breast,
The earth newly washed in the tears of God,
Men's hearts beating close to her tender sod,
A flash of blue sky on wing—
And life is a thing
Tuned to the song that the bluebirds sing.

The sod of my garden is green,
To-day it is spring:
Lilacs are budded with promises fair,
Sweetness of earth shower-wet fills the air,
Peepers of night call out of the gloom,
I push my door open to see summer come—
I walk in my garden green,
And life is a thing
Tuned to the song that the bluebirds sing.

W. O. RIDDELL, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DES MOINES SCHOOLS.

Mr. Riddell came to Des Moines as Principal of the West High School in '96 and was elected to his present position two years ago. He is one of the most able and successful school men in America.

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME 1 MAY, 1907 NUMBER 9

The Thirty-second General Assembly of Iowa

SOME OPINIONS OF ITS WORK

The Result of Ten Interviews with Prominent Iowa People who were Asked What They Thought of the Work of the Legislature Just Closed.

CHAS. S. MEDBURY.

Chas. S. Medbury:

I can but view very favorably the work of the session of the Legislature just closed. There has been an entire absence of things unseemly. The representatives of the people have been representatives of the character standards of the State to a very large degree. All in all there seems to have been honest concern for the interests of the masses of the people, though there has been no unwarranted invasion of the legitimate rights of vested interests. Extreme measures have not prevailed. Speaking somewhat in detail it is to be remarked that perhaps few sessions of the Legislature have wrought as successfully with as many great problems. To speak of railroad regulation, primary election laws, city government, the care of the criminal population and the solving of temperance problems is to recall in a word topics of unusual and far-reaching importance with which the present assembly has had to deal. Personally, I rejoice specially in the humane provisions with regard to those convicted of crime. The emphasis has been placed where it belongs. The machinery of the law should look toward reformation. Even beyond this work of the Legislature, however, many of us have rejoiced in the splendid achievements wrought out by temperance forces. The defeat of the McManus bill was a distinct victory. Iowa's honor before the Nation was at stake. In a time of tremendous advance movements there were those to plead that this State of the great Central West should lower its colors. The vote in the Senate was highly creditable to that body as viewed by the great moral forces of Iowa. A few Senators disappointed their friends sadly, but in the main there was every ground for rejoicing. The House did as good a thing in the passing of the Hanson bill providing for thirty days' notice before the circulation of petitions of consent. That measure is still pending in Senate committees at this time, but it is believed its passage will add one item more to that body's record of worthy enactments.

* * *

Dr. Lewis Schooler:

The Legislature has shown by the action of the House the attitude the public is beginning to have toward the old soldier. If public sentiment would have stood for it the Representatives would have cut the rations at the Home at Marshalltown down to the Andersonville prison standard. This is more than a crime of ingratitude against the men who have made and protected the country—it is a serious mistake. The cost of living has increased and whatever the faults of the old soldier are, he should be well cared for for past faithful service. This defeat of the measure shows that the politician will not take trouble about anything that he gets nothing out of. When the cross-road politician can vote down the food of the country's old soldiers he should be retired without ceremony.

* * *

John J. Hamilton:

I consider this the finest Legislature that has ever convened in Iowa, and that both houses were organized to express the will of the people as never before. It has never been so truly democratic in the broad sense of the word. Our party government is really a part of our constitutional law, and the passage of the primary bill is most important, in that it will put the primaries, which have hitherto been often lawlessly managed, under the control of the law. I consider this one of the most vital bills that the Legislature has passed for years. It makes the party belong to the people and not the people to the party.

* * *

Johnson Brigham:

The work of this year's Legislature has been most important, in particular the primary law, which is really an amendment to the Constitution, and the passing of the Des Moines bill. The latter is almost revolutionary in spirit and will surely work for improvement, though it will not immediately bring th millenium to this city. Objections to i will doubtless crop up for correction as i goes along, but the better element of th citizenship will by it come gradually int control of city affairs. The better ele ment and those of the other element wh will agree with it for self-interest wil form a working majority.

* * *

PRESIDENT BELL OF DRAKE UNIVERSITY

President Hill M. Bell of Drake:

The work of the present General A sembly so far has been, I think, gratif ing to the sincere friends of good go ernment. No Legislature can be sa to make no mistakes. It is my jud ment that the present General Assemb is to be commended quite as much f its failure to pass a number of dange ous bills as for the enactment of go laws which they are placing upon o statute books. It is gratifying to t friends of higher education that a nu ber of important educational measur have been passed that will facilita progress educationally. Before adjour ment takes place, it is hoped that appr priations in the interest of higher ed cation shall be made in such a genero way as to bring additional prestige our State.

* * *

Dr. I. N. McCash:

The Legislature this session was co posed of a clean, sober body of me but many of them were very inco petent.

What the people want rather than what the people need seems to be the actuating impulse, and marks the difference between a politician and a statesman. It is disheartening, after a long conversation with a legislator in which he frankly admits the right, to have him say:

"But I can't uphold the measure—my people would not back me up. I am not a statesman." I can only retort:

"No, you are not—but you *should be!*"

This session has done much legislation advantageous to the people in the passing of the primary bill, the reformatory bill, the Des Moines bill, and the railroad insurance.

Among the victorious defeats are the McManus bill of the Senate, a defeat which hinders the uncontrolled shipment of liquor into sixty-eight "dry" counties, and the Turner bill, which protects the army post from the over-nearness of liquor and a "little Italy."

I wish more of our legislators were statesmen and that fewer were merely politicians with their sails all trimmed to the breeze of political interests.

* * *

Carroll Wright:

You ask me to state what I consider the most important legislation enacted at the session of the General Assembly just closed.

Doubtless upon this subject a wide difference of opinion will exist. It depends entirely upon the viewpoint.

The short-sighted politician who seeks present public applause, and believes it to be permanent, would doubtless think that his votes in favor of every bill that struck at railroads or wealth, corporate or otherwise, were the most important. He will return to his constituents and tell how he whacked away the trusts, and strut around like a Thanksgiving gobbler, only to find, in the ensuing months, that his constituents are ungrateful when they size up his legislative career.

On the contrary, the conscientious legislator, who believes that his duty is to legislate for all, will claim that the legislation which was quiet in its character, and which was fought out and carefully moulded in the committee-room, and therefore destined to become a part of the permanent laws of the State, was the most important.

Time will demonstrate that much of the radical legislation will be short-lived. It will be soon discovered that it is not only disastrous to the interests at which it was aimed, but a distinct wrong to the whole State. No doubt the thoughtless, who gather their views wholly from the newspaper reports, and alleged newspaper interviews, will believe that the bill fixing a fare of two cents a mile on railroads was the most important act of the Legislature. It will soon appear that this is of small importance to the individual citizen, while a considerable burden to the carrier. The fact is that last year, the average rate per mile paid by the people of Iowa for railway travel was just a little in excess of two cents. It is quite probable that the carrier, in order to maintain this average, will be compelled to withdraw the numerous excursion rates which has enabled the thousands in Iowa to travel for a cent and one-half a mile. Viewed in this light, I conclude that while this legislation will be burdensome to the railways, it will be of no especial benefit to the State.

There have been various other railroad measures which are vexatious and vicious, which will cause the carrier much annoyance and expense, and in the end will be of no benefit, substantial or otherwise, to the people.

Perhaps the insurance legislation will have a more enduring and permanent effect than any. Much of it is vicious, and much of it unquestionably right. The people of Des Moines are especially interested in this, as this city is the largest insurance center in the West. It is a question whether these companies can live and thrive under some of the provisions of these bills.

Then there is the primary bill. It has been regarded as of such importance that the pen with which the Executive of the State wrote his approval is now held as a souvenir by a distinguished member of the Senate. It is confidently believed that in the future the walls of our homes will all be decorated with a steel engraving of the band of patriots who witnessed this final act in the Executive office. It is believed that it will hang side by side with the picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, or of Washington crossing the Delaware, or of Eliza escaping from the bloodhounds in the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin. This all may be.

Perhaps, however, when the act shall have served its present purpose, a succeeding General Assembly will be in as great haste to bring about its repeal and their pictures will adorn the walls of our humble homes.

After all, this Legislature, like most others, will deserve more credit for what it did not do, than for what it has accomplished in the way of affirmative legislation.

* * *

Mayor Mattern:

I have had troubles of my own and have paid less than my usual attention to matters legislative, but the worst thing the Iowa Legislature perpetrated this year is, in my opinion, the Des Moines bill. As a theory I object to it on principle as unconstitutional; it makes the commissioners a body with legislative, executive and judicial powers, whereas the Constitution provides that these powers shall be wielded by three separate bodies. Also I don't believe the thing will work out in practice.

And why, if this city must be a "copy-cat," must it go to the ends of the earth and take for an example a place like Galveston, which has but eight miles of pavements, eight public schools, and not a bridge to her name? Why not take something at least our own size if not larger?

Since the daily papers have trained the public to think the present city government is ruled by the spirit of graft and greed I suppose there is nothing to do but to let the public try things on till they think they fit.

* * *

Senator Stookey:

I am of course not in a position to make any criticism of the work of this session of the Iowa Legislature, and taken all in all I have little criticism anyway. In general I suppose the primary bill is the most important measure passed and that its effects will be far-reaching. The Des Moines bill is important in Des Moines, but has yet to be tried out.

Much of this year's important work has been the defeating of various bills which in principle were well enough, but which were too drastic and not likely to be effective in operation.

In constructive legislating, I of course consider the warehouse receipts bill of some moment. I think that on the whole the work has been very sane and balanced and that it will stand.

The concensus of public opinion seems to be that this year's Legislature is especially representative of the people at large; that there has been more statesmanship and less political spirit than common, and that much of the value of the work done has been in suppressing proposed harmful measures. The body has been calm, dignified and clean, and has worked with deliberation. It has been suggested that the absence of the railroad pass and the consequent inability of Legislators to go home every Friday night and not return till Monday or Tuesday has something to do with the concentration on the business in hand.

* * *

Mary A. Carpenter, Dean of Women at Drake University:

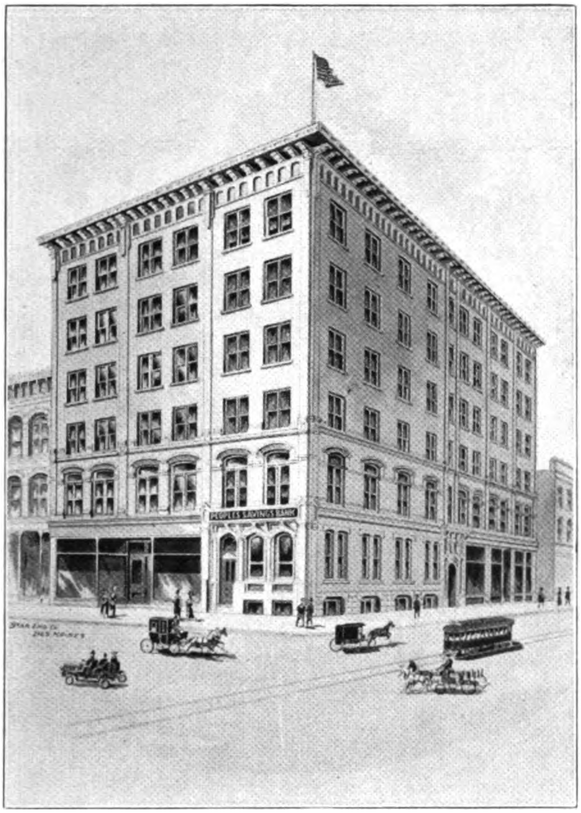
Are women as a rule deeply interested in what they are not allowed to take part in? I really think that to the people as a whole the primary bill would be the most important, but to most of the women here the Des Moines bill comes closer to apply directly and in ways we can more directly see and feel. I think the bill will bring a great change for the better and working together with other efforts started by the "boosters" will be of great benefit to the public.

MORN

Aurora, in her garb of light,
In swift pursuit of fleeing night,
With gladsome mien but silent tread,
Comes o'er yon eastern sumachs red.

The molten sun, searchlight of day,
Lights all of heaven's peaceful way;
And frightened stars, their silver hue,
Hide neath their coverlet of blue.

—*A Midwestern Reader.*



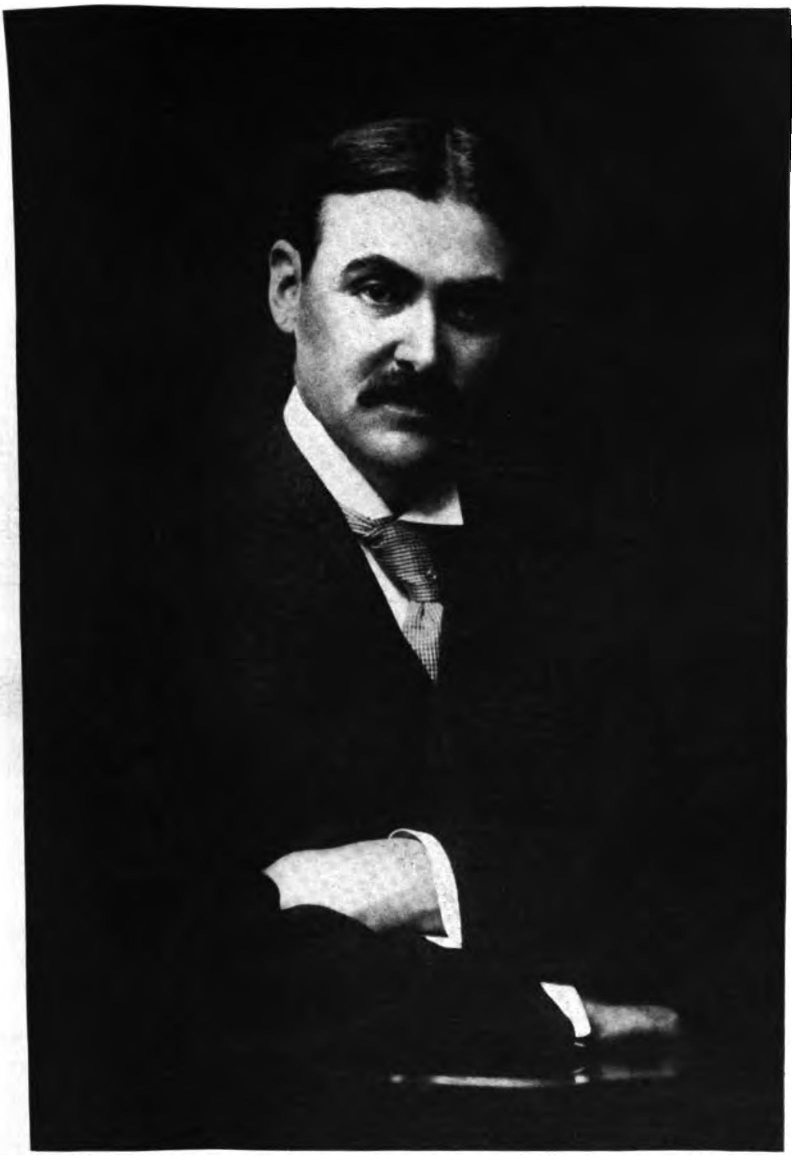
The Peoples Savings Bank and Its Home Building

In every city which rightfully claims the name, as does Des Moines, there are individuals and business firms so closely identified with all of the city's interests, social, civic and business that no story of the growth and progress of the place would be complete without the recital of the part which they have played in the upward and onward movement. This is most essentially true of the Flynn family as a whole and as individuals, and also men in charge of the People's Savings Bank and the new Flynn building. Especial interest at the present time attaches to the firm, because of the recent opening of their remodeled building, the finest and most perfectly equipped bank and office building in the city.

Martin Flynn was an old time resident of Polk county. Years ago, when things were in a primeval state in Iowa, Mr. Flynn built and furnished the splendid home on his farm ten miles from Des Moines, which must go down in the history of the state as an ideal farm home, where the inmates were the soul of true hospitality. The story of this fine stock farm will be given in a future issue of The Midwestern, and only a mention made here. The finest cattle in Iowa have been raised on this farm. Guests from all parts of the world have been entertained here in most royal fashion. Mr. and Mrs. Flynn were ideal hosts and their latch-string was always out for their friends.

CHARLES H. MARTIN
President People's Savings Bank

Of late years, however, the family have lived much in town and Mr. Martin Flynn was as deeply interested in his city interests as in his farm. Martin Flynn was a type of the splendid citizen who reflects only honor upon city and state. Aside from his fine qualities which made him the successful man of affairs that he was, he had a bigness of heart and mind that made him welcome in councils which had in charge great and serious matters pertaining to the public interest and the general welfare of the people. Men trusted him—his wisdom, his well-balanced judgment, his humanity, his far-reaching vision and disinterestedness where great matters were up for settlement. His word was good as gold, he was a devoted friend, he had that rare attribute, appreciation of the good in his fellow men and charity for their faults. Added to all this, he had an intense enthusiasm and iron will, which fed his purpose to successfully carry out either his own plans or the plans of others entrusted to him. Such a man was Martin Flynn. And such a man of necessity influenced the city's life and welfare in no small degree. He had warm and loyal friends in all walks of life, who grieved over his death and who mourn his loss as only the loss of a dear friend is mourned.



T. F. FLYNN
Vice-President People's Savings Bank

When Mr. Flynn first turned his attention to business in the city, he erected in 1885 the Flynn building at the corner of Seventh and Locust. The lower floor was occupied by the Harris Bros.' store. The upper floors were devoted to offices. It will be seen that both Mr. Flynn and the Harrises had faith in the city, although Seventh street was then almost out of the business district.

In 1890 the store was moved to Walnut street and Mr. Charles H. Martin came to the city and with Mr. Flynn organized the People's Savings Bank, which opened for business in their present quarters. Mr. Martin is a native of Galesburg, Ill., and was educated at Knox College. He came here from Dodge City, Kan., where he was cashier of a bank for five years. Previous to that he was in the banking business in Burlington Junction, Mo.

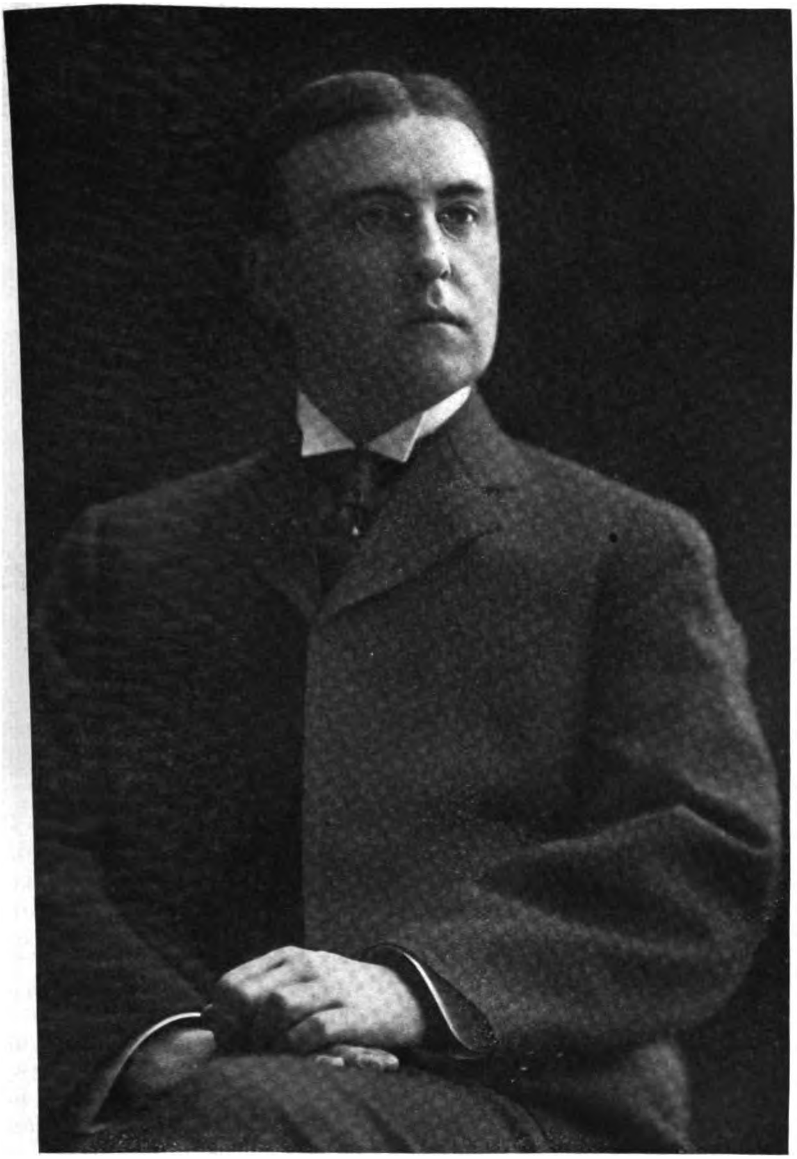
INTERIOR VIEW OF T. F. FLYNN'S OFFICE IN FLYNN BUILDING

Mr. Martin at once gained the confidence of the business men of Des Moines. He has proved since then his value as a good citizen and first class man of business. He is one of the well-known progressive men of the city and his election to the presidency of the bank at the death of Mr. Flynn gave satisfaction to his many friends all over the city and state.

The first officers of the People's Savings Bank were: Martin Flynn, president; Adam Dicky, vice-president; Charles Martin, cashier; Frank P. Flynn, assistant cashier. The bank was chartered with an original stock of $50,000 capital. In a short time the capital was advanced to $75,000 out of its earnings, and again in two years to $100,000, again out of its earnings, its present capital, which is sufficient for the practical demands of the institution. It is not the policy of the directors to carry an inflated capital stock. The People's is distinctly a commercial bank, but has its savings department where interest is paid on deposits. Their deposits amount to $1,500,000, with a surplus of $85,000.

The present officers are: Charles H. Martin, president; T. F. Flynn, vice-president; Frank P. Flynn, cashier; E. A. Slininger, assistant cashier. The directors are: C. H. Ainley, president Des Moines Fire Insurance Company.; O. H. Perkins, capitalist; C. C. Loomis, contractor; J. A. Garver, capitalist; Dr. D. W. Smouse; H. C. Wallace, of Wallace's Farmer; L. Sheuermen, president Woolen Mills; T. F. Flynn, president Flynn Farm Company; and C. H. Martin.

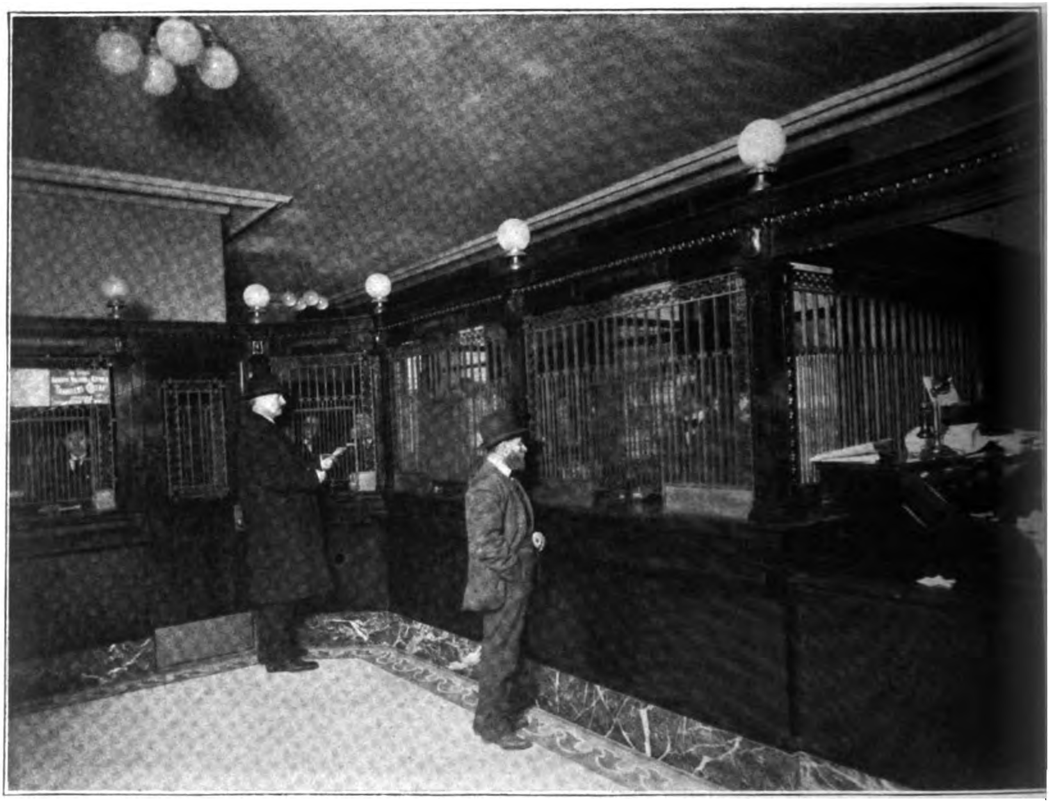
As a promoter of the city's interest, the People's Savings Bank stands in the first rank. When outsiders are seeking a home of business location, they look first of all to the bank statements to judge of their prosperity, and through this to the prosperity of the people. The People's Savings Bank has won the con-



FRANK P. FLYNN
Cashier People's Saving Bank

fidence of the people of Iowa through its statements from time to time, showing its remarkable growth and its conservative management.

They have won the utmost confidence of the outside banks in Iowa and the middle west. Every man connected with it is a successful business man, of conservative method and good judgment. Economy and safety are good rules followed by this bank. That there was room in Des Moines for such a bank was soon verified by the number of people who at once became depositors. This number has steadily grown until the People's Savings Bank has as fine a patronage as any bank in the middle west. The interests of the smallest depositor are as carefully considered as those of the largest. And it is by these fair methods that the many friends have been won for the institution from all classes of the people of the city and of Polk county. In a condition of assured pros-



INTERIOR VIEW OF PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

E. A. SLININGER
Assistant Cashier People's Savings Bank.

perity the People's Savings Bank looks forward to increased popularity and even greater success than it has yet attained.

No bank in the middle west has a more elegant home than has the People's Savings Bank. Since the remodeling of the building, the rooms are much changed from what they have been during the past four years. The granite steps in the vestibule which opens from Locust street, are hewn out of solid blocks, the walls being of marble. All of the interior woodwork of the bank is of polished mahogany, rugs and curtains of oriental design, wainscoted ceilings with myriads of soft lights.

The double vault of the bank is built with every precaution for safety and came from the Mosier Safe Co., and is made of solid Chrome steel. Crane hinges and pressure bar are used.

The walls of the building are the strongest in the city because of the introduction of steel in the building. The block is six stories high and has thirty offices on each floor above the bank. Two high-speed Otis elevators afford fine service.

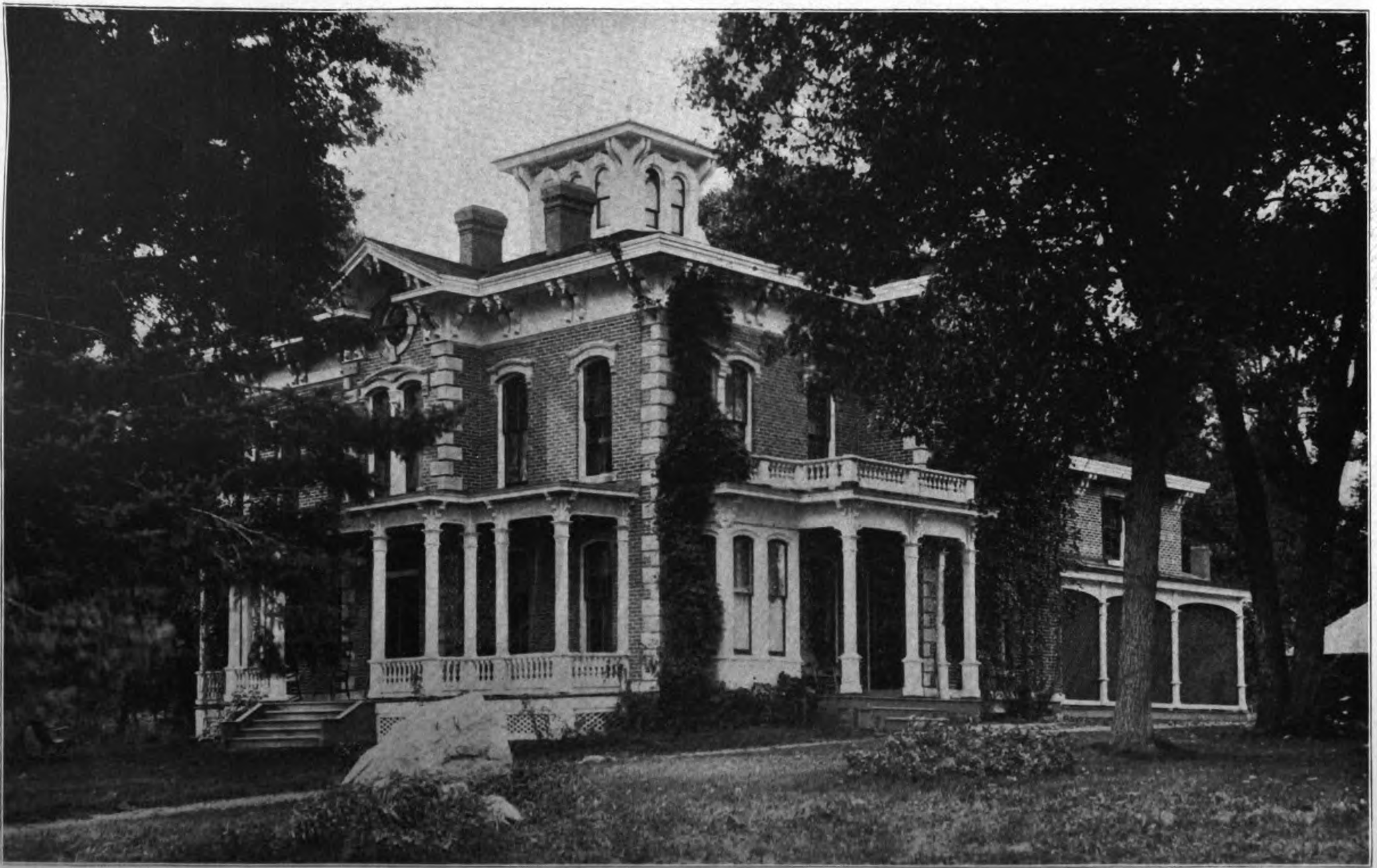
INTERIOR VIEW OF PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

The office rooms are finished in quarter-sawed oak. There was a carload of oak used in the building. The building is heated by the Paul heating system. This system is well-nigh perfect and a great success in Des Moines. Rooms are decorated in tints to suit occupants.

Neither pains nor money have been spared to make the building attractive and all of the office rooms were engaged long before they were ready for occupancy. It is to all intents and purposes a new building. Each room has gas and electric lights, a lavatory with hot and cold water, and all have outside windows. The building entrance is on Seventh street. The lobby is large and well lighted and the whole building in every particular is on the generous and elegant plan.

Loyalty to Des Moines has been shown in the fact that the work, so far as possible, has been done by Des Moines firms. Even the lumber was bought in carload lots and finished for use in Des Moines planing mills. The architects were Proudfoot & Bird, who have their offices in the building. These are very handsomely fitted up as the illustration shows. The other local firms represented in the workmanship or construction are John Collins, electrical wiring; St. John & Barquist, metal roofers; Steele & Shea, plumbing, heating and gas fixtures; Martin-Culbertson Co., sashes and doors; Garver Hardware Co.; Holbrook Mantel and Tile Co.; De Foi Bros., interior decorations; Standard Glass and Paint Co., plate glass and fixtures; Otto Kell, decorator; Kurtz Hardware Co., heating; Edison Light Co.; Des Moines Gas Co.; Des Moines waterworks.

This fine building stands as a monument to the memory of its founder, Martin Flynn. Not every man is fortunate in being followed by sons so well worthy of his name and so ably fitted to carry on his work as was he. In "Tom" and "Frank," as they are known familiarly to their hosts of friends, Martin Flynn has worthy and faithful business successors. Both are representative of the best Des Moines produces in the line of young business men. With the advantages of broad education, a business training under the tutelage of their father, their work in and for Des Moines promises well for the future.



RESIDENCE OF THE MARTIN FLYNN FAMILY AT FLYNN FARMS

MRS. L. TREPANIER

En Voyage

Thousands and thousands of miles away,
  Out on the ocean blue,
I sit on the deck of a speeding bark,
  My darling, and think of you.

The sea-gull sweeps in his circles wide
  O'er the broad blue waves astern;
And the albatross, in his wat'ry flight,
  Ever and on does turn.

The tall, strong masts with their spreading sails
  For no kindlier wind may sue,
As the good ship springs on her course, my lass,
  And takes me away from you.

For the way is long and the wind is fair
  That speeds us over the sea;
And we rise to the crests of the swelling waves
  As merrily as could be.

But we'll be back anon, my lass—
  Anon—may the days be few
Till the bonny bark points a homeward course
  And carries me back to you.

For, thousands and thousands of miles away,
  I sit, while the ocean blue
Rolls far as eye on eye can stretch,
  And think, my own, of you.

—*William Alexander Graham.*

W. F. HARSH
Member of the Board of Public Works.

An appointment by Mayor Mattern which met with universal approval was that of W. F. Harsh to the office of the member of the Board of Public Works of Des Moines. So many good men in public life here came from Ohio that one more is no surprise. Ohio is Mr. Harsh's native state, Center, Stark county, the place of his birth and early residence. At the early age of sixteen Mr. Harsh became a school-teacher and followed his chosen vocation for fourteen years. During seven years of this time he was superintendent of the schools in Mt. Vernon. From this position, after so long a pedagogic service, Mr. Harsh assumed the duties of city assessor of Center, Ohio. After several terms he became associated with the Gaar-Scott Company, and fifteen years ago came to Des Moines as their manager, which position he has distinguished with the most marked success. Mr. Harsh has always been and is now the most loyal and devoted of republicans. His services in the McKinley campaign won for him great praise among the Ohio people.

He has held the office of chairman of the city republican committee in Des Moines to the satisfaction of all his

STREET VIEW ON ARLINGTON AVENUE
Showing home of Jesse A. Wells in the distance.

friends. A progressive and loyal, supporting Governor Cummins, a representative citizen and a firm believer in a splendid future for Des Moines, Mr. Harsh is certainly well qualified for the honor conferred upon him in his recent appointment. There are a few men in the world to whom is given a temperament that wins for them friends. This temperament is engendered by a disposition to frankness, honor, loyalty, sweetness of heart, sympathy for all fellow creatures, unselfishness and stanch of purpose. Such temperament added to manliness makes for the highest type of citizenship. Such citizenship is typified in W. F. Harsh. Des Moines may well expect of Mr. Harsh in his new office of member of the Board of Public Works both great and good things.

Seventh street down town has grown in five years to be the pivotal business point in Des Moines. Five years ago this would have seemed impossible. The tendency seems to be to get away from the river on both the east and west sides of it. The recent remodeling of the Flynn Bank building has done a great deal for Seventh street and the occupation of the Turner building by the Des Moines Life Insurance Company is also of great value to the street as a business center.

* * *

The beautiful child face that adorns the cover page is that of Marian Flynn, daughter of Mr. Tom Flynn, vice-president of the People's Savings Bank. This lovely picture is typical of the Maytime just bursting into bloom in this western world.

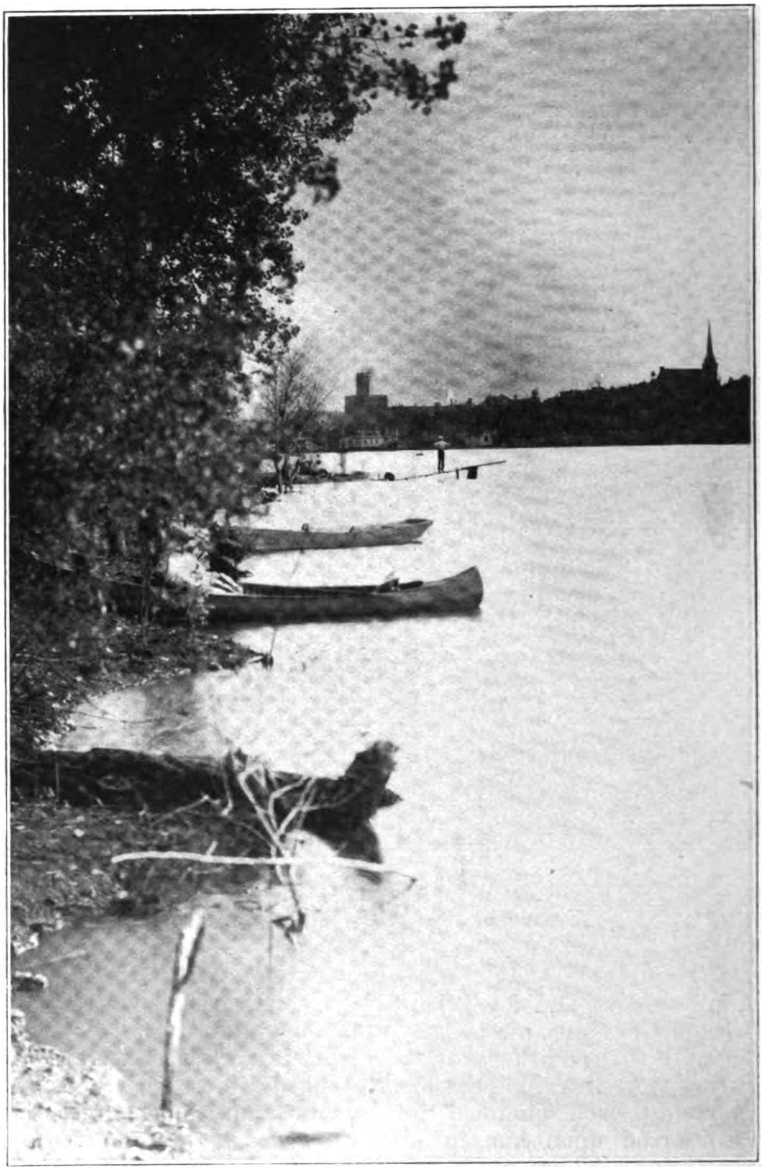


Photo by Edwin B. Collins.

VIEW ON DES MOINES RIVER FROM THOMPSON'S BEND LOOKING NORTH

The season's building in Des Moines promises to be phenomenal and will put the capital city of Iowa in the sixth place in rank in the United States. Three million dollars will hardly cover the amount of the season's building improvements. St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia are the cities that will spend more than Des Moines for construction work during the season. The sum named does not include the prospective city hall and Locust street bridge. Many handsome private residences are also planned for the near future and several big downtown concerns may improve during the season, their plans being yet indefinite.

Every architect is rushed with work. There are no idle carpenters, brick masons or laborers of any sort in Des Moines.

Everything speaks of unprecedented success and activity. A man seeking a home or a business locality could not do better than come to Des Moines.

INTERIOR OF HOME OF HENRY HAAG
Jefferson, Iowa

THE HOMEMAKER

Chas. N. Page

All ladies like to have their house look neat and clean and be considered good housekeepers by their friends and neighbors, and it is a laudable, praiseworthy ambition. It is of course necessary that the cooking, sweeping, dishwashing and such work be done, and in the average household, both in the country and the city, this depends on the housewife. The wife and mother, however, cannot afford to let such matters engross her entire time, to the exclusion of the more important home duties.

Do not be satisfied with being simply the "housekeeper," but make up your mind to also be a true "homemaker" in the future. It is more important to make the home pleasant and attractive than it is to devote your whole attention to the routine of housework. Plan to spend more time with your husband and children when they are at home. Put aside all thought of the petty trials and worries of the day, and talk about the beauties of nature and the pleasant things of life. Nothing will add more to your pleasure and that of the family than a nice flower garden. It need not be large—one or two pretty beds somewhere near the house will answer. Some ladies make it a rule to spend ten or fifteen minutes immediately after breakfact each morning in working among their flowers before beginning the day's round of duties. It refreshes and rests them after the rush of getting an early breakfast ready for the men folks. After supper they put the work aside quickly and spend a little time showing others how their flowers are progressing, or asking advice or assistance from others—the men like to give advice you know, and it interests them in your work.

A nice flower bed adds to the value of a place as well as to the happiness of the inhabitants. If you have not room in the front yard, use the back yard. You can personally enjoy it about as well, and many pretty flower gardens in this city are back of the house. While it is nice to have the choicest plants, still a fine showing can be made by sowing a few packets of seed or setting out a few flower plants and bulbs.

If you desire something to make the inside of the house cheerful and brighten the hearts of all, we believe a few nice house plants would suit you, or a German canary or parrot. If you want something of real elegance for the parlor, a globe of fancy gold fish will "fill the bill" and be inexpensive. They require very little attention.

In this age of the world there are so many attractions to call the children away that parents must make the home pleasant in order to hold them. Stop and consider, is this not an object worthy of effort?

DOROTHY HALLETT
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hallett

Martha Jane's Wedding Garment

"MISS GRACIE, what that the Bible say 'bout 'thar shill be weepin' and grittin' of of teeths in the outern darkness?' " teeths in the outern darkness?' "

"Come to 'bout the same thing in the long run, seems lak. Well, Miss Gracie, worn't it about somebody that tried to get inter a weddin' without no weddin' gyarmints on, and was cast inter outern darkness for ther bad manners?"

I quoted from the twenty-second chapter of Matthew for Martha Jane's enlightenment. Her bland black face lit up with a pleased smile.

"That's it. That's just precisely what I was drivin' at. Sounds mighty imposin' when you reads it so smooth an' slick. Well, Miss Gracie, Martha Jane Bradstreet won't stand with the foolish virgins on this ercashun. I'se gwine to be forehanded with my weddin' gyarmints. That's what I've come to talk about. I want to get you to make my weddin' gyarmints, Miss Gracie, a real fine white coat with all the fixin's."

"Who is going to be married?" I asked, with natural curiosity.

'That's further 'long."

* * *

Martha Jane tossed her woolly head with such meaning and energy that if I had not known her to be the long-time wife of Jake Bradstreet, and had not known Jake to be in robust health; also, that there was a Peter, son of Jacob, who numbered his fourteen years, I might have suspected Martha Jane herself of being one of the high contracting parties.

"That's further 'long," she repeated, bridling mysteriously. "All I wants you to do, Miss Gracie, is to make me a weddin' gyarmint that'll take the rag off'n the bush at that weddin', an' make the bride feel like shucks."

"It must be white, I suppose?"

"White? I should sesso. Pure white an' no mixtry, yes ma'am, Miss Gracie, an' none er yo' cose white cross-bar stuff lak the folks in the quarters gits made up to be baptize in, er fer church soc'bles. This gyarmint is fer a ercashun, a big ercashun, a ercashun I'se bound to shine on. Miss Gracie, I want to outshine every nigger that shows her head that night. I just got to. Never min' 'bout the cost. I ain't goin' to stick at nothin'. I'll pay fer the goods an' fer yo' labor, also fer yo' good will. I'se got a yearlin' calf I kin duspuse of and a fo'th intrus in a bale o' cotton I holp old man Ben Simmons pick out. Oh, I'se able to pay as I goes. All I asts of you, Miss Gracie, is to make me a fine white coat plum in the fashion, flounces and er long tail and big sleeves and all that goes ter make up style."

"Well, if I am not to know what the big occasion is, Martha, I must at least know the date of it."

"Yassum, that ain't nothin' mo'n reasonable. Somethin's goin' to drap 'bout the twentieth of June, Miss Gracie."

"You mean the wedding?"

'A weddin'," Martha corrected, crisply, "an' that's all I've got to tell this time. But, honey," her comely black face was overcast with a great anxiety, "you ain't said yet, you's gwine to 'commodate me. I'll pay you well."

"You know I don't want your money, Martha," I frowned at her.

"No'm?"

* * *

The commission did not appeal to me at all pleasantly. It was a warm May, and a summer's inertia was already enveloping all my faculties. But Martha Jane had been with us a number of years, each one of which had riveted the bonds between us a little tighter. We were not merely employer and employed, we were good friends. I did not know how to say "no" to her. A compromise suggested itself to me. I took in her ample proportions with a calculating glance.

"I have a nice white lawn trimmed with real torchon, Martha, that I have only worn one summer. I could let that out in the waist."

Martha stoutly waived my half-made offer aside with head and hand.

"You means well, honey. I makes no doubts you means well by me, an' that far I'm obleeged to you, but this ain't no ercashun for second-hand doin's, Miss Gracie. No ma'am, it ain't. I's got to be the finest got-up nigger that shakes her heel at that weddin' er I won't be there at all. If the yearlin' calf won't induce you, nor my fo'th of old man Simmons' bale o' cotton, I kin sell ole

RESIDENCE OF W. H. STONER

Pleasant Street

Jinny's colt. Oh, I'll come out ahead, er break a trace tryin' to."

"Stop talking about the pay, Martha. You know I will make your dress."

"Thank you, Miss Gracie. You ain't never failed me yet in sickness ner in health."

"The same to you, Martha," I returned the compliment.

"An' don't skimp me, please, Miss Gracie. I wants it long and wide. I wants the tail to go swish er swush when I walks crost the flo'," and she strutted imposingly across the floor by way of illustration, halting abruptly to ask, "How many flounces you goin' to low me, missy?"

* * *

As Martha's rotundity was her most distinct attribute, I deemed three flounces ample.

"Only three? 'Bout how deep, honey?"

I brought a fashion book from the table and delighted Martha's eyes with the vision of a three-flounced lady done in vivid green. A sigh of perfect content expanded her broad bosom.

"Now that's what I call style. That'll do, Miss Gracie. I axes nothin' better. But my head? What you goin' to do with my head?" She clasped both hands to it, as if it had been threatened with decapitation.

"You are not the bride?"

A wistful chord struck across her pleasant voice. 'No'm, I ain't not the bride."

"Only the bride could wear a veil."

"Well, she'll have to git ahead of me on the veil. I can't stop her on that. How 'bout a white wreath? Is wreaths in the fashion, Miss Gracie? I want the thing done proper."

I suggested white satin butterfly bows. She hailed the idea rapturously, giving a shout worthy of a revival meeting.

"Whoopee! Look out, niggers, when Martha Jane Bradstreet shows herself in a swishin-swushin tail and butterfly bows, you alls will want ter crawl into a doodle bug's hole. When you want to try me on, missy?"

I fixed a date. Martha got slowly to her feet.

"Well, I don't want to git in you' way, case there's some work on a weddin' gyarmint with three flounces and things, I reckon, but I'll be on han' when I'm wanted, Miss Gracie, an' I'm a thousand times obleeged to you for ondertakin' to see me through. I bet I'll take the shine out'n that nigger."

"Out of what negro, Martha?"

But Martha was not to be entrapped into any premature revelations. She showed her perfect teeth briefly in a broad grin, snapped them somewhat viciously, and seizing the broom she had laid down on entering the room said, virtuously:

"I done fool away enough time this mawnin'. I got all upstairs to sweep yit." She gave a chuckle that made her fat cheeks tremulous. "All coons won't look alike that night."

And presently from above there floated to my ears the mournful and somewhat perverted strains of—

"There is a better land, far, far away.
Where saints immortal stand, dressed
for the fray."

evidently revised by Martha for the "ercashun."

* * *

One fitting on of the wedding garment as sketched, a second to make sure that the long train would "swish-er-swush" satisfactorily, then my poor handmaiden came for me "to put her together" correctly. When I had put the final touch to the white satin stock of her fine white dress and secured the butterfly bows against all the chances of her bridling and tossing head, she stood in speechless admiration of herself in front of my long mirror. She revolved slowly before the glass, craning her shining ebony neck to take herself in from every possible point of view. An audible gurgle of delight resulted. She turned to me, beaming with gratitude.

"This is what I call style. There won't be no castin' of Martha Jane Bradstreet inter outern darkness this night. Miss Gracie, there won't be a nigger there that can hol' a can'le to me."

"Don't make too sure, Martha; there's the bride, remember."

"That po' little measly Sally Baxter, with one leg shorter'n the other an' pockmarked at that?"

"So it is Sally Baxter's wedding?"

"Yessum, it's Sally Baxter's wedding."

"And can't you tell me now, Martha, why you wanted to outshine the bride and everybody else at this wedding?"

The butterfly bows strained at their moorings. Martha Jane's burnished black shoulders shook convulsively. Scorn seemed curiously mixed with her triumph.

GRETCHEN ROLAND

Daughter of Mrs. Emma Kruger Roland

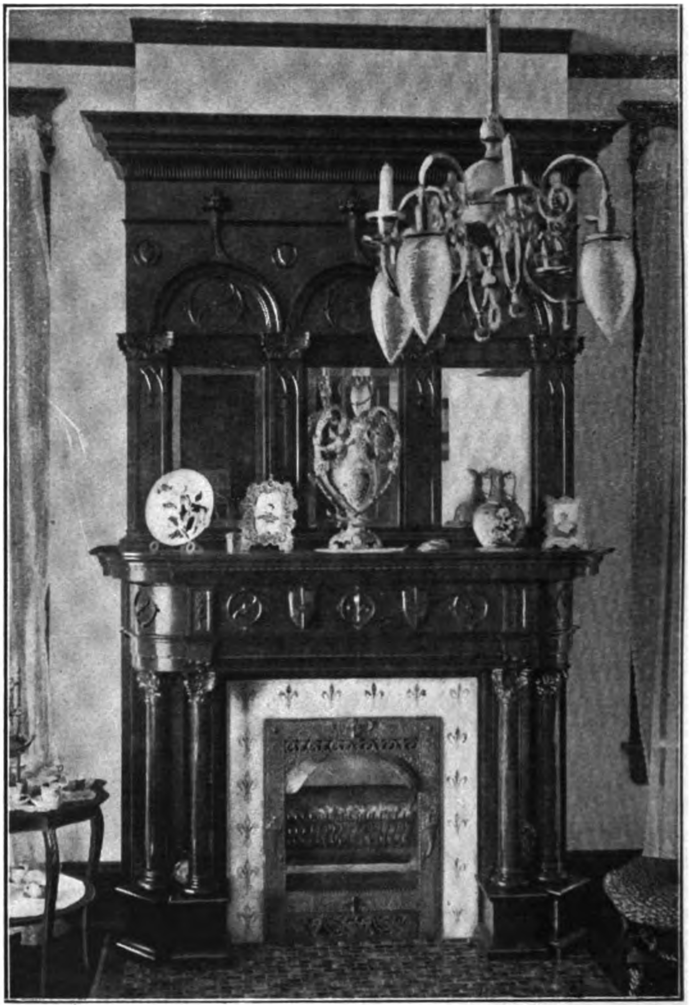
of Ft. Madison

"Yassum, I kin tell you now. Why, Miss Gracie, that nigger's gwine to marry Jake Bradstreet."

"Jake Bradstreet, your husband?" I am afraid I yelled at her.

"Yessum, but, you see, Jake an' me never went befo' no parson. Thar's where she's got me, but all the same I've worked for Jake and I've been a good help meeter to him till this nigger did us part. And, Miss Gracie, you think Jake even give Pete a pair o' new pants to wear to the weddin', an Pete his onlies' an' fust born son! What you think of that for low-down stinginess?"

"But I reckon I'll git even with Sally Baxter this time," and with a proud "swish-er-swush" Martha Jane swept proudly from my view to become the cynosure of all eyes at the wedding-feast.



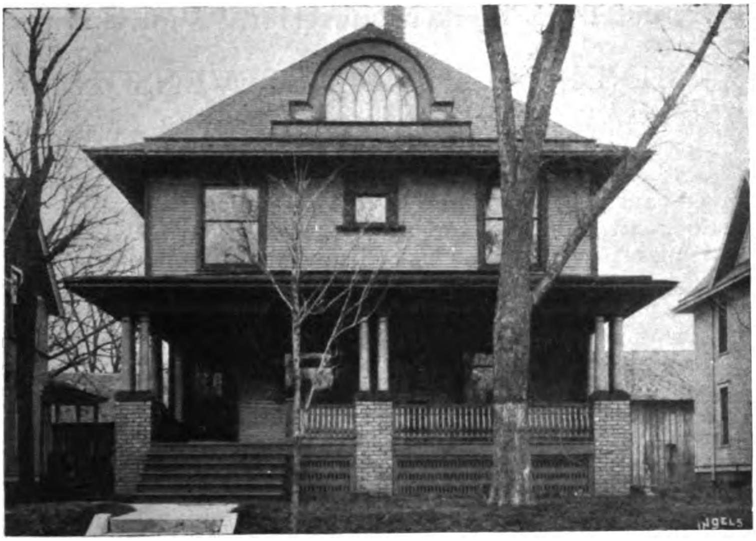
MANTEL IN THE STONER RESIDENCE

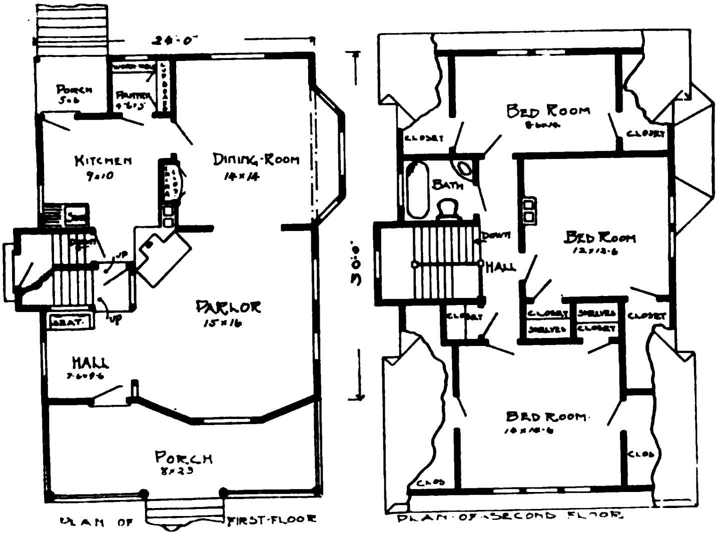
On Pleasant Street

MY HERO

Pressing earth's thorns to his own sore heart,
Fearing for others the ache and smart;
A soul of fire which day by day
Chafes at its house of fragile clay;
Passions chastened, controlled, refined;
A poet's ardent, sensitive mind;
Yet poesy's crushed in the world's great strife,
'Mid the toils and cares of a business life.
Each cross he bears with patient grace;
Toward duty's goal he sets his face.
Victory wrests from all defeat,
Even when failure seems complete.
His soul looks to the coming life,
When, past the bounds of earthly strife.
In the ranks of victors he will stand,
In the broad, eternal fatherland.
His soul through eons will advance
Nearer to manhood's broad expanse.
Eternal life will bring to him
That which he saw in outlines dim
In the life of faith he lived one day
In his frail house of perishing clay.

—*Lelia Waterhouse-Wilson*.




24-0
Porch 5-6
Pantry
Kitchen 9x10
Dining-Room 14x14
Parlor 15x16
Seat
Up
Hall 7-6x9-6
Porch 8x23
30-0
Plan of First Floor
Bed Room
Closet
Bath
Down
Hall
Bed Room 12x13-6
Closet
Shelves
Bed Room 14x16-6
Clos
Plan of Second Floor

SQUARE HOUSE AND PLANS

C. E. Eastman, Architect

A Comedy of the South

Being an Extract from Book Manuscript, "Violets of the North"

MINERVA THORPE STEVENSON

(Two old negroes, Aunt Maria and Uncle Friday, are conversing together.)

Aunt Maria—Friday, I suppose I must go and look after them children. You know old missus what's dead and what's been in heaven all these years, you know she always taught us that the children were just the same as our own, and that we must look after them when she was dead. Now massa wants me to go and take care of them.

Uncle Friday—Well, Maria, it's mighty hard to give you up, 'cause things ain't just as they used to be any how, but as there's no one else to do it, I suppose it must be.

Aunt Maria—Now, Friday, I want you to be sure and take care of my old speckled hen and them chickens, you know she's got nine, and if they ain't watched after, that boy, Ike, will steal one, you know somehow he can't keep his hands off of chickens. I just declare, it's the strangest thing how some folks love to steal chickens.

Uncle Friday—Well, now, 'Ria, you know there's two things that's mighty good, and that's watermelons and spring chickens.

Aunt Maria—Well I knows it, honey, that's why I'm telling you specially to notice them few things. Besides these, I want you to take care of my feather bed, and the fine counterpane, and the nice tablecloths, and them there lace pillow shams, and that china teapot, and that one solid silver spoon, I hope you'll take care of all of 'em and have them in their place when I come back. I did think, Friday, that I wouldn't go, 'cause I knew it would be kind of lonesome for you, and nobody couldn't cook for you as I does, but when Miss Sallie wrote me that little Jane cried all the time for her mammy, I thought I wa'nt doing right, 'cause you know we always promised old missus, and Ise afraid to break my promise to her now that she is dead.

Uncle Friday—That's so; promises what's made to dead people is sacred.

Aunt Maria—I think it's going to be mighty lonesome for you here, 'cause massa going down to New Orleans and it ain't no certain thing how long he'll be gone, and there's another thing I'm told about, is them niggers that's coming on the plantation to work.

Uncle Friday—O, 'Ria, you always had a way of hunting trouble. Don't you 'member what Massa teach us, not to cross a bridge till you came to it; that means, you musn't take no trouble on yourself until trouble comes to you, for it sure comes soon enough.

Aunt Maria—Well, but it's kind of a serious thing, you know, leaving home. What do you think I ought to take along?

Uncle Friday—Well, you 's going up to a city, you'll want some dress-up clothes, but above ev'rything, 'Ria, don't you forget the asafoedita, 'cause you know there's nothing like it for children when they has the colic, or for you when you ketch cole.

Aunt Maria—Well there isn't anything like it when you's got the blues, either.

Uncle Friday—Well, 'Ria, if this 's the last night before you 's going to be at home I suppose the best thing for us to do is just to have a little song.

(Sing old plantation melodies.)

(Mandy is sitting playing on a banjo and singing, and Uncle Friday standing at a little distance.)

Uncle Friday—I just feels like I was pretty nigh in heaven when I hears you sing.

Mandy—O, thank you, thank you, Mr. Friday.

Uncle Friday—Who taught you to sing like that?

Mandy—O, I just picked it up. I'll sing for you every time you want me to. You's got a mighty nice house here, Mr. Friday. And you lives here all by yourself?

Uncle Friday—Well I does just now. My wife, 'Ria, she went to the city to look after old Missus grandchildren.

Mandy—O' you 's got a wife, have you?

Uncle Friday—Yes, 'Ria and I have been married about forty years.

Mandy—Was you married with a license?

Uncle Friday—What sort of license?

Mandy—Why you had to go to the law courts, and you got to get a license to be married like the white folks. Oh, you ain't married at all.

Uncle Friday—Oh, is that so?

Mandy—Yes, that's so, if you ain't married with a license you ain't got no wife.

Uncle Friday—(Aside) I wonder what she's gettin' at?

Mandy—I think it's pretty lonesome for a man to live without any wife.

Uncle Friday—Yes, indeed, it is lonesome.

Mandy—Why don't you get you a wife?

Uncle Friday—Well, I'm 'fraid Ise kind of old to get the sort of a one I would like.

Mandy—What kind of a lady would please you, Mr. Bluebeard?

Uncle Friday—Well, I wants one what can play the banjo and what kin sing 'nd what's got great big black eyes like dying calves, and what kin sing just like a turtle dove, and one that kin work and one that kin walk like a jay bird and swing her body like the willows, and got a waist like the wasp's, an' I think, Miss Mandy, if I ain't mistaken, that's just somebody like you.

Mandy—Oh, Mr. Friday, you 's kind of flattering me.

Uncle Friday—No, I ain't, I 's in dead earnest if ever a man was, 'cause if I ain't got no wife, I tell you what, I wants one.

Mandy—Well, now, I want to tell you, we must just arrange this like the white folks does. I wants to know if you've got enough to support me on.

Uncle Friday—Yes, Ise got plenty, honey. I can just take care of you like a lady. I got this house and all this furniture, I got my old gray mare, I got some hogs, an' Old Speckle's got nine chickens that's 'bout grown now, and then I've got a patch of ten acres, and I raises five bales of cotton a year. Don't you think that's enough to keep a wife on?

Mandy—Oh, yes, but I tell you what you 's got to do. You has to make a will, and will that all to me, cause you see, when you die, you specs me to have all this property.

Uncle Friday—Now, Miss Mandy, ain't you kind of hard on an old man? You are not already counting on me dying, is you, before you even get me?

Mandy—Oh, no, but you sees you leave me a very young widow, and then I'd have to marry again to get somebody to support me, and I wants always to be faithful to you mem'ry.

Uncle Friday—O, I see. That's the reason. Of course, I wouldn't ever want you to get married if I should die and leave you.

Mandy—I thought you wouldn't. How old are you, Uncle Friday?

Uncle Friday—Well, I'm ninety done gone. I'm the oldest colored gentleman in this part of the country, and my massa says, "age is a venerable thing."

Mandy—What does that mean, Uncle Friday?

Uncle Friday—Why, age commands respect. If a man's very old he's seen a lot of the world, an' he's had a lot of experience; that is the reason massa says that age is venerable.

Mandy—Oh, I see, I understand. You have got a lot of sense. I admire you from the bottom of my heart.

Uncle Friday—An' I love you, Miss Mandy, as I never loved any woman before. Will it take you long to get ready to be married?

Mandy—(Aside) That wife might come back here, so I'd better be in a hurry. (To Uncle Friday.) Oh, no, Mr. Friday, you haven't got any time to lose, either, therefore I can get ready mighty quick.

Uncle Friday—What do you say to day after tomorrow?

Mandy—(Turning her head to one side and looking rather coy.) Oh, now, you 's not in such a hurry as that, is you?

Uncle Friday—Oh, yes, my love, these arms long to hold you in a fond embrace. (Advancing toward her.)

Mandy—Not yet, not yet; you must have a license before I 'lows any 'spression of love. We must behave like the white folks.

Uncle Friday—Very well, tomorrow, I'll take my old gray mare and ride into town and get a license. I'm the impatientest man on earth.

Mandy—Now I must go home. I can't stay with you any longer tonight as there might be remarks made. My ma didn't know where I was going.

Uncle Friday—Then don't go until you've told me once again that you will be my own fair bride. Ah, birdie, good night! Tomorrow I'll get the license.

Mandy—Tomorrow, tomorrow—you will make a deed of all your property to me before I'm your bride.

Uncle Friday—Oh, my Mandy, rol!

dem beautiful orbs on me again and sing for me date wonderful ditty.

(Mandy sings and plays.)

(Aunt Maria with baby in arms, singing lullaby, and sitting very near her is a lady reading from a newspaper.)

Miss Sally—Aunt Maria, I want to read you something.

Aunt Maria—All right, Miss Sally, Ise listening.

Miss Sally—"Friday Bullard, aged ninety, married to Mandy Smith, aged twenty-two."

Aunt Maria—What's that, Miss Sally?

Miss Sally—(Reading again.)

Aunt Maria—For the Lawd's sake. That surely can't be my old man who is done gone and got married to another nigger.

Miss Sally—Perhaps it isn't Uncle Friday, for he isn't nearly ninety years old.

Aunt Maria—Oh, Miss Sally, I just believe it is, 'cause he is always bragging about how old he is. He thinks it's very smart to be old. He thinks that a man who is old gets more consideration than other people do, and I'm mighty scared that some young nigger has come along there an' made a fool of him. I had a kind of uneasiness about that when I knew there was a lot of strange people coming on the place. You know massa got a new overseer when he went down to New Orleans, and lots of the old home folks went away and they brought in some new people from Texas, an' last night I had the awfullest dream about a big black snake with glittering eyes that just kept a-creepin' after me everywhere I went, an' now I know what it meant.

Miss Sally—Well, Aunt Maria, if I were you, I wouldn't bother about it, or believe it until some of the people come up from the plantation and we can find out about it, or I can write for you and get information concerning it. I can't imagine Uncle Friday doing such a mean trick.

Aunt Maria—Oh, honey, you can't count on these men, you never know what they're going to do. A long time ago that old nigger got kind of smart and took up with another woman, and if it hadn't been for Massa there would have been a lot of trouble.

Miss Sally—What was it, Aunt Maria? I never heard about it.

Aunt Maria—Well, I'll tell you. Do you remember Dick, and that he was put in jail for stealing hogs, and don't you remember the pretty wife he had named Ellen? Well, Uncle Friday, he got mighty sorry for Ellen 'cause he thought she was lonesome for Dick as he was in jail three years, so he thougnt he would console her. He always took the pains to go down in that part of the field where she was working, and all the eggs in the partridge nests he found he gave to her, and the wild honey he used to find he would take to Ellen's house. And whenever he went to town he would bring back a piece of ribbon or a handkerchief, or something for Ellen. At first I didn't pay much attention to it, but when it became so frequent and every time I wanted to find him or he was late for a meal or he got up sooner than was his custom, because he was old and Massa was kind of indulgent with him, whenever I didn't know where Uncle Friday was I just had to go and hunt up Ellen.

Miss Sally—Well, I never heard of that before.

Aunt Maria—Well that commenced about two years after Dick went away. I was awful troubled, so I went to Massa and told him; I just asked him what he thought I ought to do. 'Cause it don't do much good to quarrel at a man, you know, if he's got his head set about another woman, so I just went to old Massa. And he said, "Now Maria, don't worry, I will straighten this out for you."

Miss Sally—And what did Judge Bullard do?

Aunt Maria—Well, Massa just wrote a letter to Ellen himself and he made out the letter came from Dick in the jail, and a nice long lovin' letter it was. He told her how he thought of her every day and how he was suffering in the jail just because he killed a hog for her sake, and how he hoped she was true to him and that he was coming home soon to her. Massa had Ellen come to the house and read the letter to her and talked to her till he got Ellen to crying, and he never said a word about Uncle Friday, but he made her promise that she would be a good wife, and true to Dick and not let any other man take his place. An' if you'll believe me, Miss Sally, that was the last trouble I had with Uncle Friday about Ellen.

Miss Sally—Well, didn't he manage that beautifully!

Aunt Maria—But you see now Massa ain't there, and I'm not there, so there's no telling what's happened. So I think the best thing for me to do is to go back home an' look him up.

Miss Sally—Well I hope it isn't true. But suppose you should find that he had married someone else. What would you do, Aunt Maria?

Aunt Maria—Honey, I can't tell. I feels cold and then I feels hot. When I thinks about it I'm mighty 'fraid there'd be some considerable 'sturbance around there.

Miss Sally—Oh, Aunt Maria, you wouldn't belittle yourself and have a fight?

Aunt Maria—Why, Miss Sally, one ain't just responsible for what they does under that sort of circumstances. I tell you what, it makes one mighty mad to leave your husband to go an' do something that you think is your duty, an' then he get married while you are gone.

Miss Sally—Well, that isn't very agreeable, certainly. It is not calculated to make one feel amiable.

Aunt Maria—If he has done such a thing, it's bad enough to think about it, but when I think of all my things, my tablecloths and my spreads an' all the things that my old missus give, and some old nigger wench come in there and using them just as if they were her's. Oh, my, Miss Sally, I just tells you I gets hot when I thinks of that. I am afraid there will be trouble. (Looks at little Jane.) I guess this child is asleep and I'm going to put her to bed. (Goes and lays her down.) In the morning there's a wagon going down to the plantation to take some groceries. I think I'll go. If everything's all right I'll be back in a few days. If it ain't, I don't know when you'll see me again.

Miss Sally—I do hope you will find everything all right. But should you discover there is any foundation for that article, don't make any fuss about it. If you can't cure him by any reasonable means, won't you promise me to come back—let them find out their folly? Uncle Friday will soon tire of a young wife.

Aunt Maria—An' what you think I'll be doin' while he is gettin' tired? Ah, no, Miss Sally. I'll be busy, don't you forget dat. You don't know dis nigger woman, if you think I can stan' by and see my husban' 'musin' hisself with a young woman, me waitin' for him to get tired. I'll help him to get tired mighty fast. She'll wish she had never been born—'deed, oh, deed, Miss Sally—I don't know just what I'm going to do. Take care of my baby and when she cry for her mammy, oh, say Ise gone. Good bye, Miss Sally—maybe I'll come back.

(Aunt Maria peeps in the window of her home and sees her best linen cloth on the table and her nice blue dishes which she has only used when some of the white folks honored them with a visit for dinner.)

Aunt Maria—(To self.) Oh, if that good for nothing old nigger would only step out I'd fix that wench, but I can't fight both of them. Just to think of the impudence of that black nigger, using my spread and my feather bed and my sheets and my pillow slips and everything I've got that my missus left me; and, my Lawd, there's a chicken on the table, I just knows that's one of my Speckled chickens. Oh, Friday, you old rascal, I'll pay you for this. There he is with his best Sunday clothes on and his silk hat that he never wore except when he went to preaching. Oh, my missus in heaven, what do you think of that black snake?

(Uncle Friday gets up and leaves the room, apparently being called away by someone, and Mandy gets up to take care of the supper things.)

Aunt Maria—I can't stand it another minute longer, I am going in and tend to that nigger. (Aunt Maria enters.) Who are you? Who is heah, takin' care of my house while Ise away?

Mandy—Who am I? Why Ise Mr. Friday Bullard's lawful wife, what's married wid a license. Who's yo'?

Aunt Maria—O, yo' is his wife, is yo'? Who eveh I is, I'll mighty soon show yo'. (Aunt Maria springs at her victim, dislodging her waterfall, made of horsehair, which she disdained to notice, but fixing her hands in the luxuriant wool, it flew in all directions. She scratched and fought and bit like an infuriated demon, finally pitching the young rival out of the door and shutting it.

Aunt Maria—(To herself.) The more I looks about the madder I gets. There are my best lace pillow shams and best coverlet on the bed. Jist wait, yo old black nigger, the Lord give me strength to 'ni'late yo. (She hears Uncle Friday's familiar steps.)

Uncle Friday—(Peeping in at window.) Mandy, my turtle dove, peek-a-boo. Yo honey's a-comin'.

Aunt Maria—Youah turtle dove, ugh. Yo' ole sinner, yo' nebber called me dat in my life.

Uncle Friday—(Opening door and

peeping in.) Whar is my little duckie? (His eyes fall on Aunt Maria.)

Aunt Maria—Heah I is, just heah. Why doan yo' come in to youah turtle dove? Oh, yo' old black coon, yo' big ole fool. (Maria prances up to him.) What nigger is dat you got here in my house? (They fight in the cabin. When they were worn out and almost unable to stand, they stopped and looked at each other. Uncle Friday grasped the back of a chair and panted for breath while Aunt Maria propped herself against the wall to keep from falling and glared at him.)

Uncle Friday—Well what do you propose to do?

Aunt Maria—I po'pose to stay heah in dis house, wat Marse Willum giv' to me. It's mine as much as yourn and I burn it up afore I'll let dat black cat come in an' take my things. I guess I'll stay heah and I jus' vise yo' to go and hunt youah turtle dove. (Pointing her finger scornfully toward the door.)

Uncle Friday—See here, 'Ria, I ain't goin' ter fool wid yo' no moah. Yo' git out.

Aunt Maria—Ise goin' ter stay heah an' yo' ain't man 'nuff ter help it. (With that they clinched again, and the old man was the strongest. He succeeds in putting Aunt Maria out and locks the door.)

Aunt Maria—All right, yo' jus' let dat nigger wid de dyin' calf 'spression in her eyes in dar an' I'l burn the house over youah head.

Speak out, is you dumb?

Uncle Friday—It is none of your business.

Aunt Maria—If it isn't, then who's business is it? Ise got the right to know who is in my house.

Uncle Friday—You deserted me. You know you did.

Aunt Maria—You liar. You know I did not. I went because you agreed I should. Now I come home an affectionate wife and find a woman in heah dat you call turtle dove. 'Splain yo'self I say or take dat, you old deceitful old good for nothin—

Uncle Friday—Take care! Take care! I won't 'low no foolin'.

Uncle Friday—I ain't under no obligation to you.

Aunt Maria—Youse my husband. Ise got rights. I am going to know who you got in dis house or I'll fix you so you'll be no use to her. (Strikes at Friday.)

Uncle Friday—Stan' bac dare 'Ria, I don't keer to hurt you.

Aunt Maria—Oh, you don't! Well I have a different opinion, for I'd like to kill you. I'll do it if I can. Who's dat nigger you got in here?

Uncle Friday—My Lawd, that old nigger woman means every word she says and she'll just burn this house over our heads. Now what am I to do. She's just right, I'm too old to have such a racket as this. I wish I'd never seen that gal Mandy. And it's no joke to keep up with that young negger anyhow. I don't feel like humping myself to amuse her all the time.

(Uncle Friday sits down in the chair and rests.) Oh, Lawd, I'm so tired I don't know what to do. After all an old man ain't got spunk enough to keep up with a young woman and to think of getting into all of this trouble. I ought to have had better sense. Poor old 'Ria, it is pretty hard for her after all. I'm just sick and I wonder what's going to come of me anyhow. I wonder what's become of Mandy. My gracious who would have thought old 'Ria had so much strength in her, she fought like a wild cat; I thought to goodness once she was going to get the best of me.

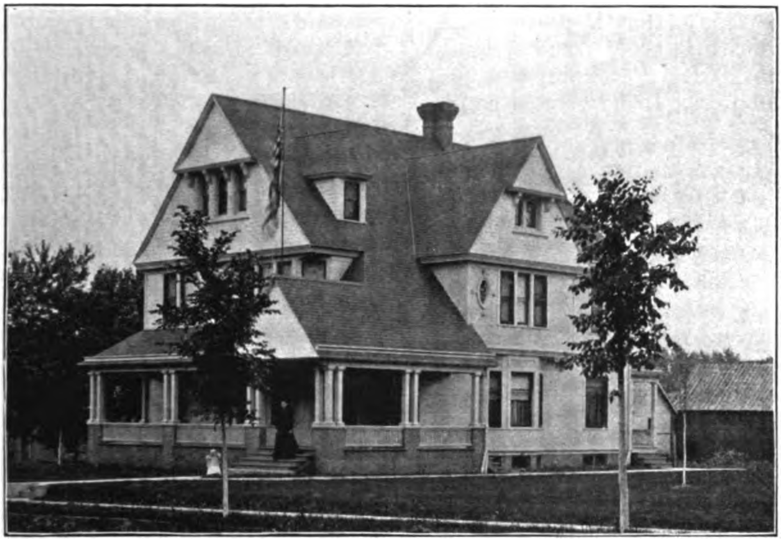
Mandy—Well I just guess I got about enough of that old nigger man. It isn't worth the while to be looking out for a wild cat and a panther all in one to come and jump in on you and tear you all to pieces before you know anything about it. Besides that, an old man is too much bother for me. All the time got something the matter with his back, or with his knees, or with his corn, I wish I never had a seen him. I don't know nothing about sick folks and nursing people. Next time I ever gets married if I ever does, you bets you I ain't going to marry no old man. I wonder what became of him when that hyena got in there? I bet you she didn't leave much of him. Oh, my, I heard something outside. My gracious if that old nigger woman comes in here, honest there's no use, I'll die. I'm going to peep and see if there's anybody there. No, I don't hear nobody. I am going in to see how he is getting along. (Peeps in window and sees that he is alone. She goes in and puts her hand on his shoulder and takes his hand.) Mr. Friday? Oh, my, this poor old man is mighty sick, he's unconscious. that thar old woman has pretty near killed him. I don't know anything about taking care of sick folks, I'm going way from here. Somebody else can take care of him. Besides that old wild cat might come and finish me up. She is welcome to him. I don't want him no more.

Aunt Maria—(Looks in window.) My gracious, not a soul with him and him sleeping there yet. Friday, Friday, (no answer) my gracious, there must be something the matter with him. (Goes in.) Friday, are you awful sick? I 'spected this, but I ain't a bit surprised. The Lord is punishing him, and I must forgive him. I must take my place and take care of him. It won't be the first time I ever nursed him through a long spell of sickness. I wonder where the camphor is and the turpentine. (Stops and looks around, finds camphor and puts it on cloth and begins to bathe his face. He looks up at her.)

Uncle Friday—Oh, 'Ria, is it you come back to take care of me? What is it 'Ria? Has something awful happened or did I just have a dream? Tell me, 'Ria, Ise all kind of confused in my head.

Aunt Maria—Yes, I suppose you is feeling awful bad and youse mighty sick, but I'll take care of you. You knows I will, don't you, Friday?

Uncle Friday—Oh, 'Ria, I ain't worthy to loose your shoe strings, but I knows you'll forgive me, 'cause the dear blessed missus what's dead would tell you to if she was here.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY HAAG

Jefferson, Iowa

HALLET & RAWSON
ARCHITECTS

The Hymn of the Conquered

I sing the hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of the nations lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flowers on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone;
With death swooping down o'er their failure and all but their faith overthrown.

—*W. W. Story, in "The Success of Defeat."*

The Old, Old Story

Spring in the suburbs is horrid—
  Judith is cleaning again
With a towel bound over her forehead—
  She seems to have dirt on the brain!

Judith is cleaning again,
  Her temper is all in a flutter—
She seems to have dirt on the brain
  And everything's all in a clutter!

Her temper is all in a flutter
  No dinner today, that is plain,
And everything's all in a clutter—
  I wish that I dared to complain!

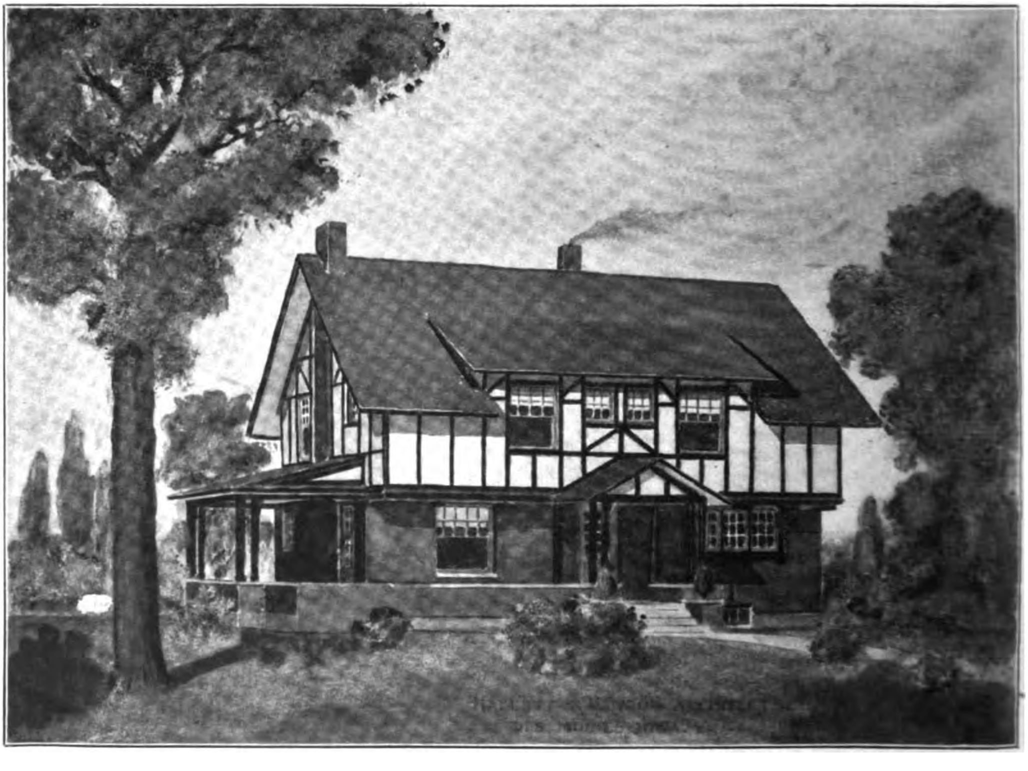
No dinner today, that is plain,
  And a bustling scold for a wife,
I wish that I dared to complain,
  But I don't as I value my life!

And a bustling scold for a wife—
  I'd jolly her up if I dared,
But I don't as I value my life—
  So I tote the beds out to be aired!

I'd jolly her up if I dared—
  I wish I was out of the scrape—
I'll tote out the beds to be aired
  And then I shall make my escape.

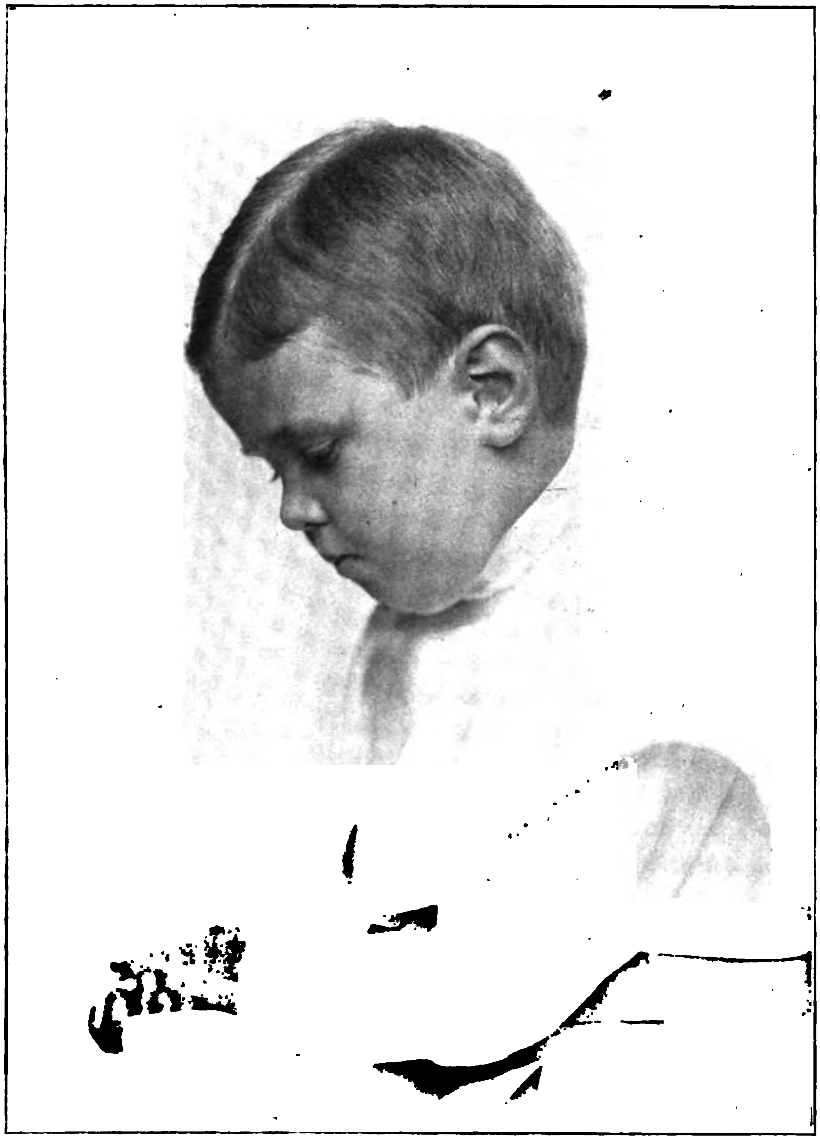
I wish I was out of the scrape—
  I can't abide soap-suds and noise—
But soon I shall make my escape
  And have a night out with the boys.

I can't abide soap-suds and noise
  Lunch in the kitchen is torrid.
I'll have a night out with the boys—
  Spring in the suburbs is horrid!



RESIDENCE OF W. D. PHILLIPS

Arlington Avenue



WILLIAM Z. PROCTOR
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor

Little Journeys to Homes of Iowa Authors

No. 9. MINERVA THORPE STEVENSON

Photo by Webster

MINERVA THORPE STEVENSON

Fifteen years ago there came to Des Moines a young woman of energy and ambition and with a marvelous capacity for work. She took charge of the dressmaking department of the Harris-Emery store, and proved herself one of the best business women in the country, her work in value and progressiveness equaling that of any man of business. Madame Stevenson, as she was known to the public, soon numbered many warm friends among her customers. Although her busy life deterred her from frequent mingling with society, she was welcomed in many assemblies where her culture and talents were recognized.

Minerva Thorpe Stevenson is of Southern birth and education. She has lived much abroad, in England and France, and speaks French like a native. She is of intensely patriotic disposition and loves the State of her adoption and later life. And Iowa is surely proud to claim this gifted woman for her own.

Few women in business, whose days are full of the ever-recurring and sometimes petty detail of business life, could or would have found time for constant study and self-improvement, as has the subject of this sketch. A panacea for all ills, a place of delight where no shadow could follow, an uplift supreme over all mental or physical weariness has been her library. She has known the companionship of books, and no human companionship equals it. They inspire to high endeavor. They set forth the truth of living. They lead to heights from which the soul looks upon God. They compensate for the suffering and privation endured along life's pathway. They forecast the future, when we shall put aside the garments of the flesh, when the sense of sorrow and sin shall be forever lost to us.

Mrs. Stevenson has been all her life a student, not alone of books, but of life and of people. Of the natural literary temperament, and the author of much verse in younger years, she decided to write a book. "Two Chums" was the result. The manuscript was at once accepted by Laird & Lee and published in the fall of 1896. The story is of a poor boy and his dog, who suffer and love and enjoy and finally triumph over life's vicissitudes in a manner which captivates the reader from the reading of the first chapter. No sweeter, tenderer, more sympathetic story of child life was ever written. The book had a great success. The first edition was sold out at once, many volumes being handled by the Harris-Emery store. Minerva Thorpe Stevenson in her first published volume took high rank among the living writers. Her second book was along business lines, called "The National Correspondence School of Dressmaking." This book, while not of the literary class, has brought a large revenue. It is at present handled by Mrs. M. H. Davis of Des Moines. Mrs. Davis, through the book, really conducts an international school of dressmaking, and her students hail from all over the world.

Mrs. Stevenson's greatest forte, however, lies in her writing of plays. A year ago the Des Moines public was given a chance to hear one of them. It was put on at Our Circle Hall under the auspices of the Women's Press Club. It was entitled "Too Much Mother-in-Law." It was in the nature of a farce, in three acts, and the audience fully enjoyed the wit and nonsense of the lines and the situations.

One of her plays appears in this number of the Midwestern. Several stories are now awaiting publication, among them three of unusual merit, "As Always," "Her Hired Help," and "Violets of the North." Full of sentiment, with a keen sense of humor, with a thorough knowledge of people and the world's ways, it may seem a pity that Mrs. Stevenson has not long since put aside the cares of business and devoted herself to her pen. She has this in contemplation, however. A sketch of this talented woman would be incomplete without mention of two clever games for children of which she is the author and patentee, "Presidential Demands" and "Chic," both suitable for the kindergarten or home. These games are soon to be published. A most beautiful and gifted young daughter of Mrs. Stevenson will visit her during the coming season, Miss Martha Cunningham of London. This young girl was educated abroad and was a literary protege of Mrs. Craigie. She is a poetess, a fine harpist and possessor of a wonderful mezzo soprano voice. She is a pet of the literary and art circles of London. This gifted daughter reflects the talent of her no less gifted mother.

A RONDEAU OF ROSES

The golden heart of summer's shrine
  Flings wide its holies to the sun,
Who enters to the crystalline
  High chime of flower-bells' music spun

To echo-distance, clear and fine.
She plucks a rose, this Rose of mine,
  And strips its petals one by one,
Revealing, sweet as chaliced wine,
        The golden heart.

You whose tormenting charms combine
  With thorns to wound me all undone,
Oh Rose of roses! I would twine
  Some rhyme-wreath whose *enchanting* run
Might tangle in its cadenced line
        Your golden heart!

RESIDENCE OF EDWARD A. TEMPLE

Ninth Street

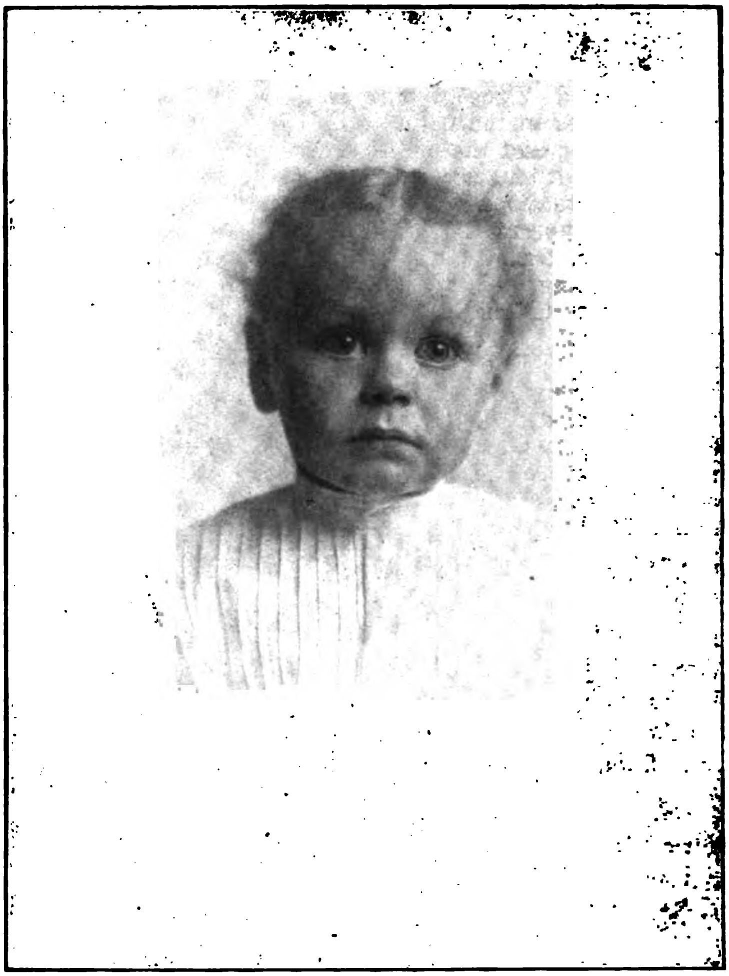


Photo. by Webster

ARTHUR REYNOLDS, Jr.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reynolds

MAY MORNING

Ho! Up! Away at the dawn of day,
Let us gather the flowers of spring.
This is life—to stray on a morn in May,
When the birds first wake to sing.

There's a place I know, where the violets grow,
Where the river winds its way,
And the flowers nod low in the winds that blow
To the sun, at the dawn of day.

Then up! Away at the dawn of day,
Ere the sun dries up the dew,
For the drops can't stay on the flowers alway
To freshen their leaves for you.

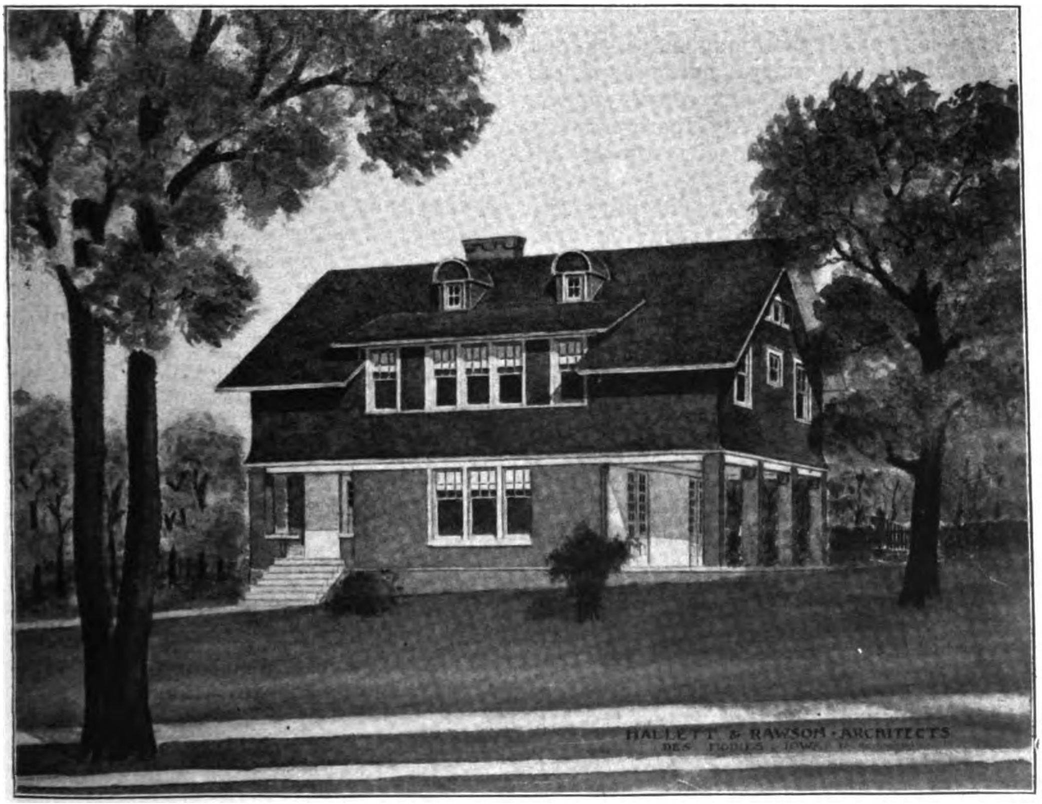
Then come, let's go where the flowers grow
In the morning dew of May.
For the sun you know, will wither them so
If we wait till the heat of day.

—*S. Lawrence.*

Philosophy in Every-Day Life

[The following remarks were delivered recently by Mr. J. B. Weaver, Jr., before the Philosophy and Science division of the Woman's Club of Des Moines at a meeting held at the residence of Mr. George E. King.]

A PHILOSOPHY adapted to every day uses expounded in five minutes! Here is my invitation and such seemed at first the problem lightly tossed to me for solution. Yet doubtless I put it too strongly, and you may be kind enough to be satisfied with what the inveterate speaker terms "a few brief remarks." It is only in this feeling that I can have the courage to say anything. It is not easy to formulate in one's mind a definition of that elusive term "a philosophy." But of one thing I am certain. It is the product of the *reflective* faculty. Yet in order that the habit of reflection may evolve a philosophy of value one's nature must be broadly receptive. Poe says that receptivity is what distinguishes the artist from the Philistine. By receptivity he means, I think, an openness to all the beauty of the world, whether it be of color, of form, of expression or of noble character, and to both the humor and the tragedy in human experience—to all of these and not alone to any one of them. To see the beauty alone is to become as cold as the chiseled marble; only to note the humor is to make the life a jest; to feel but the tragedy is to find it a cave of gloom. And still you may be



RESIDENCE OF HENRY HEWITT
Forest Drive.

DOROTHY GIVENS
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Givens.

conscious of all these qualities in human experience and remain minus a philosophy that can be of any service to you. Then what more? Ah, there must be added that greatest element of all, human affection.

I saw the other day a charming title page in "Life." On a winding mazy path, leading out of the far off past among the stars, and winding away again in the distance into the unknown future, stood in the immediate foreground the familiar boyish figure with the winglets. At his feet and spinning along the endless path was the round world. Looking closer you saw he had pierced the globe with his arrow until its tip just emerged from the lower side of the ball, and with his magic cord wound about the feathered end of the arrow he has just sent our world spinning "down the ringing grooves of change." And as life is made worth while by the motive force of his magic cord and arrow, so, too, no philosophy is worthy the name that is suffused with affection for one's kind. Then, if I am right, if we would have a beneficent philosophy we must have the habit of reflection, be receptive to life's beauty, its humor, its tragedy, and be alive with affection. These qualities present, it is possible amidst all the mystery of life still to be convinced that the world is indeed filled with beauty of which no man can rob us; that human affection is so blessed a thing that no life is so lowly that it may not be illumined by it; that here and now there is a reward within our own consciousness for every righteous and kindly deed; that our own longings and joys and ills are not alone personal, but the epitome of human experience. With this latter sense, the ability to see our own lives as but a part of a whole, as one figure in a great moving pageant, we achieve a more sane perspective and humor comes hand in hand with pity and hope, to render life endurable.

Why do people so differ in the ability to evolve a philosophy and make of it a living, governing force? I think I know of one great reason. Our Puritan ancestry has been given credit for many great and good things, but in one respect it sinned. That sin is yet visited upon us, their children. I refer to the sin of *repression*. Now *expression* not repression is the law of life and growth. As Swinburne says, "There is no such thing as a dumb poet or a handless painter. The very essence of an artist is that he be articulate." Just as we cannot preserve a muscle that we do not use, so we cannot preserve a living consciousness of life's beauty, its humor, its sadness, and its affection unless we care for all of these and have a passion to express by word and deed our sense of them to others. And to see them all is indispensable to a balanced philosophy. The beauty of the world will not stay with you if you never speak of it, and the same is true of life's humor and the pitying appeal of its sorrows. One reason why many lives are reduced to a gray monotone is that from timidity or otherwise they put down by a deadly habit all enthusiasms and refuse to express, to pass on to others. the impressions of beauty, the impulses to kindly acts, the joys and the hopes that until killed by repression do come to the consciousness of all.

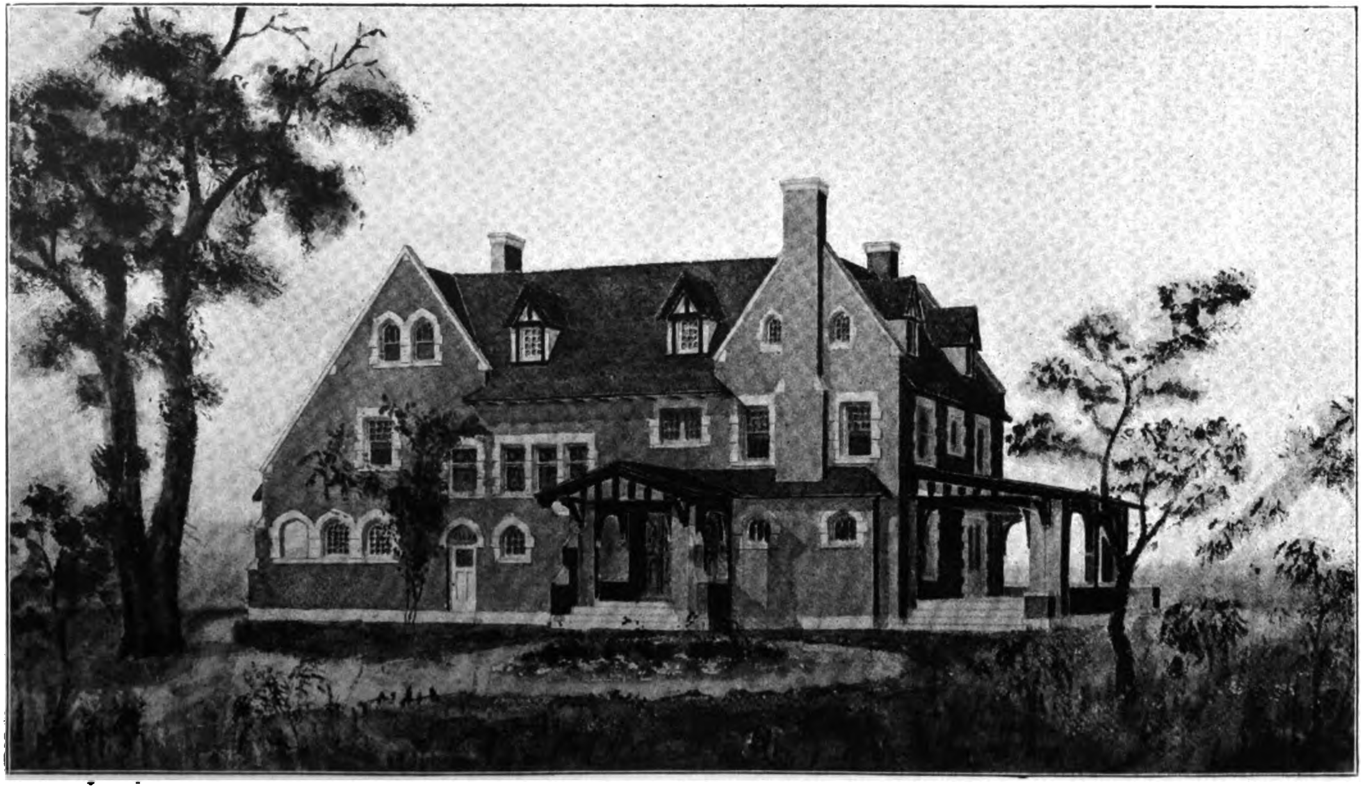
It is not God's way that ennui come with age. Your children go off in the morning to kindergarten where with unskilled fingers, but with hearts filled with joy, they express with scissors, pencil and brush their delight in the first taste of personal achievement. Coming home they rush to you radiant with pleasure in the little they have come to comprehend of the mysteries of the great world of color and of form. Shall this human interest be for them only? There are always about us heights of beauty and depths of mystery if we will only see them. The secret is to go about open-eyed as does the child and as ready to express our wonder and our joy. The child's incessant "why" is but the expression of his receptivity, and his "Oh, papa, see!" speaks his passion to express and to share his discovery. There you have in the child the two great passions, receptivity and expression, to receive or know and to express or pass on to others. Kipling speaks beautifully of this, where he says of that romance that inheres in every-day life, which he calls "The True Romance":

"Who holds by thee hath Heaven in fee,
  To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
  A child, until he die."

And let us not forget, too, that a greater than Kipling has said, speaking of Heaven, which we believe is a state of mind rather than a place: "Verily I say unto you that unless ye turn and become as little children ye shall in nowise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

An every-day philosophy, why there is no other kind. If we have it not in every-day life we can never summon it for our great crises. And never was there more need of its cultivation. This is an age of shattered creeds. Our fathers and mothers found in orthodox religion with its sense of the imminence of a personal God, comforts that are denied to increasing multitudes of their children. If we shall cultivate a philosophy it will not leave us entirely comfortless, but will still preserve to great figures in our early teaching an equal if not a greater meaning. If the higher criticism has disturbed your faith, perhaps if you have reflected upon the nobility of unselfish service your philosophy will say to you that the Christ of the miraculous birth and destiny, is not greater than the Christ who must forever stand as the personation of every man who is crucified for his ideals, the most divine figure in human history. If the Virgin Mary is denied her mystic relation to Christ's birth, your philosophy may teach you to see her yet transfigured as the presentative of all

RESIDENCE OF J. A NASH
Audubon, Iowa.



RESIDENCE OF N. T. GUERNSEY
Denman Lane.

motherhood, with its longings and its hopes, its sorrows and its joys. If Easter day means no more to you than the day of Christ's physical resurrection, you may yet see in the season that it typifies, radiant with hope and encouragement, the ever recurring mystery of the persistence of all life.

A philosophy is not concerned with material progress, except as recognizing its beneficence in ministering to the higher needs of our natures It is concerned with ideals and with evolving some conception of the world that shall make of its mystery something other than a mockery. It would not ignore the voices of the market, but it would also tell us of other and greater voices. Sudermann has put it thus: "What we need is the guiding note of a voice that seems the echo of our best hopes. It doesn't matter whether we are mistaken in the voice or not, the great thing is to hear it; and the worst thing is not to feel the need of it."

This is the age of stress, of dramatic experience, of rivalry, of hard means, of inadequacy in the lives of millions of our brother men, an age of city life, of machinery, of speed, of travel, of competition, of the "decadence of doctrine" if you please, and never was there more need of a hopeful philosophy and of a passion in our lives for the expression of the ideal. Let us put aside at frequent intervals all consciousness of our overloaded tables, our much prized smoking chimneys, our crammed ledgers, our automobiles, and our "bridge," and forgetting for a little while both our dollars and our dissipation, open our eyes, our ears and our hearts to the entrancing beauty, the mystery and the spiritual voices of the world about it. Our lives must not be dominated alone by the two great passions thus characterized by Ruskin: "Wherever we are, to go somewhere else; whatever we have, to get more." God has made greater and more beautiful things than material progress, which was never intended in His economy as an end in itself, but as a means only, whereby we may the better express our love of the beautiful, that is art, our affection for our brothers, that is charity, our thirst for the ideal, that is truth.

RESIDENCE OF H. S. CHASE
Grand Avenue.

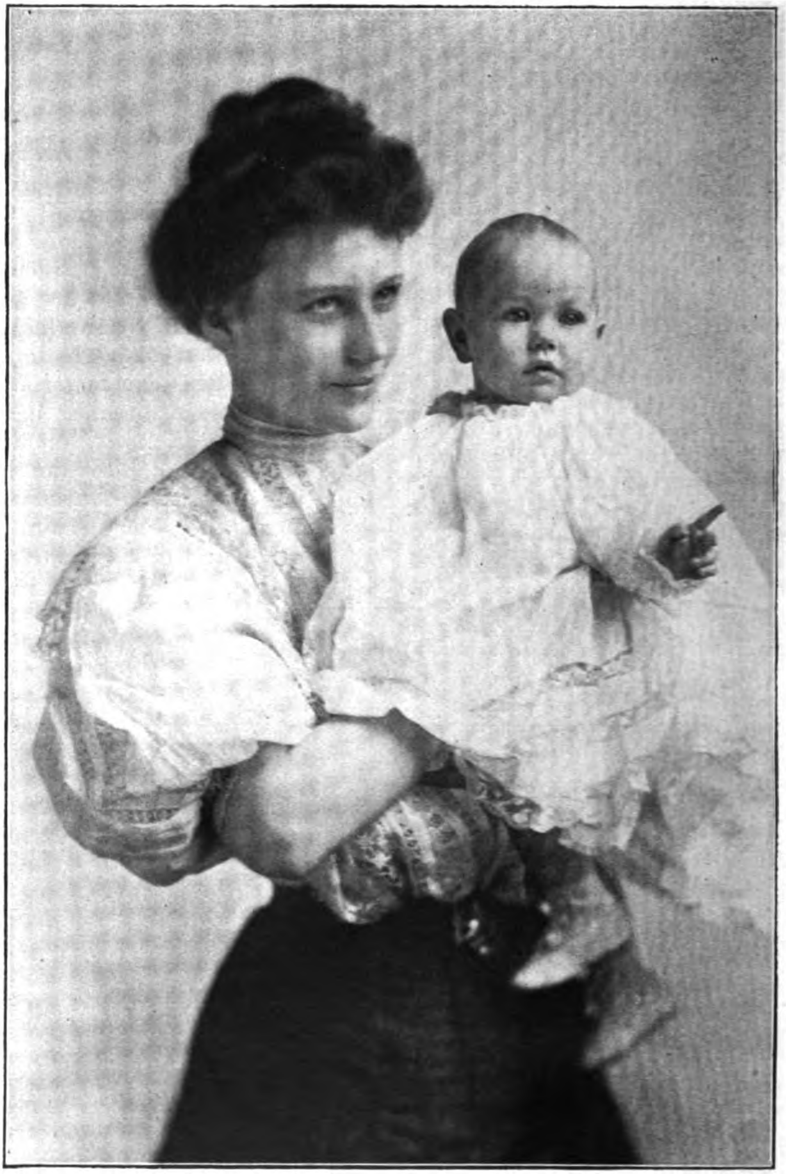
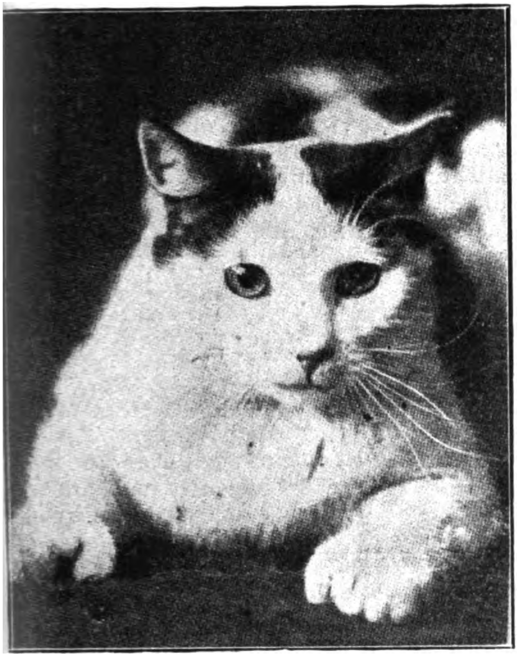


Photo by Webster.

MRS. ARTHUR REYNOLDS AND BABY JEANNETTE

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



When the Birds Come North Again.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds come north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's vein turns crimson—
And the birds come north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds come north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds come north again.

—*Ella Higginson.*

Which One Was Kept?

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandmamma said with a frown,
"It will never do to keep them both,
The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess.
"One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late,
And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
Came little Bess from her nap;
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma, with a smile,
From the rocking-chair where she sat;
"God has sent you two little sisters,
Now, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to her grandma soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"

—*Lillian Street.*

Lost Men Saved by Dog.

A message tied around the neck of the emaciated and partially frozen dog which entered Gardnerville yesterday gave the clew that has led to the rescue of Chris Jepperson and Jack Reynolds, the miners who were lost in the snow at Lone Pine and who were searched for by the posse all last night. When found early this morning Jepperson and Reynolds were lying in a dying condition on the floor of a cabin at the Winter's mine. Jepperson, who is from Reno, was resuscitated with little difficulty, but Reynolds did not recover until after the rescuers labored all night. Tonight that dog is the hero of the hour in Gardnerville. When Jepperson and Reynolds reached here this afternoon the latter cried for the animal to be brought to him, and he caressed it with the affection of a child. The animal was be-ribboned and fed with the daintiest foods, and Jepperson says that as long as he lives the canine will never be in want.—*Virginia City* (*Nev.*) *Chronicle.*

President Roosevelt

It does seem strange that a man who has had the large experience and opportunities for development and unfoldment enjoyed by our president, should not have progressed at all in his humanitarian views beyond the limits of the creed of his early teachings. Here is a man who stands for the key-stone of the arch of our civilization, expressed in the crystallization of our community relations as a nation, who has not an equal in the animal kingdom for an overbearing, cruel, savage attitude toward weaker beings than himself, to-wit: the lower animal kingdom, unless it is the weasel or mink. He kills and finds pleasure in it, a pleasure as primitive but by no means as excusable as that of the child who destroys something from instinct, or as that of the savage who mutilates the body of his vanquished foe in the observance of a religious rite.

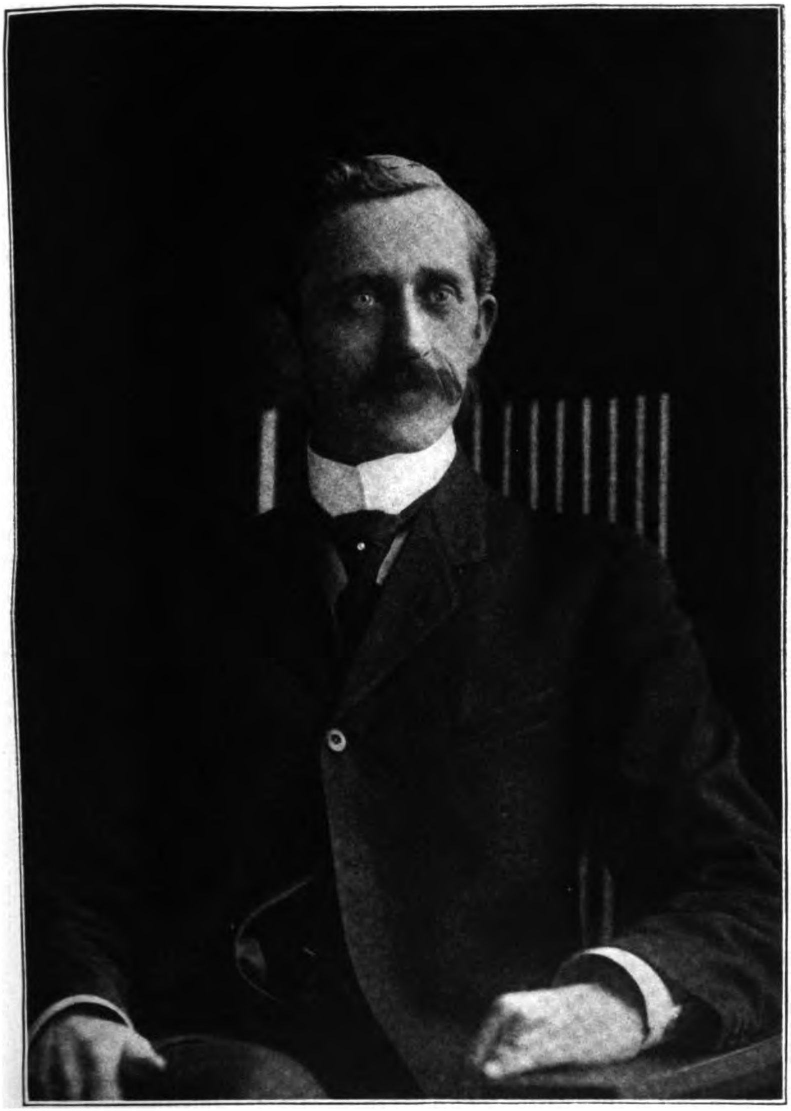
There are very few of the animals who so far disgrace themselves as to kill for the mere pleasure of it. In Kipling's "Jungle Stories" he makes the man-eating tiger and other killers who destroy fellow-creatures from any other cause than necessity, the pariahs of their race, the disgrace of their kind.—*Weltmer's Magazine, Nevada, Mo.*

At His Master's Grave

A full-grown English terrier dog, huddled up, shivering and shaking with the cold, in the center of a large mound of evergreen over a newly made grave in the Cambridge cemetery aroused sympathy Saturday. The keeper of the cemetery was induced to promise that a man would be sent after the animal. The grave being in a remote part of the cemetery would seem to show that the animal was heart-broken, and mourning the loss of a human friend.

It is pleasing to learn that King Edward declined to allow the horses in the royal stables to be disposed of after they have been in his service. When they are no longer fit for their duties they are put out of existence in the most merciful and expeditious manner possible. Of course this does not prevent the king from selling the shire and race horses which he breeds for purposes of sale and which yield him a handsome income. One of the very best traits in the reigning family is their fondness for all animals. It is a heritage from Queen Victoria, who loved every four-footed creature, saving, as she once said, the cat! But in that regard her descendants have amply made amends, for cats and kittens are a part of the younger members' households, while Queen Alexandra is devoted to them as pets.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHAS. DENMAN HOME, Grand Avenue.



CHARLES N. PAGE
Of the Iowa Seed Co., whose work as author, progressive citizen and first-class man of business, is well known and appreciated in Des Moines.

The Song of A Robin

I heard a robin singing,
  When the world lay white and drear,
And ne'er a ray of sunshine fell
  His little heart to cheer.
I listened to the gladness
  That was mingled in his song,
And from my heart the shadows fell
  Of weary years and long.

I heard a robin singing,
  When the skies were dark above,
And from the song a lesson learned
  Of hope and trust and love.
It spoke to me of patience,
  Of a spring our hearts shall know,
Where snows of winter fall not
  And cold winds never blow.
—*Kathleen Weatherhead in Westminster Gazette.*

MRS. KATHERINE P. SHANTY
Who is at the head of one of the dressmaking departments at Younker Bros.

JOHN BROWN AT SPRINGDALE

Dan Elbert Clark

FOR historic associations, there is no more interesting spot in Iowa than the little village of Springdale in Cedar county. It is a hamlet of some two hundred people, four miles from West Branch. The air of peace and isolation about the place at once charms and rests the visitor. The single street, shaded by great hard maples and bordered by quaint, simple houses set in broad, well-kept lawns, bepseaks thrift and content. The people are kind and truthful, and the doors of the houses are seldom locked. In many of the homes may be heard the "thee" and "thou" of the Friends, for Springdale was and is, essentially, a Quaker community.

In the early fifties, John Painter, a Friend, built the first cabin of Springdale. He was followed in the next few years by many of his brethren, until the place became known as a Quaker settlement. To this peaceful village John Brown, the champion of abolition, came in December, 1857, with his little band of followers, to spend the winter.

At West Branch, where John Brown in 1856 first heard of Springdale, the story of his coming is yet told. Toward evening one October day, James Townsend, standing in the doorway of his tavern, "The Traveler's Rest," saw an elderly man, astride a mule and leading a horse, ride toward the tavern and dismount. He was covered with dust and showed signs of a long journey. Approaching Townsend, who had stepped out to meet him, the man asked this question:

"Have you heard of John Brown of Kansas?"

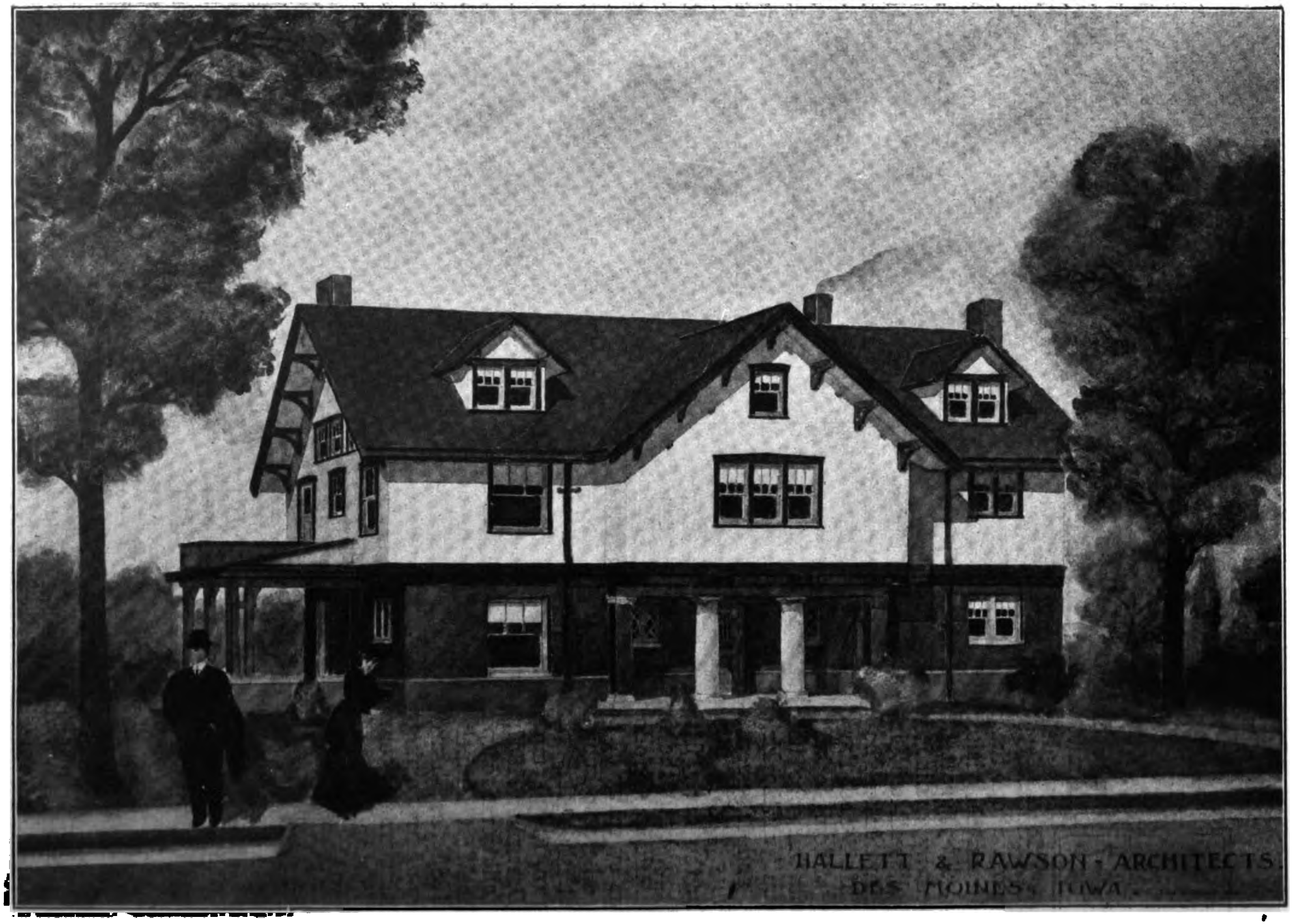
Townsend, without a word, took a piece of chalk from his pocket and marked a large X upon Brown's hat, two X's upon the back of his coat, and a similar sign upon the back of the mule. This pantomine was meant to signify that Brown was welcome to the hospitality of the tavern as a free guest.

Leaving West Branch, Brown went to the East, where he endeavored to interest men of prominence in his plan for freeing the slaves. During his stay in Boston he was given a commission by the Massachusetts-Kansas States Committee to receive two hundred rifles which were in concealment at Tabor, Iowa. He also engaged Hugh Forbes, a swordsman who had served under Garibaldi in Italy, to act as drill-master for the band of men he intended to gather about him at Tabor on his return to the West.

Reaching Tabor in August, 1857, with his son and Hugh Forbes, Brown spent some time in studying military science and in looking about for followers. But a disagreement seems to have arisen between Brown and Forbes, resulting in the return of the latter to the East. Brown, despairing of securing adherents in Iowa, went to Kansas and gathered about him the following men, the majority of whom remained faithful to the end: John E. Cook, Luke F. Parsons, Richard Realf, Aaron D. Stephens, Charles W. Moffit, John Henry Kagi. Charles Tidd and William Leeman.

With these men Brown planned to go to Tabor, secure the rifles stored there and proceed to Ashtabula, Ohio, where he would remain until ready to strike his first blow at slavery. After leaving Tabor, he arrived at Springdale in December, 1857, and here lack of funds for further travel compelled him to winter.

Brown brought with him a number of slaves, whom he had taken from their masters on his way up through Missouri. In order that he might send these slaves on to freedom in Canada, he sold all of the mules, horses and wagons with which he had come, at public auction in Springdale, being his own auctioneer. In describing certain horses, Brown stated that the horses themselves were all right, but that the title to them was not exactly clear. Many of the horses and mules had been stolen along with the slaves. Brown justified the theft by saying that it would have been useless to take the slaves without at the same time providing some means for their escape. A ledger which was sold at this auction, and in which there is an


HALLETT & RAWSON · ARCHITECTS.
DES MOINES IOWA.

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES L. GILCREST, ON FOREST DRIVE inscription in Brown's hand-writing, is still in the possession of a resident of West Branch.

There was a strong anti-slavery feeling among the Quakers at Springdale, and therefore the good people welcomed the presence among them of a band of men pledged to a cause so much in accord with their own principles. The negroes, thirteen in all, while they remained, were given protection in the various homes about the village. However, it was contrary to the Quaker creed to afford shelter to men bearing weapons, and therefore Brown and his men were given quarters in the home of William Maxson, who was not a Quaker.

This house stands about three miles northeast of Springdale, and is at present the property of Mr. William Gray. It was built in 1839 and is of cement and gravel construction. The rear part was demolished by a storm a few years ago, but the remainder is fairly well preserved, except for the depredations of relic-seekers. One of the most interesting portions of the house is the large cellar, with its old fireplace. The Maxson home was one of the stations on the famous "Underground railway," and many were the fugitive slaves who were hidden away in this cellar.

Every effort was made to conceal and protect the negroes whom Brown brought, for it was thought probable that attempts would be made to recapture them. A strong pro-slavery sentiment existed among the people of Iowa City, and a rumor soon spread that a force was being enlisted there to capture the entire party at Springdale. Excitement prevailed in the quiet community. The negroes were collected in the village schoolhouse and were closely guarded. Brown, concealed in a peddler's wagon, and Kagi, on horseback, went over to Iowa City to reconnoiter, and to make arrangements with the Rock Island railroad for the transportation of the negroes. They remained over night in a house which stood near the southeast corner of the University campus. Meanwhile, at Springdale it was suddenly announced that the Iowa City men were approaching. Preparations were made for defense, but it was soon learned that the party so much feared was only a band of peaceful movers and tranquillity was restored. Shortly after this the slaves were put aboard a Rock Island train at West Liberty and sent on their way to Canada.

Arrangements having been made for the winter, Brown departed for the East to find Hugh Forbes, and raise money for his enterprise. Before leaving he made provision for training his men in military tactics. He never for an instant lost sight of the goal for which he was striving, and therefore he held his men to a strict routine of practice. The company arose at five o'clock and after breakfast studied until the middle of the forenoon, when they were put through a brisk individual drill under the direction of Aaron D. Stephens. In the afternoon company maneuvers and exercises of a gymnastic nature were required. Brown's object was to harden the men and enable them to endure fatigue.

But it was not all work for the plucky band, for during the long winter evenings each man was free to follow his fancies. There was always a place at the firesides of the hospitable Springdale homes for these men of such striking individuality. Many pleasant hours were spent in discussing the problems of the day and in relating exciting tales of pioneer life, and many strong friendships were made during these few months.

It would be difficult to conceive a more remarkable group or a stranger cause. The men were not, as might be supposed, a band of reckless fellows spoiling for a fight. It was something much higher than mere bravado that caused them to undertake the freedom of the black man, wrong as their plans may have been. All were strong and intelligent, and a few, such as Kagi, Stevens, Realf and Cook, were not unskilled in oratory, debate and the writing of verse.

On Tuesday and Friday of each week a mock legislature was held during the evening in the district schoolhouse near Springdale. There were all the regular officers and committees, and members representing the different districts. Bills were introduced, debated with great earnestness and voted upon. There are still a few people around Springdale who remember these meetings as a source of great entertainment and instruction.

Thus the little band passed the winter at Springdale. Brown returned from the East in April with sufficient funds to proceed, and immediately gave orders to move. He seems to have revealed his ultimate purpose to but few people in the village. These endeavored to convince him of the folly of his plan and to induce him to abandon his rash enterprise, but he was firm. The party proceeded to Chicago, thence to Detroit, and finally to Harper's Ferry.

The story of John Brown's raid is told in every American history, but the peaceful chapter of the stay at Springdale is little known. Although the influence of this pleasant sojourn was not sufficient to turn any member of the band from his purpose, all expressed genuine regret at the parting. Fifty years have passed, but the residents of Springdale and vicinity still point with mingled pride and reverence to the house in which John Brown and his men passed the winter of 1857.

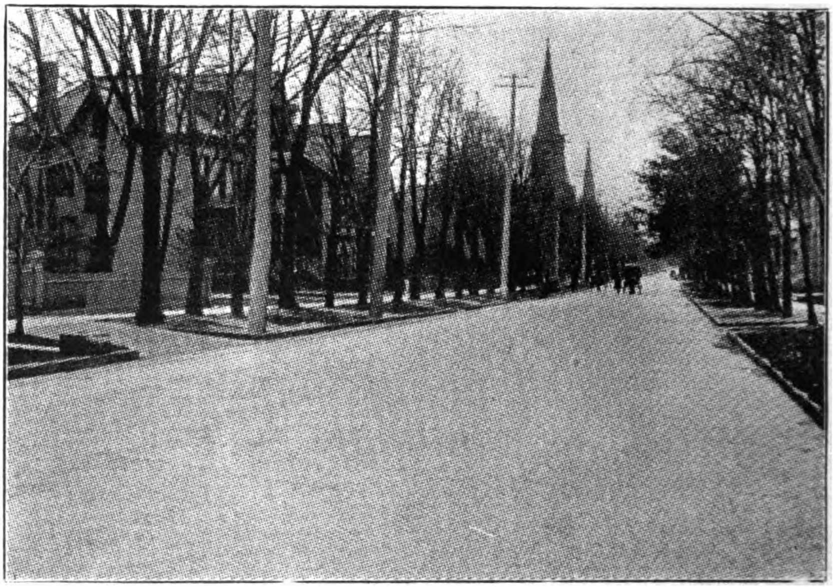
A Dance for Elizabeth

An idle stream slipped through a wood
  Upon an idle day.
I followed in an aimless mood
  Its careless silver way
Until we came to greenlands good
  With radiant nymphs at play.

The streamlet paused to make a pool,
  And I a crown to bind
Of flowers white and strangely cool;
  The dance was to my mind.
I spoke by signs, and as a rule
  I found the nymphs were kind.

I marvelled, nymph-time being past,
  What made them dance that day;
One, shining-sandalled, told at last,
  And at her whisper gay
My glad heart joined their cadence fast,
  Dear, *you had passed that way!*

—*Jeanne O. Loizeaux.*



VIEW SHOWING STREET PAVED WITH ASPHALT

Automobiling in Iowa

Harold R. Wells

HAROLD R. WELLS
Secretary Iowa Automobile Club.

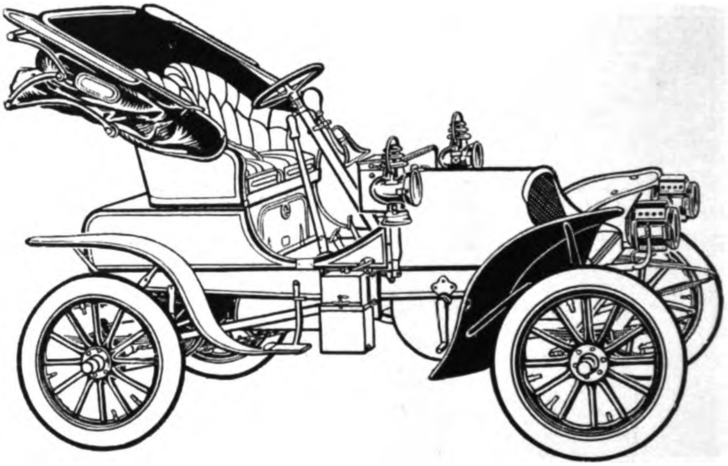
At present writing the Iowa Automobile club has eighty members.

It was organized in the fall of 1904 and in the following April the annual meeting was held and the organization was completed. The officers were: President, George B. Hippee; first vice-president, D. B. Fleming; second vice-president and captain, W. J. Riddell; secretary, F. L. Kern; treasurer, Chas. Denman; consulting engineer, F. S. Dusenberg. Executive committee—L. Aulman, chairman; E. J. Wilkins, W. P. Henry, G. B. Hippee, ex-officio; F. L. Kern, ex-officio.

During this year the club was very successful, holding interesting meetings and about the middle of the season a motor car parade. The next April following officers were elected and during their term several interesting and successful affairs were pulled off. Upon the 4th of July a hill climbing contest was held on East Walnut street hill which was very interesting both for participants and specators. During the summer season picnics and club runs were held by the club which helped get the interest of a few indifferent members and which increased greatly the sociability of the club. Successful efforts were made to block moves toward obnoxious and absurd laws.

The great task which remains for automobilists of this country is improvements of the roads. With the aid of the farmers and other road users legislation should be procured bettering the general conditions of the roads by permanent improvement. Each year the government sets aside millions of dollars for river and harbor improvements and the proportion of the populace is very small beside those who would be benefited by permanent good roads.

The present year promises to be a very successful one for motor manufacturers and dealers. It is quite astonishing to a good many people that the manufacture of motor cars has reached the enormous proportions to which the prosperity of the last few years has placed



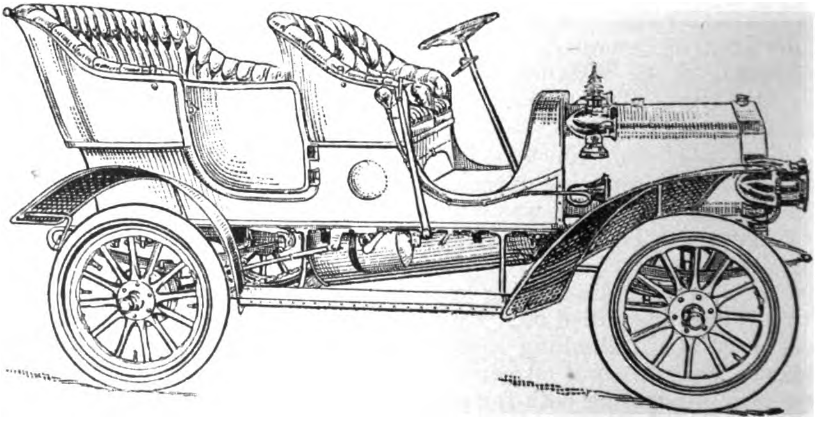
FRANKLIN, 1906

it. There are more factories today making automobiles and automobile parts than there are factories for the manufacture of any other thing. There is more money invested in the manufacture of automobiles than there is in the manufacture of any other one thing such as buggies, wagons, sewing machines, pianos, etc.

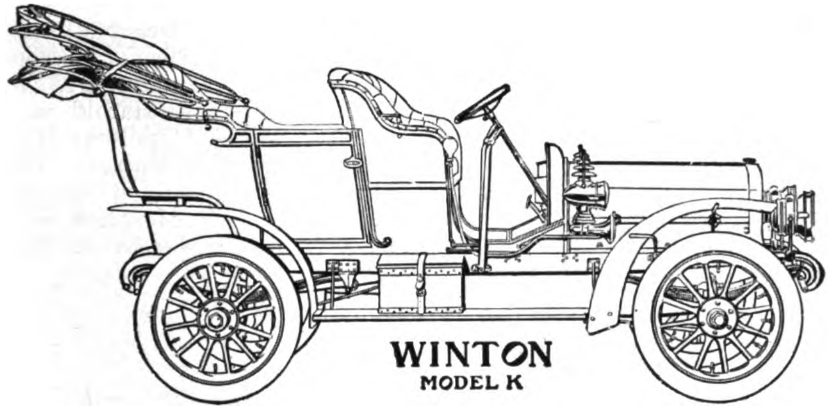
Des Moines, of course, leads the state in the sale of autos. There are five sales rooms and one factory.

The Iowa Automobile and Supply Co., on Fourth street, handle the Jackson, Queen, White Steamer and Acme cars. The Riddell Auto Co., at Eighth and Locust streets, has Buick, Cadillac, Winton, Thomas, Franklin and Locomobile lines. The Sears Nattinger Automobile handle Reo, Premier, Ford and Wayne cars. The Goodwin Automobile Co. have Rambler and Mason cars and T. J. Williams sells the Holsman car. Des Moines' only factory is the Mason Motor Car Co., of East Fifth and Vine streets.

Locally there is a good deal of rivalry between the different makes of one type of car. This is the double opposed motor under the body type of vehicle. This type of car is represented in Des Moines by the 22-horse power Buick, the 24-horse power Mason, the 18-horse power Rambler, the 24-horse power Jackson, the 20-horse power Reo. These cars are all of the double opposed type with planetary transmissions and single chain drive. The engines range in size from 4½x5-inch bore and stroke to 5¼x5¼.



BUICK, $1,250.
Riddell Auto Company.



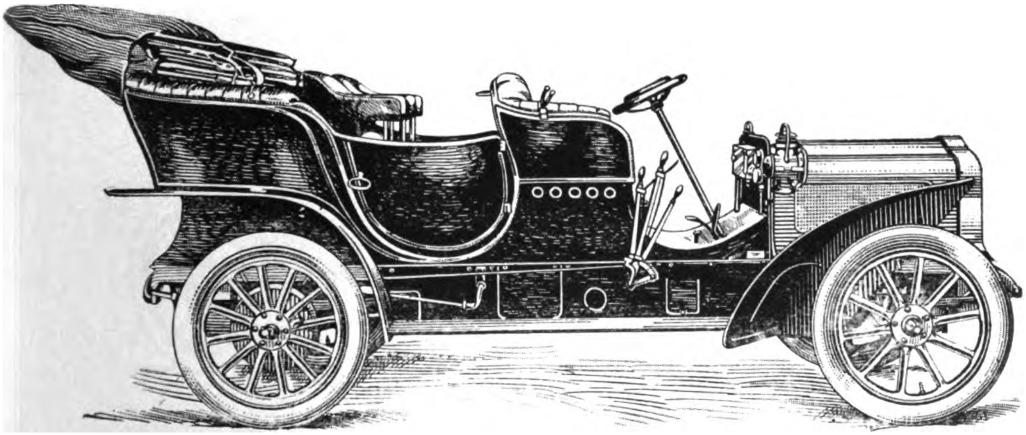
WINTON MODEL "K"

A type of car which interests out of town and muddy roads people is the high-wheeled Holsman. This car resembles an ordinary buggy to a certain extent, having high wheels and solid tires. It is driven by an air-cooled double opposed motor the power of which is transmitted to the rear wheels by means of a rope drive. This car has given very good service in some localities, being especially advantageous on rough rutty roads where high wheels and good clearance of machinery are necessary.

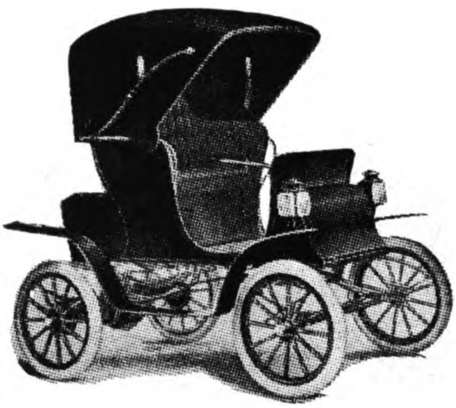
The runabout class in Des Moines is represented by the Reo, a single cylinder 8-horse power car; the Cadillac, which answers to the same description. The Acme, a two-cylinder shaft driven car; the Ford, a four-cylinder shaft driven car; the Franklin, four-cylinder air-cooled; the Orient and others which are not represented by any numbers.

In the light touring car we have in addition to the afore mentioned Buick, Rambler, Mason, Reo and Jackson, the two-cylinder Queen, the single-cylinder Cadillac, the two-cylinder Ford, the four-cylinder 12-horse power Franklin. Going a step further into what can be classed as medium sized touring cars we find the four-cylinder 28-horse power Queen, the four-cylinder Buick, the Mitchell, Winton, and the Premier. These cars sell for less than $2,500, and then we have the Winton Model K 30-horse power, the 24 and 35-horse power Peerless car, Wells 35-horse power car, Pope Toledo 40-horse power, Acme 30-horse power, White Steamer 20-horse power and 30-horse power, the 6-cylinder Ford 40-horse power and the 60-horse power Thomas.

E. J. Wilkins' Locomobile must be placed in a class by itself, it being a



MODEL "G" PULLMAN
White Steamer, $3,700.



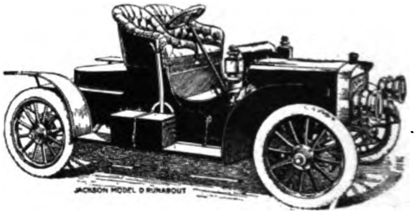
POPE-WAVERLY ELECTRIC
Iowa Automobile & Supply Co.

low-powered car of excellent workmanship and high price. Its divergence of power and price excludes it from the other classes.

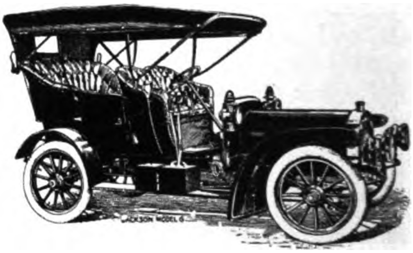
It is estimated that Des Moines has 200 or 250 automobiles and it is hoped that at least 100 more will be sold this season.

The public must not get motorphobia as antagonism against the automobile is called, and look upon the motorist as a man-killing, road-stealing demon. It must help him improve our highways. As it stands the motoring faction has done more for the American road than all the other organizations combined and with the help of the public we can soon look for marked improvement.

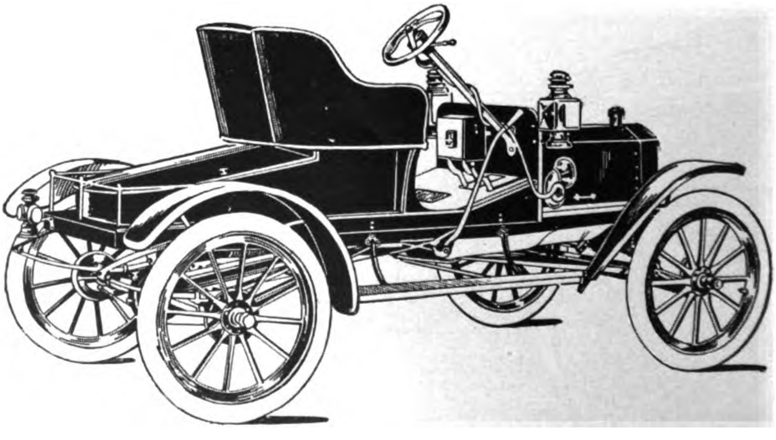
The following officers for the coming year were elected at the recent annual meeting of the Iowa Automobile club: President, W. S. Donahey; first vice-president, D. B. Fleming; second vice-president and captain, Dr. W. Van Werden; secretary, Harold R. Wells; treasurer, W. E. Hamilton; M. M. McMichael, consulting engineer. Executive committee—John Gibson, chairman; V. W. Reynolds, E. T. Meredith, W. S. Donahey, ex-officio; Harold R. Wells, ex-officio.



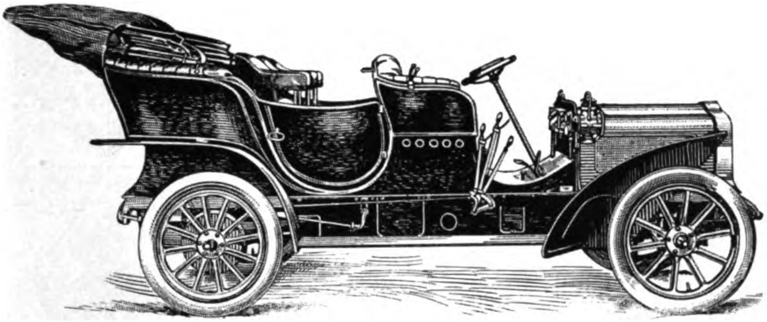
JACKSON MODEL "D" ROUNDABOUT
Iowa Automobile & Supply Co.



JACKSON MODEL "G"
$1,500
Iowa Automobile & Supply Co.



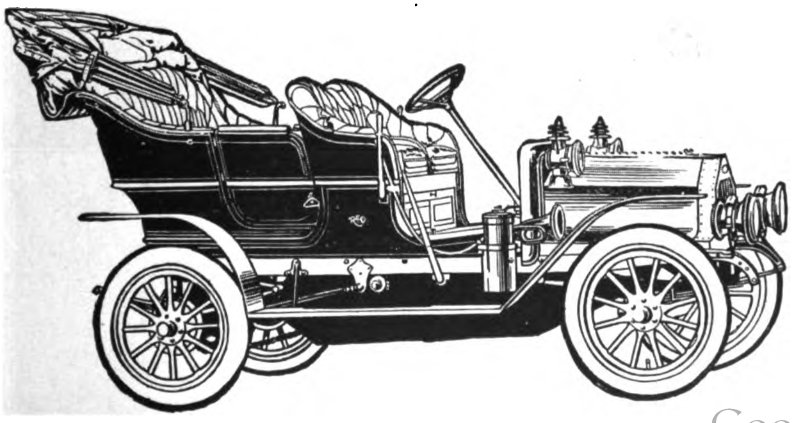
FORD MODEL "R," $750
Sears-Nattinger Auto Co.

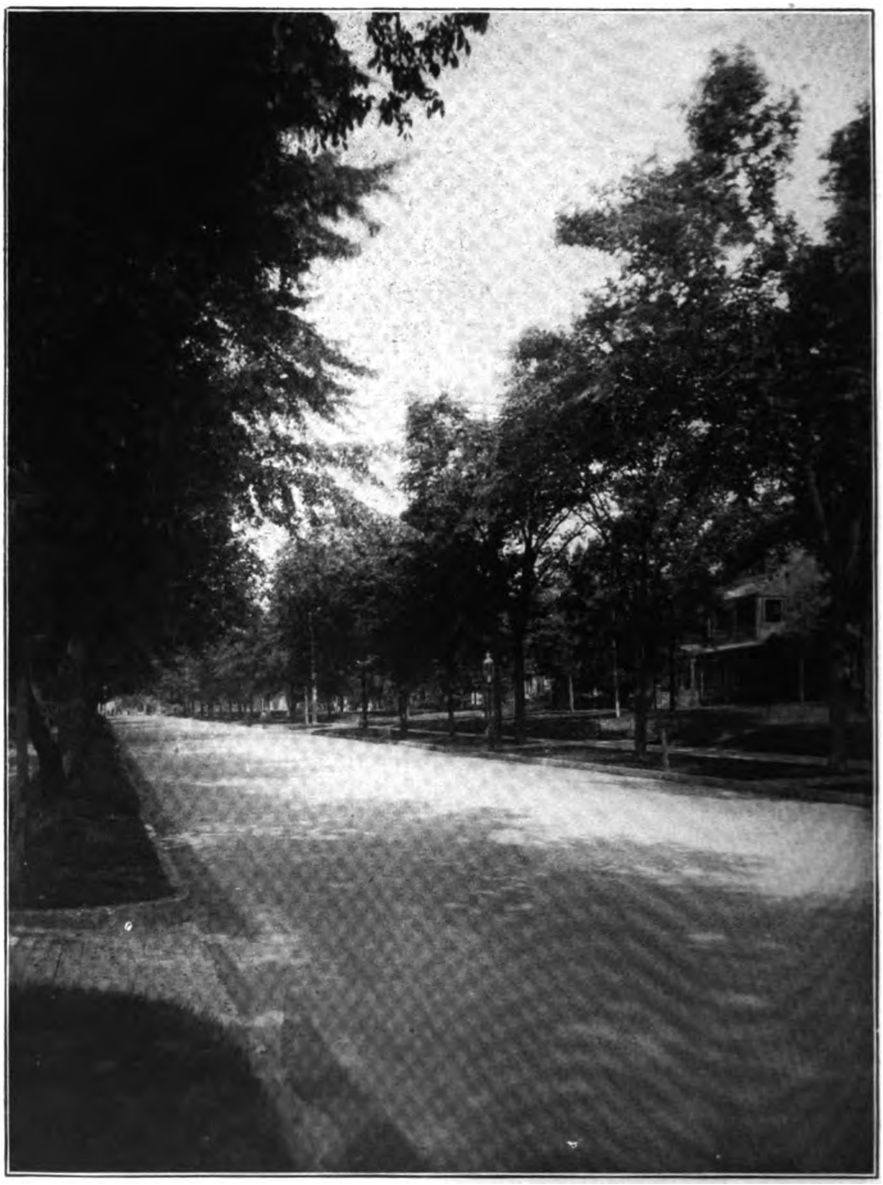


Iowa Automobile & Supply Co.

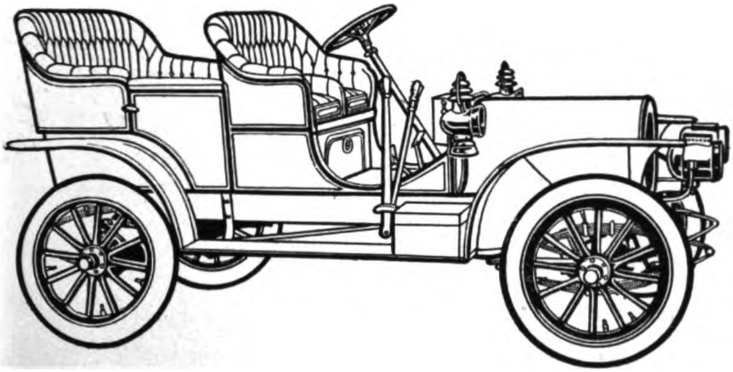
Members of the Iowa Automobile Club and the Machines They Use

G. B. Hippee, City, Franklin
Guy Smith, City
W. E. Hamilton, City, Rambler
Dr. W. Van Werden, City, Jackson
B. C. Buxton, Buxton, Iowa, Peerless
Walter Irish, City, Locomobile
Herman Motzer, City, Cadillac
Jesse O. Wells, City, Franklin
Chas. S. Denman, City, Peerless
W. S. Donahey, City, Reo
J. Iten, City, Ford
L. Aulmann, City, Olds
D. B. Fleming, City, Queen
Eli Grimes, City, Franklin
W. J. Riddell, City
W. P. Henry, City, Autocar
E. J. Wilkins, City, Locomobile
R. P. Parriott, City, Marion
H. H. Polk, City, White
F. L. Kern, City, Cadillac
Dr. W. O. Coffee, City, Winton
C. H. Brock, City
J. C. Bernhard, City, Queen
Ansel Frankel, City, Marion
W. W. Sears, City, Reo
C. B. Babcock, City, Olds
John H. Gibson, City, Thomas
O. E. Dutton, Manning, Iowa
T. D. Parkhouse, Manning, Iowa
E. C. Smith, City, White
Harold R. Wells, City, Wells
Geo. G. Eldridge, City, Eldridge
Robert Campbell, City, Rambler
F. S. Duesenberg, City, Mason
H. G. Gue, City
E. L. Stevens, City
M. M. McMichael, City, Winton
E. T. Meredith, City, Winton
Rees Gabriel, City, Reo
C. E. Hollaway, City, Reo



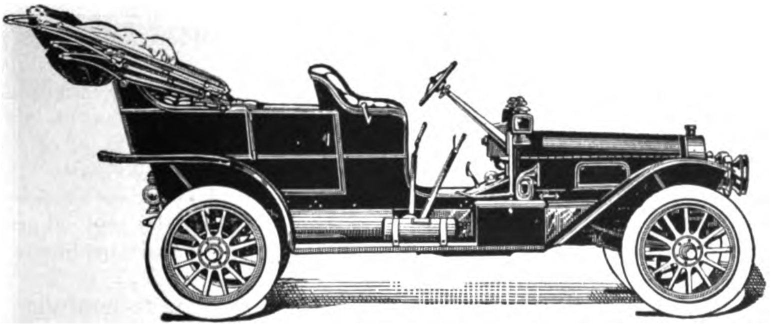


VIEW ON WEST GRAND AVENUE
Showing section of a street paved with asphalt.



FRANKLIN '06

W. H. Kitto, City, Kitto
Grover C. Hubbell, Cfty, Pope
E. W. Whiteside, Atlantic, Iowa
Jackson Beyers, City, White
M. G. Sloan, City, Cadillac
Frank C. Youngerman, City, White
Dr. A. R. Begun, City, Marion
I. R. Nattinger, City, Reo
John A. Garver, City, Cadillac
W. E. Moyer, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Cadillac
B. F. Kauffman, City, Queen
S. R. Macy, City, Rambler
Dr. Fred Wells, City, Franklin
W. R. Lewis, Montezuma, Iowa, Mitchell
T. I. Stoner, City, Cadillac
L. M. Walker, Afton, Iowa
S. D. Alexander, Winterset, Iowa, Queen
H. H. Beckman, City
C. A. Prouty, City, Acme
J. S. Walker, City
N. T. Guernsey, City, Peerless
E. H. Jones, City, Buick
Dr. W. W. Maple, City, Reo
Harry Kitto, City
Dr. Oliver Hyde, City, Franklin
Henry F. Getchell, City, Reo
W. S. Conkling, City, Jackson
J. C. Rockafellow, City, Acme
M. M. Hamilton, City
Lafe Young, Jr., City, Reo
Geo. Mason, City, Mason
F. J. Leeds, City, Buich
R. R. McCutchen, City, Buick
C. H. Philpot City, Pope Waverly
H. O. Rawson, City, Reo
W. H. Brecht, City, Ford
John Briar, City, Reo
E. L. Smith, City
N. W. Reynolds, City
Dr. Page, City, Jackson
O. P. Herrick, City, Reo
W. S. Hinds, City, Glide



FORD MODEL "K." $2,800
Sears-Nattinger Auto Co.

VIEW IN CAPITAL PARK

GOOD ROADS FOR IOWA

[The Midwestern will hereafter conduct a department devoted to the interest of good roads in the Middle West. Contributions will be welcomed by us.]

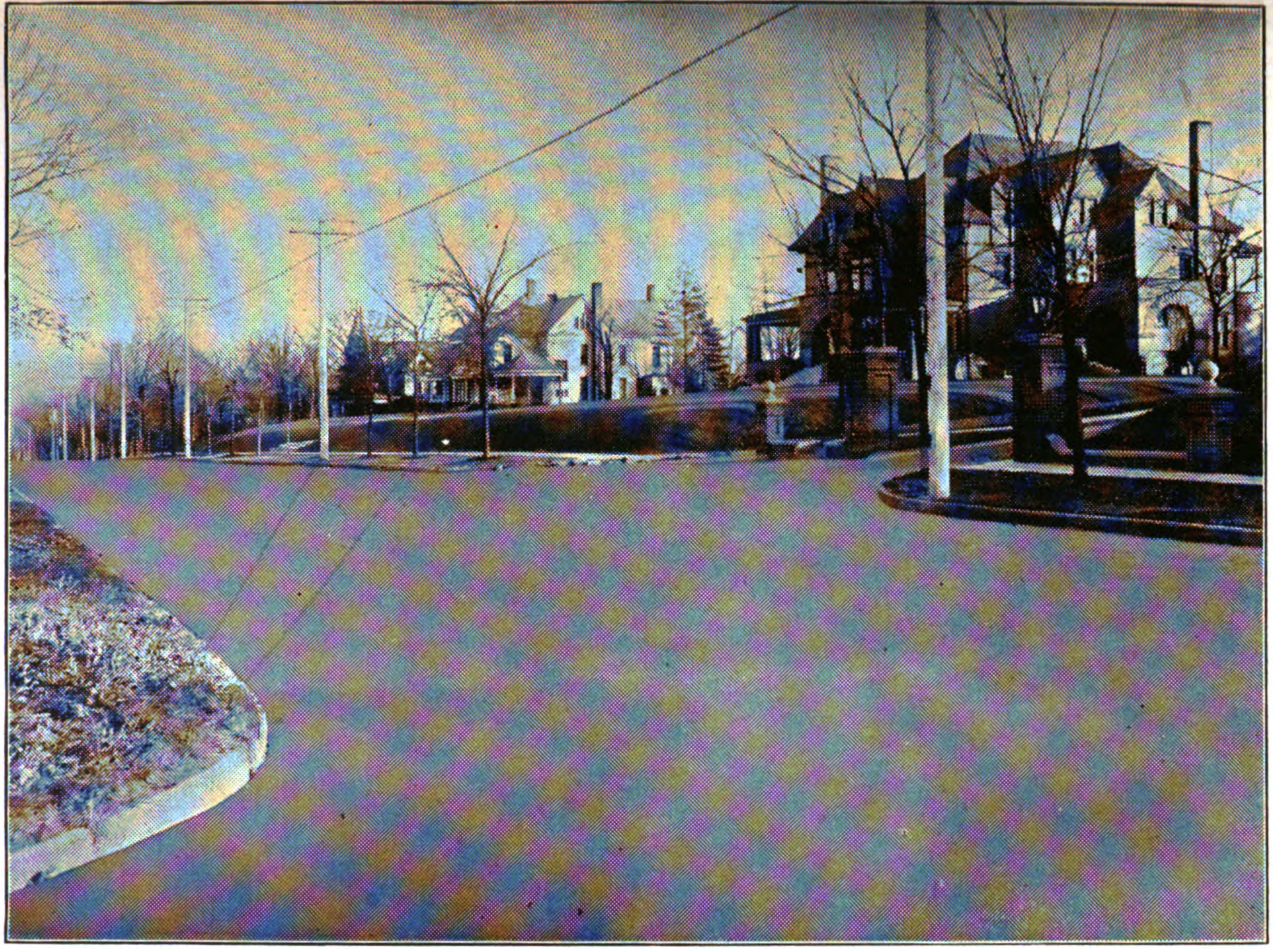
Good Roads Legislation

The Legislatures of only about one-fourth of the States were in session during the year 1906, but in spite of this fact some very important road laws were enacted.

Arrangements were completed for the issuance of $50,000,000 in bonds by New York State, and an appropriation of $5,000,000 was made from the proceeds to build State-aid roads. Rhode Island followed the example of New York by providing for the issuance of $600,000 in bonds, the proceeds of which are also to be applied to the permanent improvement of State roads.

A State highway commission was created in Virginia, and a new form of State-aid adopted, whereby the State is to furnish convict labor free to any county agreeing to supply the necessary materials and teams and to have the roads built under the direction of the State Highway Commission. In view of the facts that this form of aid involves but little outlay on the part of the State, and that it is of substantial assistance to the counties, it may be adopted in many other States where the revenues are small, and where the convict labor and road problems are alike perplexing.

It is gratifying to note that while the legislators throughout the country are making extensive preparations for the permanent improvement of the public roads, some of them have not forgotten



VIEW ON GRAND AVENUE, SHOWING STREET PAVED WITH ASPHALT

VIEW ON KINGMAN BOULEVARD, DES MOINES

the earth road. In Iowa and Virginia the value of the split-log drag has been emphasized by the passage of appropriate legislation authorizing its use in the maintenance of earth roads.

The regulation of motor vehicles on country roads and city streets continues to claim a considerable share of the attention of the lawmakers. Regulations limiting the speed of automobiles, providing for their registration and requiring the use of such signals as may be necessary to insure the safety of the public were adopted in Georgia, Ohio and Virginia. The automobile laws already in force in Maryland, Massachusetts and New Jersey were revised, but not materially changed. The Legislature of New Jersey is the first to recognize that automobile tires bound with chains to prevent slipping are injurious to macadam and to gravel roads. Suitable legislation to prevent the use of such tires was enacted. During the year 1906 the Legislatures of twelve States adopted eighty-one bills relating to road improvement and automobiles. A brief synopsis of the most important of these measures is presented herewith.

IOWA

An act approved February 14, 1906, authorizes the use of the split-log drag in maintaining earth roads. Dragging must be done under the direction of the road superintendents, who may allow not to exceed 50 cents per mile for each dragging, or $5 per mile for dragging the road for one year.

Another act approved March 10, 1906, provides that all persons who use on public roads wagons with tires not less than 3 inches in width for hauling loads exceeding 800 pounds in weight shall receive a rebate of one-fourth of their highway tax, provided such rebate shall not exceed $5 per annum.

HARDWARE DEALERS ADVOCATE GOOD ROADS

At the annual meeting of the State Retail Hardware Association, held in Syracuse, N. Y., last month, the president, Louis J. Ernst, in his annual address, discussed, among other subjects, that of good roads. Mr. Ernst said among other things:

"A great factor in business is that of good roads, and it behooves all of us to do what we can to have as many roads throughout the State put in such condition that travel over them is possible at all seasons of the year.

'Good roads enable the farmer to drive to the nearest market place with ease, dispose of his produce and make his purchases. This is a matter that has received any amount of attention during [illegible] past few years and great strides have been made toward improvement. We, however, as interested merchants, should give the matter our active and moral support to the end of extending this good road system and to see that other roads through the rural districts be improved and that they be kept in repair. In that respect there is much carelessness."

According to reports published in the daily press, $2,000,000 will be provided by this session of the State Legislature of New York for road improvement in that State this year. This amount is less than that advocated by some, but it is believed that it will be ample when the large amount of road improvement work now under construction and contracted for is taken into consideration, together with the fact that $2,000,000 of the $5,000,000 appropriated by last year's legislature has not yet been used.

YOUR PAVEMENT

If you live on a street that is not paved with asphalt you certainly miss much of the joy of living that is legitimately yours. No noise and no such possible collection of dirt as one sees on other paving, and no possibility of the ruts and holes so common in even newly paved streets, these things make the asphalt most desirable.

The demand of the day is for smooth street pavements. This demand has probably come from the growth of the automobile. It is a demand that is insistent and it is a demand that is perfectly satisfied with the use of asphalt.

Many companies have been organized for the purpose of producing something "just as good" as asphalt. Not one has thus far succeeded. Asphalt for a paving material stands in a class by itself. It cannot be equaled. It cannot be approached. The Midwestern asks its readers if they can pick out the streets in this issue which are paved with asphalt.

Hallett & Rawson, Architects.

RESIDENCE OF SENATOR ERICSON
Boone, Iowa.

The Twentieth Century Home

The modern home is run by a machinery that compares most favorably with that of a century ago. And better things are still in store for us. It was a long pull from the hewing of logs, the carrying of water from a chain well, the beating of corn into meal, to the day of furnace heat and ranges and city water, of the telephone and grocers delivery. It is only a step now into the blissful quiet and harmony of the home run by electricity. Many Des Moines homes are already using electricity for heating, lighting, cooking, ironing and various other purposes. Many more will use it in another year, and soon electricity will be the motor power used by everybody.

In flats and apartment-houses, where space is always at a premium and a hot kitchen in the summer time makes all the other rooms veritable infernos, the coming of electricity for cooking has been hailed with joy. There is a large apartment-house in New York where each suite is provided with an electric kitchen so small and so compact as to be no larger than a good-sized closet. This is so tiled, hooded and ventilated as to make the escape of any odor to the other rooms impossible. Another large apartment-house has electrically equipped its suites with an outfit of an oven, three round heaters and a broiler, so arranged as to be readily movable. After each meal, they can be stowed away in the closet out of sight.

For large houses and hotels, electric ranges to a considerable size are utilized. They are built of either soapstone or heavy earthenware, generally with a good deal of tiling, which can be kept scrupulously clean. All the pans and covers are regulated automatically, so that cooking is reduced to an absolute science.

There are still other blessings that flow in the trail of the electric cooking apparatus. For, once you have electricity installed in your house, you can command it to do all sorts of work. You can have an electric attachment to your sewing-machine, which means no more tired backs or limbs. You can have an electric flat iron heater always hot. If you want it up in your sewing room, it can quite as well go there, thus saving any amount of running up and down stairs. An electric curling iron heater, such as the leading hotels now have in every room, is an adjunct of value to those who are given over to crimps. A scrubbing machine and a wax floor polisher, clothes washer and a carpet sweeper, all operated by electricity, are further evidences of the general use to which this new household servant can be put. And when you stop to consider that this is the sort of servant that never complains or shirks or leaves without notice, it is a pretty good sort of a servant to have.

Harold R. Wells is again a contributor to The Midwestern and his article will be enjoyed by all the automobile lovers of the state. Mr. Wells is a contributor to several eastern journals and his work has unusual merit for a boy under twenty. His re-election as secretary of the Iowa Automobile Association of Iowa was a deserved compliment. In February he was also honored by election to the touring board of the American Automobile Association, which has headquarters in New York City. Iowa has put two men in the association, Mr. Wells and A. H. Ruebson of Davenport.

* * *

Kromer and Waters are growing into great popularity with their luncheonette palace and soda fountain. They have now opened up their balcony and are manufacturing their own ices and creams. Everything is deliciously clean and the dishes are temptingly served.

* * *

A comparatively new Des Moines firm which does a big business and whose customers reach from Denver to New York is the Des Moines Engraving Company. The officers of this company are H. A. Smith, president; N. F. White, vice-president; L. C. Chamberlain, secretary and treasurer. Their work speaks for itself. It is well done and "once a customer, always a customer," might well be chosen by them as a motto. Their offices are at Sixth and Mulberry.

Photo by Edwin B. Collins.

SUNSET ON THE DES MOINES RIVER

MISS CORNELIA YORK

A GIFTED SINGER

A talented pupil of Mrs. Goodwin and who reflects great credit upon the schools, is Miss Cornelia York, who will graduate in this year's class in voice, public school work and harmony.

Miss York is of superior mental gifts and education outside of her musical training, and because of this has been able to complete the three years' course in two years.

She has a very beautiful soprano voice and has received all of her training from Mrs. Goodwin. The placing of the voice is a specialty of the Goodwin school, and it is because of this that so many of Mrs. Goodwin's pupils attain celebrity and win such notable success.

Miss York has been elected as supervisor of music in this season's Drake Summer School. She sings with a rare intelligence and feeling and her presence before an audience is most charming, at once enlisting the interest and sympathy of all present. She will enter a position as supervisor of music next fall.

On the evening of the 25th Miss York will appear in a number on the recital program to be given at the hall. Mrs. Goodwin's programs are each and every one a delight. Her cultivation and high training lead her to select only the very best in music for her pupils. Her favorite authors are Mendelssohn, Schuman and Schubert, and numbers from their works appear in all of her programs. At a recent recital the numbers were partly from Chomerode, Gounod and Saint-Saens of the French; Becker, Gluck, Handel and Meyerbeer of the German and Berignoni and Rossini of the Italian. They shared honors on the program with her favorite authors.

Mrs. Goodwin so loves her work that she imparts her enthusiasm to each of her pupils. She adds to her gifts as a musician and student of music as a high art, the faculty of good judgment. Her judgment of a voice is never at fault.

There is not in the middle west a more conscientious or competent teacher than Mrs. Goodwin. She well deserves the marked success that has followed her.

* * *

Program for the recital for Monsieur Duflos, baritone, to be given by Mrs. Goodwin of the Goodwin School, May 16th:

Le Muleteer de Tarragone ....Henrion
Bonjour Luzon ....Pessard
Les Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean.....
.....................Saint-Saens
Couplets du Grand Pretre..Saint-Saens
(Samson and Delilah.)
Serenade ....Schubert
Les deux Grenadiers........Schumann
Reverie ....Hahn
Cavitine ....Gounod
(Faust)
Obstination ....de Fontenailles
Couplets Bachiques ....Chaminade
Songs My Mothers Taught Me..Dvorak
Chansonde Toreador ....Bizet
(Carmen.)

MRS. W. E. O'BLENESS
Corresponding Secretary Thursday Reading Club.

In a New Home

The Guest piano rooms at Seventh and Walnut are formally opened to the public and they are so elegant and attractive that a visit to them is well worth while. Twenty rooms with pianos, velvet carpets and tasteful wall decorations, an office room, a reception room and a fine recital hall, occupying two whole floors, form an establishment not equaled by any house in Iowa. The Guest piano people know how to do things on a fine scale and they have certainly done it in fitting up their present quarters. Grand pianos, baby grand, pianolas, uprights, and in fact every variety can be seen in their rooms. Mr. E. A. Lister and Mr. Swanity are in charge of the establishment and visitors are cordially welcomed.

The Spirit Aesthetic in Des Moines

By Geo. A. Boody

Ungainly signs, poorly painted store fronts, filthy streets, unmown lawns, exterior of homes painted in bad color harmony. or showing signs of decay, having a general atmosphere of "Not at home this year" all about the place. All of these have a much greater effect than people seem to realize on not only a successful booster spirit in Des Moines, but also it deteriorates the real value of property and advertises to the world, through our visitors, that the booster spirit is a bluff. Few people seem to know the real psychological value of their well-kept home surroundings on their neighbors, doing the same thing. I do not wish to picture destruction, but simply as a matter of contrast have mentioned these things. I am a hearty advocate of constructive work now and always. If the following were true what a truly beautiful ideal capital city of the garden spot of the world Des Moines would be.

All down town business signs to conform to a standard size and architecture, store fronts neatly painted every year, streets clean and wholesome, being flushed regularly and the municipal government under a strictly business administration, "merit" the slogan in every department, as you find it in a large city department store, the general spirit of pride in our city would be kindled in every breast. This spirit would reach into the residence districts of not only the Grand avenue homes, but the homes of the common people as well, everyone would take special pride in keeping his lawn well mowed, beautiful parkings would meet your eye everywhere and the exterior homes would not be dressed in worn-out overalls, patched up or showing the bare wood, but the home owner would be constantly on the alert to have his home painted not only in proper color harmony, but in colors to accentuate the general surroundings of the home; flower beds properly located and there would be a large degree of satisfaction to every home owner to own a home and feel that it was the sweetest place on earth. But some one says this sounds well theoretically but can never be attained in a city. I would suggest as an entering wedge to the consummation of just this condition of things in Des Moines, that all citizens who really believe they could do this as far as their own home is concerned and would enjoy this kind of a spirit to proceed at once during the year 1907 to add the little touches about their own home and they will be surprised how it will stimulate and enthuse their neighbor to do likewise.

The great trouble in the world is we know we should do and have conviction on subjects, but the everlasting procrastination with no reason on earth is what kills our future ambition. The conditions heretofore described can be found in large sections of some of our beautiful cities in the United States. In visiting various cities of this beautiful country of ours, I have been enthused and inspired with this spirit aesthetic by driving through these sections. The American people are charged with being so busy at making money that all else is lost sight of. I want to say a few words along the line of spending money to make money. I wonder how many people have really figured out what the percentage of increase in the value of their property would be inside of the next three years if this thing were actually done, or we will take a single instance: How many people realize by properly decorating the interior of their homes in modern color schemes and in period decorative work, painting the exterior in a way that will excite admiration by every one who passes and have the general exterior home surroundings as described heretofore, that this alone to a prospective purchaser would look good enough to justify him in paying from 10 per cent to 25 per cent more for the property than he would under the conditions that you find the average home, and the prosperous looking store, where everything is kept clean and wholesome? Well-kept store fronts, painted every year will bring more trade than four times a like amount of money placed in any other kind of advertising. Some of the large corporations in the East, who have line stores of fifty or more throughout the country have a regulation specification on how

Our Business was
Established 27 Years Ago.
WATCH US GROW

Largest Retail Wall Paper and Paint Store in the World for a City five times as large as Des Moines

We do more fine decorating than all others--ask your neighbor

HOLLAND & NEW COMPANY

The following will interest you as it has thousands of others

THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT IS AS FOLLOWS:

1. An immense stock to select from.
2. Always a little ahead of the times on modern decorating.
3. "Boody's Merit Labor System" saves 25%.
4. We have no competition on price owing to our position as large buyers.

THIS HAS MADE US GROW.

Get Our Free Estimate on House Painting

Home Owners, Contractors and Builders, we have some *very low prices* on White Lead, Oil, Varnishes and everything to be found in a Paint and Glass House.

608-10 Locust Street

GEO. A. BOODY,
Pres. and Gen'l Mgr.

Quality, Workmen and Material is our Hobby

VIEW ON WEST GRAND AVENUE

to paint their stores, kind of material to use and in a great many of these cases the storeroom and exterior must be gone over once a year. It has been my life business for the past fifteen years to help beautify Des Moines homes, and it has been my observation that almost invariably, where home-makers have a strong sense of the "Home beautiful," and aim at this contsantly, they are happier and it gives them an anchorage in their lives that cannot be had by those who are indifferent and slovenly. The modern Western commercial spirit does not run along the line of the business man's spirit of twenty years ago, the older the appearance of the sign on the store, the more prestige he has in his community. This is a day of great prosperity, large volumes of business on small margins and it requires a great deal of money expenditure to satisfy the commercial spirit of progress. A city is nothing more than a number of individuals working out their ideals and common interests, let us have high ideals and work at them. The move for a general collection of garbage, cleaner alleys, flushing of streets and more beautiful homes certainly is a worthy one. Let us all talk it and admire out loud homes and streets that are well kept, spending some of our evenings on the lawn, getting some real good exercise and healthful ozone into our lungs, at the same time doing a great thing for the spirit aesthetic in Des Moines.

A New Dish

A favorite dish with even the most confirmed epicure, is a hot, browned loaf of corned beef hash. Made of about one-half potatoes, cooked in browned butter, it is a dish fit for a king. This delicious dish has been added to the bill of fare of the Boston Lunch. It will not be made of scraps, as is the case so often, but of freshly cooked corned beef, specially prepared for it. It has already proved a drawing card and the proof of it has been in the eating by the hungry crowds which frequent this popular place.

Chickering
Chickering

Recipient of more than 200 of first prizes and awards in competition with the world's other best makes.

THE WORLD RENOWNED CHICKERING

Is the special favorite of the refined and cultured musical world of today because of its uusurpassed Tone Quality, Lasting Quality, and its elegance of Design and Finish.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient"

Therefore intending purchasers of a strictly first class Piano should not fail to examine the merits of the

CHICKERING

FOR SALE BY

The Guest Piano Co.

Second and Third Floors, Corner Seventh and Walnut. **DES MOINES, IOWA**

W. W. WISE
Member of the Board of Public Works.

W. W. Wise and His Good Work for Des Moines

In W. W. Wise, recently re-appointed to the office of member of the Board of Public Works, Des Moines has a citizen of whom to be proud. Even his most strenuous political opponent would declare his career to be a manly and honest one and also full of interest.

Mr. Wise is a native Iowan, his birthplace being Jasper county. He was the son of pioneer Quakers, whose story of trial and success on the frontier is like all those romantic tales of early settlers. The hardihood engendered by those early years has stood Mr. Wise in good service under the stress and strain of work incident to his busy life in later years.

An adventuresome boy, a keen student of people and conditions, a first-rate companion, his life has been replet with events not only interesting in them selves, but of value in the sort of me they have produced in the present.

The political record of Mr. Wise is c great interest. His initiation into th mysteries of the play of politics was du ing his secretaryship of the mass mee ing that nominated Cummins.

In 1892 he was candidate for alde man for the Fifth ward, succeedin against J. W. Hill. His career as alde man was a successful one for him. Hi services both to his ward and to the en tire city were most valuable. In 190 Mr. Wise appeared again in politics. H was placed in charge of the municip branch of the combination congression and city fight, in which he won a signal victory. At the end of the campaign he was apointed a member of the police and fire commission. The rules and regulations now used in those departments were drafted by him. His services in this position were highly valued and were followed by his appointment to the position of member of the Board of Public Works.

His record as a member of the Board of Public Works would be hard to excel. Through difficulties that would have downed many a man, Mr. Wise steered straight ahead, his course being dictated by a stern and unswerving sense of public duty and public honor. Through his fidelity to the just cause of the people, he saved many thousands of dollars to the public treasury. Although much criticism and the enmity of some of the old-line politicians fell upon him, Mr. Wise was given the compliment of being retained on the Board. This is the first time since its creation that a person has succeeded himself.

In re-appointing Mr. Wise, Mayor Mattern has won the approval of all good citizens. If every citizen of Des Moines possessed his sterling qualities and always had, like him, the courage of his convictions, many of our civic and other troubles would not exist. Mr. Wise is no grafter. He can not be bought. He is above taking a cent not earned by his own faithful effort. He is straight-forward and conscientious. He acts upon his beliefs as to what is best without consulting expediency. His record in Des Moines in public life is an open book. He has won the public regard and the public confidence in a remarkable degree. He has a big heart for all who are in need. His friends adore him and his enemies must admit his sincerity and fair dealing.

Mr. Wise was a strong advocate of the law enacted by the legislature and recommended by the Iowa League of Municipalities, which divorces the legislative from the executive. The main features of this law were endorsed by Governor Cummins in his message to the legislature, and were advocated by the senator and both representatives from Polk county. Mr. Wise sets great store on the benefits which will accrue to the city from this new system under which it is now working. The main principles of this law were strongly advocated by J. J. Hamilton, W. W. Witmer, and several other students of municipal affairs, until they were side-tracked by the tinsel and glamor attending the introduction of the Galveston system. Mr. Wise's great desire is to see the new law thoroughly tried, as he believes with Cummins, Dowell, Sullivan, Witmer, Hamilton and others familiar with the working of municipal politics, that it is the true solution of the troubles heretofore existing in the city government.

When we number only such men in our high places, Des Moines may look forward to becoming in reality what we are now in theory, a greater and better Des Moines.

A Credit to Des Moines

The Standard Glass and Paint Co., of which A. Clemens is the manager, commenced business in Des Moines at 407-9 Fifth street, August 17, 1902. During the past year the great increase of business has caused their quarters to be wholly inadequate, necessitating the erection of a building for their use. On March 15th the business was moved to their new and commodious quarters, on Walnut street, where three times their former floor space is available, all of which is needed for their present stock and to take care of their present business. The experience of the firm in Des Moines has proved that it was a wise move to come here, their success surpassing their most sanguine expectations, and the present outlook in view of public and private building during the coming year, both in Des Moines and Iowa, holds promise of greater success than has yet been attained by the Standard Glass and Paint Co. Des Moines is to be congratulated in being the home of this progressive firm.

Challenge Refrigerators

are so constituted that **the cold air circulates inside**, carrying out the impurities and gases. They are very economical in the use of ice and will save enough to pay for themselves in two seasons. Prices from $5 to $50. Special sizes to fit any space or requirement.

Chase & West

Des Moines, Ia.

City Property, Farms, Investments

Rental Agency and Care of Non-Residents' Property

The McClure Co.
310 5TH ST.

Phones: **Mutual 894 Main**
Iowa 895

Des Moines, Iowa

CAMPTON WALL PAPER COMPANY

Wall Paper and Paints

See Our Stock Before Buying

Mutual 43 Main **721 LOCUST STREET** **Iowa 1843**

WALK IN WALKER'S OXFORDS

All the New Fads in Low Cut Shoes now here

Pat Kids, Blue, Green, Pink, Grey, Tans, Browns, White, Champagne.

In Oxfords, Sailor Ties, Pomps and Gibson Ties.

WALKER SHOE CO.

613 Walnut Street

DRESS MAKING
TAUGHT BY MAIL

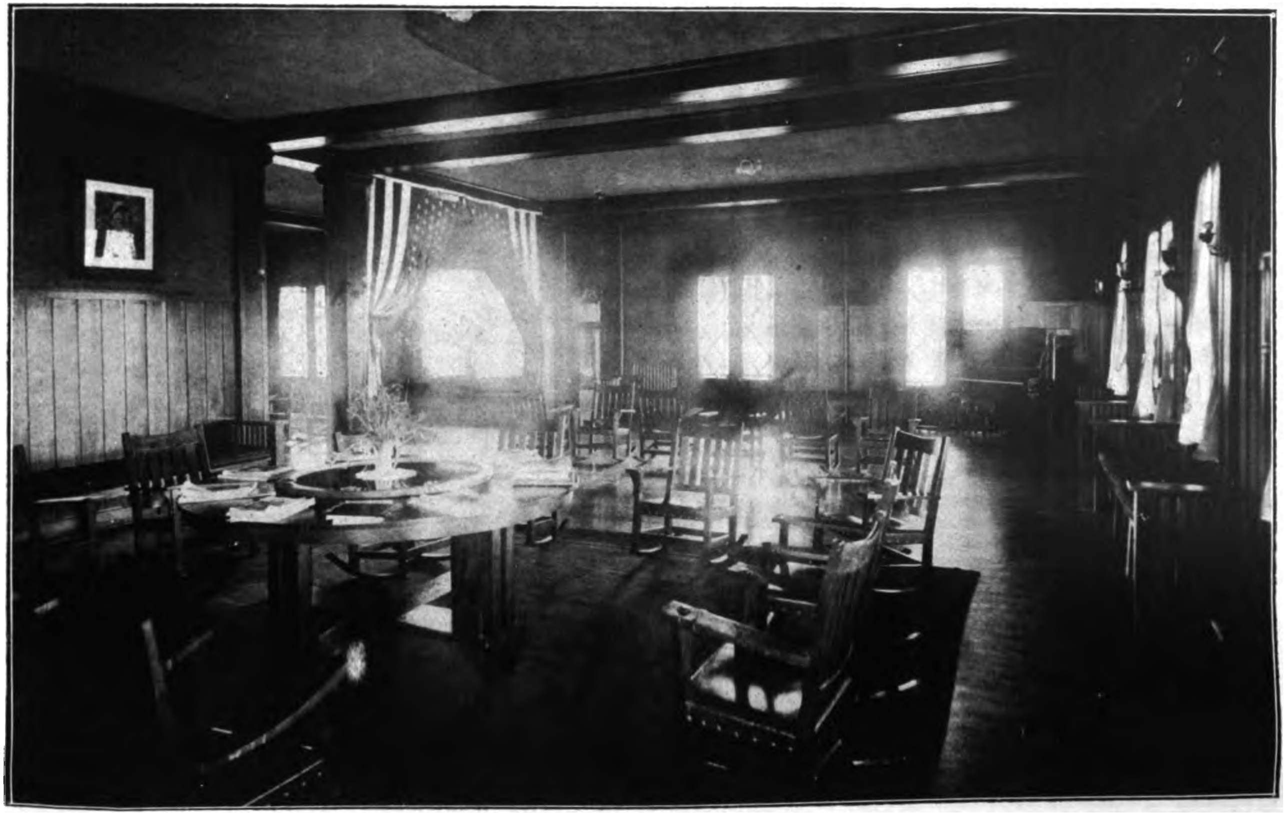
AT YOUR OWN HOME

YOU can quickly learn to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim any garment, from the plainest shirt-waist to the finest costume, by **Mme. Stevenson's Modern French Tailor System.** Patterns drafted to actual measurements of the person you are going to fit. Nothing more than a tape-line, yard-stick and scissors required. If you are now a dressmaker or a seamstress, take a course in our school and increase your present income.

Why Not Learn Dressmaking?

Dressmakers are paid larger salaries than any other class of women. They **EARN FROM $15 TO $50 PER WEEK.** After graduating you can earn a good income, or conduct a first-class business of your own. The things so hard for dressmakers are so simple and easily explained that anyone can do them. Catalog free upon request. Booklet "How to Sew," 25c.

National Correspondence School of Dressmaking **Dept. N.** **Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A.**



The Golf and Country Club House, showing the SCHILLER PIANO, furnished by

E. H. JONES & SONS

The First Impression

One is struck by an imperishable impression on entering a house for the first time, something that is indefinable and uneplainable anxd yet of the sort of influence you can never lose. The keynote of a home probably lies more in the coloring of the walls than in any other one thing. Various tones produce either concord or discord in one's mind and thus a prejudice for or against is instantly formed in the mind. To please is certainly much to be desired. In order to do this many homekeepers will consider it a boon and a blessing to leave direction to a decorator who makes no mistakes in this direction. One does not always have self-confidence along this line. Somebody else must choose and direct. And this somebody else is always safe in the person of T. I. Stoner, of the Stoner Wall Paper Company. Mr. Stoner is an artist in his line of work, and all of the men asociated with him are also artists. So in doing the spring decorating, every housekeeper will be safe to turn over the decorating of walls into the hands of the Stoner company.

Some of the most beautiful effects ever seen in Des Moines were originated and put into execution by the Stoner house. From the cottage to the most splendid home they decorate satisfactorily and to suit the most critical taste.

MRS. KASSON MILLER
Regent of Abigail Adams Chapter D. A. R.

Music Teachers

We make a specialty of supplying teachers, and carry the most complete stock of teaching music, "including studies in the best editions," in the city.

We have Schirmers, Wood, Ditson, Litolff and Peters Editions, of Standard Works.

Latest Popular Music in stock at all times.

Write for catalogues as we have a special mail order department.

Knabe, Fischer, Behning and Ivers and Pond Pianos.

"Best Ever."

HOWARD MUSIC HOUSE, 315 Seventh Street.

MRS. W. H. CROOKS
Regent Daniel Boone Chap. D. A. R., Boone, Iowa.

KIRKWOOD CAFE

Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets

"The Place to Eat"

T. E. VEITCH, Mgr.

Mrs. Oberman an Artist

In the play, "The Child of the Regiment," recently staged at Foster's by Mrs. Ada Heist-Oberman, this gifted little lady proved herself a most delightful artist. In grace and sweetness, in pathos and tragic power, her acting as the child has not been excelled in Des Moines in many a day. The play was beautifully put on and handled splendidly.

Mrs. Oberman is as fine a teacher as she is an actress and brings to her work most unusual gifts. Her school is located in the K. P. block.

A plan which Mrs. Oberman hopes to develop in another season is the formation of a dramatic club which will give a play each month. Such a club, with Mrs. Oberman for leader, would certainly be very popular in Des Moines.

A Big Deal

The Jones Piano Co. are nothing if not progressive and have added to their big business one of the largest orders ever placed with them. A change in pianos has just been made at Drake and the Jones Co. have placed with them twenty-eight new Schillers. This speaks well for this favorite and well established house, also proves the good judgment of Drake. The Schiller gives first-class satisfaction, which is always guaranteed when dealing with the Jones Piano Co.

John Collins

Electrical Contractor

Complete installation of all the Wiring and Fixtures in the Flynn Building.

Full Line of Electric Supplies
Combination Fixtures and Electric Fans.
Office 7th Floor Observatory Bldg.

In another part of this magazine will be found an advertisement of the Ozark Development Co., 412 Crocker Building, Des Moines, Iowa. This company is developing a 400-acre peach orchard in the heart of the best fruit section in the Ozark country in southern Missouri. Their orchard is located one mile from Brannsville and three miles from Koshkonong, both good towns on the Frisco railroad. They are offering a limited amount of their capital stock for sale, the proceeds of which will be used for developing their large orchards.

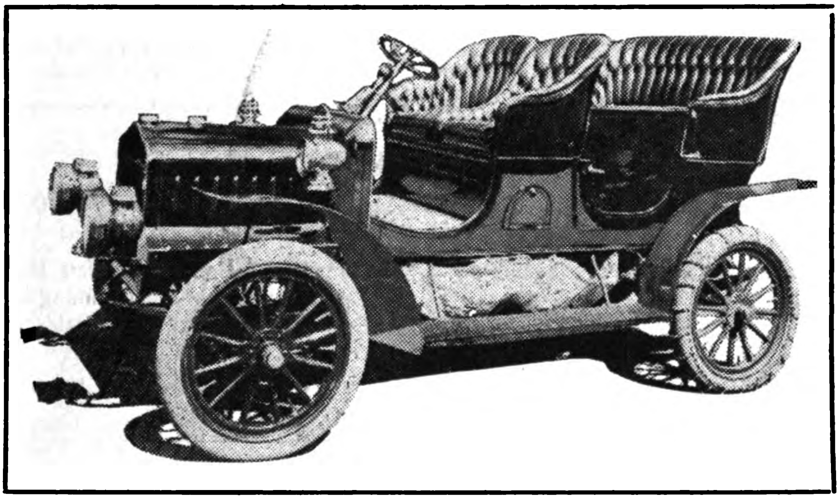
The management of this magazine are personally acquainted with the gentlemen connected with this company, and they are all reliable business men, who have made a success in life. Mr. E. T. Meredith, president of the company, is the well known editor of Successful Farming and Ladies' Favorite Magazine; Mr. A. M. Odell, vice president, is a prominent citizen of Oelwein, Iowa, and a director of the First National Bank at that place; Mr. E. M. O'Brien, secretary of the company, is ex-manager of the Bell Telephone Co. and well known as an all around successful hustler; Mr. J. E. Marshall, general manager of the company, is district agent for the Bankers' Life Insurance Co.; Mr. M. J. Wragg, horticultural superintendent, was formerly State Horticulturist for Iowa and is an expert on fruit land. Mr. Wragg has personally inspected the 400-acre tract which the company is developing and has pronounced it the best fruit land in the United States. Mr. U. G. Davis, orchard manager of the company, is a resident of Koshkonong, Mo., and is engaged in the lumber business at that place. All of the gentlemen connected with the company are interested in other orchards in that section, and have shown their faith in the Ozark country by investing a large amount of money in orchards. The company sell their stock on easy payments and make a provision that after the purchaser has paid one-half of the price of the stock, he can give his note for the balance and said note will be repaid out of the dividends obtained from the products of the orchard.

Goodwin Automobile Co.

612-614-616 Mulberry St., Des Moines, Ia.

Largest, roomiest, lightest, most conveniently located garage in the city.
Special attention given our repair department, where
none but expert mechanics are employed.

All Work Positively Guaranteed



EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTERS FOR THE LOCAL TERRITORY FOR:

The Car built in Iowa, tested on Iowa hills and especially designed to meet all Iowa road conditions.

Anything from a run-about to a 4-cylinder touring car.

Mason

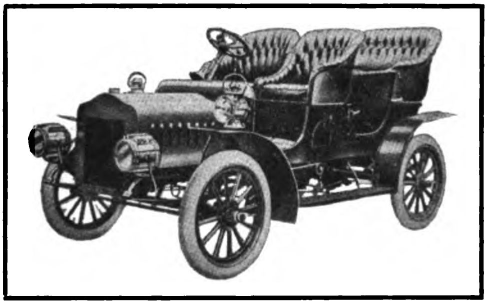
AND

Rambler

The Car that climbed the Capitol steps and won the hill-climbing contest in Des Moines July 4, 1906, defeating all comers.

Always good! This year better than ever!

The Car of Steady Service



Call up Iowa 1148 or Mutual 791

and let us give you a demonstration and prove to you the superior excellence of these cars.

We Have Masons for Immediate Delivery!

Authenticity of Style in Furniture at Davidsons'

Excelling not only in a wide assortment, more dependable quality and economical prices, this store has become the Mecca of fastidious furniture buyers, principally through its showing **correct types** of home furnishings.

"**Correct Styles**" in furniture does not mean expensive furniture. Though we show many exclusive pieces made of the choicest material and by famous craftsmen, magnificent in richness and artistic finish, to suit the most lavish taste, we show **correct types** in furniture of equally durable quality in a large line of moderately priced furniture; priced to satisfy the strictest economists.

S. Davidson & Bros.
412-414 Walnut Street
DES MOINES, IOWA
Iowa's Largest Furniture Store

BRADY & EGAN
Fashionable Millinery

In the most elegant and exclusive designs

Street Hats
Dress Hats
Latest Styles

Prices to suit all purses

Wilkins Bros. Store
612-614 Walnut Street

Mason Millinery Company
208-10 Seventh Street
Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets
Everything in the Trimming Line
New and Up-to-Date

Largest Exclusive Millinery House in Iowa

The Truth About Opportunity

IT IS now a good many years since John J. Ingalls perpetrated upon a credulous public the celebratde sonnet "Opportunity," which has been read and "spoken" in schools, quoted in churches, orated in political speeches, hung upon the walls of business offices, and printed and reprinted in a thousand newspapers and magazines.

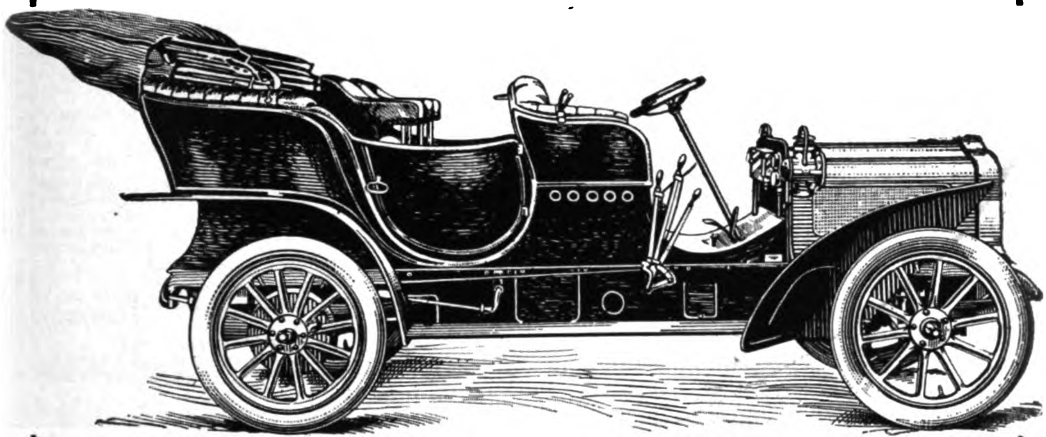
A masterpiece of artistic expression, that sonnet yet expresses a lie—one of the most deadly and debilitating lies that ever was pronounced in the hearing of ambitious young men.

According to Ingalls and his sonnet, Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door. She comes along early or late—you never know just when to expect her—and gives a careless thump on the panels. If you are Jonnnie-on-the-Spot, and make a wild spring to pull the door open while the echoes of that knock are still sounding—all's well and good. You're made. Opportunity walks in. All you have to do is to lean back and take it easy for the balance of your life.

But—says Ingalls—if you happen to be taking a quiet snooze when Opportunity shows up and plays her celebrated rat-a-tat on your door panels—if you are absorbed in a game of penochle or a plan to sell a big bill of goods—if you have your mind so concentrated upon any matter whatever that you don't happen to hear Opportunity's off-hand knock—then, says Ingalls, the sour-faced jade turns up her nose at you and goes away, never to return. Leaves you henceforth to worry along on your

THE INCOMPARABLE

White Steam Car



The above cut shows the Model (G) Pullman, listing at $3,700, and is now on our floor ready for practical demonstration. Its wonderful power, ease of control, its most elegant appointment, and its quiet running will convince you that it is the ideal touring car.

Model [H] $2,500 Model [G] Touring Body $3,500

The easy riding qualities of this car is a feature to be considered. No other car ever built has been able to approach the **WHITE** in this respect. As tersely expressed in an official United States government report, "The **WHITE** is superior to all other cars on account of its free and smooth running, freedom from violent vibrations, and ease of controlling the speed between maximum and minimum without jerks and jolts."

We also handle the **JACKSON** gasoline cars, Model (C) $1,250; Model (D) $1,500. We also have the **POPE WAVERLY ELECTRICS** in all models—the ideal ladies car.

We would be pleased to have you call at our salesroom and look over our line, and permit us to give you a thorough and practical demonstration. We know you will be convinced.

Iowa Automobile and Supply Co.

Iowa Phone 906 407-411 FOURTH ST. Mut. Phone 1271

SOLID COMFORT

In living on a large, beautiful lot near good car service in the best part of Des Moines—You have guessed the place—**HYPERION PARK** between University Avenue and Kingman Boulevard. For your own and your children's sake, build where the air is pure, live in the city with its conveniences and yet in the country with plenty of room for lawn, fruit, garden, etc. **One-half acre** for the price of a common city lot. Think of it and don't delay.

Percival-Porter Co., 205 Fifth St. **Hatton-McCutchen Agency, 308 Fifth St.**

See or Phone us

Central State Bank

Des Moines, Iowa.

H. B. HEDGE, President.
J. D. WHISENAND, Vice-Pres't.
F. L. WALKER, Cashier.

STATEMENT, APRIL 15, 1907

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$ 957,684.81
Overdrafts	9,216.16
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00
Cash Due from Banks	282,969.28
	$1,251,370.25

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 50,000.00
Surplus Fund	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	3,213,05
Deposits,	1,148,157.20
	$1,251,370.25

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Individuals and Corporations solicited.
Interest paid on Time Deposits.

AUDITOR'S CALL

DES MOINES SAVINGS BANK

Des Moines, Iowa

APRIL 19, 1907

Resources

Investments—		
Time Loans	$3,670,735.76	
Real Estate Loans	1,002,654.26	
Demand Loans	1,711,509.04	
		$6,384,899.06
Overdrafts		6,410.32
Furniture and Fixtures		1.00
Cash and Sight Exchange		890,780.59
		$7,282,090.97

Liabilities

Capital Stock		$ 500,000.00
Surplus and Profits		259,065.04
Demand	$4,087,646.34	
Time	2,435,379.59	
		$6,523,025.93
		$7,282,090.97

Officers

P. M. CASADY, Pres.
SIMON CASADY, V.-Pres.
HOMER MILLER, Cashier.
C. T. COLE, Jr., Ass't Cash.

Directors

P. M. Casady, President.
J. G. Berryhill, Attorney and Capitalist.
E. C. Finkbine, President Green Bay Lumber Company.
Simon Casady, Vice-President.
L. Harbach, Wholesale Furniture.
Geo. M. Hippee, Vice-President Des Moines City Railway Co.
N. S. McDonnell, President Des Moines Manufacturing & Supply Co.
Edward A. Temple, President Bankers Life Association.
Homer A. Miller, Cashier.

We have the largest commercial business of any bank in Iowa and solicit such accounts.

own hook and fight it out unaided with the rent-collector and your other troubles. No use to chase after and ask her to come back. No use hitting up her trail and trying to explain matters or arrange a compromise—you're down and out with her—she's gone beyond your ken—skidooed for good and all. You may as well make up your mind that henceforth you have no chance—that life, so far as you are concerned, is bound to be an unremunerative, tiresome grind until the Great Engineer blows the whistle that announces quitting time.

I should like to have Ingalls' remarkable literary ability. But I should hate to use it to give Opportunity such a black eye with the public as he did.

Was Ingalls right? Does Opportunity in truth knock just once at a man's door and then duck out for good?

Don't you believe it!

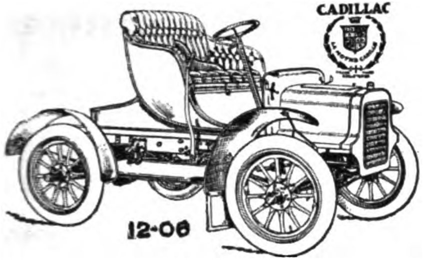
Opportunity is no such quitter. There's nothing sour or captious about her disposition. She's the kindest-hearted, most sociable creature in all your circle of acquaintances—as neighborly in calling around as the recurring seasons—as regular in her greetings as the sunrise—as sure to turn up again, when she goes away, as club dues—as much to be depended upon as the advent of fly time.

Opportunity a quitter! Well, I should say not.

You can't lose her—that's the real truth of the matter.

From the moment you leave off baby talk and acquire an intelligible dialect—from the time you are able to look at the world with a seeing eye and take in any part, however small, of the wonderful activity that is going on about you, Opportunity is always hanging around, trailing your footsteps, stepping on your heels, walking across the path in front of you—perpetually trying to catch your eye or nudge you in the side and point out to you some chance to learn something, or do something, or acquire something, or be something.

1907



Runabout 30x3 Wheels $800

Cars Suitable for Iowa

Cadillac **Buick**
Franklin **Thomas**
Orient Buckboard

Not a poor car in the lot
Prices from $600 up

Come in and talk it over, take a demonstration. Send for Catalogue.

SUPPLIES OF EVERYTHING

RIDDELL AUTOMOBILE CO.

Eighth and Locust St. **Des Moines, Iowa**

ARTHUR WATSON

Cut Stone Contractor

Eighth and Cherry

Mutual Phone K 7292

DE FOI BROS.

813 West Grand

FINE WALLPAPERS

Good Work a Specialty. ***Mut. Phone M 567***

Report of Condition at Close of Business
March 22, 1907
—of—

Valley Savings Bank

Des Moines, Iowa

Assets:

Loans on Iowa Farm Land, -	$ 867,061.50
School Bonds and Other Loans,	88,115.82
Cash and Exchange, - -	134,019.98
	$1,089,197.30

Liabilities:

Capital Stock, - - - -	$ 50,000.00
Surplus, - - - - -	20,000.00
Reserve for Interest Accrued,	25,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net - -	13,799.38
Reserve for Taxes, - -	2,000.00
Time Deposits, - - -	978,397.92
	$1,089,197.30

Officers.

ALFRED HAMMER, - -	President
C. W. MENNIG, - -	Vice-President
R. A. CRAWFORD, - -	Cashier

Directors.

ALFRED HAMMER
D. S. CHAMBERLAIN
R. A. CRAWFORD
G. W. MENNIG
L. HARBACH
CHAS. H. WEITZ
P. COLLINS
M. STALKER

Open your Savings Account with us, upon which we pay 4 per cent interest.

Capital City State Bank

Bank Bldg., E. Fifth and Locust Sts.,
Des Moines, Iowa

CONDITION APRIL 3, 1907

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts - - - -	$1,169,310 88
Real Estate and Fixtures - -	28,750.00
Cash and Exchange - - -	450,421.11
Total - - - - - -	$1,643,490.49

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock - - - - - -	$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - -	23.361.17
Deposits - - - - - - -	1,520.129.32
Total - - - - -	$1,643,490.49

OFFICERS

HENRY WAGNER, Pres.
J. A. T. HULL, Vice-President
J. A. McKINNEY, Cashier
D. J. VAN LIEW, Ass't Cashier

DIRECTORS

J. W. Wadsworth, Henry Wagner, J. A. T. Hull, F. W. Craig, J. D. McGarraugh, W. L. Read and J. A. McKinney

Personal and Business Accounts Solicited
Interest Paid on Time Deposits

You can't get up in the morning and eat your breakfast preparatory to starting out on your day's work but she's out there on the doorstep, raising a dickens of a row and waking all the neighbors, informing you that she's waiting to accompany you into the day's activities.

Shut your eyes as you appear and pretend you don't see her. No use—you know she has her head poked around the corner—playing "I spy" with you all the while, and as you stride away, she falls in beside you, keeping step like a second self.

Try to dodge her—and she'll follow hot on the trail. No matter how often you fail, she always has another hope to offer you. You can't get away from her. She's likely to lam you over the head with the sand-bag of a Great Chance when you least expect it. Disguise yourself in the garb of repeated fiascos and she will still find you out. Old Sleuth Opportunity is not to be thrown off the scent. One of these days she'll tap you on the shoulder and inform you that your bluff won't go.

Do You Want a Square Deal?

Do you want house-painting that lasts?
Do you want pure linseed oil, lead and color used?
Do you want paint that does not blister, crack or peel?
Do you want a job that dries thoroughly and sheds dirt?
Do you want competent workmen to do you painting?

We give you all this, and besides, a reduction of 10% during clean-up week. We personally supervise all our work. Phone or write for our estimator.

ESTABLISHED 1876
Both Phones

Buck Bros. Co.
613 E. Grand Ave.

First Class Work   Pressing and Repairing

JOHN S. JACOBSON
FINE TAILORING

There is a sense of pride and satisfaction that goes with wearing a FIRST CLASS Tailor-Made Suit more than any other kind worn.

Motto: EVERY PROMISE FULFILLED.

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Des Moines Second-hand Book Dealers
305 FOURTH STREET

HIGH CLASS TAILORING
404-LOCUST ST. OBSERVATORY BLD

Mrs. M. Flanagan
FINE MILLINERY
515 E. Locust St.   *DES MOINES, IA.*

CHICAGO STEAM DYE WORKS
414 Sixth Ave.
Satisfaction Guaranteed on Both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments
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VOL. 1

No. 10

The MIDWESTERN

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1 DOLLAR
A YEAR

JUNE 1907

REFLEX
Inverted Welsbach
Gas Lights

Succeeds and Excels all other Lights at one quarter the cost.

Superior Workmanship and the use of the Best Possible Material in the construction of this Lamp has given it an Elegance of appearance in artistic effects never before obtained.

Des Moines
Gas Co.

Benefit ⁘ Concert

FOR

GRACE JONES-JACKSON

AND

MASON SLADE

JUNE 4, 1907

AT THE

Plymouth Congregational Church

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

Every seat in this fine Auditorium room is good. The acoustic properties are especially fine and only seating capacity will be sold. All lovers of Music will be delighted to hear these talented Des Moines young people

TICKETS 50 CENTS TICKETS ON SALE AT **NO RESERVED SEATS**

KROMER & WATERS, JOHN KINGSTON'S,
JONES PIANO CO., ENGLEEN-EADE, E. 6TH AND LOCUST,
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Our Own Importation

Exclusive Designs made for us in Novelty Effects
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Cluney's, as well as a Superb Showing of
Domestic Laces

THE COLLINS-HEASLIP CARPET COMPANY

407-409 Court Ave.

The Consumers Ice Co.

Located at Eighth and New York Ave., have been in business for the past three years, and have in that time built up a wonderful trade by giving entire satisfaction to their customers. It is their one aim to maintain a reasonable price regardless of the cost or scarcity of ice. Their ice is cut above all drainage, making it the cleanest and purest ice offered to the people. They take good care of their customers and deliver the best ice promptly.

Both Mut. and Ia. Phones No. 1785.

Lawrence Drug Co.
COR. SIXTH AND LOCUST STS.

Everything in the Drug Line
Prescriptions Carefully Filled

Chase & West

FURNITURE DEALERS

The Finest

Rugs, Carpets, Mattings, Linoleums and all sorts of Draperies, Lace Curtains, Etc., in the Middle West. Also all kinds of Kitchen and Porch Furniture.

712 Walnut Street
DES MOINES, IOWA

Graduation and Party Dresses

We are showing a most charming assortment of girls' graduation and party dresses, embodying every new idea in style. All the little dainty touches so dear to the feminine heart will be found in the exclusive lines carefully worked out in these garments. There are light summery affairs of Swiss, organdy, Persian lawns, mull. India linens, plain and figured nets, in both the princess style and in the two-piece gowns. They are trimmed with imported lace, handsomely embroidered, made with both large and fine tucks, lace insertion and tucking, and some with shapely shoulder berthas. An infinite variety, all in the best of taste. For superior workmanship, beautiful styles, and perfect fit, **they cannot be excelled.**

Younker Bros., Seventh and Walnut Sts.

Shoe Shopping

by Mail

WICHERT & GARDINER

Send for Catalog M Showing the New Spring Styles

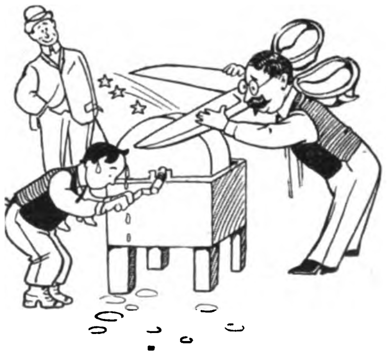
"We Fit the Hard to Fit"

Express paid on Mail Orders

Frederick Field Shoe Co.

DES MOINES IOWA

We Keep Ourselves on Edge



We show all the new styles and designs as soon as in the market. Let us make your next suit of clothes

No More **$15.00** No Less

The Glasgow

316 Sixth Ave.

Merchants Transfer and Storage Co.

Offices, Union Station Both Phones No. 470

Household Goods packed, boxed or crated, moved, shipped or stored. 150 separate locked rooms, $1.00 per month and upward. Fire and burglar proof vaults for valuables. Padded vans for moving storage :::: ::::

Reduced Rates on Shipments to the Pacific Coast

Artistic Builders' Hardware
Plate Glass, Chi-Namel Varnish

Estimates Furnished

GOLF, BASE BALL, LAWN TENNIS GOODS
Everything for the Lawn and Garden
Tools of All Kinds.

Garver Hardware Co.

707-709-711 Locust St. DES MOINES, IOWA

THE MIDWESTERN

Country Life in America

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Entered at Des Moines Postoffice as Second Class Matter

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PALE
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Schlitz
BEER
THE BREWERY'S OWN BOTTLING
MILWAUKEE
SCHLITZ
BREWING CO.

Schlitz

THE BEER
THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS

The beer that is stored in refrigerating rooms for months until it is well fermented before it is shipped, so you don't get green beer. (The kind that makes you bilious.)

The makers of Schlitz Beer are most careful about cleanliness and materials. They even filter all the air that touches it, and after it is bottled and sealed they sterilize every bottle. All this you get for the same price you pay for common beer, which is not fit for one to drink. Mind your doctor and have none but Schlitz in your home.

JOHN WEBER, Jr., Dealer

416 Locust St. **Des Moines, Iowa**

Distributers for **GREEN RIVER WHISKY**
(The Whisky without a headache)

Phone Ia. 53
Phone Mut. 28

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When you have any cuts to be made SEE US or CALL us up by phone, IOWA 106, MUTUAL 383, and we will send our representative to SEE YOU.

Read the Cap Line at Top Again

Register and Leader Engraving Dept.

Office 125 Fourth St.
DES MOINES, IOWA

THE

MIDWESTERN

THE :: ONLY :: MAGAZINE :: IN :: IOWA

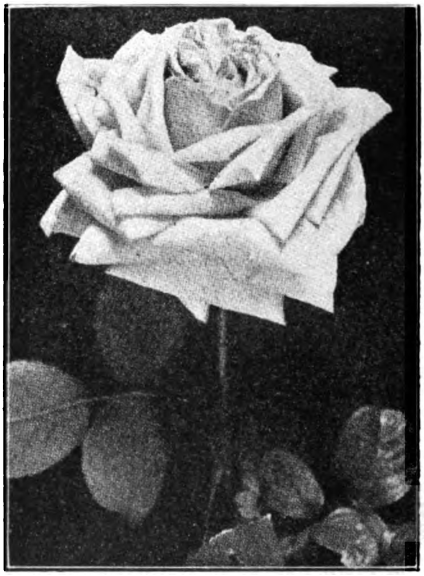
IT is devoted to the interests of Des Moines, Iowa, and the Middle West. Full of Splendid Illustrated Articles, Beautiful Pictures, Short stories, a little Politics; just spicy enough to make it interesting. Also departments devoted to Clubs, Art and Literature. ¶ If you are not a subscriber, become one at once. ¶ We want your name on our books, and you will want it there forever after you have had the Magazine a year.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
Sent to any address

MIDWESTERN MAGAZINE
532-42 Good Block
DES MOINES, IOWA

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

WE ARE sending out this month the largest edition of The Midwestern that has yet appeared. Our subscription list is growing ten times as fast as we have any reason to hope. During the past month we have had drafts from our volunteer subscribers in Texas, New Jersey, Indiana and Dakota. This goes to show how our fame is spreading and how people like us. For all of which we are grateful.



◆ ◆

Advance orders for copies of this issue have been received from almost every state in the union and from twenty-eight towns in Iowa. May we not have subscriptions from each of our new readers? In this way you can encourage us to continue in the effort to please and to do good in a general way through our printed pages. At least write us and tell us how you like The Midwestern. Do not forget to add suggestions.

The Midwestern takes pride in pointing especially to each advertiser who appears in our pages. We rereceive many compliments for the splendid quality of our advertisements. In writing to or calling upon the firms here represented, a mention of where you saw the advertisement would greatly help and please us.

◆ ◆

We acknowledge with gratitude many suggestions in regard to the things which might prove of interest to our readers. Every suggestion upon which we have acted has proved beneficial to us. Do not hesitate to write frankly to us and be sure of our interest in any plans you have to offer.

◆ ◆

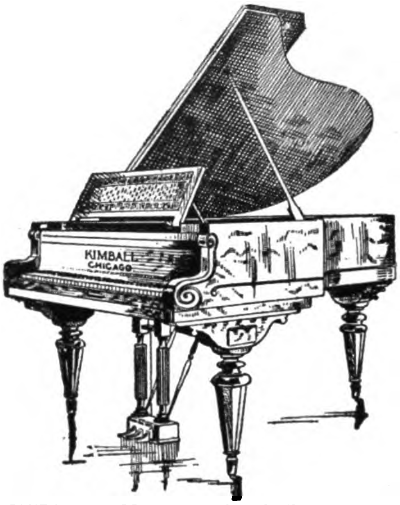
Our July number is to contain surprises for the public and for you. We have some splendid things to show you. It will be the greatest number yet issued, full of historic, local, state and general interest.

GUARANTEED AS GOOD as any flour you can buy. Scientifically milled from choicest hard wheats—therefore strictly pure.

Best Patent
FALCON
FLOUR
Shannon & Mott Co.
Des Moines, Iowa.

SHANNON & MOTT CO., Millers **Des Moines, Iowa**

The New Home of the W. W. Kimball Co.



IS BEAUTIFUL. Large, light, airy rooms, richly and artistically decorated. Each comfortably holding seventy-five of the Unsurpassed and Famous

Kimball Pianos

All New. It is a treat to see them. We invite you to call.

W. W. KIMBALL CO., 813 Walnut St.
E. S. Randall, Manager **Des Moines, Iowa**

East Side Planing Mill

Make everything in the

MILL WORK LINE

Interior Finish, Mantels, Hardwood Finish, Counters and Shelving, Bank Counters.

ODD SIZE WORK A SPECIALTY

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

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W. C. JAEGER, Mgr.
Des Moines :: Iowa
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Kingman Boulevard Lots

INSIDE of another twelve months Kingman Boulevard frontage will be at a premium over any lots in the city.

¶ We have several hundred feet of the choicest frontage that we will sell at a lower price, quality considered, than anything else on the market.

¶ Will take one-fifth cash and balance at 5%, or will furnish money at 6% for desirable parties to build.

The Federal Land and Securities Co.
216 Fifth St. DES MOINES, IOWA
Also owners of Bryn Mawr Heights Addition

Moetzel & Tobin

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To the Trade: Through our fifteen years' experience as commission men, we have established many connections, and are able to avoid those that might be unsatisfactory. From the different stocks on our list we can select the one best suited to your needs. With a previous personal management of Retail Lumber Yards, we can understand your requirements. Our rule has been to protect the retailer by confining the trade within its legitimate channel. We are now fully equipped to furnish *anything* in the lumber line, and can make you bottom prices from *responsible firms* on such as you may contemplate purchasing. In all yard stocks can make minimum prices from North, South and West. All quotations delivered and all grades guaranteed. Our various connections enables us to serve you advantageously, and we hope to receive your inquiries which shall have a prompt reply with lowest delivered prices.

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Hardwood Flooring
Pacific Coast Lumber Products
California Redwood
White and Red Cedar Posts and Poles
Long and Heavy Joists and Timbers
Bridge Lumber and Piling

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- Norway Pine
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- White Cedar Posts and Poles
- Basswood Ceiling and Siding

SOUTH
- Yellow Pine
- Oak Piling
- Red Cedar Piling

WEST
- Red Cedar Shingles
- Red Cedar Siding
- Red Cedar Finish
- Spruce Siding and Finish
- Fir Flooring and Finish
- Fir Joists and Timber

SOUTH AND WEST
- Long and Heavy Timbers and Joists

Bridge Material

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MOETZEL & TOBIN

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We make a specialty of supplying teachers, and carry the most complete stock of teaching music, "including studies in the best editions," in the city.

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Latest Popular Music in stock at all times.

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Remember we have a full line of

Gifts for Graduation or Weddings

Also Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Optical Goods and Diamonds.

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Herman Idzal, 721 W. Walnut Street
DES MOINES, IOWA

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ELEGANT PIANOS

Schiller, Crown, Emerson, Steiner

and others. 150 Pianos to select from. : : : :

Payments $6, $8, $10

E. H. JONES & SON, 513-515 Locust St.

Largest Piano House in Iowa

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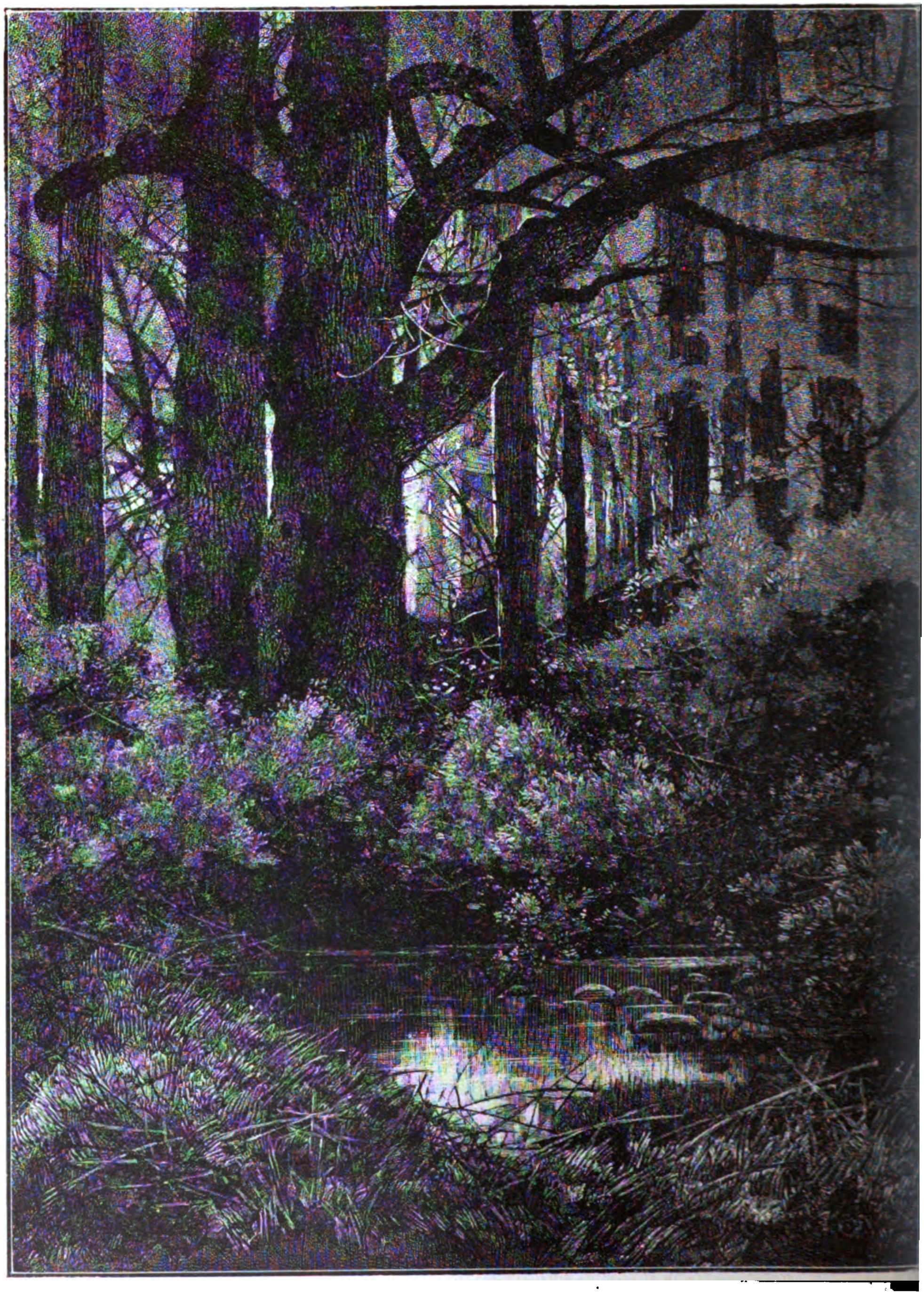
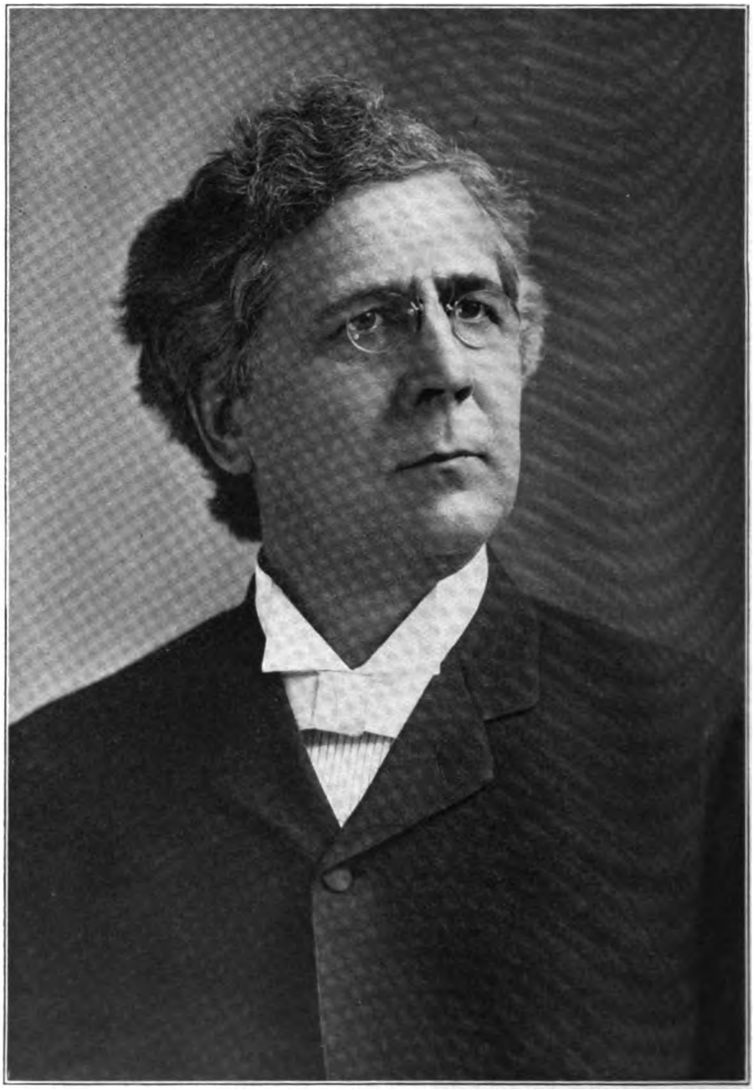


JUNE IN AN IOWA FOREST.

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune;
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grasses and flowers!
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over the hills and valleys.
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean,
To be some happy creature's palace.

—*Lowell.*



DR. M. L. BARTLETT,
Whose splendid work in establishing a high standard for music in Iowa, is universally appreciated. The success of the recent May Festival in Des Moines, was largely to his credit.

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME I JUNE, 1907 NUMBER 10

THE DES MOINES PLAN

What it is and How it will Operate

I. M. EARLE

JUST now the city is considering the adoption of the commission form of government, provided for by by the last General Assembly, and made optional with cities of 25,000 population or over. Thousands of copies of the act, with explanatory notes, have been printed in pamphlet form for general circulation, and it will be the fault of the voters if they do not learn for themselves just what the proposed form of city government really is.

It has been justly charged that this "Des Moines plan," so called, is "revolutionary" as contrasted with the present system. It obliterates ward lines, ignores partisan politics, and aims to substitute five of the best business men obtainable at a fair salary as a Commission or "Board of Directors" in place of the present mayor, city council, board of public works, park commissioners, etc., and to give such commission or board full power to act, except as to things otherwise specified or prohibited, subject to the control of the people alone, who can inaugurate or defeat any ordinance, action or contract, and recall and substitute any member of the commission, by a majority vote at a special election held upon petition of one-fourth of the electors. The term "council" instead of "commission" has been retained, but that does not change the fact. It is the plan on which all great business enterprises are conducted, except that the electors are given a broader power of supervision over the directorate than stockholders in corporations generally. But this principle is being embodied in the newer charters of recent private corporations. It proceeds upon the theory that the city—the people—is the employer, and the commissioners are the "hired men," so to speak, and that they should be given the broadest power and held to the broadest responsibilities as to the things they are hired to do, but still subject to the direction in a general way of the employer, and to be discharged if they fail to make good.

For convenience in administration the business of the city is divided into five bureaus or departments, as follows:

First, Department of Public Affairs; second, Department of Accounts and Finances; third, Department of Public Safety; fourth, Department of Streets and Public Improvements; fifth, Department of Parks and Public Property.

The mayor has the usual duties of a mayor except as specified in the act, and is the head of the Department of Public Affairs, and required to supervise all departments and report for the council's action anything requiring attention in either. He is the presiding officer of the council, with a vote but no veto. Each of the other councilmen are placed at the head of one of the departments, by the council, immediately after qualifying. The heads of the departments as such are merely executive officers, like the cashier of a bank, for instance, charged with its routine duties, and without knowledge of its condition and requirements, and all important affirmative action must be the act of the council. As it is made up of the heads of the several departments it can not plead ignorance of their condition, especially in view of the mayor's express duty to supervise all and report everything for its action. The council elects the city clerk, solicitor, assessor, treasurer, auditor, civil engineer, city physician, chief of police, chief of fire department, market master, street commissioner, library trustees and police judge, in cities not having a superior court. It has the right to remove and substitute any and all of these officials, and is therefore responsible for their acts. All other officials or employes, except unskilled laborers, are selected under civil service commission, very much like the present fire and police commission. Existing by-laws, ordinances, property rights and liabilities are unaffected; a new council or commission simply moves in and does business, and every act outside of the routine business of the department requires the affirmative vote of three of the five members.

Certain acts, which experience has shown are unwise, are prohibited absolutely; for instance, the council can not grant any franchise to interurban or street railways, gas or water works, electric light or power plants, heating plants, telephone or telegraph systems, or other public service utilities, within the city, unless the act is authorized or approved by a majority of the electors voting thereon at a general or special election.

Neither the council nor any city official or employe can be interested, directly or indirectly, in any contract, job, franchise or agreement to which the city is a party, nor receive any pass, favor or concession of any kind, from anybody. All ordinances, motions, resolutions and acts of any importance must be on file with the clerk a week before final passage, in the form in which the same are to be passed, and upon protest and petition of one-fourth of the electors, the council must abandon the proposed measure, or submit it at a special election, and it can not then pass unless a majority of the electors are in favor of it. On the other hand, if the council refuses to pass a course by all their subordinates whose desired measure one-fourth of the electors can, by petition, compel the submission of its passage to a popular vote, and if so passed the council can not repeal or alter it. And if one-fourth of the electors are dissatisfied with the conduct of any councilman, either in omission or commission, they can by petition compel an election to pass on his removal and substitution.

No wonder that such a system is called revolutionary by all the adherents of the old regime. Under the old plan, each party machine arranged a "cut and dried" ticket, which it presented at a packed caucus of the adherents of such ticket in that ward; and even at the primaries but little better results were obtained under the ward system. It was largely a game of logrolling, confined toward politicians and their hangers-on, in which the citizen who had the interests of the whole city at heart had little part or influence; but under the new plan, ward politics are eliminated, and the "ward heeler" finds his occupation and influence gone.

The candidate for councilman must be a man of enough prominence to be personally known to the entire city in order to make his "calling and election sure." He can not promise office or benefit to the voter, nor ride into office under the party colors, or upon a declaration of party principles. He must give full account of his campaign expenses, who received the money, and if elected must select his subordinates regardless of party lines or service. He can not be elected by a solid minority because if through such solid minority he gets a plurality of votes at the preliminary primary, his competitor receiving the next highest vote will be placed on the regular elction ticket with him, and if he is known as the machine candidate the electors opposed to the machine will give the majority vote to his competitor.

Such a system is bound to receive the bitter opposition of all the old-time politicians, who look upon the city election as the primary school in practical politics—by all office holders who do not consider themselves nor their records likely to invite the confidence of the whole electorate of the city, and of course by all their subordinates whose term of office depends on the turn of the political wheel—by every ward politician, whose strength lies in his political influence within the boundaries of his own ward—by every contractor who sees that the present order of things is much more conducive to fat jobs than the new system—by every labor organizer or representative who benefits by his affiliation with the present system of administration—by every partisan who, while indifferent to political affiliation in his individual business, religiously believes that the men who transact the city business must be of his own political faith; and together with these are many who honestly feel that placing the affairs of the city on a business basis is taking too commercial a view of the rights and duties of citizenship.

On the other hand will be found the great mass of voters who believe that the business of a city should be conducted like the business of any other great corporation with an eye single to the greatest benefit to the city without regard to ward lines or party politics. Any attempt to distinguish the so-called labor vote and rank it on one side or the other of the proposition is absurd, because we are all laborers and every one of us is trying to better his condition, and experience demonstrates that the workingmen generally are readers and thinkers when it comes to the ballot, and vote their independent ideas regardless of attempted instructions from employers on the one hand or labor officials on the other.

Let each voter carefully study the plan for himself; it may not meet his views in all particulars, but if in his judgment the plan as a whole is an improvement over the present system, he should vote for its adoption, and aid in curing any defects therein by such amendments as experiments shows to be desirable.

The Coming of His Feet

In the crimson of the morning, in the
whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or
the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on
the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on
the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering
up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendor,
from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with
motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread, approaching
with a music far and dim—
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems
and odors sweet,
But white-winged and show with glory
in the Tabor light of old—
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and
complete,
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings release,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

A Reasonable Religion and a Practical Therapeutical Agency

By John L. Rendall, C. S. B., Christian Science Publication Committee for the State of Iowa

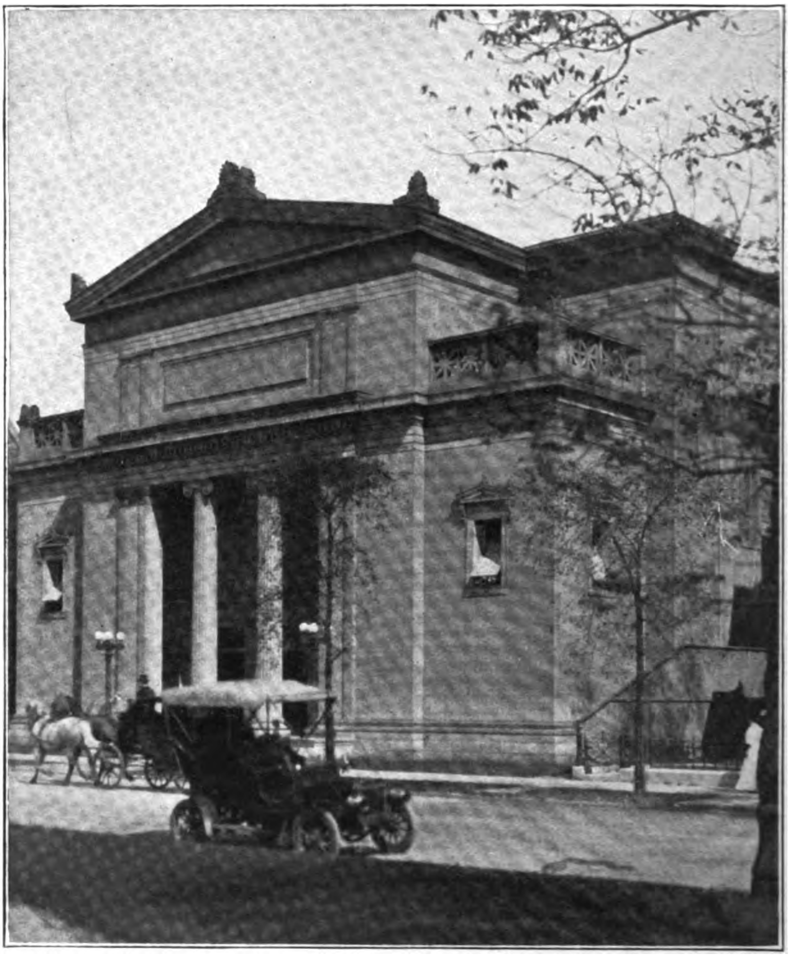
IN presenting this subject for the consideration of the readers of the Midwestern, the writer is not unmindful of the fact that many conscientious Christian people and many others who make no claim to any religious affiliations, entertain questionings, doubts, and in some cases positive disbelief that disease can be healed by other than material means, and especially do they doubt the possibility of healing through prayer as in Scriptural times.

To all these people Christian Science comes with a message of hope and positive assurance based as it is upon demonstrated results. Christian Scientists concede the individual right to demand proofs and they therefore furnish incontestible evidence of the Divine efficacy of their religion in the healing of disease and in the redemption of humanity.

Much has been argued for the supposed necessity of material remedies, but nowhere in the Scripture can it be found that Jesus or his disciples conformed to any of the commonly accepted beliefs or practices relative to healing in their ministry. Rather is it indicated that the better way, the Christian way and the more scientific way is God's way, in which no material remedy is necessary. The history of medicine, from the time of Hypocrates to the present date, has been that of experiment and uncertainty, and today the brightest men in the medical world admit the insufficiency of all merely material knowledge in the overcoming of disease. A recent article in the Chicago Tribune accredits these words to Dr. A. E. Wright:

"According to Dr. A. E. Wright, a distinguished English physician, and former member of the Indian plague commission, who contributes an article entitled 'The World's Greatest Problem' to the Independent, the men who think wealth can drive away disease are the victims of confidence sadly misplaced. The problem of disease, Dr. Wright says—the problem of preventing disease and of curing it when it appears—still confronts man as it confronted him 'at the outset of his race.' After thousands of years of medical practice 'over the processes of disease we have as yet achieved almost no directive control.' Except diphtheria and one or two other infective diseases the medical art, as at present practiced, can do practically nothing to avert death from a virulent bacterial invasion or to bring about a cure. The thoughtful and conscientious physician frankly recognizes this fact and in many cases lays aside drugs, sees that the patient is properly fed, and lets the disease take its course."

From the above it will readily be seen that the world needs something infinitely more efficacious in the healing of disease than the ordinary methods and the question may fairly be asked, if after thousands of years of experiment along medical lines, and with but little avail, as Dr. Wright's statement indicates, is it not possible, nay, indeed probable, that there is a better way than has been commonly accepted? It is inconceivable to believe that God, who is the God of justice, truth and love, would place man upon the earth and subject him to such hopeless conditions as seem to be prevalent and without any means of escape. Jesus Christ came to the world preaching and practicing the absolute truth, he demonstrated the certainty of God's protecting care he taught his disciples to do the same, and promised to all mankind throughout all ages, "Greater things than these shall ye do because I go to my Father."



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Chicago, Illinois.

To the Christian who is skeptical as to the efficacy of Christian healing, the Christian Scientist points out the positive promises of God's protecting care, which permeates Scripture from Genesis to Revelation, and he asks, "Is it not reasonable to believe that God, who is unchanging Love, should heal and save mankind now as aforetime?"

To the non-religionist who doubts, the Christian Scientist points out the fact that God, the one Creator, is the divine Principle of the universe, and in proportion as mankind comes into accord with this Principle the individual finds himself, — his true being, — in which is no sickness or sin. This is not mere theory, it is intensely practical, established "in the mouths of many witnesses."

The Apostle Peter said: "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." Webster defines reasonableness as "agreeableness to reason; that state or quality of a thing which reason supports or justifies."

The consideration of Christian Science as a religion, and a reasonable religion, is perhaps new to a great many people, because they have been led to regard it as a somewhat visionary something which claimed to heal the sick. As Christian Science becomes better known its possibilities and value as a religious factor are to a great extent becoming appreciated, and the reasonableness of its precepts is to a corresponding degree becoming recognized. This religious teaching has drawn to itself adherents from every walk of life. Among those who are deeply grateful for its many benefactions are to be found doctors, lawyers, judges, ministers of various denominations, merchants, and in fact, men and women of practically every known calling or pursuit. These people are representative in the highest degree and have become Christian Scientists because this religion promised them more than they formerly experienced of health, strength, joy, happiness and peace, and because it more than fulfilled its promises.

Knowing these facts, the question naturally comes, What is this Christian Science, and what does it offer that humanity needs? In what way does it better the individual conditions? Thus it is that every Christian Scientist, sooner or later in his experience, is called upon to give a reason for the hope that is within him.

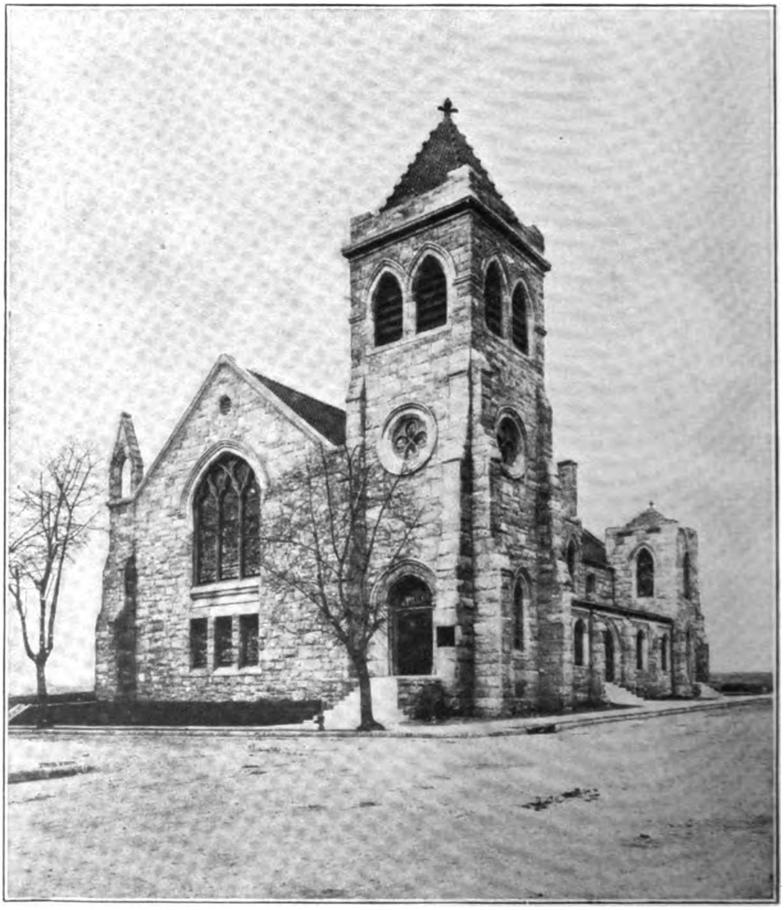
To enumerate all the good and sufficient reasons for the belief in Christian Science would require more time than the casual inquirer would willingly give, hence, for the reason that mankind is vitally interested in any system which claims to cure, and does cure, physical ills, the first impulse is to recognize the great debt of gratitude and to emphasize the healing works of Christian Science, and present to the inquirer a tangible proof of its reasonableness. Thus at the outset is brought to light one of the practical issues of Christian Science. It should be remembered that the healing works of Christian Science are incidental to its broader work of moral and spiritual regeneration. That in Christian Science, healing the sick and reforming the sinner are conjoined in accordance with the example furnished by Jesus Christ in his ministry.

In this day and age of practical things, that which in its nature, methods and application is adaptable to the supplying of the needs of mankind, to the mitigation of evil conditions, to the amelioration of sickness and sin, is recognized as intensely practical. Hence from the standpoint of the solid judgment which appreciates results, Christian Science stands in the front rank as a practical, and because practical, a reasonable religion. The fact that Christian Science, as a religion, has been adopted and is adhered to by thousands of the best citizens of this and other countries, indicates the correlative fact that to them it has an especial value in that it came in response to an urgent need, and its fruits testify as to its efficacy. It appeals to those who are hungering and thirsting for spiritual food, and who have exhausted their faith in material conceptions as to God and man. They gladly welcome this better way. They have found Christian Science to be the soul-satisfying, peace-bestowing and health-giving religion of Jesus Christ. In their extremity it fed them with the bread from on high and has given them that peace which the world can not give, and I might say which the world can not take away. Every great reform in religious history has been by reason of an awakening consciousness. The aspirations for spiritual truths, the evidence of an impulse for better and higher things finding expression through some individual, who, by reason of an especial fitness for the mission, becomes essentially the one to voice the new idea to humanity.

It must be remembered that the discovery of an idea of truth is not the creation of that idea. The basic law underlying every discovery, every invention, so-called, has always existed. Thus the statement, "There is no new thing under the sun," is recognized as fundamentally correct, inasmuch as all truth always was, is now, and always will be. There is not one discovery or invention but that had its basic law, awaiting the discoverer, the one pre-eminently fitted to proclaim its purpose to the world. To illustrate, the American continent occupied the same geographical position prior to the eventful cruise of Columbus which resulted in its discovery, that it has always occupied, but he proclaimed it to the world. The law of gravitation always existed as a law, but it remained for Sir Isaac Newton to demonstrate it to humanity. The steam engine, the telegraph and the telephone are simply the adaptations to human need of forces which were awaiting some one who knew enough to demonstrate them. The thought attuned to Truth is necessarily the first to recognize it; hence because of Mrs. Eddy's spiritual discernment of Truth, because of her preparation and research, because of the purity of her life and motives, she was led (even as the wise men followed the guiding star to where lay the Bethlehem babe) to follow the leadings of Truth to the discovery of the Science of Being, the divine principle which governs man and the universe.

Mrs. Eddy says, "Retrospection and Introspection," page 38, "It was in Massachusetts, in February, 1866, * * that I discovered the Science of Divine Metaphysical Healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science. The discovery came to pass in this way. During twenty years prior to my discovery I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; and in the latter part of 1866 I gained the scientific certainty that all causation was Mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon." Page 39, "The Bible was my text-book. It answered my questions as to how I was healed, but the Scriptures had to me a new meaning, a new tongue."

"Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures," the text-book of Christian Science, explains the law and order of the Science in its completeness and adaptability to human needs. Christian Science is a reasonable religion: first, because it teaches clearly a demonstrable principle governing man and the universe; second, because it is what its title indicates, Christian and scientific; Christian because it includes and embodies within its precepts the plainest teachings of Jesus Christ, emphasizing the necessity for the destruction of sin, disease and death. It inculcates that purity of thought and act which comes as a necessary consequent to an understanding and demonstration of the truths which Jesus taught. It stands pre-eminently the exponent of justice,



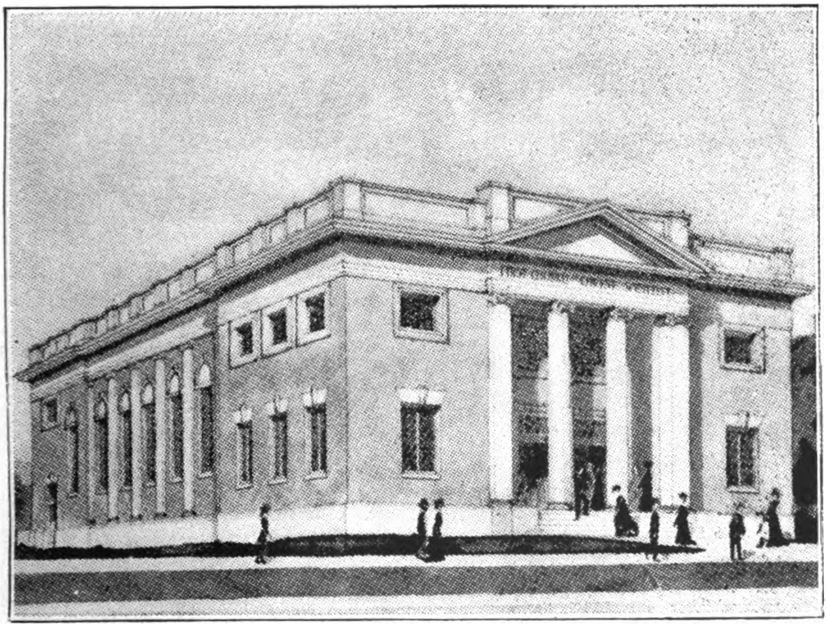
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Kansas City, Missouri.

mercy, truth and love, of a broader charity and more conscientious effort toward personal right living and a full recognition of the one infinite Father, Mother, God and the brotherhood of man.

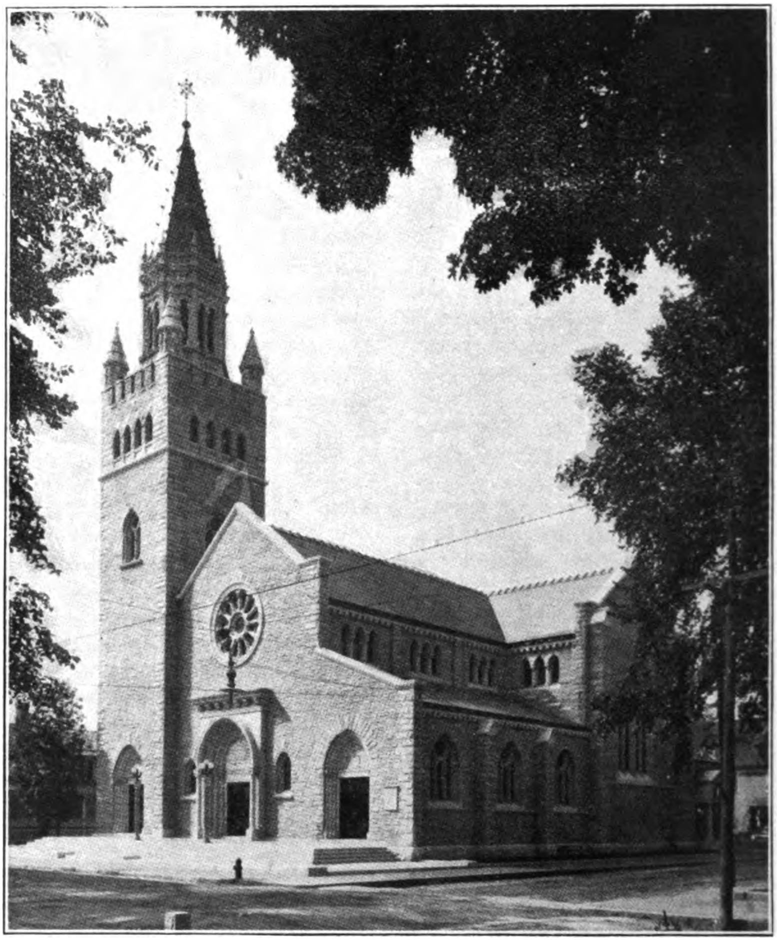
In the perception of infinite good, which is an essential part of its teachings, Christian Science recognizes the ever-presence and availability of God as omnipotent, omnipresent and beneficent Principle. It is certainly reasonable to believe that God is an available God; in fact, the whole trend of the Scriptures teach this fact. Job said "In my flesh shall I see God," and David said, "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope."

The adaptability of Christian Science to the needs of mankind is the best evidence of its reasonableness, and the certainty of its regenerative influence upon the lives of individuals is the best proof of its Christianity. Jesus said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." His disciples said, "Even the devils (evils) are subject unto us through thy name."

As above stated, healing the sick is but an incident in the practical experience of the Christian Scientist, an evidence of God's presence and power. If the Christian Scientist stopped at the physical healing the real work of Christian Science would be protracted. He recognizes, however, that, important as it is, the healing of sickness is but the beginning of the regenerative movement which he espouses. Its ultimate object is to produce those conditions of mind and body in which man is made "every whit whole," and his capabilities as one of God's perfect children demonstrated. The Christianization of humanity is certainly a laudable undertaking, and should properly command the kindly sympathy and assistance of all who profess the name of Christ. That Christian Science is doing its full share in awakening the world to the great necessity of higher and more spiritual attainments, is attested by the steadily increasing demand for more knowledge, more understanding of God upon the part of its adherents, and, in a relative degree, upon the part of those with whom they come in contact. Christian Science lived is its best recommendation. If earnest, conscientious, charitable, kindly and practical Christian lives are esteemed worthy ev-



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Des Moines, Iowa.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Concord, New Hampshire,
The gift of Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

idence of Christianity, Christian Scientists are standing in the front rank.

In a recent pamphlet Judge Septimus J. Hanna said: "Even a casual inquiry into the cause of much of the sickness of the world abundantly vindicates all that Jesus taught and commanded with reference to healing it, and all that Christian Scientists claim in behalf of their efforts to follow his teaching. All know that the death of thousands annually is caused, directly or indirectly, by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors. Could this single cause of death and distress be removed, the percentage of sickness, and of all the consequences thereof, would be so greatly reduced that the unthinking world would be amazed thereat.

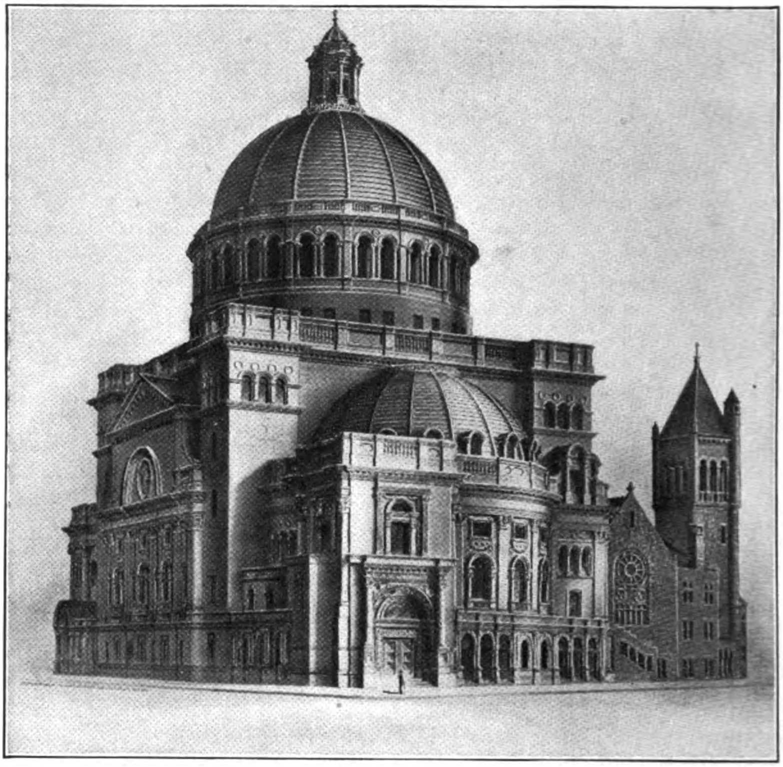
Another prolific cause of human misery and death is immorality in its varied forms. The removal of this cause would also amazingly reduce the percentage of sickness, with all its direful consequences. If we could further remove the sickness, with its results, which arises from mental worry and depression, we would so lessen the sum total of human wretchedness as to be startled at the change. It is now being recognized, more and more, that such mental conditions as anger, hatred, malice, revenge, jealousy, etc., are the cause of various kinds of sickness called physical, but wholly mental in origin. If we could also eliminate the disease and death resulting from human carelessness, slothfulness, uncleanliness, and various kinds of folly often amounting to wantonness, there would be so little cause for the deplorable conditions now existing, that we might feel the kingdom of heaven had indeed come upon earth.

In the presence of these unquestioned causes of sickness, what shall be said of its cure? In answering this question we recognize the fact that the worthy members of the medical profession are doing the best they can, from their standpoint, to alleviate human suffering and stay the ravages of disease. We respect them for every noble effort they make and for whatever good they have done and are doing; but making full allowance for all they do, and claim to be able to do, we are yet confronted with the vital question as to how far sin, and wrong or unhappy mental conditions, can be met and mastered by drugs and medicines, or by any material means whatever. In other words, can those myriad forms of sickness which are due, directly or indirectly, to sinful causes or abnormal mental conditions, be really and effectually cured by inanimate material remedies? Can the surgeon's knife, however skillfully handled, cut out sinful thoughts and erroneous mental conditions? There is no true and radical means of healing the diseases to which we have referred, other than moral and spiritual. If it is known that sine and foolish living are causing sickness, the sensible thing to do is to find some method or influence which will stop the sin and the foolishness.

Suppose a stream of water which supplies a city should become so polluted that many inhabitants were getting sick and dying from its use. What would be the effective thing to do? Would it not be to remove from the water the poisonous elements, and thus purify it? The Christian Science position is that this same sensible rule should be applied to the removal of the causes of sickness instead of tinkering with effects. It is irrational and unjust for men to go on carelessly and thoughtlessly disregarding the conditions which produce sickness and death, and then when these calamities come to charge them to the will and purpose of an inscrutable Providence."

Mankind needs the beneficent influences of Christian Science. The urgent need for the salvation of humanity did not cease with the material disappear-

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
St. Louis, Missouri.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Boston, Massachusetts.

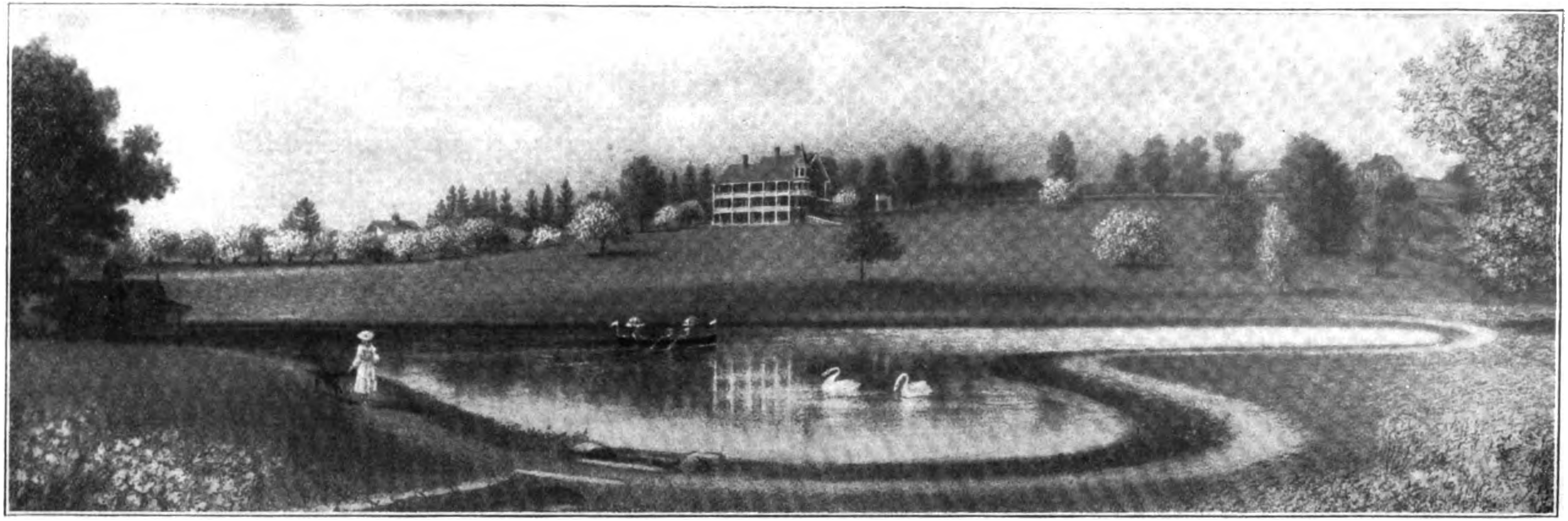
ance of Jesus and the disciples. The Scriptures teach clearly that salvation from sickness and death is just as essential as salvation from sin. Any position to the contrary is inconsistent, illogical and inconceivable in the light of the promises concerning God's presence, availability and power.

"Science and Health" says (p. 494), "Divine love always has met, and always will meet, every human need." The human need for health is evidenced in countless ways. Divine love through Christian Science is meeting this need and overcoming sickness, even as Jesus promised, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

As an evidence of his divine mission Jesus said to the messengers of John the Baptist, "Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."

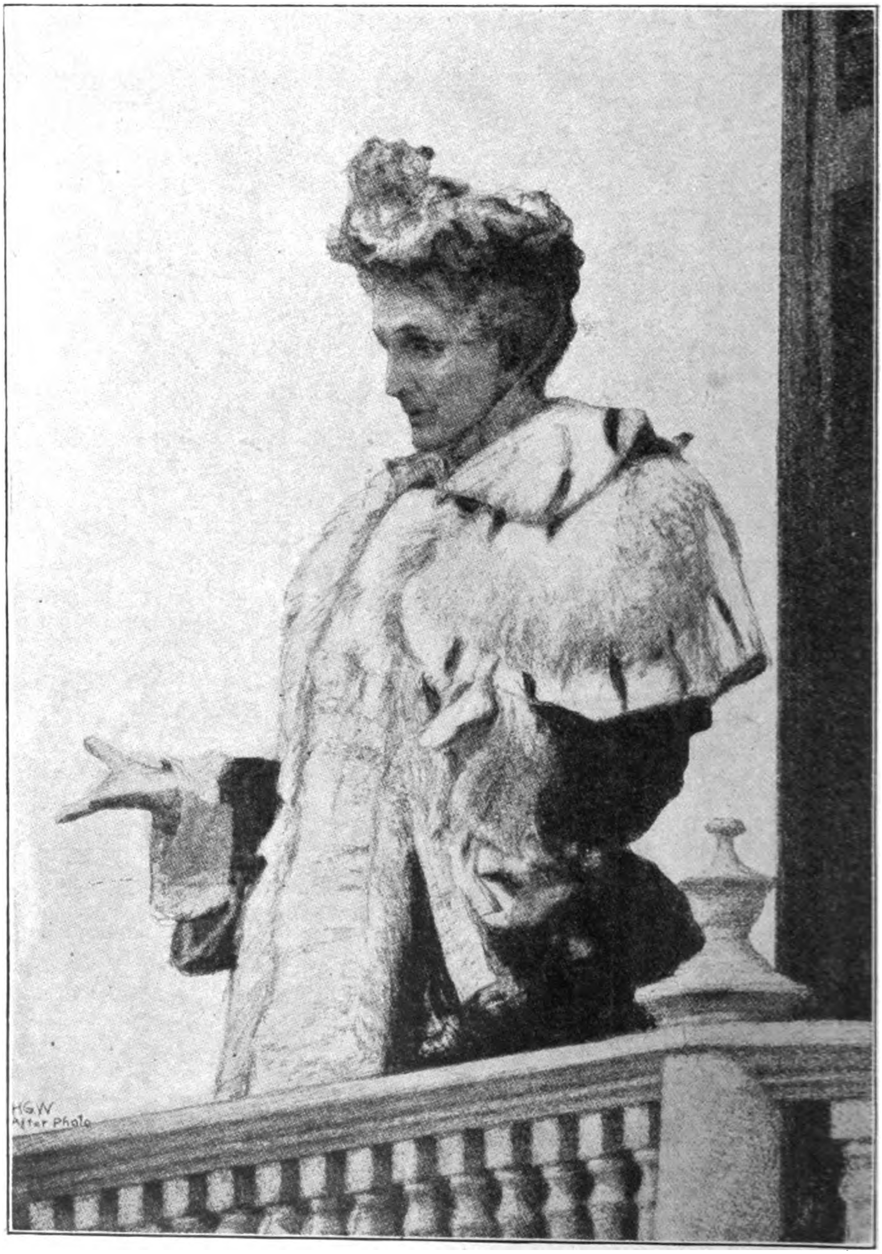
There never was a time in the history of the human race when the urgent need for the manifestation of God's healing power was more apparent than at this time. It seems as though human invention has almost reached its limit; in its extremity mankind is reaching out for anything that promises relief; drugs and patent nostrums have multiplied with amazing rapidity, and therein lies a danger which the Christian Scientist quickly recognizes. Christian Science has come to save humanity from the drug habit, to take away such frail and tottering supports and to substitute therefor the consciousness of God's ever-presence and power. In his insistent recognition of God as omnipresent good the Christian Scientist finds his sufficient protection from all evil, including the drug habit.

Speaking of the prevalence of this habit, Dr. Howard S. Angers, president



RESIDENCE OF MARY BAKER G. EDDY, "PLEASANT VIEW," CONCORD, N. H.

(From the rear.)

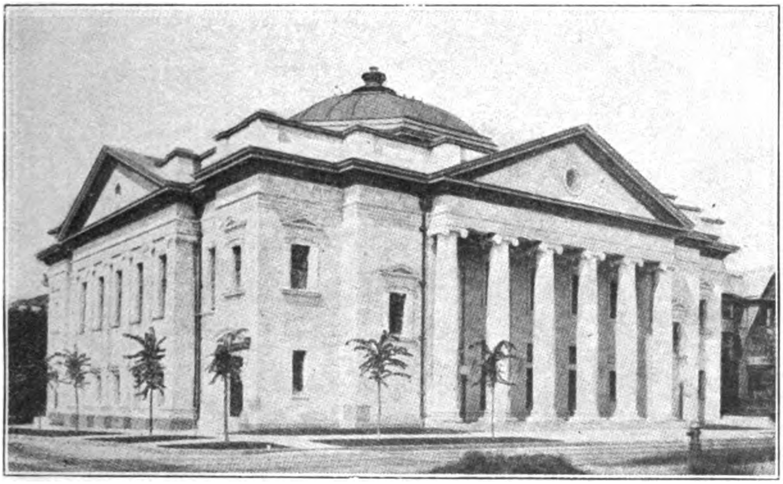

HGW
After Photo

MRS. EDDY SPEAKING TO THE THOUSANDS WHO MADE A VISIT TO CONCORD THREE YEARS AGO, FROM THE BALCONY OF HER HOME of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, says, "It is enormously prevalent." He adds that "physicians are viewing with amazement in their daily practice the multiplying cases of drug mania. Not only are morphine, paregoric, cocaine, Jamaica ginger, chloral and Florida water habitues increasing alarmingly in numbers and wretchedness; not only are hospitals and sanitariums increasing to accommodate them, but in my judgment the sociological and governmental problem of what to do with them and their physically, mentally and morally degenerate offspring, must speedily, courageously and wisely be dealt with."

The drug habit is, in Dr. Angers' opinion, superinduced by the use of patent medicines plausibly advertised. Nearly all the popular proprietary medicines contain alcohol in large quantities, and more than one nerve tonic which is endorsed by preachers and temperance workers contains a higher per cent than either wine or beer. Dr. Angers says that it has been shown quite recently that most of the popular nerve tonics, bitters, sarsaparillas and other compounds contain from seventeen to forty-four per cent of alcohol, the latter amount nearly as much as average whiskey contains. With these facts in view, American Medicine is quoted by him as saying:

"Why do not the temperance people fight the patent medicine enemy? Think of a crusade against beer, which contains only from two per cent to five per cent of alcohol, while allowing the free sale of bitters, containing ten times as much. Is it beyond the truth to say that alcohol causes from one-third to one-half of all the criminals, defectives, insane and dependents which the state is compelled to support? What proportion of these are the products of the patent medicine syndicates no one can tell."

These facts being true, and we have a good authority for believing them to be true, it is evident to the casual observer that there is a pressing need upon the part of humanity for deliverance from the drug habit. If, as Dr. Angers remarks, "this habit has a tendency to produce physically, mentally and morally degenerate offspring," there is certainly need for the deliverance of mankind from this pernicious influence, and Christian Science has, wherever its teachings have been accepted, accomplished this deliverance, which is another reason for the hope that is within us.



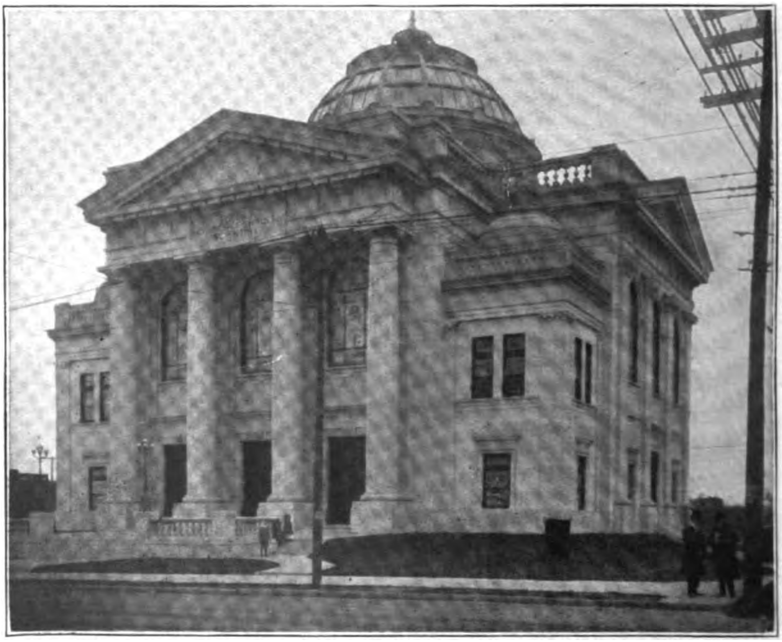
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Denver, Colorado.

There are many other habits and practices to which mankind has become addicted which have been eliminated by Christian Science, including the use of tobacco. It seems entirely reasonable to one who has been saved from the effects of drink in its worst form to believe that the religious influence which saved him is reasonable and entitled to hearty commendation. Salvation to the Christian Scientist means complete salvation from all that is unlike God, a salvation which is practical, and a present possibility. This is the salvation which Christian Science offers to humanity, and therein lies its reasonableness.

RELIGIOUS GROWTH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The First Church of Christ, Scientist (the Mother Church), Boston, Mass., was established in 1879 with twenty-six members. The membership June, 1906, was 40,011. Of this number 4,889 were admitted June 5, 1906. The rapid growth of this church is due entirely to the practical nature of its teachings. Besides the "Mother Church" there are more than one thousand other churches and societies where the gospel of Christ is preached in its completeness. When it is considered that forty years ago Mrs. Eddy was the only Christian Scientist, the significance of the above facts will be appreciated. This growth has not been confined to America but has been manifested in England, Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Australia, Africa, the Philippine Islands and many other places. Wherever Christian Science is introduced it finds ready acceptance because of its practical value. Many beautiful churches bear witness to the gratitude of its beneficiaries. The accompanying cuts show the substantial nature of these buildings. In these churches services are held each Sunday, and an experience and testimonial meeting is held each Wednesday evening, at which time may be heard loving testimonies of gratitude for help received in every practical way.

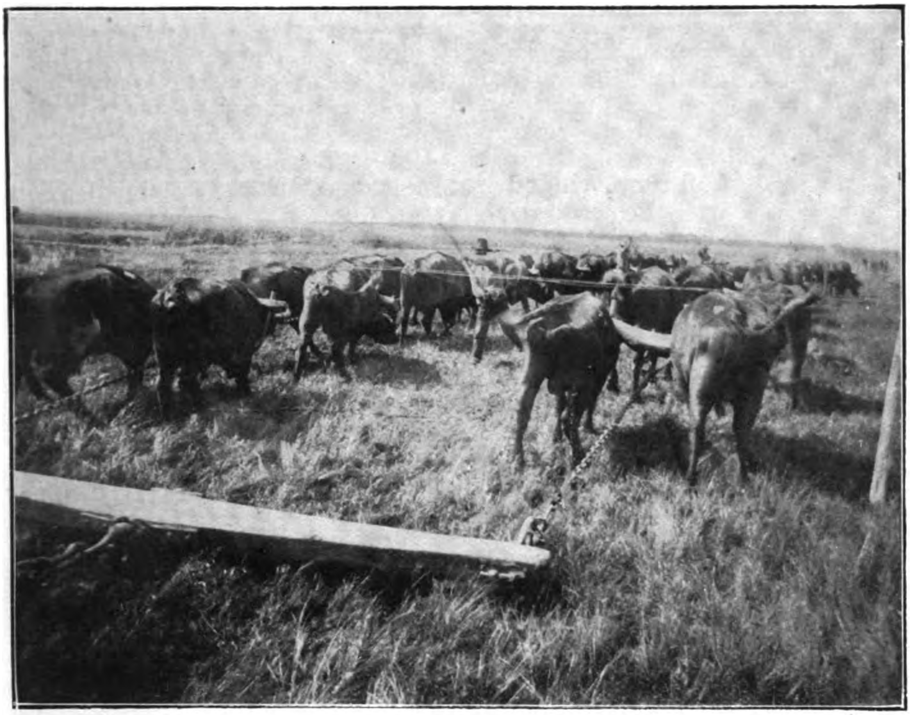
Christian Science is established. It stands upon the firm foundation of demonstrated results. It is today the exponent of all that is beautiful, good and true in Christian experience. Nothing can disturb the harmony and progress of this new-old religious teaching, for it is "founded upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Kansas City, Missouri.

A New Method of Drainage

F. E. Foster



A LONG, HARD PULL TOGETHER.

The past few years have been unusually wet in Central Iowa and the disposal of surplus water has become a problem with which the farmer in many sections has had to wrestle. Big county drain ditches have been proposed and in some localities adopted, but even this solution of the question has its drawbacks and the construction is fraught with litigation and a bill of costs that deter many from sanctioning it. Others have resorted to the big ditcher and it is this work that has attracted so much attention near here.

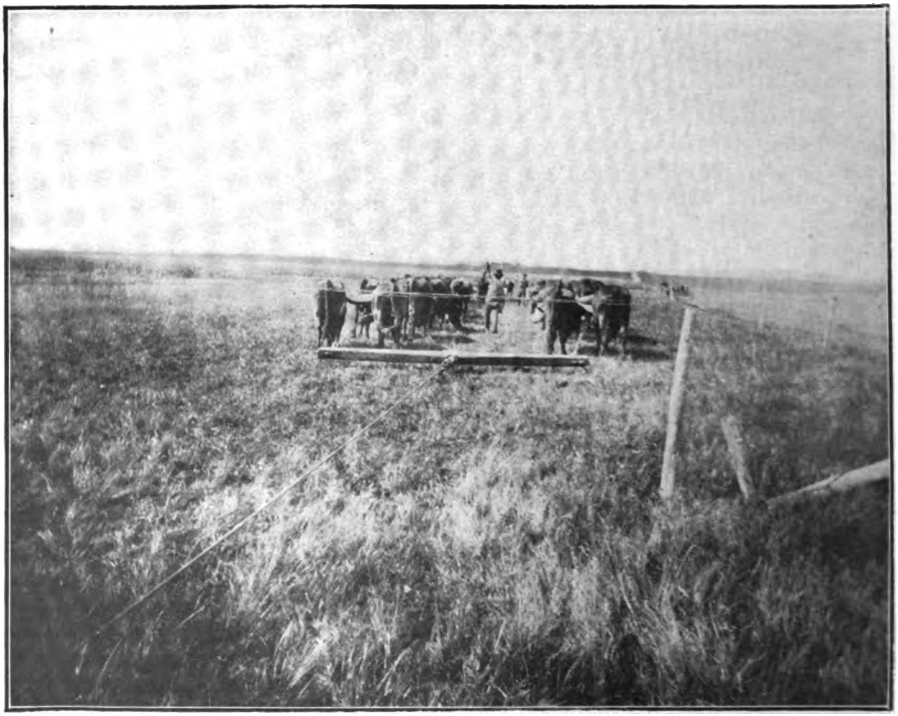
What is known as the Bird pond has for years proven a drawback to many farmers in east Hardin county, and hoping to rid themselves of the water that spoiled the acreage of many farms, a contract was made with a ditching firm to drain the surplus water, and it is on this job the many yoke of oxen are employed. These appear to be the only animals that can wallow through the marshes and pull after them the big plow that leaves in its trail a drainage ditch that is to carry off the surplus water on hundreds of acres of land.

Where it is possible to do so, the oxen are yoked in a string and hitched to a long cable the other end of which is attached to the big plow or ditcher. The oxen are put on high land so as to give them better leverage and when the signal is given the long whips are cracked and the oxen bend to their task of pulling through the mire the immense plow or ditcher at the other end of the cable. This work is not without its drawbacks and it is far different from plowing a single furrow in a field with horses or oxen. The big plow, with its point sunk many feet in the sodden earth, is not easily moved and it is only when the forty-eight oxen pull together that it is possible to move the ditcher at even a slow rate of speed. The point of the plow also has a tendency to run out of the ground and it requires the watchfulness of an attendant to prevent this from happening. The long distance between the motive power and the ditcher requires a code of signals that are flashed back and forth between the man behind the plow and the drivers of the oxen. Now and then the big plow strikes a big rock or boulder that has been left on the Iowa prairie during the glacier period. Then it requires a transfer of the oxen to the other end of the machine and it is pulled out and the rock removed before it is possible to continue the ditch. At times the ditcher becomes so firmly embedded in the mire that even the combined strength of the two score oxen is insufficient to move it further and the plow has to be dug out by hand.

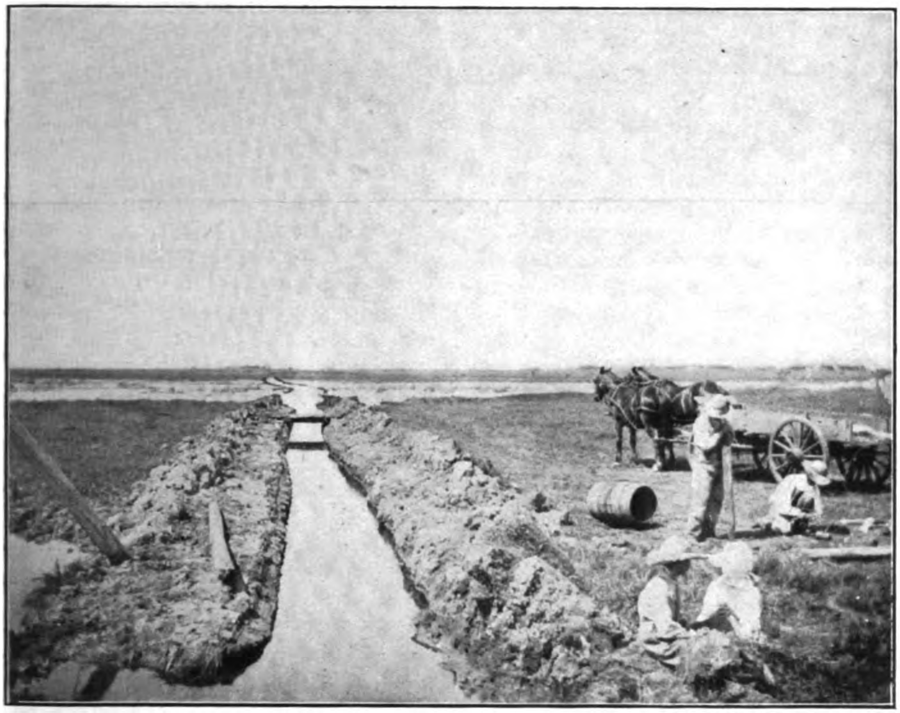
The plow or ditcher makes a drain that is six feet across at the top and two feet at the bottom. There are times when it is impossible to work the oxen on dry ground and maintain the direction in which the ditch must run in order to insure the best drainage, and then it is that the severest strain is put upon the animals. Sinking into the muck and water up to their bellies, the oxen bend to the task of pulling the ditcher that may be throwing out the dirt and water at the distance of a quarter of a mile in the rear.

It is a picturesque sight to see the drivers whirling their long whips in the air and urging the various teams to greater effort and to united endeavor in pulling the heavy load behind them. Each ox has a name to which he responds readily and in place of the old-fashioned "gee" and "haw" common with ox teams, the driver calls to each individual of the big drove yoked together and with wonderful alacrity they respond and redouble their efforts in pulling the heavy load.

Many are the photographs that have been taken of this unique sight, but only the most enthusiastic amateurs have been able to secure reproductions, of which the accompanying are a few. The average picture maker is confronted by a wide expanse of water and if he has not the enthusiasm to wade knee-deep through the marshes that surround the teams, and the ditcher, he is denied the pleasure of showing his friends reproductions of these scenes, for it is only by such methods that one is able to



STRING OF FORTY-EIGHT OXEN TUGGING AT THE CABLE TO WHICH IS ATTACHED THE BIG DITCHER.



THE COMPLETED DITCH.

get close enough to the outfit to secure pictures worthy the name.

Many sections of Iowa soil are to be put in a tillable condition by this method of drainage, and in many parts of the state, these animals will be utilized in performing a line of work that no invention of man has been able to accomplish.

F. E. FOSTER.

THE GYPSY'S SONG

Beloved, I may not call you back,
  But all the birds are calling you—
The plovers from the fresh-plowed track,
  The lark from yonder web of blue.

Oh, heart of mine, I see from here
  Through wide fields filled with slender wheat,
The little path you trod last year
  Beside me with such weary feet!

The road is sweet with scented May,
  The pale wild roses are in bloom,
The long track of the western way
  Shows white across the world's gray gloom.

Tho' all things strive to prison you,
  And hold you to my heart in vain—
The fields you may not wander through,
  The silver lances of the rain;

Yet always in my forth-faring
  I gladden that your lamp is lit,
And that for you earth's prisoning
  Is past with all the pain of it.

—*Isabel Clarke.*

Good Roads for Iowa

Care and Maintenance of Roads.

Too much emphasis can scarcely be given to the importance of repairing wagon roads as soon as frost leaves them or other conditions permit. The time for such work in the Northern States is now here. Thousands of miles of roads demand attention, and putting them into condition fit for the traffic they must bear will require a vast amount of labor and the outlay of much money.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are wasted each year on road repairing because of lack of information as to the better ways and means for doing this work. It is apparent, therefore, that careful study of plans and appliances which seem to offer better results is the duty of those to whom the care and maintenance of roadways are entrusted.

For these reasons, a considerable portion of our space in this issue is devoted to articles of great value prepared by those whose experience entitles them to favorable consideration. These articles are designed to cover most of the ground as thoroughly and helpfully as it is possible at this stage of the road making art.

Dragging earth and clay roads as described in this number is a good method for making them smooth of surface, while the proper use of the grader is most useful for cleaning out gutters or shaping the road properly and economically and for filling hollows and generally improving the highway.

Early and workmanlike use of the methods and means described by our contributors this month will quickly put the roads into passable condition and will pave the way for greater improvement, until they who see the benefits derived from such prompt and careful attention will demand even better work, until hard, dry and durable roads, good at all seasons of the year, are secured.—From Good Roads Magazine.

A Tale of Wide Tires.

A good and practical suggestion to road supervisors and others who have charge of road maintenance may be found in the following tale of the use of the wide instead of the narrow tires. The story was told to Paul D. Sargent. Highway Commissioner of the State of Maine, by a County Commissioner of the same State:

"The heavy teaming in our town is confined mainly to the three miles of dirt road, over which lime rock is hauled from the quarries to the kilns. This teaming has been done for years on 2.5-inch tires, with hind wheels 56 inches and front wheels 50 inches in diameter.

"The resulting repairs, made necessary by the continual hauling of heavy loads on narrow tires, has cost this town thousands of dollars. In order that this might be remedied, we made an agreement with the lime-rock haulers to furnish them with the wide-tired wheels fitted to their wagon axles, with the understanding that if upon fair trial and experiment they should prove to be of mutual advantage, the haulers should buy the wheels of the town.

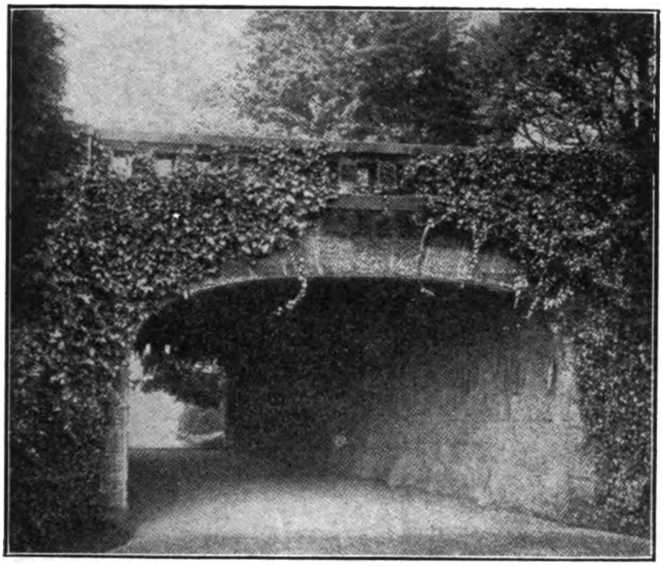
"On consultation with the manufacturers, we ordered the sizes above given [rear wheels 44 ins., front, 38 ins.]. They arrived about the 1st of July, 1905, and from that time until about the 21st of August I used my best endeavors to get them adjusted to the wagons, and used.

"But the haulers claimed that the 44-inch wheels were so much lower than the old ones that the rocks and ruts would 'trig' them; also that they would lower the body so much that the tongue would 'slat' and break the horses' legs. And: Who will pay the damage? was the question.

"As a last resort we put the wheels on one of their wagons, and hauled rock for them one day. Our teamster hauled the same loads and followed in the same tracks. The road was in a very dangerous condition at this time, and badly rutted, so that even light driving wagons sank to their hubs, in some places. The wide tires soon filled the ruts, so that the wagons with the narrow tires actually hauled more rock, on the last or fourth turn that day, than they did in the morning.

"After seeing the work of these wheels for one day, the owner of the wagon wanted the whole equipment immediately, and applications for the other three sets came so fast that we were unable to shift the gearing quickly enough. In fact, one teamster drove his team for a week without brakes, in order to have the wide tires sooner. Since that time the wheels have been in constant use, summer and winter.

"At the time of this writing, the same amount of rock is hauled in three turns that was formerly hauled per day in four turns by the same teams, and the drivers claim that the work is done easier by the horses. The sand stretch which was the hardest place for the narrow tires is now crossed easily."



The First Reinforced Concrete Bridge in the U. S.

The wonderful growth during the past few years in the use of reinforced concrete as a material for the construction of buildings, and of bridges, and for paving and sidewalk construction, is well known. For bridge work, reinforced concrete is today being used more than ever, and its more general adoption for this service in the future is confidently predicted by its advocates. Among the chief characteristics of this material for bridge construction are its durability, the sightliness of the completed structure, and the fact that a bridge can be constructed largely of native material and labor, to be found on the site of the structure.

The first concrete bridge ever built in this country, so far as known, was that constructed in 1889 by Mr. Ernest L. Ransome, of New York, in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, Cal. This bridge now appears as shown in the accompanying engraving, the photograph

It tells how the structure stood the test of the recent earthquake.

The bridge is a 35-ft. span, and was made with local stone ranging in size from one inch to dust, combined with Portland cement. It was one of the first structures to have the hammered surface, for which Mr. Ransome took out patents in the year the bridge was constructed. It was designed for a country road in the park and was built to carry all kinds of traffic, including heavy steam road rollers.

Mr. Ransome had already built concrete floors of 35-ft. span, and it was while engaged in this work that the architect suggested that a bridge could be built in the same manner. He immediately adopted the idea, and the bridge was built in consequence. Mr. Ransome first secured a patent in the year 1884 on his twisted bar, which has since become recognized as a standard

A Great Daily Newspaper

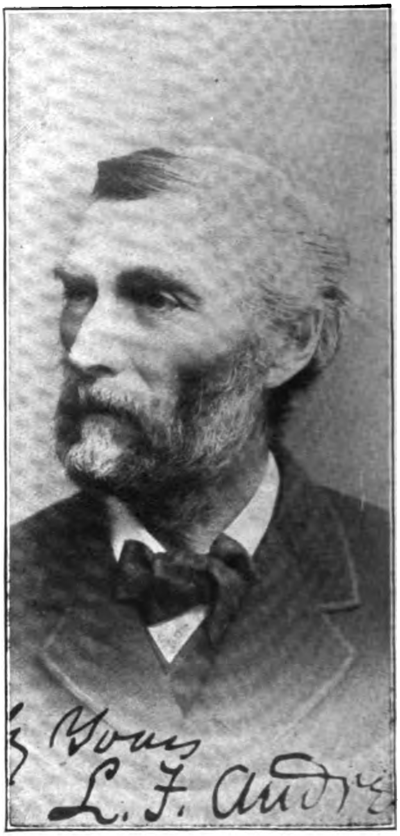
And the People Who Make It

What would Iowa be without her two Des Moines newspapers? And what would Iowa be if the Register and Leader had never existed? So closely interwoven with the history of the city and state, and the histories of the old Register and Leader as separate papers, and the consolidated paper as well, that no story of Iowa's achievement and growth would be complete without them.

Only a brief mention is given here, the space being devoted to showing our readers the people who make the Register and Leader what it is today.

This splendid paper stands in the front rank of American journals and is quoted from one end of the country to the other. Its positive stand politically, the merits of its editorial page, discussing with ability all questions of the day, its fine reportorial-capacity and the excellence of its miscellaneous department, command for the Register and Leader a splendid patronage and guaranteed success. The reading public often wonders who the people are who give them their favorite paper. As most of the work is unsigned, few ever know the names of those with whom they are so intimately acquainted through the printed columns. The Midwestern will some day go back to the old days when "Ret" Clarkson stirred the hearts of the people with his words and give an authentic history of Des Moines journalism

HARVEY INGHAM,
Editor Register and Leader.



L. F. ANDREWS,
Staff of Register and Leader.

W. E. ANDERSON,
Dramatic Editor Register and Leader.

from that time on, believing that these stories are an inspiration for future effort on the part of the public in general. At present the pictures will be enjoyed and an added interest given to all readers of the Register and Leader in their favorite daily paper.

Well Up in Geography.

"Where was Christ born?" asked the teacher of Willie. Willie pondered awhile and finally announced:

"Mauch Chunk!"

"Mauch Chunk!" exclaimed the teacher. "You ought to know better than that. Why little Georgie knows where Christ was born. Where was Christ born, Georgie?"

And the shrill treble of the four-year-old answered:

"Bethlehem!"

"That's right," said the teacher.

"Well," said Willie pouting, "I knew it was somewhere on the Lehigh Valley

Comedy.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

They parted, with clasps of hand,
  And kisses and burning tears.
They met, in a foreign land,
  After some twenty years.

Met as acquaintances meet,
  Smilingly tranquil eyed—
Not even the least little beat
  Of the heart upon either side!

They chatted of this and that,
  The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
  And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this!
  Neither was hurt, it appears;
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss,
  And once he had known her tears!

LEON BROWN,
City Editor Register and Leader.

ALICE HEPBURN,
Staff of Register and Leader.

GARDNER COWLES,
Business Manager Register and Leader.

NELL GWYN, COMEDIAN

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE

No. 1.--The Comedy Outside the Playhouse

"'Tis not yet over," exclaimed Mrs. Gwyn, when she had hurried sufficiently far up Drury Lane to catch a glimpse of the King's Playhouse. The hour was five in the afternoon and the month was November, so that it might reasonably have been expected that the play would be over. The oil lamps about the playhouse has been lighted for some time, and a few link-boys had also lighted their torches so as to be quite ready for the escort of any of the playgoers who had to pass to their homes through such regions as were outside the bounds of the New Police.

Further up Drury Lane there was a were leaning against the wall, some dozing, others polishing up the brass-work upon their chairs. The King's Head tavern, whose sign was swinging rustily on its iron-work round the corner, sheltered the remainder of the link-boys, as well as some of the representatives of the New Police, and the sergeant of Mr. Churchill's company of the King's Guards.

"'Tis not yet over," repeated Mrs. Gwyn, giving her shawl, which had become disordered through her haste in coming up the lane, a twitch and refastening the pin that made the most aggressive breach in the garment less

W. B. SOUTHWELL,
Staff of Register and Leader.

EARL D. NICHOLS,
Staff of Register and Leader.

dignation in her voice, but it became a note of deep regret in her next sentence. "I might ha' give myself another five minutes at the Three Bottles. A further dash o' schnapps would do me no harm. I wonder now did Landlord Creeth send me forth because I chanced to have no more change. He told me that it was nearer to six of the clock than five. If I thought that—" she gave a glance down the lane in the direction of the Three Bottles tavern, and shook her fist, gently but firmly.

Then she resumed her walk up towards the playhouse. She had not gone far before she was overtaken by a short but strongly built young fellow who carried an unlighted link.

"Well, mother," said he, "you have come as usual, I suppose, to make sure of your girl's earnings. Ah, Nell's a good daughter."

Mrs. Gwyn smiled as she looked at the boy—he was not more than twenty years of age—she smiled, and her smile

"These men know a good deal about the goodness of our daughters!" she growled, shaking her head about until the curls which she had arranged on each side, after the latest fashion of the Court ladies, seemed in imminent danger of dropping off. "Ay, you know a deal, Dick Harraden. If Nell was a good daughter, should I be here waiting to meet her when she leaves the playhouse, tell me that?"

"If you mean that you dursn't trust her I say that you're a—well, that you don't know Nell as well as I know her," said Dick vehemently.

"Oh, an ardent lover knows far more about his girl than doth her own mother," snarled the woman. "I could open your eyes, my honest friend. Trusted! What think you of a daughter who would do as she did two evenings ago? List, Dick Harraden. What she did was to sell a basket of oranges in the pit of the playhouse, but instead of carrying home the half crown to her poor old

F. W. BECKMAN,

Staff of Register and Leader.

F. G. MOOREHEAD,

Staff of Register and Leader.

who was hanging about the pit door with a story of the battle of Worcester, where he had lost his arm. That's the daughter to be trusted, quotha!"

"I knew that Nell was to be trusted to do a kindness to a poor devil who had suffered in a good cause," cried Dick. "Ay, Nell was ever on the side of the soldiers!"

"Oranges—oranges—who'll buy oranges?" came a musical voice from behind them, and there flitted towards them a girl exquisitely shaped, from the crown of her head, where the disordered curls were dancing like sprites, to the soles of her feet; the soles of her shoes were not weather-proof, but her feet and ankles, which were fully revealed by her short skirt, were the daintiest in England—at least they were acknowledged to be so some years later.

She had a few bits of bright color about her, and as the basket which she carried swept under the light of the links, the oranges reflected a warm blaze that flashed up to her face as she skipped round every group in the lane, swinging her basket from hand to hand as though the movement were part of a dance set to rhythm of her cry of "Oranges — oranges — who'll buy oranges"

She danced round the group of smoking chairmen, swinging her basket so that it knocked the hat off one of them; and the next moment she was among a second group of attendants, scattering them right and left with laughter; then, with one skip, she faced a Corporal of the Guards, making a pretty *pas* and challenging him to a dance, flying off, however, before he could respond, and dealing Dick Harraden a sounding slap on the shoulder as she cried:

"Here's a kind gentleman that will buy a dozen sweet ones, I'll swear. His face is so glum that a dozen of the sweetest will scarce lighten it."

"Give over thy folly, girl. How much hast earned?" snarled her mother.

TRACY GARRETT,
Staff of Register and Leader.

LOREN C. TALBOT,
Staff of Register and Leader.

"Oh, poor lady! I see plainly that you've been cheated," cried Nell. "You asked for oranges, but you were sold lemons. There's a whole plantation of lemons in your voice, my good woman. You'll need a score of my juiciest to recover you. Oranges—oranges—who'll buy oranges?"

She was flying off when her mother caught her by the shoulder.

"Give over your play-acting, girl, and tell me what you've earned?" she shouted.

"One kind word, mother; is that too extravagant an appraisement of what I've earned by standing three hours in the cold playhouse?" said the girl, ceasing her meriment in a moment.

"You deserve all kind words, Nell," said Dick.

"Ah, Dick, you've ever a kind word for your Nell," she cried, catching his arm and giving it a hug. In a second, however, she had flung his arm away with a laugh: "For your Nell—your knell. Sounds not that doleful? Yes; but 'tis gospel truth, for thou'rt so kind a lad, Dick, I'll swear that thou'st have a good word to say even if thy knell were to be rung in an hour. Good words—aye, but kind deeds are in thy way also—where are those stockings?"

She had drawn away from her mother. Dick fumbled under his waistcoat and produced a parcel.

"Here are the stockings, my jewel," said he, putting the parcel into her hands; she threw down her basket to receive it. "Feel them, Nell; I've had 'em close to my heart since I bought them two hours ago."

"They won't stand in need of airing, for they'll be warm enough if they've been next your heart, Dick," cried the girl, unrolling a pair of woollen hose, and feeling the ribs of each with the air of a critic.

"Nay, 'twas the hose that kept my heart warm," said Dick.

G. C. NYE,
Staff of Register and Leader.

JAY N. DARLING,
Cartoonist Register and Leader.

“And now it will be cold when I’ve took ’em? ’Ods bones, Dick, I’ll not have my calves warmed at the expense of thy heart.”

“Keep ’em, girl. You know well that the thought thou’rt warm will keep me hot in the coldest wealther. Didn’t I swear to bring them”

“You did, Dick; and I knew I’d have these hose if you had to kill a hosier for them out of the kindness of your heart.”

She had caught his arm and was swathing it in the stockings when her mother came up once more, and, after following Nell and Dick as they sauntered to and fro, declined to be ignored, effecting her object very forcibly by striding in front of them.

“What is’t the foolish fellow hath given thee” she cried.

“Oh, mother, what think you of that?”—here she unwound one of the hose, “and this”—here she unwound the other—“of those?”—here she displayed the pair.

“Down on your knees, girl, and thank Heaven for sending you such a lover!” cried the old woman with an appropriate action of exhortation.

“Yes, I’ll do so when I put on the stockings; ’twould endanger my life to kneel with these.” She had no trouble in showing that the condition of the hose she was wearing was deplorable.

“Ay, there’s some wear in them still, so now fork over your earnings,” said the mother. “Nay, I’ll e’en count the oranges and find how much you should have.”

“Count three short, good mother,” said the girl. “I gave three to a poor soldier that had timber toes. His leg was carried off by a grape shot at the siege of Dunkerque, he said.”

“ ’Twas with the juice of the grape he sought to assuage it, I’ll swear,” said the mother. “Oh, the rascal—all soldiers are rascals. Thy father was one. They deserve the worst that can befall them.”

ALBERT M. TREYNOR,
Staff of Register and Leader

DAN. E. MALONEY,
Staff of Register and Leader.

"And my poor father got the very worst, I think," said Nell. "Here's every penny that I've earned. Hasten to the tavern with it as usual."

She threw her canvas pouch which, with a rattle of coppers, fell into the old woman's hands. Her fingers clutched it where it bulged, and she gave a grunt of satisfaction. Without a word she shuffled off in the direction of the swinging sign of the King's House tavern.

"But now with these"—Dick pointed to the hose—"and these"—here he drew forth a pair of shoes.

Nell at the sight of them gave a cry of delight and flung herself into the arms of the man with so much vehemence that the shoes went flying to right and left, and there they lay while she had her arms round his neck.

"Dick—Dick, you're more than a lover—you're a man. A lover thinks of his mistress's hose, but a real man thinks of her shoes." She smothered him with kisses and then quite suddenly pounced first upon one shoe, afterwards upon the other. "Mind my basket of oranges while I put them on round the corner," she cried; "there's a drummer boy of my acquaintance who is waiting for my old ones."

He caught her by the arms as she was hurrying away.

"Tarry a space, Nell, I've somewhat to tell thee," he said seriously.

"You must haste, for I want to display my finery before the ladies of quality when they are coming from the playhouse," said Nell.

"I'll haste. You mind I told you of my cousin, Ralph Harraden?"

"Ralph the sailor?"

"The same. Well, a company of gentlemen adventurers have provided him with a smart little brig—the *Good Adventure*—to trade in the Indies, and maybe to fight the buccaneers of the

STEWART ANKENY,
Staff of Register and Leader.

SAM A. MEYER,
Staff of Register and Leader.

Spanish main. The great Captain Morgan is to be in command, and Ralph is to be his mate."

"What, do they want me to adventure my fortune?"

"Ralph sought me yesterday. His brig is ready to sail. He wants me to join his company and have a try for a fortune in pieces of eight."

"And why shouldn't you, Dick? You're fond of fighting—too fond of it for London town; but what's a vice in London town is a virtue on the Spanish main. Dick, go forth, make a fortune and return to marry me! Why, 'tis like a chap-book story."

"Would it be like a chap-book story for me to ask you to marry me tomorrow before I go, my lass?"

"Eh, Dick, isn't this a sudden notion —oh, lud! tomorrow?"

"Nell, I know your mother, I know this accursed town, and I know this doubly accursed Drury Lane—that's why—well, that's why I want to make sure of you."

Nell burst into laughter as she leant up against the wall of the line, displaying her new shoes, one in each hand.

"Here's a pretty fellow," she cried. "He swears he knows the town and yet thinks that he can make sure of a woman by marrying her."

"Ah, Nell, you're not like the rest of them," said he.

"I'm just like the rest of them, but in five minutes I'll cease to be so, for I'll be wearing a sound pair of hose. I can't tarry to talk of love and marriage and such like follies; I must slip on my hose. Watch my oranges!"

She kissed the toe of each shoe in turn to him, and then skipped off. Leaving the narrow lane in which she had been talking with Dick, she almost ran into the arms of one of the two fine gentlemen who were standing at the foot of the playhouse steps.

A. L. FRISBIE, JR.,
Staff of Register and Leader.

D. EARLE BRUNDAGE,
Staff of Register and Leader.

"What, Nell, Nell Gwyn, where away so fast?" cried one of the gentlemen, making a grab at her, which she smartly eluded.

"I'm in haste, Mr. Killigrew," she cried, turning only her head round as she spoke. "I've an appointment with my hosier, likewise my shoemaker. My boudoir is round the corner."

"The boudoir in Lewknor Lane?" said Killigrew. He was the manager of the playhouse, and so was very fully acquainted with the locality and its purlieus.

"I'faith I'll go with you, Nelly; you'll need a waiting-woman," said the other gentleman.

"Then enter on your duties, my lord Duke," cried Nell. "Begin by carrying off my shoes to the nearest cobbler's."

The little kicks which she gave, sending first one shoe and then the other flying towards him, were surely daintier than the steps of any of the dancers which Mr. Killigrew had imported for the King's House (on the recommendation of the King).

While his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was picking up the shoes, Nell had disappeared in the darkness round the corner, and Dick Harraden moved the basket of oranges into the shadow, standing beside it. From his place he heard the Duke commenting upon the shoes.

"There's not a lady in St. James's or Whitehall that might not envy the orange-wench her foot. There's not one of them could wear this shoe," affirmed his Grace.

"Ha! Cinderella's sisters!" cried Killigrew. "Make trial of them all, beginning with my Lady Castlemaine, your Grace."

The Duke received the name of the Countess of Castlemaine—she had not yet been created Duchess of Cleveland—with an expression which was quite audible to Dick, who of course could know nothing of the enmity existing between the Countess and the Duke of Buckingham. But Killigrew, being a member of the brilliant Court circle, was well aware of the relative position of the two, and was never tired of listening to their recrimination. He was a student of that art.

"Look you, Killigrew," said the Duke, "the King will never forgive me for bringing him to your playhouse today. I thought to revenge myself upon that vixen Castlemaine by turning his Majesty's fancies in the direction of your stage; but, lud, such a pack of dowds! I hoped to find a second Moll Davis within."

"There's only one Moll Davis, thank Heaven!" cried Killigrew, with true devotional spirit; "but all are not dowds within my house. There's Mrs. Marshall, for instance. Hath his Majesty ever loved a Presbyterian?"

"Faith, sir, he has circumnavigated all the religions, and is half-way round the other side again," said the Duke.

"Here comes Nell Gwyn with her new shoes. Hath his Majesty ever loved an orange-girl?"

The Duke seemed greatly struck by the suggestion when he had watched Nell Gwyn dancing on the toes of her new shoes in front of Dick Harraden. He thought he had never seen a daintier figure.

"By the Lord Harry, you are not so dull witted after all," he cried.

"Oh, your Grace overwhelms me with your flattery,' said Killigrew. Then, turning to Nell, he said: "Come, my girl, trip this way."

"Nay, you will not find me tripping, my masters; nay, nor slipping neither," said Nell.

"Come, Nell, give us a saraband—a saraband is the newest dance we have at Court," said the Duke.

"That's a sufficient pledge of its unfitness for decent people," said Nell, keeping at a pretty fair distance from his Grace, though he was affable enough to show a desire to approach her.

"And that's sufficient to give a zest to it in any lady's eyes," said he.

"Ay, but I'm no lady, only a bit of a woman," said Nell.

"If you're only a bit, I'll buy a score from the sample, Nelly."

"Ay, your Grace treats womankind as oranges—to be picked up by the score."

"And to be found deadly sour."

"Ay, and then flung into the gutter.'

The Duke clapped his hands and laughed.

"Lord, Killigrew," he cried, "why can't you find a poet as witty as Nell to write your plays?"

"Because if a poet was as witty as Nell, he'd be qualified for the more lucrative calling of selling oranges in the pit," said a voice from behind. It came from Sir Charles Sedley, who had just left the playhouse. The Duke turned to him and made a remark in his ear, which caused him to elevate his eyebrows and give a laugh as he glanced to where Nell was whispering with Dick Harraden. Dick noticed Sir Charles's glance and stepped between him and the girl, saying to her:

"Shuttlecock no more words with them. They mean no good."

"You big fool!" said Nell. "There's money in the work—I must sell my oranges."

"If I crack one of their skulls, will there be money in that?" said he fiercely.

"No, but there's a cell in Newgate, and there'll be a fool in that," replied Nell, mocking his tone to perfection, and then picking up her basket and running to the group outside the playhouse. "Buy a sweet orange, kind Sir Charles, to take the bad taste of the play off your mouth," she cried.

"Ah, Nell, one needs to leave the playhouse to find wit," laughed Sir Charles.

"What, was my Lady Castlemaine dull?" asked Nell. "Nay, I saw her entering the playhouse. Here she was—hold my basket."

She thrust the basket upon him before he could refuse it, and amid the roars of laughter of the others, he retained it while the girl gave a perfect imitation of the mincing gait of Lady Castlemaine. "And here she is when the handsome Ensign Churchill bends over her so low that I'll swear some of her paint comes off on the tip of his nose." Nell's simper made even Killigrew roar, though he had been the manager of a theater for several years. "She simpers and smiles until she sees that the King is laughing at a jest made by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham."

"Give us the jest, Nell," cried Sedley.

"Oh, Sir Charles, what do you take me for?" said Nell. "The jest is unfit for any ear but the King's. Then my lady begins to rail, finding herself slighted." "Give us the railing," cried Buckingham, delighted at the girl's travesty of his enemy, the Countess of Castlemaine.

"Nay, your Grace, I'm only a poor orange-girl," replied Nell demurely. "Oh, no, I would not like to endanger my soul by cursing like a lady of quality. I know my place. 'Faugh, faugh,' says your Countess——"

"Nay, nay, not mine—not mine, thank Heaven," interposed the Duke.

"'Faugh, faugh,'" continued Nell, "'the place reeks with the smell of oranges; the smell is driving me faint,' she shrieks. 'Into my arms you may fall if you let me have another thousand pounds,' whispers Ensign Churchill."

"He has had a few thousands from her already," said the Duke.

"But she only makes a feint of fainting," continued Nell. "She thinks Mr. Churchill's offer scarce worth the money, and, as no strong waters are handy, she makes use of strong words, and Ensign Churchill is left wondering if he would not do well to look for his captaincy through the favor of the well-favored Moll Davis, rather than through the full flavor of his Lady Castlemaine."

After a few moments of the most charming swaggering in the world, she snatched up her basket of oranges, crying: "Oranges, who'll buy my oranges?" as she ran round the crowd.

"'Fore heaven! Nell Gwyn is the best of the mimics," laughed Sedley.

"Keep her going, Charles—keep her going and the day is ours," whispered the Duke, at the same instant that Nell was whispering in reply to the remonstrances of Dick Harraden:

"Don't be a fool man; can't you see it is a matter of business with me I've still a score of oranges to sell."

Dick's reply was lost in the shout of the Duke of Buckingham:

"Come hither, Nell, come hither, I say. You've given us some of the playgoers; now 'tis the turn of the players. Prithee give us the Presbyterian Marshall, in a wicked play—the wickedest play."

"Then you sell my oranges for me. The playgoers are coming forth."

He took the basket from her and began to run through the crowd coming out of the theater, crying the cry of the orange-girls.

"Mind your Grace sells all the rotten ones first," shouted Nell. "Enter Sir Fopling, swinging his cane in one hand and his feathered hat in t'other," she had returned to where Sedley and half-a-dozen of the other courtiers were standing. "I must have a feathered hat—ah! this will do for want of a better." She had snatched Sedley's hat, and was swinging it by the brim.

"No, i'faith, you'll have to get other properties," he cried, doing his best to recover it, but being foiled every time by the adroitness of the girl. As she ran round from one door of the playhouse to another, followed by Sedley, she almost knocked down the Countess of Castlemaine, who was coming out of the first door, and nearly ran into the arms of the King, who was coming out of the second. She made a sweeping courtesy, Sedley's hat in her hand, in front of the King.

"Odsfish, Killigrew, is this a new comedy that you're rehearsing?" asked his Majesty. "Faith, sir, 'tis a deal livelier outside your playhouse than within. By the lord, the wench is a pretty one—ay, an impudent one, I'll swear!"

"Oranges—oranges—who'll buy my oranges?" cried the Duke of Buckingham, running past the King, who leant against one of the pillars roaring with laughter. "Oranges, madam, like a Court lady, not too thin-skinned."

His Grace was facing Lady Castlemaine and her escort, Ensign Jack Churchill.

"Who is this vulgar buffoon, Mr. Churchill?" sneered the Countess, as Buckingham hastened on round a group of ladies who were getting into their chairs. The lane in the neighborhood of the playhouse was by this time crowded, the horses of the Royal coach were seen round the corner, and the escort of Guards lined the way on each side. But the King showed no sign of going to his coach, and his Majesty's subjects were too loyal to depart as long as he remained.

"God save the King!" cried Nell, sweeping Sir Charles Sedley's ostrich feathers upon the steps.

"God save the King! if the prayer does not come too late," said his Majesty.

"God save the King from his Majesty's hat to his boots, if he only puts his foot down when——" Nell's voice sunk to a whisper as she added—"when my Lady Castlemaine seeks to stand in the Queen's shoes."

The King gave a start, and his face became grave for an instant.

"What a taste his Majesty hath for the scum of the gutter!" sneered Lady Castlemaine, in a tone that was quite audible to every one except the King. He seemed suddenly to have become lost in thought.

"The wench is saucy, Killigrew," he said. "But, by the lord, she hath a pair of eyes."

"She is the queen of mimics, sir," said Killigrew.

"Then God save the queen of mimics!" cried his Majesty, raising his hat.

"And curse the mimic Queen!" cried Nell with a glance in the direction of Lady Castlemaine.

"Oh, lud, she hath put on my hat," cried Sedley.

"Then, by the lord, sir, there are more brains in the crown than were ever there before," laughed the King.

"As if anyone ever associated brains with a crown!" said Lady Castlemaine. "Come, Mr. Churchill, this is no place for us."

"True; 'tis a respectable company," said Nell, and the King roared with laughter.

"Gadzooks, Killigrew, you must engage the girl. You've no comedian in your company to compare with her," said the King. Lady Castlemaine stamped furiously on the ground. Ensign Churchill thought it prudent to go to his company of Guards.

"Doth your Majesty command?" said Killigrew.

"I do command," said the King. "She could teach the best of your comedians how to act. Sedley shall write her a comedy all for herself."

"Hadn't she better come to Whitehall to discuss the characters?" whispered Sedley.

"Bring her thither, Charles," said the King. "How is it that I failed until now to see the charms of this girl. Lud! to think of the precious time that I have lost!"

"Oranges—oranges—who'll buy my oranges?" cried Nell. Passing Dick Harraden she muttered: "My fortune's made. Mr. Killigrew will engage me to act in the King's Company."

"'Tis either a fortune or a huge misfortune," said Dick.

"Fear not for me. I can take care of myself,' said Nell. "Oranges—who'll buy my oranges?"

"If your Majesty tarries any longer you will keep the Court waiting," said Lady Castlemaine.

"Odsfish, madam, let them wait. The duty of lords-in-waiting is to wait," cried the King.

"You would rather romp in the gutter than reign in Whitehall," said the Countess.

"'The Jealous Women, a tragedy,'" cried Nell in a most amusing falsetto.

"Infamous jade!" almost shouted the Countess.

"Is your ladyship going to give the company an imitation of the jealous woman, or am I?" cried Nell with a mock courtesy. "I freely admit that I could not approach you ladyship in the part."

The King and Buckingham roared at the pretty impudence of the girl.

"And you can stand by and see a creature like that offer her insults to me!" shrieked the Countess. "Sir Charles, lead me to my chair, if you please. This beggar's buffoonery pleases only fools and kings."

Sir Charles Sedley gave her his arm, Nell following for a few yards imitating the gait of the lady, while the crowd laughed its encouragement to her, for Lady Castlemaine was at all times thoroughly hated by the people.

"George," said the King to Buckingham in a low tone. "George, the wench has got an hold on me—I'm not easy to captivate, as you know."

"Your Majesty's heart is adamant," said the Duke without a smile.

"Ay, as a rule, but now 'tis a butterpat before the fire of her eyes. Bring her to Whitehall, George, while I try to stem the storm that's pent up in that chair. Don't delay, George."

"Exit my Lady Castlemaine, enter Mistress Eleanor Gwyn! Killigrew, our fortune's made," said the Duke watching the King go towards his coach, while his Majesty's loyal subjects bowed to the ground, and his Guards presented arms and then closed up on each side of the Royal coach. "All we've to do is to secure Nelly," he added as the equipage drove off, followed by half the crowd.

"Ay, that's all, but 'twill be enough to tax your forces to the utmost," said Killigrew, shaking his head.

"Pshaw! an orange-girl!" said his Grace, going to where Nell was standing, counting her money. "Give me your hand, Nell; our fortune's made within the hour!" he cried.

"Three and a groat—faith, that may be a fortune to a Duke, but 'tis poor trade for an orange-girl!" said Nell.

"In another week you'll have as many thousands," said he. "I've a message to you from the King. But you'll not believe it."

"I'd believe anything about the King except that he has done a wise act," said Nell.

"He has fallen in love with the prettiest creature in England."

"Oh, I'd believe that; there's not much wisdom in that."

"He has e'en fallen in love with thee, Nell, and bids thee sup with him at Whitehall. There's luck for you!"

"Luck? Where's the luck to me?"

"Deuce take it, girl, you wouldn't call it ill luck?"

"Oh, no; it would only be ill luck if I did the King's bidding."

She picked up her basket and ran into one of the side streets calling: "Oranges—who'll buy my oranges?"

The Duke was dumbfounded. He had found Moll Davis so obedient a subject of his Majesty a short time before that he could not believe that Nell Gwyn would display the elements of disloyalty. At last a thought seem to strike him.

"She's deeper than we think," said he. "She knows how to put a value on herself. She'll make her own terms."

He went slowly in the direction taken by the King's carriage. He did not doubt that the orange-girl would follow him.

Nell did not follow him. Someone else did—someone for whom he did not look; for it so happened that Dick Harraden had overheard every word of the message which he had given to the girl, and the moment that the Duke had disappeared Dick dropped his link and took up a stool that stood outside a vintner's door. He struck it on the stones, and detached one of its legs, which he picked up. As the vintner rushed out of his tavern, Dick ran off shouting in reply to the man's expostulations:

"I'm only going to beat a wicked dog round the corner."

He disappeared a moment before Nell returned.

"What was that noise?" she inquired.

"That rascal, Dick Harraden, has e'en smashed my best stool," replied the man.

"Wherefore did he do so?" she inquired anxiously.

"The devil only knows—he wanted a cudgel to beat a dog, he said," replied the man.

"Which way did he go—quick, man, tell me,' she cried, grasping him by the arm.

Before the man could reply there was the noise of a scuffle, and shouts, and then came a long cry:

"Murder!—Murder!"

Nell threw down her basket and rushed in the direction whence the sound of the tumult came. Before she had gone a dozen steps, however, Dick returned. The Duke of Buckingham's plumed hat was on the top of the stool leg which he brandished.

She caught him, crying:

'Dick, Dick, what fool's trick is this that you have done?"

'What any man would do," panted Dick. "The Duke—the King's jackal—I heard him—all he said to you—his head is pulp—the King's jackal!"

"Dick, for all sakes, take thyself off—the King's Guards are coming for thee at the double," cried a link-boy running up.

"Let 'em come," said Dick, turning up the sleeve of his jacket, then throwing the Duke's hat on the ground and setting his foot on it.

"Dick, don't be a fool," cried Nell. "Don't end your life here. The ship—your cousin's brig——"

Dick looked anxiously round.

"Oh, Nell, if I could but get safe aboard!"

"You shall—you must," said Nell, and she too looked anxiously round. "You must. But how—how?"

"Ah, how?" he asked. The tramp of the Guards was heard.

"How—how? I have it—the playhouse?" cried Nell.

Before he understood what she meant, she had forced him up the steps to the door of the playhouse. "Fly by the door at the back, and lock it when you get through," she whispered.

He had just time to put his arm round her and kiss her before Jack Churchill at the head of a company of Guards appeared. Nell closed the door of the playhouse, and came down a step or two.

"Which way did the follow go?" cried Churchill, halting his men.

Some of the crowd pointed in one direction, some in quite the opposite. Churchill was beginning to threaten them for fooling him, when the vintner shouted:

"Try the playhouse, my lord. The rascal smashed my best stool."

The crowd hooted him.

"Advance upon the playhouse and search it," commanded Churchill, leading the way up the steps.

At the top he found himself face to face with Nell.

"Stand aside!" he cried.

"No, no, Ensign—I mean, Captain—how could the fellow be in the playhouse?" said Nell.

"Enter the playhouse!" shouted the officer.

"Oh, Captain Churchill—Colonel Churchill—you are born to be a great commander," said Nell in her most seductive voice. She wanted to gain time for her lover. "I saw a fellow enter the door of the tavern opposite."

"Into the playhouse in the devil's name," shouted Churchill to his sergeant, trying to push past the girl.

The men rushed at the door. She struggled as if to prevent them.

"Oh, General Churchill—Marshal Churchill—stay with me," she cried.

Naturally, this made him the more eager to enter, and in a few seconds every soldier had entered the playhouse. When the last had gone through the door, Nell Gwyn slipped her hand through the opening, withdrew the great key from the inside, then noiselessly closed the door and quickly locked it from the outside.

She laughed and held up the key for the crowd to see. They cheered her, guessing that she had locked Churchill and the Guards in the playhouse.

Just at this particular instant, Lady Castlemaine's chair was borne to the foot of the steps, and her ladyship got out amid the jeers of the crowd. The sounds of this demonstration mingled with shouts from within the playhouse—shouts and the battering of halberts against the door.

"Where is Mr. Churchill—where is the officer of the Guards?" cried Lady Castlemaine.

"He is rehearsing a new comedy in the playhouse. 'The Way Not to Catch Him,' is the title," cried Nell.

Then at the window above the door Ensign Churchill appeared.

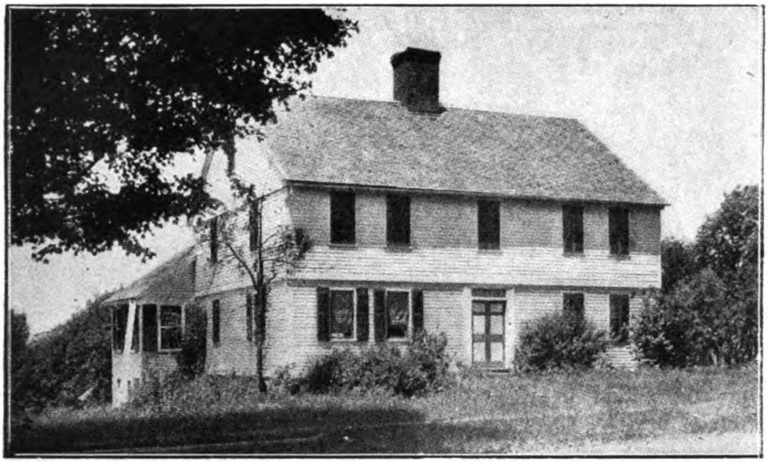
"The girl has locked the door—someone wrest the key from her," he shouted. The crowd roared with pleasure. Lady Castlemaine swore.

"Ah, you're born to be a great commander, Ensign Churchill — Sergeant Churchill; but you're out-maneuvered this time, Corporal Churchill. Let us hope that your garrison's victualled, Grenadier Churchill."

Nell stood beneath the window holding up the key. The Countess of Castlemaine then did a foolish thing. She rushed up the steps, and ran at Nell Gwyn; but Nell, easily evading her, sprang down the steps, and entering the Countess's chair, was swiftly borne away by a dozen stout arms of her friends, the link-boys, bowing graciously to right and left, and, before she disappeared round a corner, shaking the key quite pleasantly out of the window of her chair.

At the very hour that night while the King was roaring with laughter at the downcast face of Ensign Churchill, the brig *Good Adventure* dropped down the river with Dick Harraden standing on the high castle astern, waving a farewell to Nell, whom he but dimly saw on the shore.

On the 6th of May there were planted in Greenwood and Union Parks of Des Moines two trees secured by the Daily Capital from Mt. Vernon, one a Washington elm and the other a red oak. The occasion was a delight to all who were present and one long to be remembered by the children who participated in the exercises. W. B. Keffer, park commissioner, presided at Greenwood and Isaac Brandt, park commissioner presided at Union Park. Hon. Sidney Foster and Judge Deemer were the orators of the afternoon, and were both equal to the occasion and never were listened to by more appreciative audiences.



TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND FARM HOUSE, WHICH HAS SHELTERED SIX GENERATIONS OF THE SAME FAMILY

REFORMED

There was once a sinful rabbit who would not go by rule,
But loafed and played along the way and went in late to school.
He never had his lesson, and it made the teacher sad
To have to whip the little snip with the willow-switch she had.

One day he was outrageous, and caused her so much grief
That with a thorn she scratched a note upon a cabbage leaf
And sent it to his mother who saw how bad he'd been
And sent him supperless to bed to think about his sin.

Mrs. Rabbit, pious parent, taught her son these words so true,
"You should always do to others what you wish they'd do to you,
For if you were a teacher you know how you would hate
To have a lazy pupil who always hopped in late!"

Next day (they say!) that rabbit arose before the sun;
He washed, he ate his breakfast, and when his chores were done
He learned his spelling lesson and hopped off to school in time,
And felt both good and happy like the child who reads my rhyme.

Here's the MORAL (good for grown-ups, but bad for any child),
That Sinful Rabbit tossed in bed, and starved till he was wild,
And hated all his relatives and in his busy brain
Planned heaps of Future Wickedness, and afterwards *Raised Cain.*

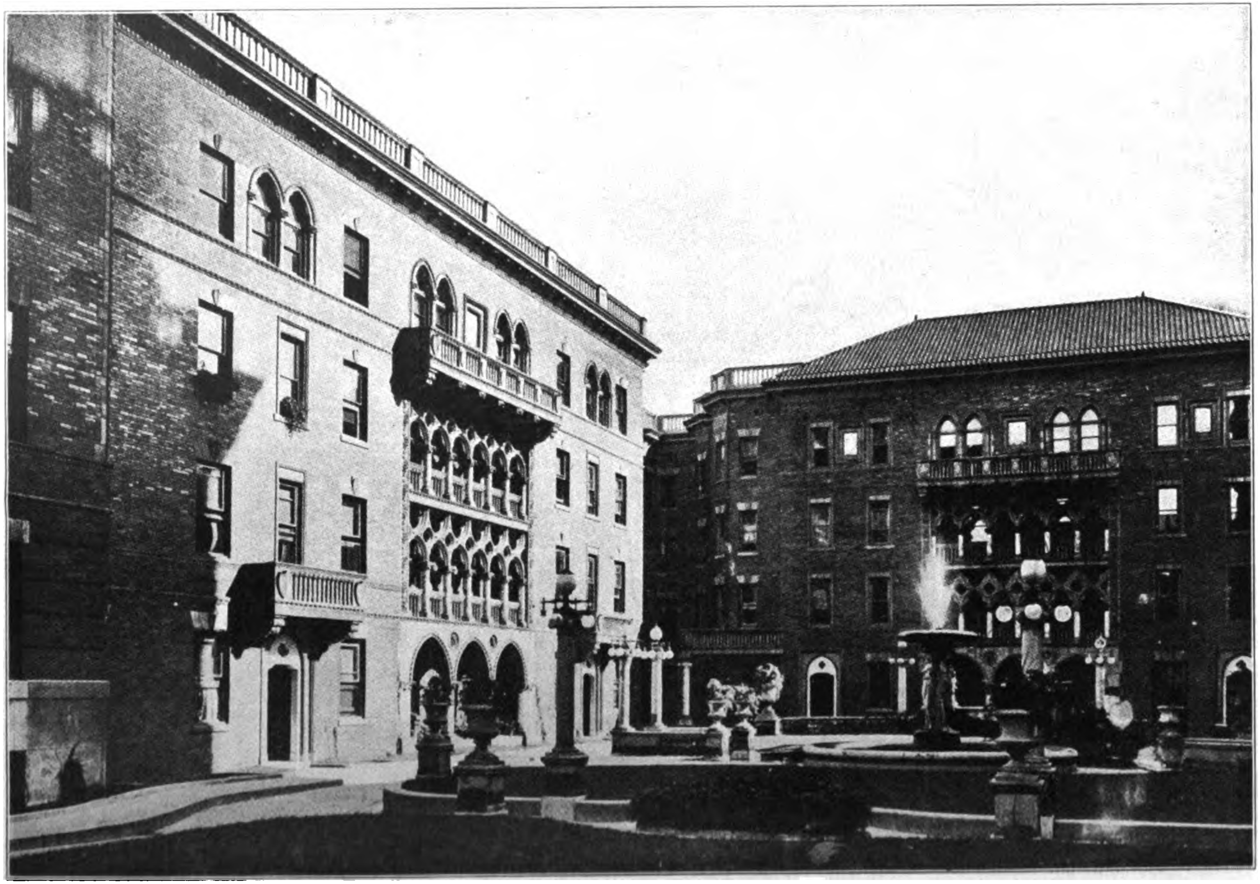
HOPE

If some long year has passed away,
And left you little but dismay,
If *all* has been unkind last year,
Still take not refuge in a tear,

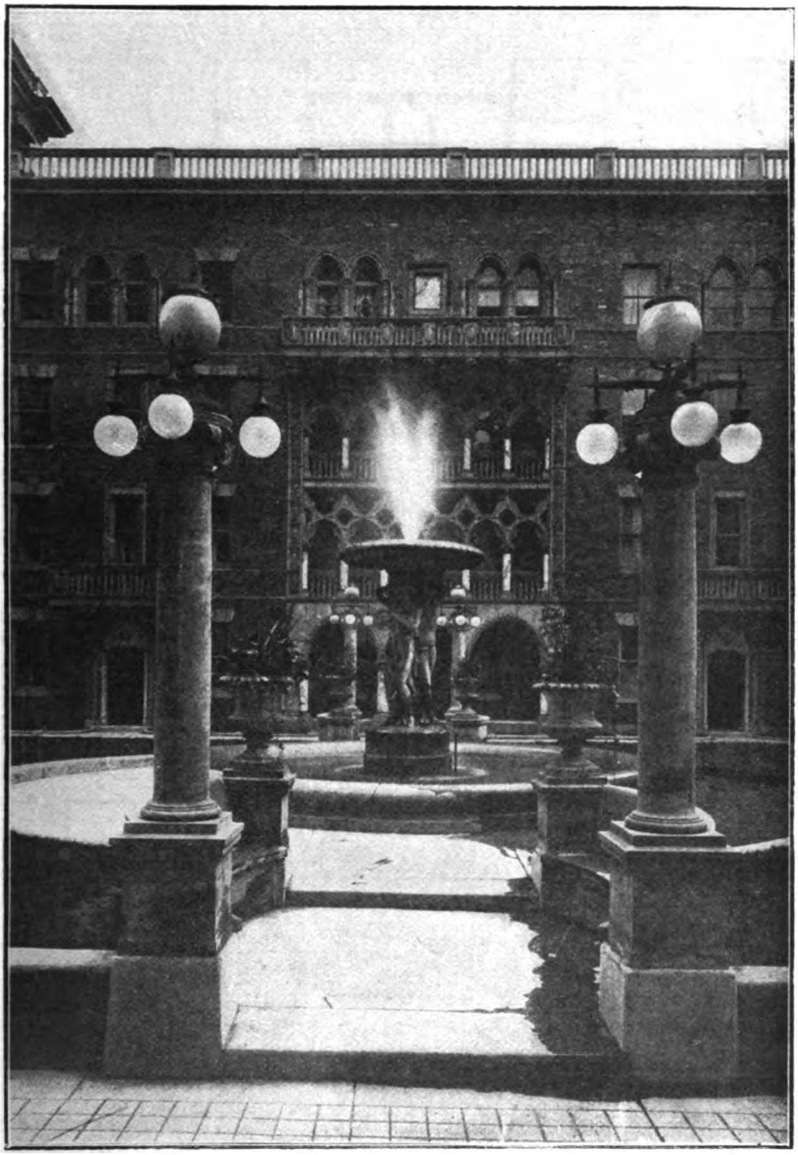
No matter what the year that's gone.
Just stand on top of each new one,
And take from there a broader view
Of what that year may lead you to.

Behold the change that nature brings
When from brown prairies verdure springs,
And beauty comes from underneath
The shelter of each last year's leaf.

Raymond W. MacKinnon



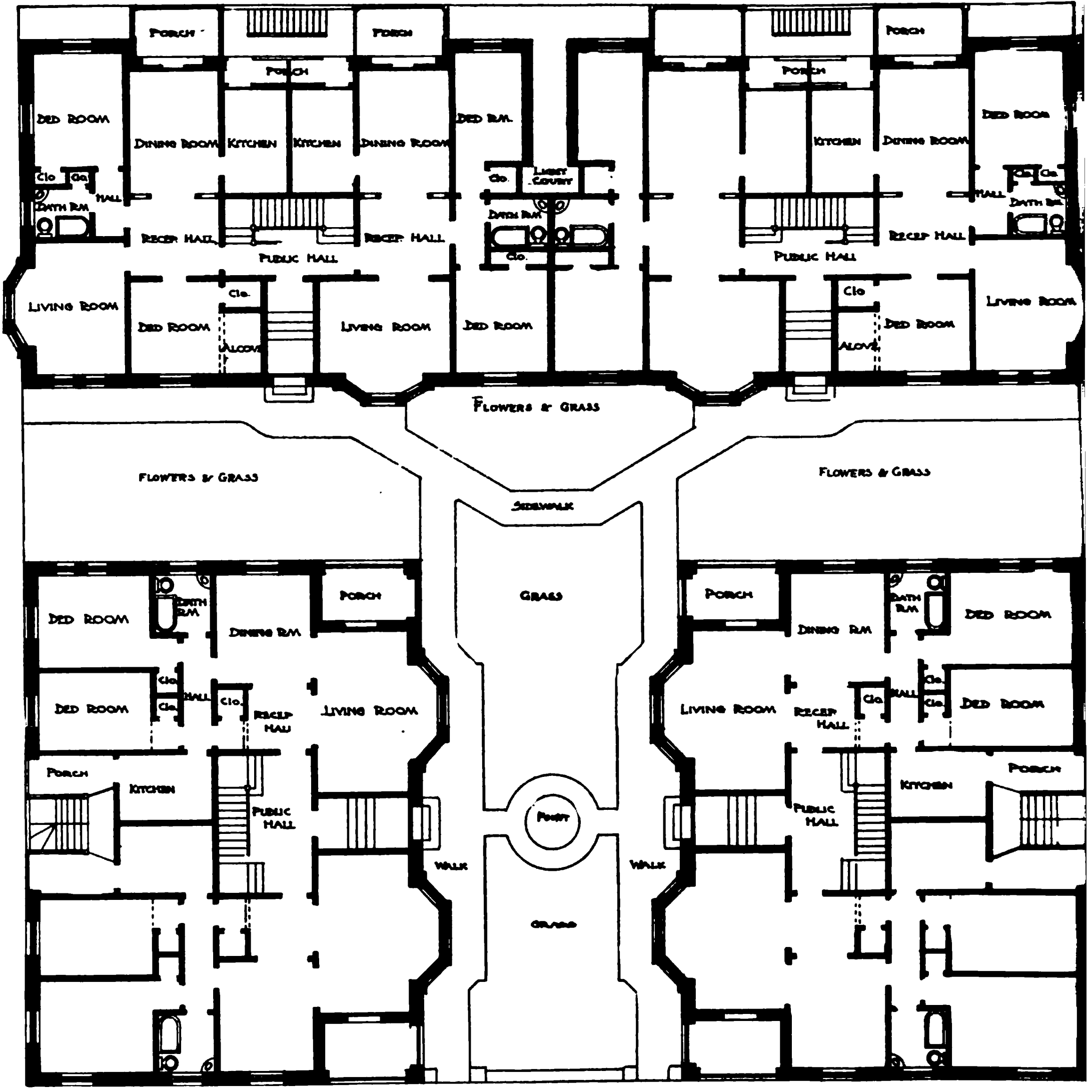
SHERMAN COURT APARTMENTS.



SHOWING ENTRANCE TO SHERMAN COURT.

An Event in the Life of Greater Des Moines

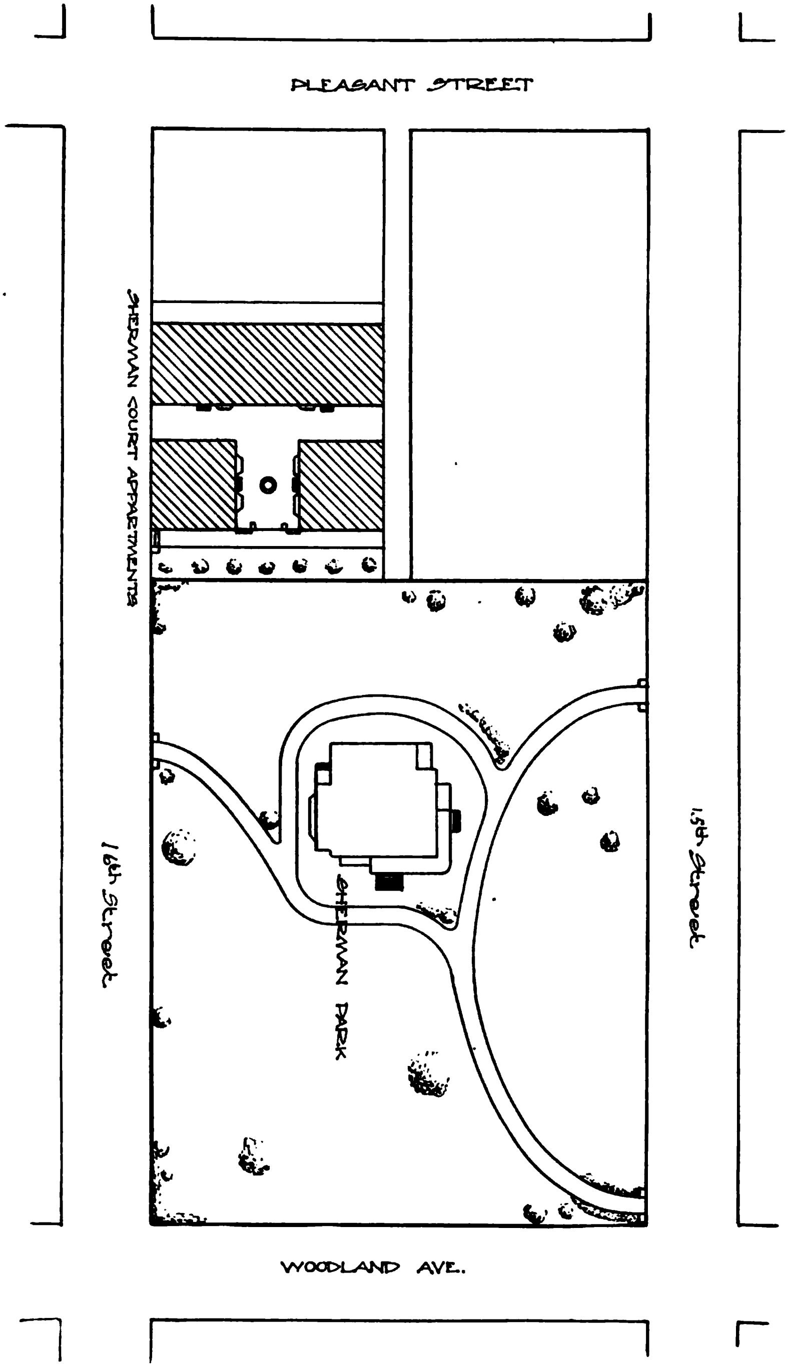
In prosperous Iowa, many persons are looking for a safe and profitable investment. When one is sufficiently wise to choose only good methods of investing surplus funds, his fortunes are safe. A splendid sign of the growth and stability of Des Moines as a city is the insistent demand for good homes and it is because of this demand that the Mack Olsen Company are enabled to offer at the present time, stock in an enterprise that is absolutely safe and backed by the most reliable and substantial business men of the city and state. Mr. Olsen's name stands for integrity in Iowa and he has associated with himself men of like reliability. The president of the company is F. S. Dunshee, senior member of the law firm of Dunshee & Dorn; vice-president, Clinton Nourse, architect of the firm of Lieble, Nourse & Rasmussen;


Porch
Porch
Porch
Bed Room
Dining Room
Kitchen
Kitchen
Dining Room
Bed Rm.
Clo
Clo
Hall
Bath Rm.
Recep. Hall
Recep. Hall
Public Hall
Clo.
Light Court
Bath Rm
Clo.
Living Room
Clo.
Bed Room
Alcove
Living Room
Bed Room
Porch
Kitchen
Dining Room
Bed Room
Clo
Clo.
Hall
Bath Rm.
Recep. Hall
Public Hall
Living Room
Clo
Bed Room
Alcove
Living Room
Flowers & Grass
Flowers & Grass
Flowers & Grass
Sidewalk
Grass
Bed Room
Bath Rm
Dining Rm
Porch
Bed Room
Clo.
Clo.
Hall
Clo.
Recep. Hall
Living Room
Porch
Kitchen
Public Hall
Walk
Fount
Grass
Walk
Porch
Dining Rm
Bath Rm
Bed Room
Living Room
Recep. Hall
Clo.
Hall
Clo.
Clo.
Bed Room
Porch
Kitchen
Public Hall
•Sherman • Court • Apartments•
Liebbe Nourse & Rasmussen Architects
Typical Floor Plan

FLOOR PLAN OF SHERMAN COURT APARTMENTS.

secretary and treasurer, Mack Olsen, well and favorably known as real estate broker and capitalist. In an interview with Mr. Olsen, he says:

"Sherman Court stock is being placed on the market to build the finest apartment house in the West. The ground has already been bought facing south on Sherman Park on the Sixteenth street side, the very finest location in Des Moines, and really a part of the park. The plans have been drawn by the best posted architect in Des Moines, who has had successful experience in flat building and knows exactly what tenants want. The success of the project is assured as we already have a large amount of stock subscribed and already fourteen applications have been made for apartments and we will have the building filled and a waiting list before the building is completed. The dividends will be very large and at least 10 per cent is assured to say nothing of the sure increase in the value of the property.


PLEASANT STREET
SHERMAN COURT APARTMENTS
16th Street
15th Street
SHERMAN PARK
WOODLAND AVE.

ARRANGEMENT OF GROUNDS.

The people back of this project are among the best and most responsible in Des Moines and we refer by special permission to the Iowa National Bank or to any bank in the city. Send at once for prospectus now ready that tells about this very desirable investment more in detail, or subscribe for as much stock as you can handle subject to thorough investigation which we invite. Don't delay or you will be too late as we will be largely oversubscribed. Stock $25 per share, payable cash, or in installments of $2.50 down and $2.50 per month."

Stock will be allotted in the order of which applications are received, and when the stock is sold the books will be closed. All over subscriptions will be returned.

The Mack Olsen Company, fiscal agents, are located at 15, 16, 17 News-Arcade, Des Moines, Iowa.

"The Christ of the Andes"

Under the direction of that grand old man, George T. Angell, the work of the humane society of America, has grown into splendid efficiency, especially in New England. The 12th of April, was observed as Band of Mercy day in all the schools of Massachusetts, and a big meeting was held in Fremont Temple, where so many inspiritual movements have had their birth. At the close of the meeting Mr. Angell sent the following telegram to Andrew Carnegie, President of the New York Peace Congress:

"Whereas, a colossal statue of Christ, called, "The Christ of Andes," has been erected on the boundary line of Chili and the Argentine Republic as a monument of perpetual peace between the two nations,

"Resolved, That we respectfully ask the Peace Congress, now in session in New York City, to urge upon the Peace Congress soon to be held at the Hague, that similar statues of Christ be erected on their boundary line shall be taken Christian nations, and that no war shall be hereafter declared between such nations until the statue of Christ standing on their bounray line shall be taken down and destroyed."

The Boston Journal of April 15th commented upon the event in a manner that must appeal to every loyal American:

"When George T. Angell, author of the resolution sat down to write it, his mind was lighted by a vision as startling at first thought as it is pregnant with humane, religious and general uplift possibilities. On every frontier, statues of the Christ—the Christ of the beatific countenance, the mild, compassionate eyes, the gentle hand—the Christ of peace and forgiveness and patience and righteousness toward all men—this was the vision which inspired the resolution. Statues of the Savior divine—the man of many griefs, who came to earth to instill in every heart dews of good will and gratitude, not to sow seeds of hatred and envy among the races of the world—those are the reminders which, if the suggestion *first advanced at Tremont Temple* yesterday realizes to the full its original intent, will stand on all the boundary lines of the world nations as a perpetual protest against the shriek of the mortar, the clash of the saber, the grapple of men-beasts in red fury."

With the coming of spring the rural constabulary is beginning to rear its head and keep a watchful eye for the motorist who oversteps the speed law or otherwise commits motoring crimes not permitted by local ordinances. To provide relief from unjust persecution of motorists the American Motor League, with headquarters in the Vanderbilt building, New York, has taken up the work of appointing official counsel in all important towns and a plan has been outlined by which members of the league may in cases of arrest or forceful detention, obtain the services of these counsel without cost.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN

Say over again and yet once over again
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem a "cuckoo song" as thou dost read it,
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo strain,
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry, "Speak once more—thou lovest!" Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance, only minding dear,
To love me also in silence with thy soul!
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of the dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen my soul to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain
Take heart with the day and begin again.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Let them go, since we cannot retrieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone,
God in His mercy receive, forgive them,
Only the new days are our own,
Today is ours, and today alone.

A FANCY

BLANCHE CARTER

Whir-r-r! said the wind to a leaf who was clinging to a grey, dead branch. What do you want of me? said the leaf. You are so strong and I am so frail and weak I think you might leave me to die in peace.

Why, said the wind, do you cling to a dead branch and sigh and complain when you might be of some use in the world?

I of use! sighed the leaf, a little withered leaf like me, what could I do? Come with me and I will show you, said the wind, and he took the little leaf in his strong wings and flew away to the forest where all the stately trees bent their heads in obedience to their Master's will.

At last in a sheltered place he laid the little leaf softly down over a tiny green shoot and then took his gleeful way on through the forest. I am so glad you came to me, whispered the tiny green shoot; you will be such a protection to me these chilly nights. So the leaf nestled close to the shoot.

The days passed. The sun shone and the air grew warm and soft. The tiny green shoot grew and spread and the leaf now lay at its roots.

"My work is about over," murmured the leaf, "and I soon will be no more."

"Do not say so," said the plant; "nothing ever dies. In a short time you will live again in the tender green of my leaves and in the purple and perfume of my flowers. I am the violet."

The leaf's last sigh was one of content.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DOROTHY MAY UPHAM,
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Upham.

Portia's Three O'clock Party

By CAROLINE DOMETT

THE trouble was about the kitten. June and Josie and Muriel said that a kitten party was one thing and a doll party was another. If the kitten had to come to the doll party, they thought they would stay at home.

But Portia said it was her kitten and her dolls and her party, and she didn't see why she couldn't have it as she wanted it.

The party was to be at three o'clock, so she walked straight off home and brought all the dolls out onto the steps of the piazza. Hans, Christine, Sam and Pierrot stood in the back row. The dolls' bathtub was put up there, too, because, as Portia said, "accidents are always likely to happen."

At one end of the next step lower was Mrs. Gilfilian, with her baby, Dorothea Gilfilian, beside her in the high chair. Mehitable Green was at the other end of the row. Mehitable had shocking bad taste in dress, and Lily Langtry, who was called the beauty of the family, always tried to keep her out of sight as much as possible. In front of Mrs. Gilfilian stood Anabel Lee. Marie Stout was very particular about her hair and liked to sit where she could attend to it without much trouble, for she was beginning to grow very fat and hated to move. Frightened Fannie, looking over the mirror, stood next to Marcus Aurelius, who was the only boy in this large and prosperous family.

When Portia had put on her new Anderson gingham frock and her broad-brimmed hat, she carried out her little rocking chair and placed it beside the dolls. Then she hunted up Diogenes, the kitten, and sat down with him in her lap waiting for the company to come. You see by this that Portia was inclined to be obstinate; that is, her mother called it obstinacy and said she knew where Portia took it, just as if it were catching, like the mumps. But her father said it was only firmness, and that it was her character coming out, just as if it were chicken-pox or measles.

The clock struck three, time for the party, but no one came. Five long minutes passed and Diogenes began to wiggle. "June and Josie and Muriel don't like Diogenes at a doll party," thought Portia with quivering lip, "and Diogenes doesn't seem to like it, either. Maybe I'll feel gladder in my throat if I let him go."

She opened her hands and Diogenes jumped, so glad and thankful to get away that he ran off to the clover patch and chased after his own tail nineteen times without stopping.

June and Josie and Muriel, holding their dolls, sat on the steps of Muriel's house talking it over.

"It's too bad for us to let one kitten spoil a whole party," said June.

"Specially as we 'cepted in the first place," added Josie.

"Let's walk up past the house," whispered Muriel.

The others said, "Let's."

So just as Diogenes jumped out of Portia's lap the company came 'round the corner.

"There isn't any kitten at all," said Muriel, and right off they were "ladies going to a party." They put their hands behind their back to lift their make-believe trains and they tip-toed along in their common-sense little shoes as if they had heels two inches high.

Portia felt so happy that she danced up and down and claped her hands. She never thought to play "grown up" until Josie said:

"Please 'scuse us for being late. We had to walk 'cause our automobile is bursted."

Then the hostess remembered, and said, politely:

"What a pity I didn't know it before. Sam could have gone for you with the dem'crat wagon."

The company had to take their dolls to the dressing table and dab their noses with powder from the dolls' puff-box. Then the company dolls had to be introduced to the other dolls, and then, just as if such a thing as a kitten never had been born into the world, at exactly quarter past three o'clock the party began.

Under-the-Table Manners

It's very hard to be polite
If you're a cat.
When other folks are up at table
Eating all that they are able,
You are down upon the mat
If you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit
If you're a cat.
Not to let them know you're there
By scratching at the chair,
Or a light, respectful pat
If you're a cat.

You are not to make a fuss
If you're a cat.
Tho' there's fish upon the plate
You're expected just to wait,
Wait politely on the mat
If you're a cat.

—Teacher's Magazine.

WM. RUSSELL SKINNER,
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Skinner.

Animals and Human Speech

Animals have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindoos invariably talk to their elephants, and it is amazing how much the latter comprehend. The Arabs govern their camels with a few cries, and my associates in the African desert were always amused whenever I addressed a remark to the big dromedary who was my property for two months; yet at the end of that time the beast evidently knew the meaning of a number of simple sentences. Some years ago, seeing the hippopotamus in Barnum's museum looking very stolid and dejected, I spoke to him in English, but he did not even open his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner of the cage and said in Arabic, "I know you, you come here to me." He instantly turned his head toward me; I repeated the words, and thereupon he came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage, and looked in my face with a touch of delight while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognized the same language, and the expression of his eyes for an instant seemed positively human.—Bayard Taylor.

The Far-Off Call

I.

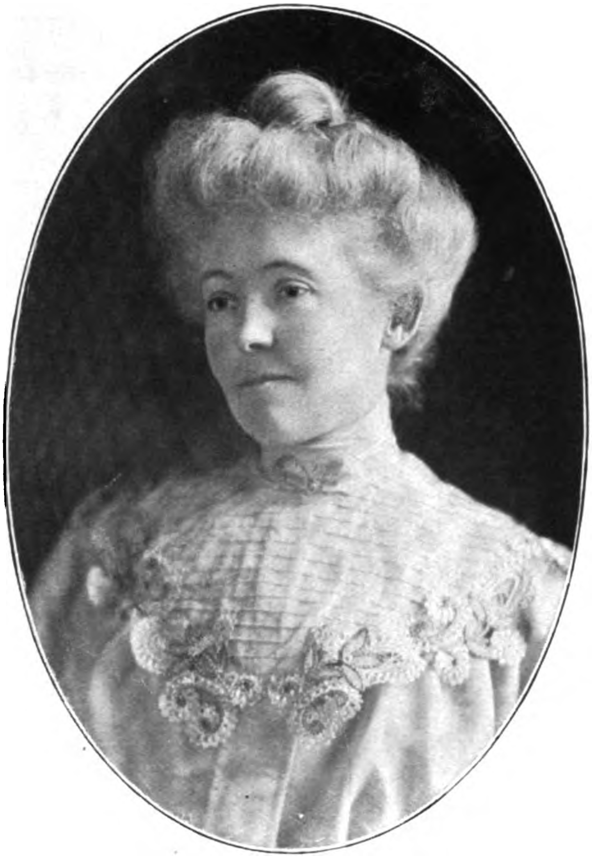
If out beyond the city's farthest edge
There were no roads that lay through sleepy towns,
No winds to blow through thorny hedge,
No pathways over hazel-tufted downs,
I might not, when the day begins, be sad
Because I toil among the money-mad.

II.

If out beyond the distant hill there lay
No valley graced by any winding stream
And if no slim, white steeples far away
Might mark the spots where drowsy hamlets dream,
I could, perhaps, at midday be content
Where striving millions at their tasks are bent.

III.

If far away from noise and strife and care.
There were no buds to swell on waiting trees,
No mating birds to spill upon the air
The liquid sweetness of their melodies.
I might at sunset be serene and proud
Because a few had seen me in the crowd.



MISS ANNA B. DONAHUE.

On The Roll of Honor

It is with pleasure that The Midwestern presents this month the familiar likeness of Miss Anna B. Donahue, of the Brinsmaid Co. For twenty-five consecutive years Miss Donahue has been in the employ of this firm and in this capacity has made a host of warm friends among her regular costumers, who will be pleased to hear of her through our pages. She is a native of Des Moines, and was educated in the city schools. Nobody about the establishment knows more about the china business than Miss Donahue. When any information is wanted, everybody from the newest clerk to the proprietors themselves ask Miss Donahue and she knows. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of her entrance to the sales department, the company presented her with a handsome gold watch. This was surely a merited tribute to one whose best years of life were faithfully devoted to the interests of the business with which she has so long been associated. Miss Donahue has the best wishes and congratulations of The Midwestern.

OUR COVER PICTURE

The photograph of the cover is the work of W. C. Woods, 413-415 Walnut street. This beautiful young face will be admired by all of our friends and as an artistic piece of work, cannot be surpassed by any artist in the country. Mr. Woods has done much beautiful work and has a loyal following among picture lovers of Des Moines. The young girl who posed for his lovely June study is Helen Paine, daughter of Mrs. A. R. Paine of Des Moines.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The American world of letters has lost the last, and one of the most charming of the old guard—which endeared Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes in the death of Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Boston, March 19. He was always delightful, in fiction, in poetry, essay or the drama. His work struck the keynote of his nature, forceful, romantic and pervaded with an extreme sweetness, simplicity, purity and tenderness of feeling.

Among his works, those best remembered and loved are: "The Ballad of Baby Bell and Other Poems," "Cloth of Gold," "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Flower and Thorn," "Mercedes, and Later Lyrics," "Marjorie Daw and Other People," "Prudence Palfrey," "The Queen of Sheba," "The Stillwater Tragedy," "From Ponkapog to Pesth," "Wyndham Towers," "The Sisters' Tragedy," "An Old Town by the Sea," "Two Bites at a Cherry, and Other Tales," "Unguarded Gates," "Judith and Holofernes," "A See Turn, and Other Matters," "Ponkapog Papers," and "Judith of Bethulia," a tragedy in four acts.

Human Life announces that the articles about Mrs. Eddy which they have began to publish will run through the year.

The subject is being covered thus fully, not because Human Life takes any position either for or against Christian Science, but because, of all the celebrities of the day, Mrs. Eddy looms the largest in the public eye. Whatever one may think of her, she is undoubtedly the most talked-about and the most remarkable woman in this country at the present time, and as such, demands attention from the magazines, whose field is to depict the interesting personalities of the hour.

Sibyl Wilbur, who is writing the Mrs. Eddy history., is well qualified for the task she has in hand. As a special writer for the press, she has had several interviews at "Pleasant View," and she reported Mrs. Eddy to the world from time to time; indeed, in the six years since Mrs. Eddy went into retirement, Sibyl Wilbur has been the only newspaper or magazine writer who has had the privilege of meeting the founder of Christian Science in her home. This privilege was extended to her because she had the confidence of the Eddy household; she could be relied on to write the truth, and not misrepresent things, as had been so often done in the past by the correspondents from the yellow papers. Again, it was Sibyl Wilbur who was selected by the entire press of the country to ask Mrs. Eddy the questions at that now famous interview of last October. Moreover, and this is an important consideration, Miss Wilbur has no leaning whatever towards the Christian Science faith; nor has she any prejudices against it. She is therefore, it will be readily seen, in a position to know better than any other person outside of the movement, the real facts of the case.

Unbiased, she is writing something that is well worth the reading, an absorbing story about a woman whose life has been an extraordinary one in many respects.

The British Museum has received from the King of Italy the fragments of a statue found during excavations at Castel Porziano, near Rome. This is a marble copy of the famous "Discus Thrower" by Myron.

In "The Veiled Lady," which has just been published, Mr. Hopkinson Smith tells a story the scene of which is laid in Stamboul, and it is one of the most vivid and charming tales he has ever told. The atmosphere of that part of the world is thoroughly familiar to Mr. Smith, for he spent five seasons sketching in Constantinople as many of his attractive water color sketches bear witness. The plot of this particular story was founded on fact and the dragoman who takes an important part in it is a well known character today in that part of the world.

One of the best characters in "Felicity," the novel by Clara E. Laughlin which has just been published, is the "Old Man," a comedian of the old school type of Jefferson or William Warren, full of kindly wisdom and clear, keen, good tempered insight into men and things. "She has elected," he said of Felicity, " to be a child of the road, the big open road, where the passport is sympathy and understanding, not criticism of the way the other travellers limp along on tired feet or dance for paltry joys." And of that "open road" he said, again, "The chances of the road! it's taking the chances handsomely that makes men and women of us. It's the brave spirit, unfaltering because the luck o' the road is rough, that's kept the old world a good place to live in, that's made the highway a road o' royal company."

The Frenchwoman has too long suffered from misrepresentation in her nation's literature, thinks Mr. Brieux, one of the leading dramatists of France. The average foreigner, he asserts, "believes that she collects lovers as one might collect postage-stamps." In his opinion the Frenchwoman, particularly the Parisian woman, "needs rehabilitation in the eyes of the outer world, which has been utterly wrong in its conception of her virtues as a wife." To try to effect this change of view Mr. Brieux has written a play called "La Francaise" ("The Frenchwoman"), which the celebrated Antoine, manager of the Odeon theater, will soon produce at that house. In an interview, reported in the New York Times (April 14th), that dramatist says:

"It seems that we should do something to efface this very deplorable and baseless impression. Our Ministry of Foreign Affairs, our Society of Men of Letters, our Publishers' Association, should undertake common action. When a foreign sovereign comes to France, enormous sums are expended in order that he may take away a pleasant memory of our country, and why not spend some money in order to rehabilitate the character of the French in the minds of foreigners?

"Is it right to allow other nations to believe that Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have the morals of rabbits? So far as I am concerned, I am determined to do my best to correct this impression, and my play originated in that determination. 'La Francaise' is a light comedy in three acts, the first being laid in Trouville, the two others in a provincial town."

Illustration from
CLARA E. LAUGHLIN'S
FELICITY.

The miracle fades out of history,
But faith and wonder and the primal
earth
Are born unto the world with every
child.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

The Marital Unrest

In the time of our great-grandmothers and grandmothers nobody thought of dissolving the marriage tie. A woman's career was marriage, and having once embarked upon it she never considered going back.

But in these days debate is rampant, and so many persons have considered going back that one wonders what slight reciprocal affection induced them ever to advance at all. Probably it was not affection, but attraction, which depends upon outward and visible signs rather than inward and spiritual graces, and can cause the most unlikely and unblendable characters to find each other irresistibly charming. And while they are finding each other charming, marriage is so easy! Since the beginning of the world, admonition and advice have done very little toward the curbing of passion, and obstacles have only served to excite it.

And it is not too much to say that most young people, if left to form their own characters, with little in the way of responsibility forced upon them and a great deal in the way of comfort and pleasure at their right hand, will form rather self-indulgent characters, which, rushing rapturously into matrimony, as it were into the seventh heaven, are exceedingly chagrined to find how much self-denial is demanded of them when they get there. Nobody has explained to them what marriage, and the companionship of it really means, nor what a fund of tact and tenderness, forbearance, good-will and gentle judgment one must have to tide over the hard places that come, at times, to even the most loving couples.—*Caroline Duer in the June Delineator.*

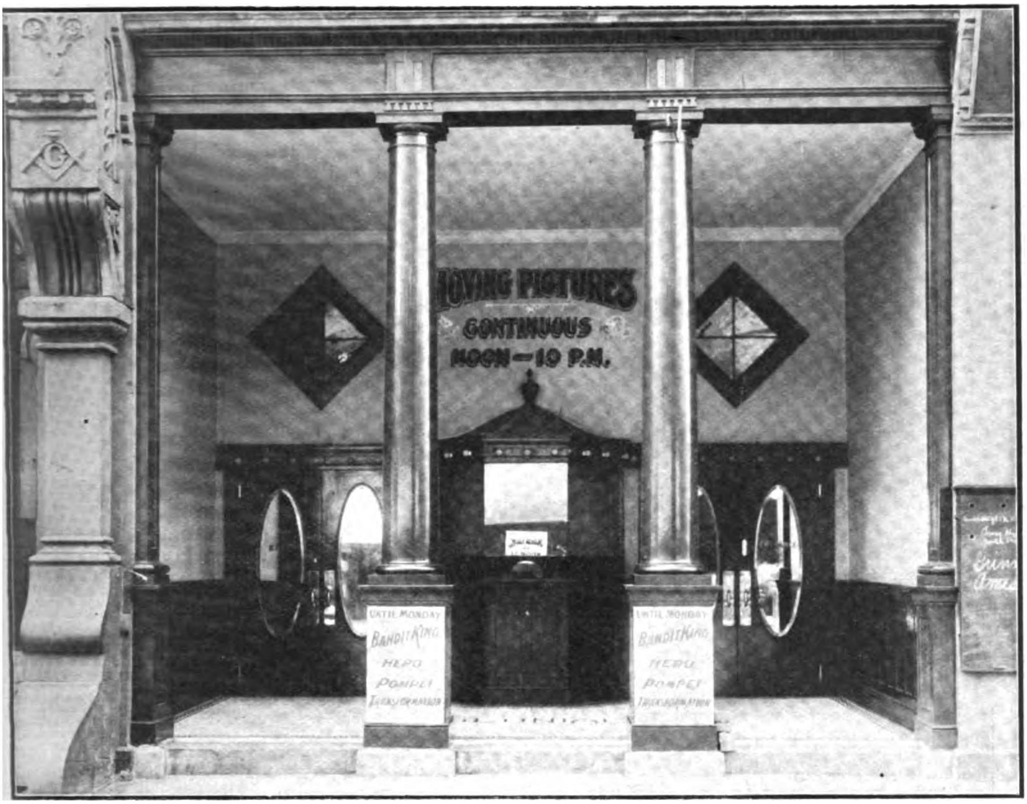
His Artistic Taste

Young Artist—"What do you think of my new picture?"

Critic—"I don't like it. The sky is too blue, the grass is too green, the perspective is bad, the—"

Young Artist—"What do you know about pictures? You couldn't paint one to save your life."

Critic—"I know I couldn't. I can't lay an egg, but I can tell when one is rotten."



THE COLONIAL THEATER

706 WALNUT STREET

CLARENCE MOTT AND FRED GRAHAM, Proprietors

Perfectly equipped, well lighted and ventilated, cool and clean as a pin and finely located, it is no wonder the new theater opened on April 27th by Clarence Mott and Fred Graham, at 706 Walnut street, sprung into immediate favor with the public. The moving picture theaters are growing in popularity all over the country. As a means of education they can not be excelled. In the Colonial a historical series is put on every week. For instance Pompeii was run a few weeks since. These were the pictures that portrayed most vividly the history of the doomed city, its resurrection and present state. To the best read man or woman of middle life, the pictures would suggest much that they had missed in their reading and to the child or young person, an added incentive for research would be given. The imagination would then be stirred in a way impossible to the reader of the printed page merely. Also, correct impressions are given, as pictures are taken from life. This is all a thousand times better than many of the amusements indulged in by children when out of sight of their parents. To amuse, entertain, and best of all, instruct, is surely the province of the moving picture theaters. This little house has already secured a patronage of the best families in Des Moines. Every show is given in full before the proprietors so that nothing objectionable can possibly secure a place upon their curtain. Mr. Mott and Mr. Graham are both Des Moines boys and have grown to manhood here and have won the confidence and good will of the Des Moines public. That their venture will prove a great success there is no doubt and the best wishes of their host of friends have been extended to them. Everybody from the little tots to the grown-ups will find this theater always a delight, always cool, always entertaining, always instructive.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Iowa Authors

No. 10. G. WALTER BARR

FRANK NAGEL

DR. G. WALTER BARR.

FRANK NAGEL

He looks like a mouse peering out of a haystack and is always hungry—mentally hungry—searching for some fresh bit of human emotion or some unique combination of circumstances, that are departures from the dead level of things. I remember once how keenly he enjoyed hearing a letter read, wherein the writer, a factory girl, described her love affair with a farmer. The living, palpitating sense of any real sentiment or emotion, appeals to him as a fragrance does to some people, or as a taste to some palates. He seems almost to have a sixth sense, which enables him to feel the mental atmosphere with which he comes in contact, no matter what it is, nor where it is. He can as quickly sense the good, bad, or indifferent in the mentality about him as he can distinguish the odor of roses from onions.

Walter Barr has dipped into everything he could get near enough to, to touch, and if he could not touch it, he would shut his eyes and picture it all out mentally just how he thought it should be; and an expert on the subject would agree with his conclusions. Everything beautiful appeals to him, whether it is expressed in form, color or sound—he loves it. For this reason, he lives on the bluffs at Keokuk overlooking the Mississippi river and many hours of his life are spent in watching the ever changing panorama stretching for miles in every direction from his home, where he sits drinking it in—always hungry. He is an ideal friend—the kind you can sit and talk with, or be still with, just as it happens, for Walter Barr's silences are comfortable, companionable hushes, which signify good fellowship and perfect understanding; and you feel that you are visiting with him, whether he is talking with you or merely blinking his eyes at you—a habit familiar to all his intimates. Another trick he has, is putting his friends up on pedestals,

Cedarcroft, Warsaw, Illinois, where Walter Barr wrote "Shacklett."

and endowing them with ideal qualities, as well as recognizing the real good there is in them. To him, his friends really possess the virtues and graces of mind he bestows upon them, and no amount of reasoning or persuasion could induce him to look at them except through the rosy hued idealism of his own conception. With his enemies, or any smallness, or hpocrisy, he is epually tenacious in his feelings. When he looks at such personalities he puts on green goggles, and the proverbial turtle that holds on till it thunders, is not to be compared with Walter Barr. Nothing short of the veritable crack of doom would budge those green goggles, when he is looking at a hypocrite, an enemy or a Judas. To his friends he gives the all of himself and anything he may have. To those who have offended his sense of justice, uprightness, and square dealing, he is an avenging terror.

When he was thirteen years old he first met Annabelle Applegate, at a district school in Lawrence county, Illinois. He promptly fell in love with her and eleven years later she became his wife. She is the balance wheel in his life and calmly adjusts things when from outside sources too much friction or pressure seems to disturb and annoy. A son, Lawrence Barr, is a Junior in Knox College, and has been guided into a business career. He is a fine specimen of vigorous young manhood, inheriting the large physique of his grandfather, Dr. J. C. Barr, and his mother's sound judgment and mental equipoise. During the summer vacations he is a traveling salesman.

During one of these summer semi-business-pleasure expeditions, Walter Barr received a message from his son, "Meet me at M. tomorrow at 3:00 a. m. with plenty of mother's cooking," signed, Lawrence. This meant an all night journey for the father, but without a word the demand was met. I did not see inside the big telescope the little man (Walter Barr weighs 123 pounds) was taking to the station, but from the way he kept shifting it from one hand to the other, I would judge the big athletic son could get to the Pacific coast on the contents of that

One day in the midst of a rush of work—he edits his own newspaper in Keokuk—he received word that his daughter, Nannie Clark Barr, had been awarded a much coveted prize by the St. Nicholas Magazine, for an original poem. Everything stopped and away he rushed to the high school to let his daughter know the prize was hers. It is this unselfish nature that draws his friends so close to him, and holds them.

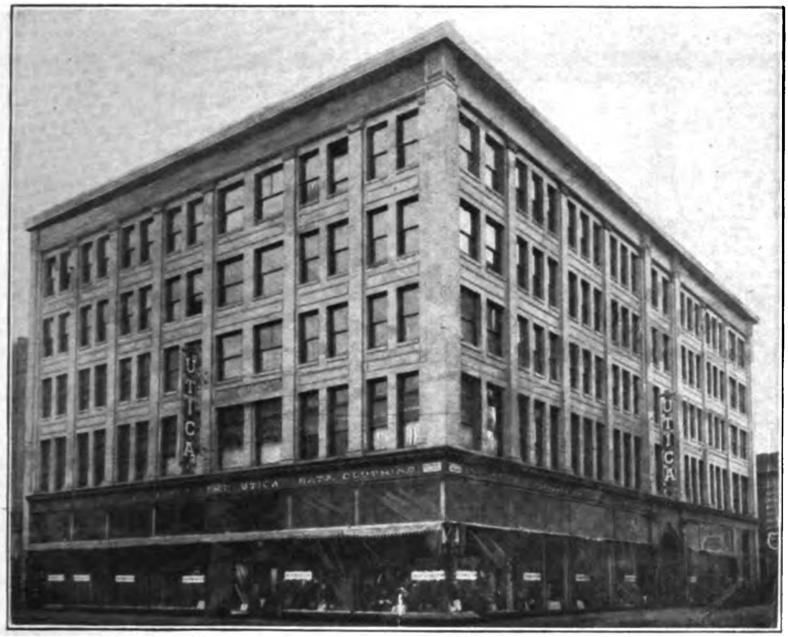
The daughter is the natural product of her environment. Already she has done some wonderful literary work for a high school girl of fifteen years. Walter Barr has written everything under the sun. His research work in drug dynamics attracted attention in England, France, Germany and Russia. He abandoned the medical profession after eight years of successful work as physician, and lecturer in Keokuk College of Physicians and Surgeons. His hunger for the beautiful was clamoring to be fed, and he had to listen.

Taking stock one day, he found he had written everything, during a few years of newspaper work, except a story. Casting about for a peg to hang on, an incident that happened in Illinois, while he was lobbying in Springfield, occurred to him, and he chose it because of its story quality. Gradually he evolved the characters and accidentally, one might say, the author of "Shacklett" found the setting for his successful story. One summer day, I asked him to accompany me on a visit to my mother's home, "Cedarcroft." In a few hours we were roaming about the grounds of my boyhood home, which commands an extensive and magnificent view of the Mississippi River for miles around. Instantly Walter Barr had the setting for his story. He puts Mary Stoddard and her lover on the very rustic seat the author sat on, and he walks them up and down the paths his own feet trod. Nevertheless, the best description he ever wrote, which pictures the breaking up of the ice in the Mississippi river in this novel was something he never witnessed, except as he went into one of those "shut eye" experiences where he mentally sees things. His interest in writing the story of "Shacklett," was centered in the deep study in psychology of a man and woman and the inter-relations of the two mentalities. The book was a great success, having a big sale in this country and London. To the author's great disgust both publishers and public have called it a novel of political life. McClure's, Cosmopolitan, Success, and Lippincott's have published his best stories, including, "In the Third House," "The Woman Who Hesitated," "In the Last Ditch," "The Verdict in the Rutherford Case," "Larry McNoogan's Corn," "The Victory of the Valiant," and "The Mettle of Mr. Matthews."

This last story is said to be the strongest study of human nature he has written, describing the full gamut of human passions, expressed, during a run on a bank. This is likewise, something he never witnessed, and he almost went into a decline when just such a bank run as described in "The Mettle of Mr. Matthews" occurred in Keokuk and he was not there to see it. He says things and writes things in a way that makes you remember them, and just what the difference is in his way of putting it, is not easily discerned.

Before her marriage to Dr. J. C. Barr, Miss Kate Dall, a cousin of Mrs. U. S. Grant, was famous for her many lovely graces of mind and person. She was a Southern woman, and Walter Barr has inherited all the Southern nature of his mother.

His father is of Dutch ancestry, and is in no way connected with the Scotch family which includes Amelia and Robert Barr. Dr. J. C. Barr and his wife recently celebrated their golden wedding, and the entire family of two sons and six grandchildren were present. This is not a biographical sketch, but is simply a why, what and wherefore of one of my personal friends. Otherwise some mention might be made of the schools and colleges Walter Barr attended, and various chronological data necessary for a biography. Some critics have hinted that perhaps the coming American novelist was born in a country hamlet called Medway, Clark county, Ohio, October 25, 1860, and that the author of "Shacklett" may produce a story that will place Walter Barr with the world famed writers, for already he has mounted the steps leading to the Temple of Fame, and may yet fill a niche among the immortals of literature.



The New Utica Block

Owned by Friedlich Bros.

I. FRIEDLICH.

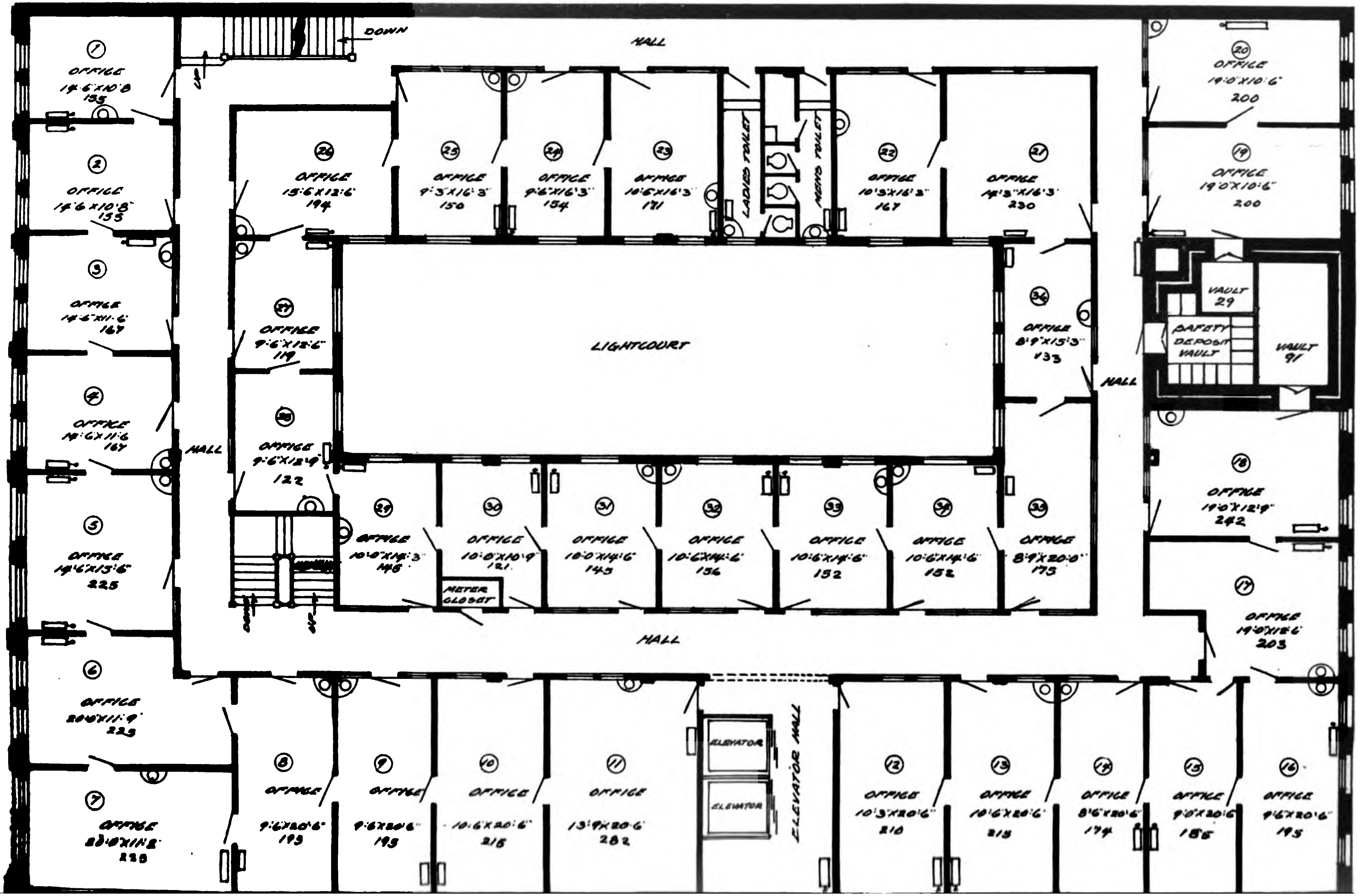
The Utica building, recently remodeled and enlarged, does great credit to Des Moines and proves the progressive spirit of the Messrs. Friedlich, who have made such a signal success of their business in Des Moines. Three stories were added to the building, making it six stories in all. The fine arrangement of rooms make it so attractive that everything was taken long before the work was done.

The building has two entrances, one on Walnut and one on Sixth avenue. The elevator service is among the best in town. Each floor of the building has twenty-four outside rooms and fourteen court rooms.

Birch is used for wood-work and the entire building has hardwood floors. In each suite of rooms is a lavatory with hot and cold water. The interior decorations are fine and are the work of that reliable firm, Belt & Van Sittert.

Wallace & Linnane furnished the plumbing and heating apparatus. W. J. Zittrell of Webster City was the contractor. The job of wiring was let to the Arthur Franzen Co. The first floor is occupied by the Utica Clothing Co. Mr. I. Friedlich and his brother, A. Friedlich, are the managers and proprietors and have been in business here for eleven years.

The well-known advertising man of this house, Mr. Johnson, was with the previous management and has been with the Utica for twenty years in all. Thirty-five employes cater to the demands of the public who patronize this most popular house. The stock is al-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14'6"X10'8"
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OFFICE
14'6"X10'8"
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14'6"X11'6"
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OFFICE
14'6"X15'6"
225
⑥
OFFICE
20'0"X11'9"
223
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OFFICE
20'0"X11'2"
220
⑧
OFFICE
9'6"X20'6"
193
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OFFICE
9'6"X20'6"
193
⑩
OFFICE
10'6"X20'6"
216
⑪
OFFICE
13'9"X20'6"
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ELEVATOR
ELEVATOR
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OFFICE
10'3"X20'6"
210
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215
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19'0"X10'6"
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VAULT
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SAFETY
DEPOSIT
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91
HALL
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MENS TOILET
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122
LIGHTCOURT
HALL
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UP
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10'0"X14'3"
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OFFICE
10'0"X10'9"
121
METER
CLOSET
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8'9"X20'0"
175
㊱
OFFICE
8'9"X15'3"
133
HALL

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J. D. JOHNSON,
Advertising Manager of the Utica.

ways complete, always up to date and prices are right. In the eleven years of their sojourn in Des Moines the Friedlichs have made for themselves a place in the front rank as men of business and as good citizens who have at heart the welfare of Des Moines and of the community at large. They can always be depended upon when matters of vital interest are at stake, to do their share of work on the right side.

It is this spirit so nobly manifested that has given the Friedlich brothers their high place in the estimation of the public and that has won for them personally as well as in a business way, a host of warm friends in the city and state.

W. C. SEXAUER,
Nine Years with the Utica.

The opening of their fine building, which stands as a monument to their success and the progression of the city, was the occasion for much congratulation from friends and contemporaries. The Utica building certainly is a credit to the city, and in the way of a modern, up-to-date office building cannot be surpassed anywhere.

Mr. La Flesh of the Mountain Valley Water Company, with headquarters at Omaha, was a Des Moines visitor last week and upon being asked what he thought of Des Moines replied, "What do I think of Des Moines? Well I shall never be able to find words that quite suit me, to express my sincere admiration for your city. However, the thing that most impresses me is the ring of loyalty I find in every man's voice. It is different from what it was ten years ago. Strangers are now welcomed most royally. During my short stay in the city I have met a few of the representative women, too, and they are as enthusiasitc about the place as the men are. I have never, in all my travels, met women who were superior in every way to the Des Moines women. The lovely homes bear witness to the taste and love of the women in them for that supreme thing in life, home and family. The men of Des Moines must be proud of them. No wonder, with such men in public life and such women in the homes, that you are indeed 'doing things.' "

CLUB NEWS AND NOTES

MRS. GERTRUDE R. NASH,
Newly elected President of the I. F. W. C.

MRS. C. B. STULL,
Chairman Credential Committee

MRS. W. R. STERRETT,
Chairman Child Study Committee.

The I. F. W. Meeting in Oskaloosa

One of the most beautiful towns in Iowa is Oskaloosa, the county seat of "Proud Mahaska." It is one of the older towns, and the families who came as pioneers have grown wealthy and their children are reaping the results. Every modern luxury and convenience, both to the commonwealth and the individual, all modern public utilities and all improvements that make a place desirable both as residence and for business. Handsome homes, paved streets, miles of street railways, free public buildings, all are indicative of

MRS. HARRY SPENCER,
Member State Industrial Committee.

MRS. BOULDOUF,
Chairman Decorating Committee.

Google

MRS. J. C. WILLIAMS,
President Oskaloosa Women's Club.

MRS. JAMES LOUGHRIDGE,
Secretary Biennial Board.

the prosperity of the people. These were the thoughts of the recent visitors to Oskaloosa. Never was a body of women more royally entertained. The Oskaloosa women know how to entertain and they did the royal thing by the I. F. W. C. The club meetings began on Tuesday evening, May 14th, and lasted through the 17th. The speeches were excellent, the reports enjoyable—indeed the meeting was voted by many to be the finest ever held in Iowa. The audience room of the First Methodist Church was a fine place for the sessions, roomy, light and well ventilated, and of perfect acoustic properties. In the choice of Mrs. Gertrude R. Nash of Audubon for president, the convention was most fortunate and wise. Mrs. Nash has been associated with Mrs. J. J. Seerley for two years in the work and has made many warm friends all over the state.

Women of prominence were present from other states, and had the papers and talks been confined within reasonable limits, it would have been a really enjoyable occasion. Numerous teas, drives and luncheons were given for the delegates.

Ottumwa and Davenport both extended invitations for the next biennial, the matter to be decided by the federation board.

Oskaloosa has a paper, daily and weekly, that would do credit to any town in the union, the Herald. It has for editor and manager, Philip and Charles Hoffman. This paper has a world-wide acquaintance, through its former editors and owners, Henry and Charles Leighton and Al Swalm. But in its palmiest days of yore its friends never dreamed of its being what it is now.

Philip and Charles are old-time residents of Oskaloosa and are of the type of men of whom both town and state well deserve to be proud.

Public sentiment in regard to civic art in all its branches has been roused during the past winter as never before in Des Moines. For once it has been practically demonstrated what can be accomplished by a united effort on the part of club women in behalf of the public good. We have had a clean-up

MRS. A. E. SHIPLEY,

Who was re-elected Chairman of the Seventh District of the I. F. W. C.

day in Des Moines that has been the talk of the whole country. The appropriation for street cleaning purposes has been increased to a sum which, while still inadequate, yet was once considered impossible. This has all been accomplished through the efforts of the civic art committee of the Women's Club. This committee has for a leader a woman who has generalship to fit her for great things. She has common sense united to efficiency. She has a deep and abiding faith in the possibilities of Des Moines, which has lent enthusiasm to her work. Added to these, an endless perseverance —and thus we may not wonder at her accomplishments in the past nor for the future. This leader is Mrs. W. S. Johnston, well known in club and social circles. Both directly and indirectly Des Moines owes much to the enthusiastic work of women. Let us give the credit generally where it belongs.

On the afternoon of the 13th of May, Mr. Samuel Strauss of the New York Globe spoke before the Federation of Clubs in Des Moines. His topic was the "Usefulness of the Useless,"—or, art. Mr. Strauss is loved and admired in Des Moines as perhaps no young man has ever been who went from us to make a place for himself in a large world. This is due to his own many-sidedness. Above all other things he is an artist himself. Student of men and things, philosophic in his estimate of life, imaginative as a poet, and yet practical in all things pertaining to daily living, a musician, an art critic, lover of truth and honor, it is small wonder that his friends adore him and are generous in their estimate of him. Added to these qualities are a strength and force, a clear-sighted and unerring judgment that make for greatness in men both in a worldly as well as a spiritual sense, and most rare in a man as young as Mr. Strauss. It is little wonder that a writer in "Printers Ink" advises the newspaper world to "keep an eye on Sam Strauss."

The lecture on art was listened to by an audience carried out of themselves by the magic of the speaker. This lecture was repeated in Grinnell on Thursday. On Friday afternoon Mr. Strauss delighted a big audience in Oskaloosa with his talk about newspaper work and paid high compliment to women in the field of literature.

Iowa certainly is proud of this gifted son and it is through such men transplanted to foreign fields of work that we gain our reputation for greatness and worth as a commonwealth.

A convention of the past month that was typical of the splendid work of women in the middle west, was the Grand Chapter convention of the P. E. O.'s in Des Moines. This society stands for honor among women, the true sisterhood, above all other things. To be helpful to each other is the P. E. O. aim, and to defend one another is a part of their work. Iowa is the home state of the order, although chapters now exist in almost every state of the Union and some in foreign countries. It is a secret order. Mrs. Judge Babb and six of her associates in Mount Pleasant when they were schoolgirls laid the foundation for this great organization now numbering many thousands, all banded together in faith, hope and charity.

The convention was splendidly handled in Des Moines and no effort was spared in the entertainment of the wearers of the star.

D. A. R. Matters

At the recent D. A. R. congress in Washington city, Mrs. Stevens of Boone was elected state regent for Iowa and Mrs. Loper of Des Moines was made vice regent for the coming year. This leaves Mrs. F. W. Webster in the chair as regent of Abigail Adams chapter until the installation of new officers in the coming fall.

The Iowa delegation this year in Washington was very small, and as there is a by-law in the state rules which declares the nominee must be present, the choice of officers was confined to a very few and only seven chapters out of thirty-five had a voice in the election. This is manifestly a great mistake and during the coming state meeting the by-laws will be changed, in order that both state regent and vice regent may be elected at the state meeting. There is a widespread feeling in Iowa that changes must be made in the conduct of state D. A. R. matters. At present there is no democracy about the handling of the state business. Such a feeling of discontent is most injurious to the order and the larger usefulness of the society is greatly hampered.

* * *

The triumphant re-election of Mrs. Donald McLean to the office of President General of the D. A. R., after a bitter contest on both sides, seemed to show her great strength and popularity with the order at large in America.

Mrs. M. E. S. Davis, the treasurer general, is an enemy of Mrs. McLean and the most exciting event of the meeting came about through her objection to some of the investments made by the finance committee. Under Mrs. McLean's rule the money has been raised very rapidly, and it was deemed wise to invest part of it rather than have it lying idle. Therefore, at the advice of the greatest bankers in New York, four thousand dollars were invested in Chicago and Alton bonds. The depression of this stock brought on the excitement, and Mrs. McLean's enemies were quite ready to take advantage of anything that came up. Mrs. Davis, in her anxiety to stir up trouble, had forgotten to have her annual report audited, thus causing no little delay and annoyance. After much argument, the report was accepted unaudited. In the report Mrs. Davis recommended an investment in government bonds at 2 per cent., but when the congress learned that if the C. & A. bonds were sold then they would only lose thirty dollars, and there is assurance that they will rise, the action of the finance committee was unanimously endorsed, and the consideration of the recommendation of the treasurer was voted down.

Mrs. Davis proposed for President General the name of Mrs. Eleanor Washington Howard. The vote was 511 for Mrs. McLean and 152 for Mrs. Howard. For the first time in the history of the organization, Mrs. Howard refused to withdraw her name so that the election could be called unanimous.

A great deal of the antagonism to Mrs. McLean is based on her rapid promotion from an obscure office as regent of the New York City chapter of over a thousand members to the highest and most coveted office in the organization. For over eight years she held this office, and here her superlative ability was first manifested. Descended from a long line of judges and lawyers, she is a woman of exceptional executive ability, and wonderful personality, in truth, a general among women. She is a woman to inspire hero worship, and compels the admiration even of her enemies. It is a great tribute to the judgment of the daughters to have selected for their president general a woman who is so admirably suited for the office. In addition to presiding perfectly, Mrs. McLean has a voice that "carries well and can be heard in the farthest corner of a large auditorium." While the practice of electing women for their voices has not become general, yet it might sometimes be employed with great success. As a tribute to the love and appreciation in which Mrs. McLean is held, she was presented with two loving cups, one by her sister members on the national board and the other by the entire congress.

The daughters were royally entertained in Washington, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt's reception being the most notable affairs given for them.

Opening of the Guest Piano Rooms

The opening of the splendid new quarters of the Guest Piano Company was an event in Des Moines which will long be remembered with pleasure. Two entrances lead to these commodious quarters, one on Walnut and one on Seventh, and so great was the crowd in the afternoon and evening of the 4th of May that many waited in the street some time before they could get in. A quantity of palms and cut flowers added to the beauty of the homelike and elegant parlors, and a rose was given as a souvenir to each lady present. The special parlors for the various instruments was pronounced by all to be a fine change from the old method of choosing in an open room with hundreds of other pianos. The Guest Piano Company is one of our oldest state institutions, established in Burlington in 1854 by the late Col. James A. Guest, a man whom all delighted to love and honor. The company is now headed by his son, and has houses in Des Moines, Burlington, Cedar Rapids, Ottumwa and Quincy, Ill. That the company is awake and progressive was evident to all who attended the opening. One of the delightful features is a recital hall seating 200, with a rostrum, and a Chickering grand. It was in this hall that the recitals of the afternoon and evening were given. The artists appearing were Mr. Albin Berglund, Mrs. Grace Clark-DeGraff, Prof. Emil Enna, Mr. Frederic Vance Evans, Mrs. Mabel Wagner Shank, Dr. Arthur Heft, Mr. Wendell Heighton, Miss Alma Dugan, Mrs. Chas. S. Hardy and Mr. Lyman D. Guest. It was indeed a pleasure to hear Mr. Guest. His voice is one of the purest and most expressive tenors ever heard in Des Moines.

Mrs. Roy Walker was the accompanist and her fine work added greatly to the pleasure and success of the event.

Dispensing gracious hospitality were Mr. E. A. Lister, manager, and Mr. Swanitz, assistant manager. The concert room will be offered free to those wishing to give a recital or musicale.

MRS. GRACE JONES-JACKSON,
Who appears in recital in Des Moines, June 4th.

In no place is the difference of sentiment in the social classes more clearly shown than in the theater. The melodrama is now almost exclusively the drama of the poor in purse but rich in heart throbs. No one can know "the people" and the impulses that sway them until they have watched them at their favorite plays. The intense satisfaction when the hero, always honest, manly and brave, wins the riches which are rightly his because of nobility of character. The noisy jubilation when the villain "gets what is coming to him" by right of his deviltry and meanness.

The demonstrative sympathy with what is good and the condemnation of what is evil. The tears that come for the child and the aged, the hearts that openly speak their longings at the home scenes and accord with what is simple and true. All these tell the story of the real heart of the masses, whose literature, as Gilbert Chesterton says, is "as simple as the thunder of heaven and the blood of men."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who is almost as great a beneficiary from free advertising as Mr. Stead himself, explains for purposes of publication why he will not be one of the latter's international peace pilgrims. In the first place, he says, everybody who has any valuable opinions on the subject of world peace is too busy at home to go junketing among the crowned heads trying to induce them to make the dove the chief feature of their ornithological collections. In the second place, he believes the "kings, czars, kaisers and the like whose time is of no value at all, and whose profession it is to take part in local paegants and internationel demonstrations," ought to get up a pilgrimage of their own, and for himself, Mr. Shaw generously offers to receive at his lodgings any well-behaved monarch who desires advice on the abolition of war. Mr. Shaw further fears that the peace pilgrims will be regarded at the European capitals as a sort of Coxey's army and personally he does not wish to be admonished to "keep off the grass."

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

In New Quarters

The Kimball Piano Company is at home in elegant new quarters on Walnut street, almost across from where they were. The rooms are handsomely finished and furnished and most admirably suited for showing and selling pianos. Two floors are occupied now by the company, and the floor space is sufficient so that all grades and classes of pianos can be seen to the very best advantage. Each of the rooms holds seventy pianos and it is thus easy to make comparisons. Under the careful eye of the manager, Mr. Randall, the artistic and elegant effects so much desired in a store of this class has been secured. A visit to the new home of "The Kimball" is certainly a pleasure and every courtesy and attention is shown in this popular house.

* * *

"Simply stunning," was the verdict of two young ladies the other day, as they stood looking at the display of summer footwear in the W. L. White Shoe store windows. Oxfords of all colors and sizes were on display. And they are not only stunning, but of first-class wearing quality and comfortable fit. You can prove the truth of this assertion by getting a pair for yourself.

DR. FREDERICK J. WILL

Dr. Frederick J. Will of Des Moines has been complimented by Governor Cummins with the appointment to the position of surgeon-general of the Iowa National Guard, with the title of colonel.

Doctor Will was a student at Iowa State College for three years. Afterward he was a midshipman in the United States navy at Annapolis for three years. After resigning as a midshipman he studied medicine and graduated from the medical department of the State University of Iowa. In 1897 he was elected head physician for the Modern Woodmen of America and re-elected in 1899; in 1901 he resigned this position, on being appointed medical director for the Bankers' Life Association of Des Moines. He has been district surgeon for the Chicago & Northwestern Railway for twenty-two years. He is a member of the American Medical Association, the Iowa State Medical Association and the

American Association of Railway Surgeons.

Dr. Will has always been a loyal republican and was a delegate to the national conventions of 1896 and 1900. As one of the most popular men in Iowa and ranking high both as professional business man and citizen, Doctor Will is receiving a host of congratulations on his well deserved honor.

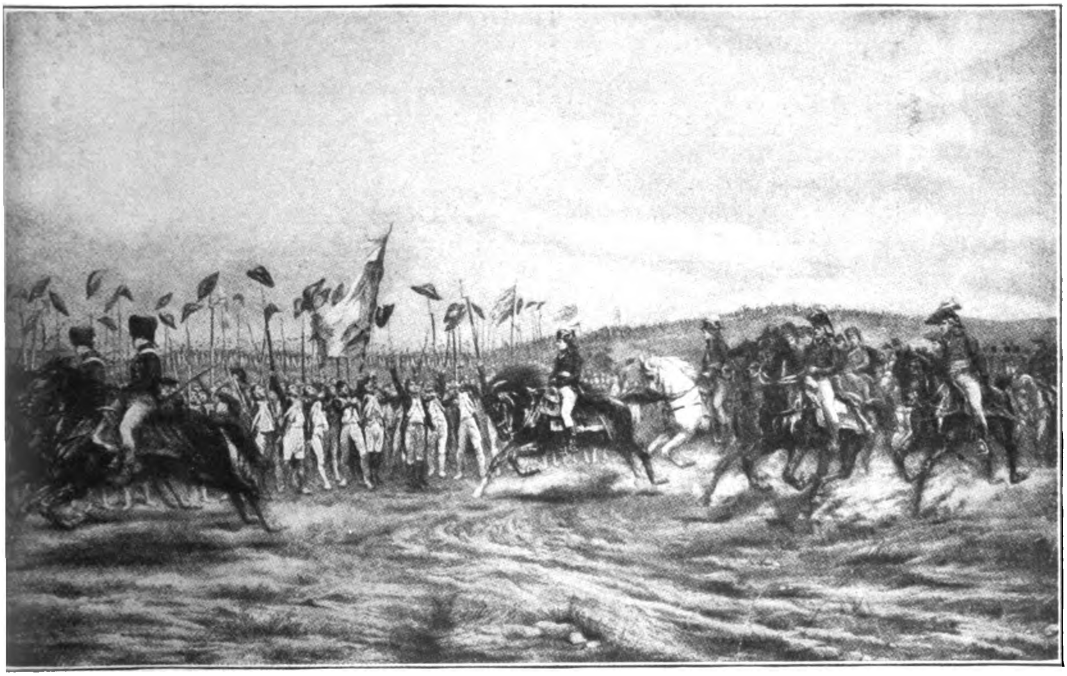
The American Gold Cup Tour, open to American-made automobiles only, is a regularity test occupying about sixty days, which is to be given this summer over a circuit of 4,000 miles through France, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Belgium and England. The start will be made about the 20th of June, so that the participants may have an opportunity to witness the French Grand Prix race, the greatest speed contest of the year, which is to be run July 2nd over the Dieppe course. The trophy is valued at $3,000 and is donated by Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., E. R. Thomas, Jefferson de Mont Thompson and M. J. Rothschild.

THE CHEERFUL MAN

What a boon he is to everybody's life! Like a bright sunrise and a gentle south wind, coming together on a winter morning, he is to all who cross his path. He brushes cheerily along, knocking grief and disappointment out of his path, and leaving it fringed with flowers. Such a man is worth a great deal to the world; more than all his money, his wisdom or his ambitious schemes. People feel a sort of pleasure just seeing him coming down the street, and when they meet him, there is not a cloud in sight.

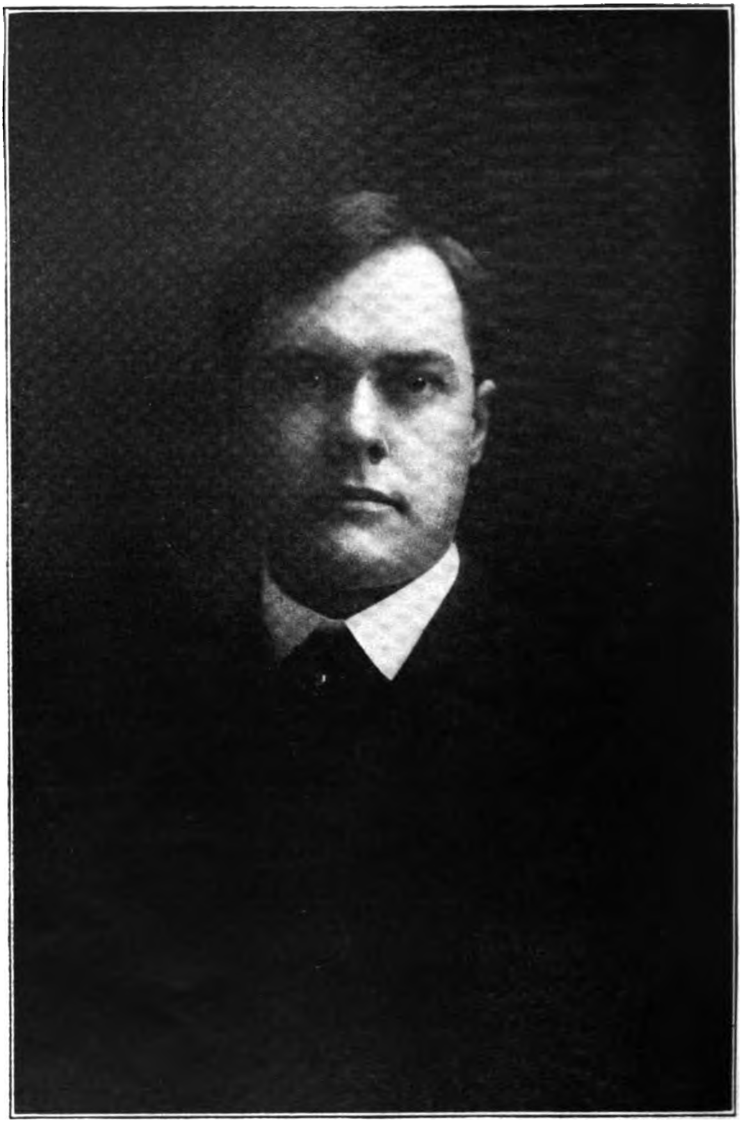
A cheerful man doesn't realize the amount of good he is doing in the world. But it is his nature and he can not help it. Heaven has picked him out as one of its angels, and he is faithful to his mission. Every day some fellow has been made happy by his pleasant smile and his genial "good morning," and if one has a bit of business with him, it passes by very much like an exchange of compliments.

To be cheerful may not be so great a duty as to be honest or unselfish, but it certainly widens the radiance of these virtues.



L'AURORA D' UNE EPOPEE.

By Meissonier



DWIGHT N. LEWIS.

What One Des Moines Boy Does

CHARLES TOBIN.

There are a great many elements and environments that help to make our well regulated and democratic government of today. In a system like this the responsibility of the government rests directly on the people, and as they are so is the government.

When a community, association or person is performing some great and good work for the betterment of mankind for the uplifting of the moral standard (a necessity for an ideal government) it is only fitting and proper that the public should learn of it and the individual, or individuals, given the credit at the proper time, namely, while they still breathe.

Mr. Dwight N. Lewis has for many years been doing such work in a Sunday School class at the Central Church of Christ where he has made many faithful friends. If on some very dark night you could emblazon high in the heavens the words, "Do you love Dwight Lewis?" the response would come sounding back from the remotest corners of the United States, "I DO!" Nor would it be seen only by those in this country but the Philipinos awakened from their sleep would see the stalwart form of some young man perhaps in tears, perhaps in mirth, perhaps thinking of the many good times he has had with his old friend and teacher Dwight; perhaps grieving that they were no more. The sailors of some private yacht sailing in the South sea might witness such an incident. Then from the Golden West—from Washington, Montana, and California would come the answer "I do, I do!" In fact there would be one grand chorus from the entire country, each and all testifying to the goodness and purity, and loyalty of their beloved teacher.

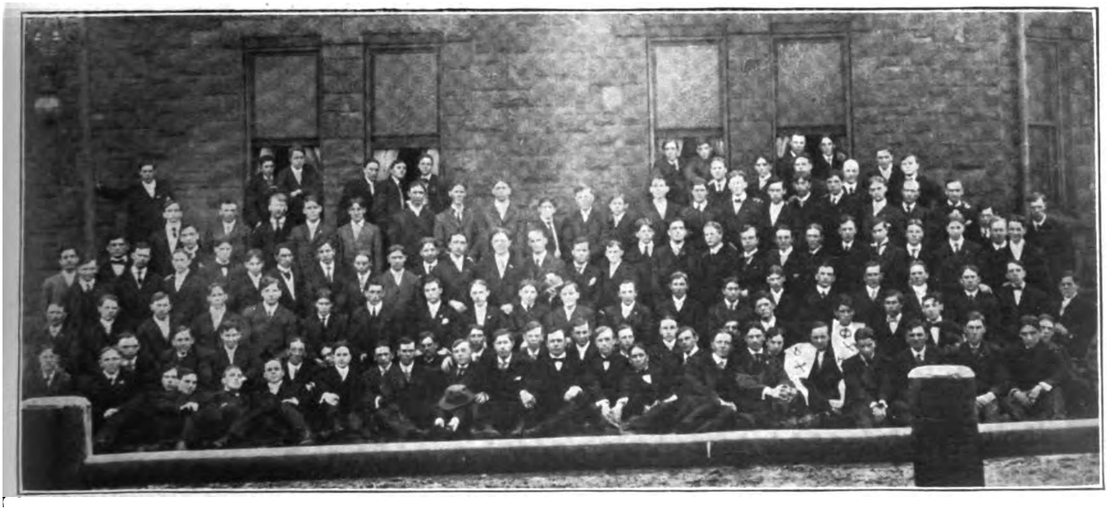
The destinies of this class beginning with four or five scholars, each of whom was considered a forlorn hope, have been guided by the master hand of Mr. Lewis. This class known as the Philo Christos, or Brothers in Christ, now has a membership of 155, the largest enrollment of any young men's class in the West. Its camping trips, annual banquets, parties, stags, etc., furnish no end of healthful entertainment and its spiritual and moral benefits make it one of the best organizations of our day. Its fellowship and pleasantries have doubtless turned hundreds of weary feet and aching hearts into paths that led to honor and fame and glory.

Mr. Lewis personally has been the keynote of his success. He always greets you with an outstretched hand, a pleasant jovial face, and a degree of sympathy which is rarely equalled. These characteristics are what have made friends and friends that "stick" never grow tired and are always present at the proper time.

He is always ready for any fun, can be a boy with the boys, and still command their respect and retain a wonderful influence over them.

Des Moines enjoys the distinction of having the greatest per cent of its young men members of churches, Sunday School classes, etc., of any city in the union. If there has been any one factor in making this a fact the Philo Christos are entitled to the credit, as it is largely through their persistent efforts that such a favorable comparison can be made.

The people of this city should certainly feel very grateful toward this organization and should give it their heartiest support, as a work of this nature can tend in no direction save the building a "Greater Des Moines."



SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS OF DWIGHT N. LEWIS,
Central Church of Christ.

Des Moines as a Hotel Town

J. R. HUBBART,
Proprietor of the Savery.

Wide-awake and progressive Des Moines could not be what she is noted for being, a convention city, were it not for the splendid hotels within her borders. For hotels are necessary to a city which does things on the scale in which they are done here. A good hotel is a good booster for a town and Des Moines certainly gets boosted in great style through her hotels. A fine compliment was paid to the hotel capacity as well as the hotel men, collectively and individually, of Des Moines, when it was chosen as the meeting place for the convention of hotel men from five adjoining states.

In any mention of the hotel men of the city, one remembers Colonel Bogue of the Kirkwood, Dr. Aborn of the old Aborn House, now the Iowa, James C. Savery, first of the Kirkwod, afterwards of the Savery, all of them representative citizens and men who helped build the town. Of the men in the front rank at the present time as hotel proprietors and managers in Des Moines, are W. L. Brown, of the Chamberlain; H. C. Hansen, of the Wellington; Fred C. McCartney, of the Victoria; W. W. Witmer, J. W. Witmer and J. R. Hubbart of the Savery; F. E. Veitch, of the Kirkwood; J. H. Paulson, of the Iowa, and Geo. M. Christian and Mr. Hedrick of the Elliott. Of these, Mr. McCartney is perhaps senior in the work in Des Moines, for many years manager of the Kirkwood and latterly a few years with the Victoria. Mr. Brown comes next, and Mrs. Brown should be mentioned also, as she has with her husband, shown the people of the state how a hotel can be made a home to its patrons. They were for twelve years managers of the Savery and the Chamberlain was built under their personal supervision, to suit their tastes and ideas. Mr. Hubbart has come here but recently, but is already in love with Des Moines and the "Des Moines idea," and is sure to win many friends both for himself and the Savery. He is a young man of energy and the love for the work which goes to the making of the ideal hotel host. The Savery is a fine hotel and known over America by travelers who visit Iowa and the West. It is now being refurnished and put in fine condition under Mr. Hubbart's management. In another month it will be practically new and clean and fresh as it can be made. The cafe is a popular place for transients and chefs and all service the best that can be had.

The Wellington, under Mr. H. C. Hansen, an old resident of Des Moines and for a long time in the drug business, is one of the most attractive hotels of its size in the city. The lobby is light and well ventilated, and the cafe. halls and rooms strike one at the first glance to be so beautifully fresh and clean, so well ventilated and so modern in all the equipment, that the hotel at once commends itself to even a casual observer. Its patrons are in love with the Wellington and Mr. Hansen well knows how to please and to make friends.

THE SAVERY

DES MOINES

Management of
J. R. HUBBART

¶Operated on both European and American plans. This hotel affords every modern convenience for the comfort of its patrons.

¶The European diningroom known as **Savery Inn** is famous for its beauty and perfect service.

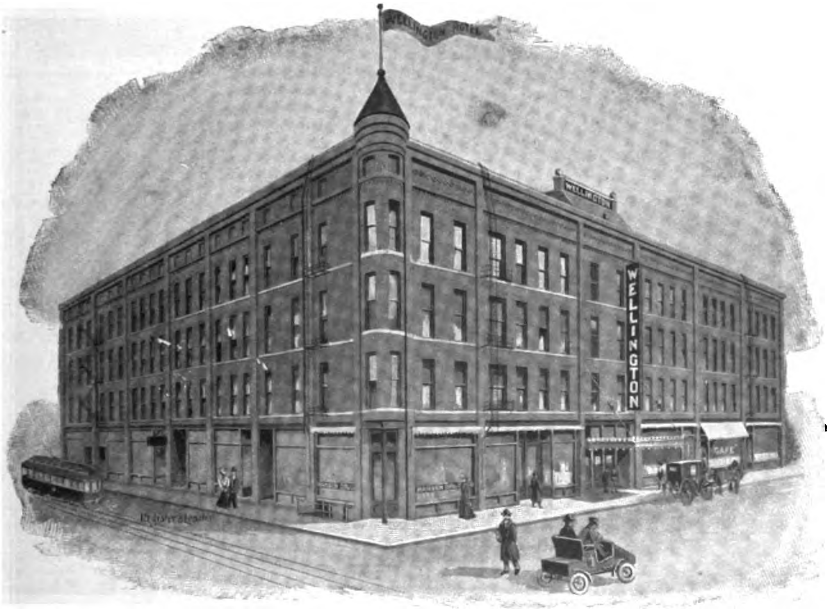
¶Over $25,000.00 will be expended in improvements this summer to maintain without question the reputation of

The Savery as the Leading and Largest Hotel in Iowa.

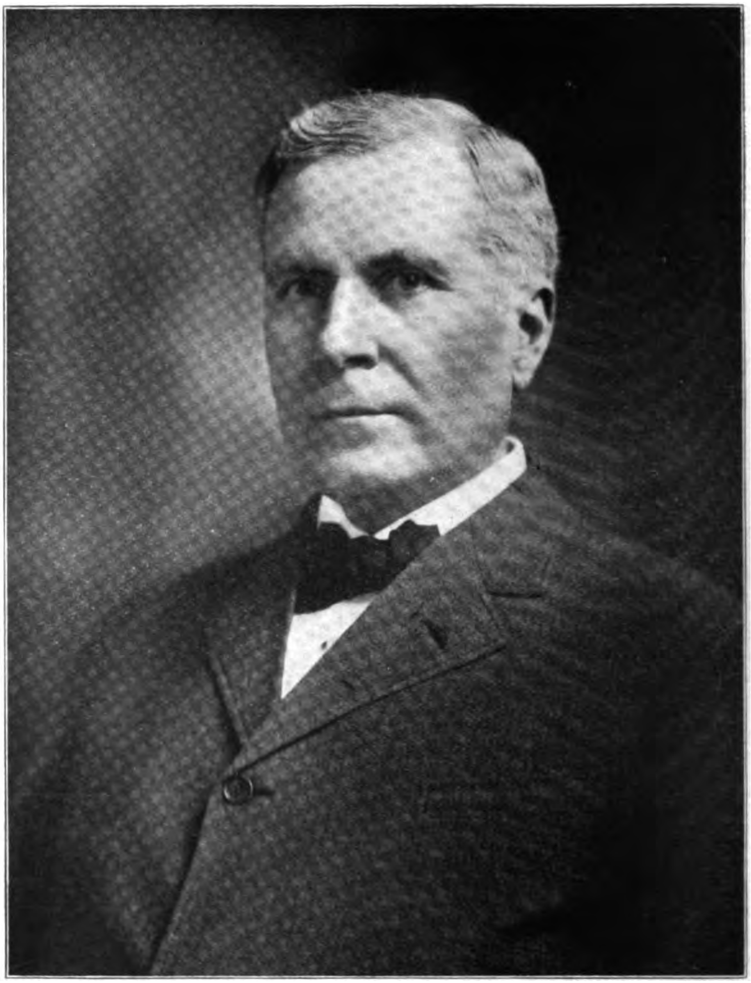
Savery Hotel Company

THE WELLINGTON

EUROPEAN
DES MOINES, IOWA



New and absolutely modern. The largest modern up-to-date Hotel in the State of Iowa. Two hundred **rooms**, fifty with private baths. Large, well lighted sample rooms. Close to Wholesale and Retail District, **Public Buildings** and Theatres. Within two and a half blocks of Rock Island and Union Stations. Modern **Cafe.** The perfection of Elegance, Cleanliness and Cuisine. **Rates 75c to $3.50.**



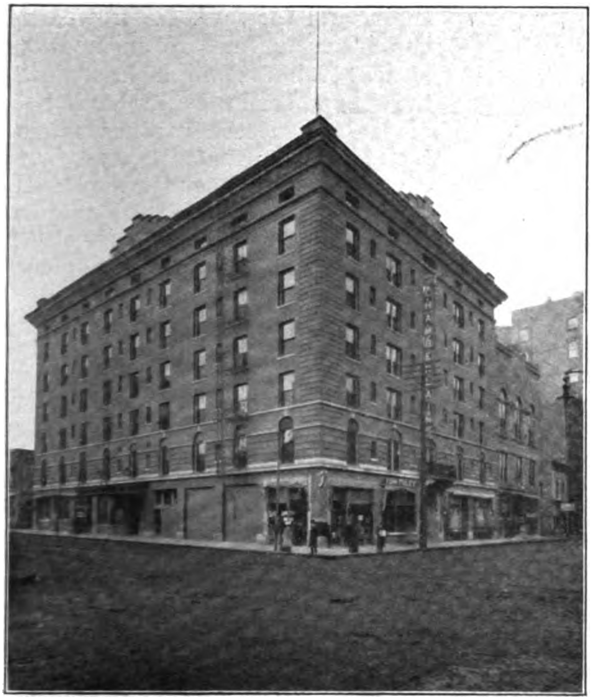
W. L. BROWN,
Proprietor of The Chamberlain, who enjoys the unique distinction of having never operated any other than a strictly first-class hotel.

The Elliott ever since its opening under the capable management of Mr. Christian and Mr. Hedrick, has been a splendid success. Centrally located, it has a great advantage for transient business and for persons spending a few days in the city. It is thoroughly modern, on the European plan and has a first class cafe. As in the case of the Chamberlain, a gracious woman assists in the management and helps to make the guests feel that they have a home so long as they are under the roof of the Elliott,—the wife of the manager, Mrs. H. L. Hedrick.

One of the most popular cafes between Chicago and Denver is The Kirkwood. Here the epicure will be able to gratify his most extreme taste and the diner on plain fare can be suited as well. Its popularity is attested to daily

Mr. Veitch and Matt Kane as managers understand the popular taste and cater to it most successfully. The comfort of guests is most carefully considered. A host of old friends find at the Kirkwood their favorite stopping place and its patronage is even better than in the old days when it was new. Its fine location at Fourth and Walnut, within easy access of the trains makes it especially attractive to the transient trade.

The Victoria is a family hotel at Sixth and Chestnut, and is owned by F. M. Hubbell and H. D. Thompson. It is elegrant in every detail and has a first-class cafe. Rooms are constantly filled and the demand exceeds the supply. Mr. McCartney leaves nothing to be desired in his management of this



Newest, Best and Only Positively Fireproof Hotel in Des Moines : : :

Two Strictly First Class Cafes

European Plan Exclusively
Rates $1.50 to $3.50 per Day

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Up-to-Date in every Particular

W. L. BROWN
Proprietor

The Kirkwood

Kirkwood Hotel Co.

T. E. VEITCH

MATT KANE

EUROPEAN PLAN

DES MOINES, IOWA

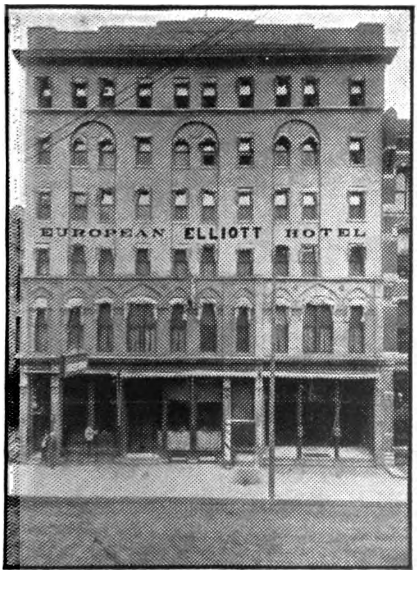
MRS. W. L. BROWN,
Proprietor of the Chamberlain.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Brown are artists in their line of business and it is doubtful if so high-class a hotel as the Chamberlain could have been an immediate success in other hands than theirs. This beautiful hotel is talked of all over the country. The Dutch Room with its beautiful pictures, is not surpassed even in larger cities. The private rooms are so complete and tasteful in furnishing that they make the occupant feel at home immediately. The regular cafe is first class and popular with the transient public as well as their own people. The service is as perfect as can be obtained in the best metropolitan hotels. Just a little removed from the noise and dirt of Walnut street causes it to appeal to all who spend much of their time in hotels. It is in the heart of the shopping district. The personal attention of Mr. and Mrs. Brown to the comfort of every patron has won for both the hotel and its proprietors many friends. The Chamberlain is popular for parties of all sorts from the big reception to the small and elaborate dinners. It has 150 rooms and is on the European plan.

GEO. M. CHRISTIAN,
President of the Northwestern Hotel Men's Association, and Proprietor of the Elliott.

THE ELLIOTT

**DES MOINES
IOWA**



A NEW, modern and strictly first-class European hotel. 130 guests' rooms. 35 rooms with private baths, hot and cold running water and telephone in each room, steam heat and electric lights throughout. The hotel is situated on the east side of Fourth street, between Walnut and Court Ave., less than two blocks from all west side depots. Rates 75 cents to $1.50 per day. A first-class and medium-priced cafe in connection.

ELLIOTT HOTEL CO.

GEO. M. CHRISTIAN, Pres. **H. L. HEDRICK, Sec'y**

Victoria Hotel First class Family and Apartment House. Three blocks from business center. Electric elevators and lights. The most comfortable and sanitary perfect hotel in Des Moines. Reasonable transient and short term rates. Cafe has family board prices. *F. C. MACARTNEY, Manager.*

George M. Christian, of the Elliott, is president of the Northwestern Hotel Men's Association, which includes Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota. Mr. Christian has been in the hotel business in former years in Grinnell and Colfax and Des Moines.

The other officers of the association are: B. M. Johnston, secretary-treasurer, the Widmann Hotel, Mitchell, S. D. Vice-presidents: A. A. Pocock, first vice-president, St. Paul, Minn., Ryan Hotel; F. H. Kent, second vice-president, Huron, S. D., Depot Hotel; E. E. Cole, B. M. Johnston, Geo. M. Christian, Hotel Metropole; C. L. Kingsley, fourth vice-president, Waterloo, Iowa, the Irving; H. C. Drexel, fifth vice-president, Omaha, Neb., Drexel Hotel. Executive board: F. H. Kent, A. A. Pocock, E. E. Cole, B. M. Johnston, Geo. M. Christian, C. L. Kingsley, H. C. Drexel.

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Of The Walker Shoe Co.

Wall Paper of Class

¶ We can plan your color schemes and decorate your homes with a capability not possessed by other houses in the city.

¶ Our stock is in every way superior.

¶ Our craftsmen are of the highest class in their respective lines of work.

¶ Our Floor Finishing and Painting have earned us an enviable reputation. If you want up-to-date and desirable workmanship you will make no mistake in coming to us.

¶ It is our ability to do things better than others that makes us of value to you.

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East Second St. and Grand Ave.
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Des Moines, Iowa

BEATRICE CREAMERY COMPANY
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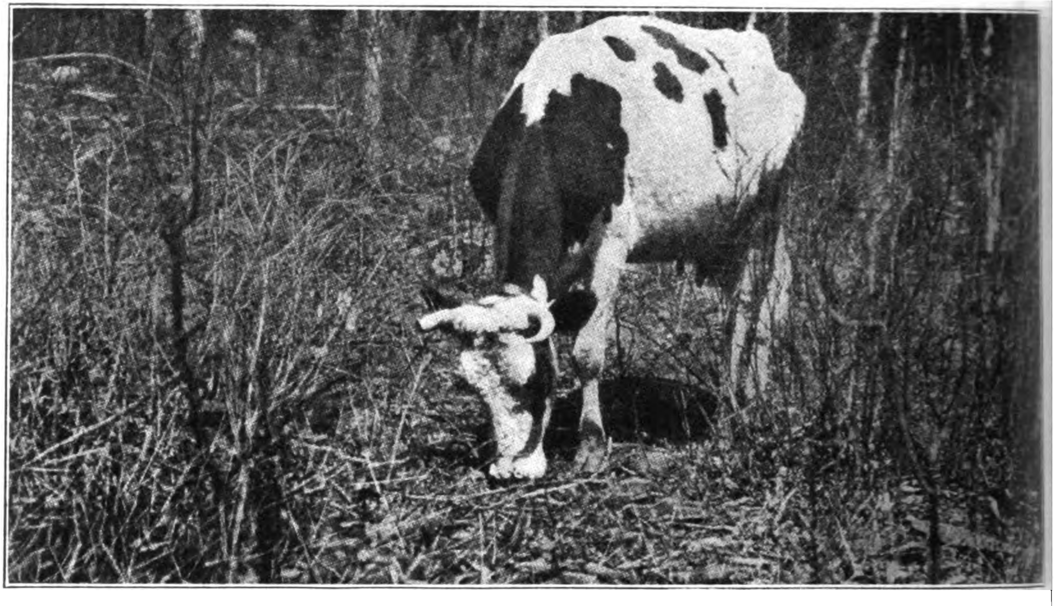


MANUFACTURERS OF
MEADOW GOLD BUTTER

Also WATERLOO and BEECHWOOD BRANDS, all Made of
PURE PASTEURIZED CREAM from Iowa Cows

Of Interest to the Public

A new departure that is of great benefit to a great number of people is something that commends attention from even a most indifferent public, while the individual to whom the matter is a personal one gives unqualified approval. Such interest and such approval is certainly due at the present time to the Iowa Dairy Company. This well-known company, with thousands of grateful patrons, has given such service that any company might well be proud of and has proved itself one of the solid institutions in the business world of Des Moines and Iowa. And now they feel encouraged to add an expensive improvement to their already perfect service, in the way of supplying to all who wish, with no extra expense, pasteurized milk and cream.

The process of pasteurization is most interesting. The cream is separated from the milk as soon as it reaches the creamery. This eliminates all foreign substances of any sort if they exist.

Then milk and cream are mixed and heated to the point of 170 degrees. This heating process renders the milk perfectly pure and untainted. It is then cooled instantly to 40 degrees and bottled for use. This pasteurized milk and cream are most popular in every place where they are offered.

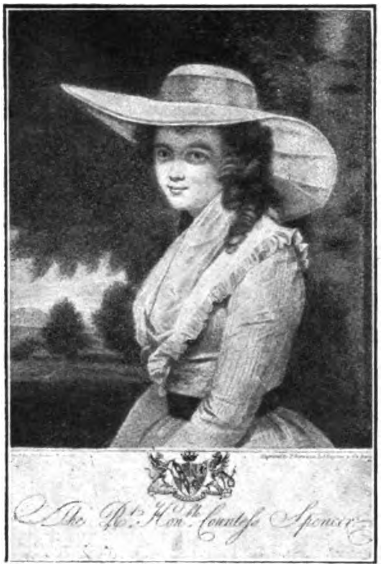
The Des Moines public can not fail to like it and be grateful for the introduction of this new and most heartily approved method of guaranteeing against the evils produced by use of impure milk. Every home keeper in Des Moines should give pasteurized milk and cream a trial in her family. Sold only by the Iowa Dairy Company and prepared by them.

The "Real Thing" now, is to have an Old English or French Print

in your parlor, framed in Rosewood or Mahogany. We have a fine line of these goods ranging from $3 to $20, and invite your early inspection.

Hamilton Art Co.

309 Seventh Street **Opposite Younkers**


The Rt. Hon. Countess Spencer

Harvey's

Jewelry Makes Exquisite Graduation Gifts

Our showing of the latest styles in Bracelets, Rings, Watches, Neck Chains, Bead Necks, Brooches and Cuff Buttons, as well as the pure quality of Genuine Diamonds, so hard to find of late, makes our shop a good place to purchase. The quality is of the best and we would be pleased to show you the goods.

611 Locust St. **W. Powell Harvey** **611 Locust St.**

WHOLESALE JEWELRY

DES MOINES, IOWA

Carter Studio

Fifth and Locust Sts. *Over Franz*

Suitable Wedding Presents

In Water Colors and Hand Painted China

Instruction Given - - - Expert Firing

To be well groomed is an essential which no person can afford to overlook. In order to be well groomed you should send your clothing to the

DES MOINES DRESS CLUB

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To be cleaned and pressed. Mut. Phone 1019.

MRS. GOODWIN,
Of The Goodwin School of Music.

Commencement of the Goodwin School of Music

June 10th at Y. M. C. A. Hall

On the evening of June 10th at the Y. M. C. A. hall will be held the annual commencement exercises of the Goodwin School of Music.

In the following delightful program will be shown the taste of Mrs. Goodwin in her choice of songs for the occasion. No teacher in the country has a more enviable reputation for ability to place the voice and to give the perfect groundwork so necessary to ultimate success than has Mrs. Goodwin. All of her work also tends to the cultivation of both intellect and artistic temperament in the pupils.

The public are cordially invited to these exercises and a treat is in store for those who attend.

The candidates for certificates are:

Miss Elizabeth Dahlberg—Art of Singing, Public School Music, Harmony.

Miss Arilla Davis—Art of Singing, Public School Music.

Miss Rose Davis—Art of Singing, Public School Music, Harmony.

Miss Adalaide Ewing—Harmony.

Miss Margaret Jones—Art of Singing.

Miss Lora Mally—Harmony.

Miss Grace Morrison—Public School Music, Harmony.

Miss Cornelia York—Art of Singing, Public School Music, Harmony.

Students taking the Public School Music course will sing a group of children's songs, by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor.

Program

Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, Monday,
June 10—8:30 P. M.

Italien .... Mendelssohn
O! rest in the Lord (Elijah)..... .... Mendelssohn
Miss Arilla Davis.
Thou Art Mine All..........Bradsky
To Spring ....Gounod
Miss Grace Morrison
Angel of Beauty............Schubert
With Verdure Clad (Creation)..Haydn
Miss Rose Davis
The Lotus Flower..........Schumann
Oh Robert, Oh My Beloved.Meyerbeer
(Robert Il Diavolo)
Miss Margaret Jones.
Wanderer's Song ....Schumann
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice.... .... Saint-Saens
(Samson and Delilah)
Miss Cornelia York
The Erl-King ....Schubert
He Was Despised............Handel
(Messiah)
Miss Elizabeth Dahlberg

The Radium Theater, to be opened this month at 511 Locust street, is owned and managed by John T. Zimmerman, recently of Chicago. This little theater is finely located and no pains or expense will be spared to make it a favorite rendezvous for those seeking an hour's pleasant recreation. Mr. Zimmerman is an acquisition to the business life of the town and already a good "booster."

* * *

From the State Highway Department of Washington comes its Bulletin No. 1, giving the State and county road laws enacted by the legislature this year. These acts create the State Highway Board and office of State Highway Commissioner, provide for the survey and construction of highways, and appropriate $267,175.75 for the purposes described in the bill. Convicts not otherwise employed are, under the provisions of one of these acts, to be used by the Commissioner to build roads. The places and the manner of such employment are to be determined by the State Highway Board.

The bulletin was received too late for more extended notice in this month's issue.

* * *

The motor cab drivers of Paris are viewing with alarm the invasion of women into the ranks, as there have been four women licensed to drive motor cabs in that city so far this spring.

MOUNTAIN VALLEY WATER

From Hot Springs, Arkansas

Is now on sale in every first class place in Des Moines. Do you realize what this means? It means just this, that you can use the **World's Most Reliable Kidney and Bladder Remedy** in your own home and save the expense of a trip to the Greatest Health Resort the world has any knowledge of.

¶ If you are watching the bloom leave the cheeks of a loved one, and your heart has a little ache that is growing bigger every day, don't despair; get a case of **Mountain Valley Water,** then watch the bloom come back, and lo! the ache in your heart is gone, and one more friend is made for **Mountain Valley Water** from Hot Springs, Arkansas. Ask for a booklet that tells all about it.

JOHN WEBER, Jr., Distributer

Phones { Bell No. 53
Mut. Main 28

416 Locust St.
DES MOINES, IOWA

(Please mention the Midwestern Magazine)

A Modern Establishment

On the second floor of The Utica are the up-to-date and elegant parlors of Anna L. Gibbons. This establishment, so well and favorably known in Des Moines, is becoming widely known also all over the state. The excellence of the work done by Mrs. Gibbons and her assistants is not surpassed in the great cities. Mrs. Gibbons has not alone the theoretical education so necessary in her line of business, but the education of long and successful practice as well. Hair dressing, manicuring, vibratory massage, are some of the specialties. Mrs. Gibbons is also an expert in the electrolysis and very successful in this line. Superfluous hairs, enlarged veins, etc., are treated with care and without pain. The Taxis toilet goods are used in all treatments. Mary T. Goldman's hair restorative and a full line of toilet articles, switches and cut hair, pompadours, etc., are always on sale.

Special attention is paid by Mrs. Gibbons to sanitary conditions. Her rooms are fitted up handsomely and the metropolitan air which greets the visitor does credit to the handsome new Utica, also to the city of Des Moines. Mrs. Gibbons has made many warm friends since locating in Des Moines and has a reputation for first-class and effective work which she certainly deserves.

The Radium Theater

511 Locust St.

Wish to announce their opening on **May 30,** showing all **first class** instructive moving pictures and illustrated songs.

Their room is beautiful, and has a seating capacity of three hundred and ten.

COME AND SEE!

(The Brightest Spot in Town)

511 Locust St.

JOHN T. ZIMMERMAN, Manager

Woman's Executive Ability

A magazine writer "makes bold to say that women have but little executive capacity." He needed to be bold to make such a statement, in view of the great variety of things which women are executing—that is, directing, seeing that they are done, carrying out successfully. One woman promptly cited the number of women in our cities who run big boarding houses alone, and with financial success. If any man thinks this does not require "executive ability" let him try it! Furthermore, says this champion of her sex: "Consider the women dressmakers, proprietors of big establishments run and controlled by themselves. Consider the milliners, the private secretaries and other business women. Then think of the women educators, heads of big schools. Certainly there is no doubting executive ability in that quarter."

The greatest demonstration, however, of woman's executive ability is in the wide field wherein she reigns supreme—the business of housekeeping and homemaking. There is no business more general and extensive than this, none more important, and none that is, on the whole, better done. As a member of Sorosis asks: "How many men could manage as the wife and mother does when cast upon her own resources? Does it not mean executive ability for a mother of small children, left penniless, to start out to educate and raise those children, to keep her family together? Was there ever a man under such circumstances who could do it? Where is there a lack of executive ability in that woman's make-up?"

The work of women in charitable and benevolent organizations under their exclusive direction, in hospitals where the execution of the plans of the trustees and physicians is often left largely to women, in church and missionary enterprises, in planning and carrying out elaborate social functions, and in many other directions, is known of all men who keep their eyes open and have ordinary chances for observation. What the doubting Thomas perhaps had in mind was executive ability in such large offices as the management of railroads, of great manufacturing or mining enterprises, or in the organization and direction of large bodies of men, as the army or the police. The kind of executive ability required for work of this sort is not yet developed in women, and seems foreign to her nature and capacities. But is it so common among men that male writers can afford to sneer at women for not possessing it?

Was Taken Literally

Whoever is acquainted in the vicinity of St. Johnsbury, Vt., knows of Orville Lawrence, of whom many stories are told like the following:

Mr. Lawrence was driving up to the St. Johnsbury house with a little fox terrier sitting at his side. A sporty young drummer was sitting on the piazza smoking a cigar in company with some friends, and he resolved to have some fun at the expense of Mr. Lawrence.

"Sir, how much will you sell that dog for? Should like it very much for my wife, who loves pups."

"Wall," said the old man, 'you had better take it, and then your wife will have two."

Professional Secrecy

Twenty or thirty years ago Dr. Meigs and his old mare Peggy were familiar figures in Derby Line, Vt., and the surrounding country.

The doctor was very brusque in manner, and disliked being questioned concerning his patients.

One day a farmer was taken sick and Dr. M. was sent for. When returning from his call, one of the neighbors, anxious to know the man's condition, hailed the doctor and the physician pulled up.

"What ails Mr. Smith?"

"He's sick; g'long Peggy."

"The Connoisseur," published in London, is one of the most splendid art journals that comes to us from abroad. It is called "a magazine for collectors," and certainly has a deep interest for all who see it and are interested in art. The colored plates in the April number are superb and the copies of etchings of famous paintings are almost as beautiful as if done in colors.

Representatives from leading colleges and towns attended the fourth annual conference of Iowa high schools at Ames. It was decided to hold the conference in 1907 at Iowa College, Grinnell.

JOHNSON'S

Bath and Massage Parlors

Suite 335 Utica Bldg.
Mut. Phone 1001

For Ladies and Gentlemen.
Electric and Electric Light Baths.
Swedish and Vibratory Massage.

Anybody can be suited as to style and fit and quality in shoes, slippers or oxfords at W. L. White's Shoe store. He understands the popular taste and caters successfully to it.

* * *

Where to Get Them

As spring advances into summer picnic parties wend their way to the woodlands and parks for enjoyment. Long trips are taken across country in carriages and automobiles. All these outings give fine appetites and lunches never taste so delicious as when eaten out of doors after riding or walking. It is therefore of great interest to know that these lunches are put up carefully and satisfactorily at the Boston Lunch. Their sandwiches would tempt anybody who knows what good sandwiches are. They are of all desired varieties and are put up in paraffine paper.

The best of homemade bread, country butter and other good things that enter into the make-up of sandwiches have given the Boston Lunch an enviable reputation in this line. Their lunches, hot and cold, are as popular as ever. One must go early at noon to get a good seat. The constant crowd of patrons well attests the popularity of the Boston Lunch.

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PEOPLE'S FURNITURE STORE
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Iowa's Largest Furniture Store

Complete House Office and Hotel Outfitter

Selling exclusively:

- **French Wilton and Bundhar Wilton Carpets and Rugs**
- **Furniture from Grand Rapids Leading Factories**
- **Bohn Syphon Refrigerators**
- **Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges, etc.**

Correspondence Solicited

Used by Good Bakers

The best cooks and bakers in the middle west have discovered a quality in Falcon Flour which endears it to their hearts. This is the quality which enables them to use it for all purposes. It makes the whitest and finest of bread, the most delicate rolls and the most delicious, crisp and flaky pie crust. No change of flour is necessary. The Falcon is good for everything and this makes it especially popular with hotels and high-grade restaurants which make their own bread or pastry.

ORDER YOUR OUTING AND TRAVELING SUITS OF

M. Goldstein, Manager

PARISIAN LADIES' TAILORING CO.

460 to 490 Good Block   Entrance 505 Walnut Street

A Daring Critic

J. W. Moran, art critic and litterateur, has been writing of "Ibsen's Later Dramas." Mr. Moran, to start with, does not like Tolstoi or Theophile Gautier. One can then imagine his loathing for Ibsen. He is familiar with the life of the people of Norway and Sweden, from whom Ibsen drew his types, and he declares that it would be utterly impossible, except in the case of the servants and underlings of the dramas—who, by the way, happen all to be sane, familiar, normal, non-criminal, human beings—to find either in the cities among the professional, official, pastor or business class, or in country homes, or in the farm dwellings of bonders, or others, prototypes of the peculiarly morbid, dual-natured, warped victims of heredity, eroticism, hysteria, and tendencies to murder, suicide and malignant revenge, with which every drama is sickeningly and revoltingly packed to the utter exclusion of almost all decently lived, normal existences at all.

Acknowledging the dramatic force and vivid realism of the dialogue and the amazing skill and clearness of all of Ibsen's characterizations, Mr. Moran declares that in reading his plays from first to last he felt not one thrill of sympathy or shed one tear of pity for the miseries and misfortunes of his heroes and heroines. Where did Ibsen get his people and his situations? Is not the dramatist supposed to depict real life? In discussing the unnaturalness of Ibsen's people, and the peculiar hold their unnaturalness seems to produce on the normal mind, Mr. Moran explains his idea of it is in the stage business partly, which enables the author to make out of a seemingly simple and empty plot, a fiendish and horrible thing.

To read so daring a critic is certainly refreshing, after the unlimited commendation of scholars and writers for the press in general.

"Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House," "The Wild Duck," "Rasmersholm" and "Ghosts" are all of them full of situations which are palpably overforced and abnormal and utterly illogical. In painting women fiends, such as Hedda and Rebecca, Ibsen is certainly a master. Few people in real life ever came across such women. In Nora the impossible miracle is worked. No such transformation could be possible. "Ghosts" is so revolting and horrible that one wonders so sweet a woman as Mary Shaw could take a part in it. Even Peer Gynt is full of vulgar brutality. "Bread" and "The Pillars of Grief" are the only plays of Ibsen in which the dramatic greatness really outshines the foulness and nauseous depravity which he seems to have taken delight to picture. Isn't there enough of beauty, sweetness and joy in life for even a genius like Ibsen to put into the far background the things that seemed to delight his soul?

An organization called the Interstate Good Roads Association has been formed with headquarters at Wilkesbarre, Pa. The objects of the organization are to see that the general and local road laws are carried out, to compel road officials to perform their duties and to see that the roads are kept free from loose stones, mud holes and ruts, and that general defects are remedied as soon as possible. By the co-operation of motorists and others interested, it is hoped to bring about a vast improvement in the roads throughout the country.

A Successful Author

We have just received from J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, of New York, a valuable little book with the title "Successful Authorship," which all who have any literary aspirations should have, as it gives in compact form many valuable hints and helps to all who are interested in becoming a successful author. It is well worth the price, 25 cents, for which it will be sent anywhere.

Alta's mother was ill, and Alta had been asked to make the coffee, using half an egg to settle it. The problem was too much for the little girl, who came running to her mother, a knife in one hand and an egg in the other, and asked, "How do you cut an egg in half without spilling it?"

Bobby—I wish I was a girl.

Mamma—Why do you wish that, dear?

Bobby—So I wouldn't have to worry about what I'll be when I'm a man.

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Spectacles and Eyeglasses Scientifically Fitted

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Graduate of Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa November 22, 1899
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We teach how to do things
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410-411 Utica Bldg. Des Moines, Ia.

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SALARY AND CHATTEL LOANS

W. G. MORGAN, M. D.
MODERN SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF CHRONIC DISEASES
Special Attention to Cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Rheumatism and Catarrh
ROOMS 432 AND 433

For Neckties Gratis

Franklin Whitcomb waxed reminiscent the other night, and favored a few cronies assembled in his cosey library with a story or two of his early life in that town where Denman Thompson has made all Whitcombs famous, Swanzey, N. H.

The senior deacon of the little white church in which Mr. Whitcomb first heard a sermon was an ardent advocate of good government and good laws. It was his custom, on the Sunday preceding the opening of the legislature, to pray that affairs might run smoothly in that august assemblage. He would pray something after this fashion: "O Lord, bless the General Court, and grant that the senators and representatives may all hang together."

One Sunday, after the deacon had finished this stereotyped sentence, a young man who was kneeling in a nearby pew, and whose name Mr. Whitcomb, for sundry reasons, sees fit not to disclose, exclaimed: "Yes, do, Lord, do! It is the prayer of all good people."

The deacon was a little nettled, and replied: "Brethren, I fear my meaning and that of the young man do not correspond. I pray that they may all hang together in peace and concord."

"No matter what cord," said the youth whose identity is withheld, "provided it's a strong cord."

Sympathy for the Brave

A wounded soldier, young and good looking, was in a hospital in Philadelphia during the civil war. Enter a lady. "My poor fellow, can I do anything for you?" Soldier (emphatically) — No, ma'am, nothing. Lady—I should like to do something for you. Shall I not sponge your face and brow? Soldier (despairingly)—"You may if you want to very bad, but you'll be the fourteenth lady as has done it this morning."

At the anual convention of the New York State Grange last month in Binghamton, N. Y., the good roads committee submitted a report, which was adopted. This report favors the improvement of all roads and it states that the character and cost of improvements should be adjusted to the needs of the whole State and no locality be allowed to profit at the expense of others.

Little Louise, about to go away on a long journey, was saying goodby to one of her father's old friends. "Well," said the old gentleman, "I suppose that when I see you again you will be a big lady and you will have little girls like yourself."

"No, sir," said Louise. "I am never going to marry. I am going to be a widow all my life."—Chicago News.

Universal Hope

The humble man out yonder who is working in the ditch
Has the hope within him hidden that some day he may be rich;
He has done no wise investing, he has earned no man's regard;
He has wasted precious moments when he should have studied hard;
But forgetting all the seasons that so foolishly were spent,
He keeps hoping he may profit through some lucky accident.
The faded maiden stitching as the mirthless moments pass,
When the long days' work is ended stands with hope before her glass;
Youth and beauty she may never claim again beneath the skies,
There are wrinkles radiating from her dulled and weary eyes:
But within her bosom always uplifting hope is pent;
He and she may meet tomorrow through some lucky accident.
You have sought to win such honors as the world gives to the great,
But your efforts have been fruitless; still you labor and you wait;
I have builded Spanish castles; I have longed to win applause
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And we plod along, still hoping that the grim fates may relent,
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WENDELL HEIGHTON, Editor.

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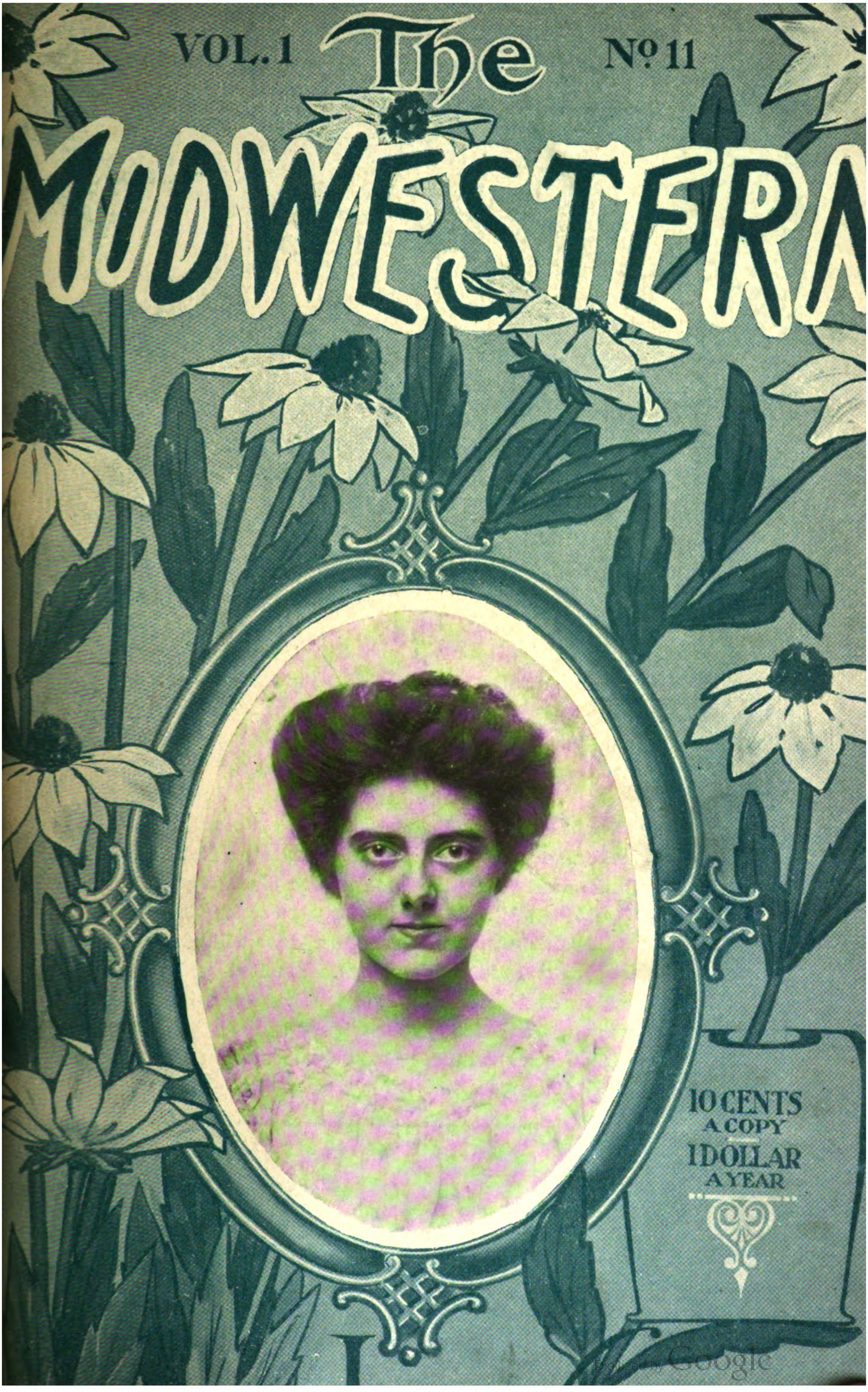

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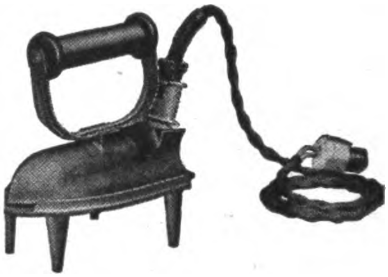

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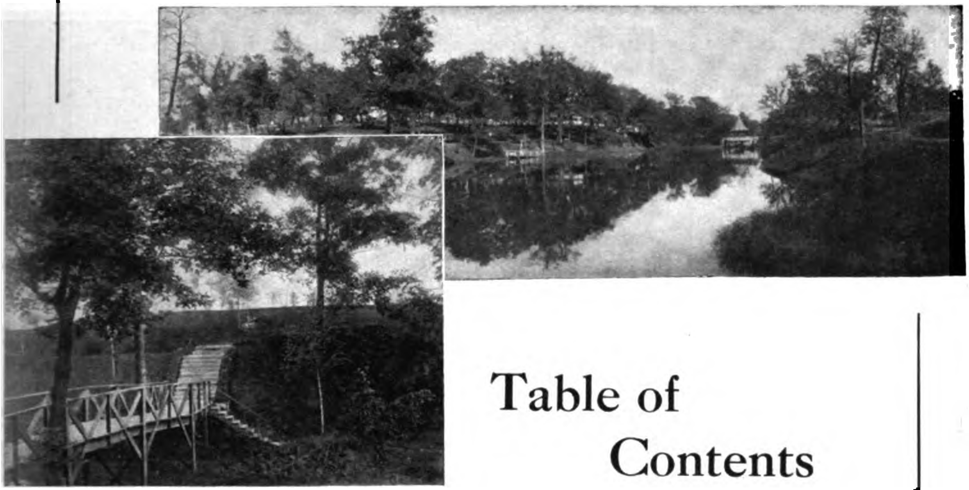

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WITH THE PUBLISHERS

CONGRATULATIONS have been pouring in by mail and every other way, since the issuing of the last number of THE MIDWESTERN. For all kind words we are grateful. For the criticisms we are just as grateful, and all that have come to us have been made in a friendly spirit.

* * * *

Orders for the last number come to us from Concord, N. H., Boston and every great city in the country as far west as Portland, Oregon. Naturally, our supply gave out, and many of our friends were disappointed. We must again insist on advance orders, or run the risk of disappointment.

* * * *

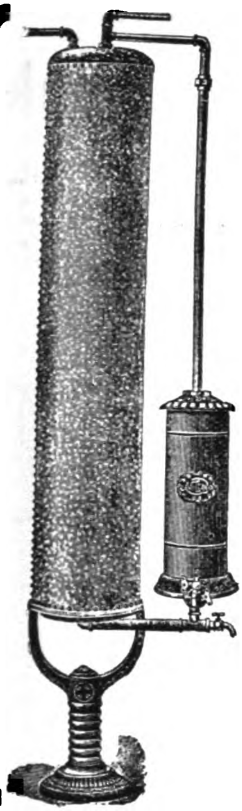
The number we had in view for this month was necessarily postponed, as the rainy weather prevented our taking the pictures with which to do our special illustrating. When it does come out, be prepared to be surprised.

* * * *

The article in this issue by Captain H. B. Hedge will find many interested readers. It is well written and tells of a delightful trip taken by Captain and Mrs. Hedge last winter. Travel articles will appear in future numbers.

* * * *

New subscribers will please state with what month they wish subscription to begin. Persons sending for a number of copies must enclose payment for same with order. All subscriptions are payable in advance.



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Cash and Due from Banks .	294,427.56
Total . . .	$1,241,047.64

Liabilities

Capital Stock . . .	$ 50,000.00
Surplus Fund . . .	50,000.00
Undivided Profits . .	5,472.32
Deposits . . .	1,135,575.32
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phone has been fixed where it is for t purpose of convenience in conducti business, and not for love-making i office hours. I am surprised at yo Don't let it occur again!"

The young woman froze him with glance. "I was ordering some ne songs from the publishers for No. Department," she explained, icily.

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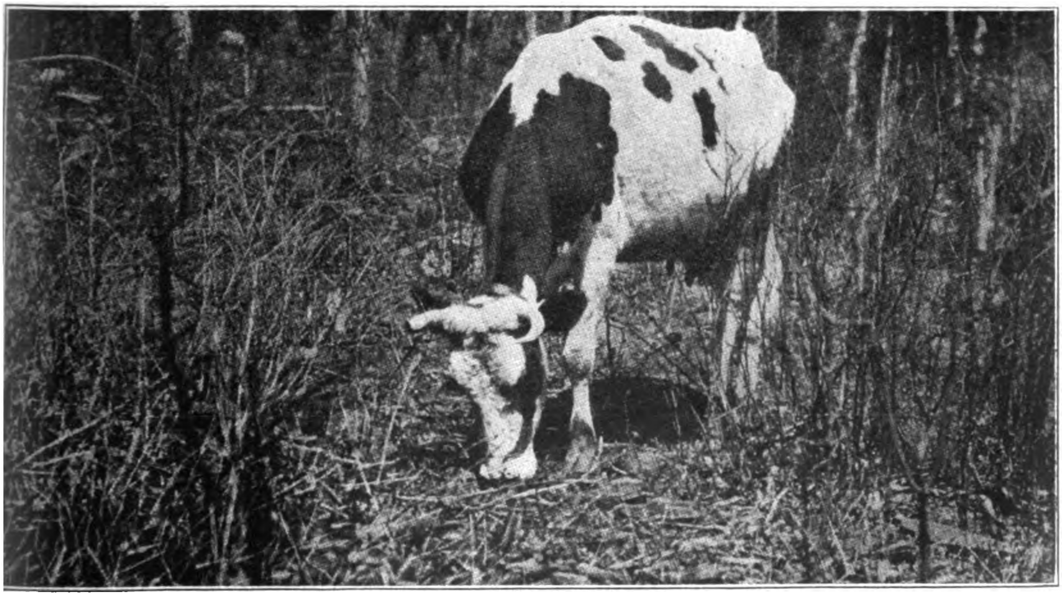

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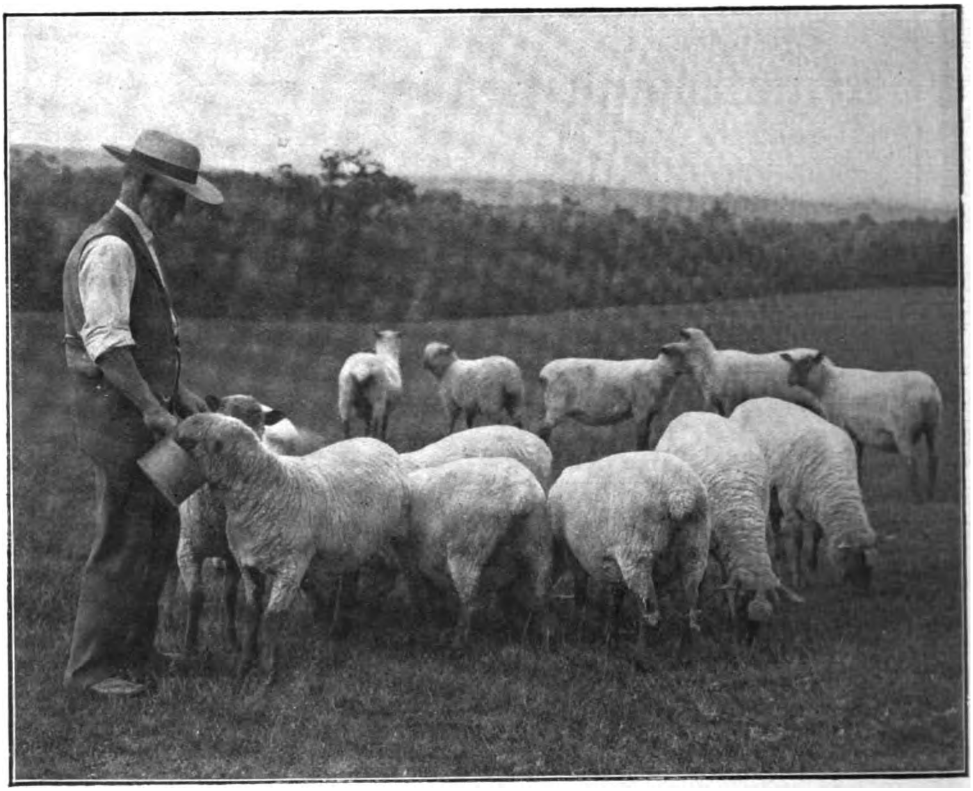


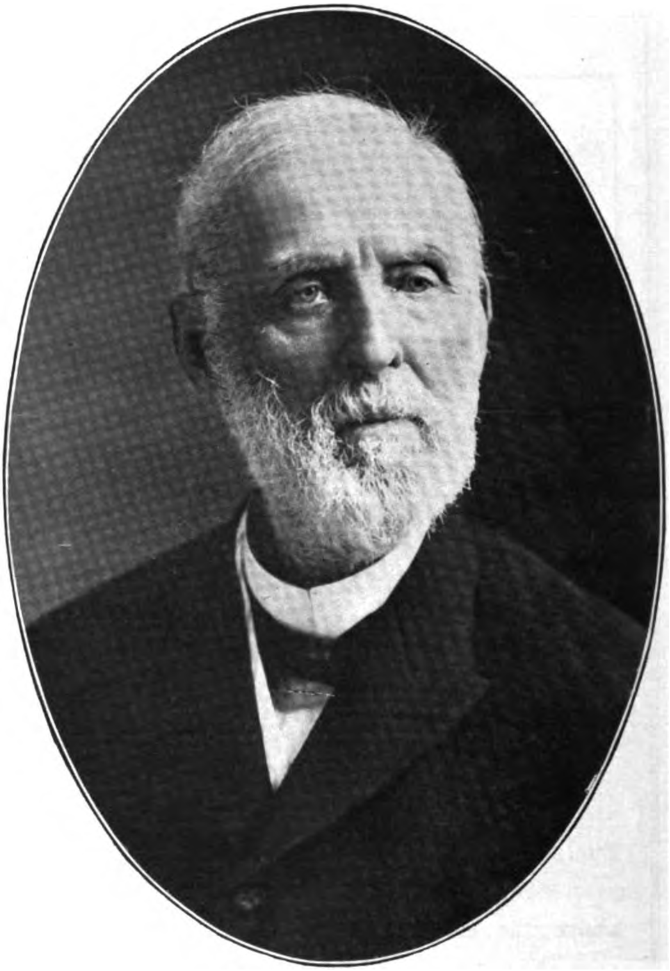
Courtesy Des Moines Photo Material Co.

IN MIDSUMMER

SOME enchantment has fallen upon the world. The ever recurring miracle of the spring time has been wrought for us again. The wonder and the joy are as if we never had known them. The trees are full of voices that sigh and laugh and cry out in the night when the wind passes over. Fern fronds and long stemmed pale flowers nod in the forest. The grasses far and wide on the prairie stretches, touched by patches of vivid color, bend and wave and dimple like the ocean when the tide is at its full.

The world is alive with young things, happy in the yellow sunshine; the skies are turquoise and the drifting clouds are white as the dreams of a child. The shadows at evening are long. The south wind rocks the bird to sleep in the nest. The young moon like a silver boat floats above the sleeping world. With myriads of eyes the night comes on to keep vigil.

Summer has come to the midwestern prairies.



JUDGE P. M. CASADY
Who has just celebrated the sixty-first anniversary
of his coming to Des Moines

THE MIDWESTERN

VOLUME I JULY, 1907 NUMBER 11

The Red Car

THE little city of Bedford was at that period in the annual history of a village when it reaches its hey-dey of glorious splendor, namely, fairtime. All day long the wagons and carriages had been rolling into town from the fertile farm-lands on all sides, and now, at noonday, the crowd had assumed considerable proportions. The wiseacres predicted that today would see the breaking of all attendance records, and truly there was reason in their statements.

Crowds of country people, men in rubber collars and women and girls resplendent in ribbons, surged back and forth gazing at the live stock or the art exhibits or listening in open-mouthed wonder to the oratorical flights of the side-show "spieler."

The chief center of interest, however, was a big red motor car, which stood to the south of the red frame structure which gloried in the title of "Exposition Building." Motor cars were scarce in Bedford, especially such cars as this one. It was a genuine six-cylinder Stratford; comfortable speedy and powerful, the property of Judge Darley, the richest man in the county. Vague rumors had been in circulation for some time past, that the Judge was contemplating the purchase of a "devil wagon," but this was the first time the curious eyes of the villagers had beheld the object of his reckless extravagance.

The chug-chug of the impatient engine fascinated the sightseers and the trembling of the big machine seemed to betray its eagerness to be off.

Near the car stood a tall, slender girl whose attire at once stamped her as being city-bred. She was leaning indolently against the trunk of a tall oak, but a careful observer would have been impressed by her restless black eyes, which sparkled with extreme alertness. No movement in the crowd, however slight, seemed to escape her notice.

Suddenly the attention of the group was drawn from the auto to a disturbance in the crowd which encircled the merry-go-round. A small, well built man, neatly attired in a blue suit, emerged from the crush and ran swiftly toward the car, followed by cries of "Stop, thief!" from a hundred throats.

"Stop him!" roared a tall, gray-haired man, known to all the assembly to be Judge Darley; "he's got my pocketbook!"

The moment the disturbance started, the girl sprang into the front seat of the auto, the sight-seers being too excited to notice her actions. The little man in blue soon reached the group around the car, which, considering discretion the better part of valor, made no attempt to interfere with his progress, but on the contrary, devoted their energies to getting out of his way as quickly as possible.

Without hesitation he clambered into the upholstered seat beside his confederate, and before the startled villagers realized what had happened, the big red auto turned the corner and was lost to sight.

When a young man naturally as indolent as Dick Harwood starts for a walk on a country road with the August sun beating mercilessly down upon him, you may be sure he is in love. There was no question about it in Dick's case. He was in love, and badly in love, too.

Just now he was cursing himself because he had quarreled with the dearest girl on earth. Three days before he had been happy; madly, unreasonably happy, and then, just because she had danced twice in succession with that handsome West Pointer, he had been fool enough to remonstrate with her about it. She being a girl of spirit, naturally rebelled, and—well, to make a long story short, Dick had a ring in his pocket which, three days before, had been on Dorothy Burton's finger.

And now, here he was boarding at a lonesome country-place, trying to forget her, and consequently thinking of nothing or nobody else. He took savage delight in figuratively kicking himself up and down the road, railing at his own folly, Dorothy's pride, and Fate.

When a handsome young fellow of twenty-two, with plenty of money and nothing to do but make himself have a good time, begins railing at Fate, something is sure to happen. Something did happen, too.

Dick was awakened from his day dreams by the sharp honk-honk of a motor car. Looking up he saw a cloud of dust bearing down upon him with breakneck speed, and in an instant it swept past him; the engines chugging, the wheels fairly whistling with the sharpness of their revolutions.

Sputtering and coughing, his eyes and lungs full of the white dust, Dick gave Fate a rest and turned his invectives against the driver of the car.

"There ought to be something worse than a fine for these confounded scorchers," he grumbled, completely overlooking his own wild dashes across the country roads in his favorite racer. He plodded on muttering abuse of the world in general and of chaffeurs in particular.

Suddenly something, Fate perhaps, caused him to lift his eyes and turn them toward a green, shady nook beside the dusty road.

There, sitting in a large red auto-car, sat a girl—the girl, for it was none other than Miss Dorothy Burton herself. She was the picture of dejection. Her big brown eyes threatened tears, and her red lips curved downward in a delightful pout. Her long red auto coat was white with dust, and a little gauntleted hand was trying to confine her rebellious locks under a leather cap.

When she saw Dick, she quickly rose to her feet, making the most of her five feet six in height. On her face there appeared a look half of hauteur, half of welcome. The hauteur was prompted by the conditions existing between them, the welcome was that which femininity in distress instinctively gives to masculine aid. As Dick doffed his cap, however, bowing low to conceal his embarrassment, the welcome faded from the look, leaving hauteur in undisputed possession.

Silence ensued, which was finally broken by Dick. "You—er—seem to be in trouble," he ventured. "Can't I help you?" The girl did not answer and Dick repeated his query.

"No, thank you," she responded coolly. She seemed to be very much interested in the blue sky directly above Dick's head. Dick, however, refused to be ignored. He removed his coat and began examining the mechanism of the car. Dorothy lost interest in the sky and condescended to favor the young man with a severe and altogether delightful frown. Dick cheerfully ignored the intended rebuff.

"Humph," he muttered, viewing the engine with practiced eye, "the spark plug's busted." He hesitated. "May I fix it?" he inquired.

"I suppose I have no power to stop you," she said, "but a gentleman doesn't intrude his attentions where they're not wanted."

Dick's face flushed at the snub and his grasp on the fender tightened. "Hang it all, don't be foolish, Dorothy, You're in a tight place and as a mere friend I want to help you out of it." He spoke half impatiently, half in appeal.

The girl's expression softened somewhat, and she answered with better grace. "But we're not friends, we're strangers," she said. Dick remembered being told he was a stranger on the night of Mrs. Caldwell's ball. Still he persisted.

"As a gallant stranger, then," he said, "let me give you the assistance one motorist owes another in distress."

Dorothy hesitated. It was a long way to the nearest village and the road was rather unfrequented. "Very well, then, as a perfect stranger," she said. Dick lost no time, but fell on his knees and began his work. Under his practiced hand the break was soon repaired, and giving the crank a few turns, he had the big machine throbbing with suppressed power. Without asking permission, he leaped into the seat beside the girl. "Which way do you want to go?" he asked.

"Thank you,but I can run my car myself. I'll not trouble you further. You have been very kind," was the response.

"Nonsense. That sparker's liable to balk again where there is no gallant stranger handy. Where do you want to go?"

Dorothy was about to argue, but seeing the reason of his words, simply said, "Home."

The big car started slowly and was soon rolling smoothly along the roadway. As Dick seemed to give all his attention to the operation of the motor, and Dorothy vouchsafed no conversation, the ride was made in silence for several miles. Now silence is galling to a woman, especially a young and decidedly pretty one like Miss Burton, so when a cluster of houses came into view she ventured to ask the name of the hamlet.

"Hazleton," he answered; "merely a wide place in the road." Upon entering the village Dick, having had experience with rural magistrates, moderated the speed of the car. Consequently he was much surprised to be hailed by a man with a shotgun and commanded to stop in the name of the law.

Dick stopped the car.

"What's wrong?" he inquired. "Are not we going slow enough?" The only answer was a command to dismount, which, backed as it was by the shotgun, was not to be disregarded. Clambering out of the car, Dick said to the girl: "Guess I'm up against it for some reason, and you'll have to be your own chaffeur after all. Keep straight to the south and you'll fetch Newport by supper time."

"None o' that," exploded the constable. "We want the gal, too. Come along, hyer, both o' ye!" Dick was nonplussed. "See here, you doddering old blunderbuss," he ejaculated. "You are carrying this thing too far. I wasn't going over five miles an hour, and if I was, I was running the machine. Miss Burton had nothing to do with it."

"Thet's a purty good bluff, but it don't go with me. Come on, now, I ain't got time to arguefy with you. Jim, take keer o' this engine. Sam, go roust up Jedge Pennyworth. Tell him I've got them Bedford pickpockets."

With that the constable started to lead his prisoners away. Quite a crowd had gathered and were gazing awe-stricken at the man and the girl. Admiration for the constable was written on every face.

"Don't they look desprit?" whispered one small urchin to his comrade. "Anybody could see they was criminals."

"Gracious! wouldn't I hate to meet him in the dark, though!" answered the other, shuddering.

Dorothy had been too dumbfounded to say a word during the entire affair. She followed Dick and the constable to the office of the justice of the peace without a murmur. "You two set down and be quiet," admonished the right arm of the law. "You better not try to escape, for old Brown Bess has got a hair trigger and might go off sudden like."

"What is all this about?" asked Dick angrily. "We'll see whether you self-important country pumpkin-heads can impose on a lady and gentleman or not. I'll have the law on you if it takes the last cent I have."

The constable only laughed sneeringly. "I reckon Jedge Darley'll be glad to see you two," he remarked. "This hyer means permotion fer me. Mebbe I'll be the next sheriff. Who knows?"

After Dick had worn himself out hurling abuse at the head of the impassive constable, Dorothy spoke for the first time. Turning to Dick she said quietly, "What is all this about?"

"Hanged if I know, but I'll make them smart for it." And then he began anew to abuse peace officers in general, and Constable Higgins in particular.

When Justice Pennyworth arrived Dick again demanded to know the cause of their detention. The magistrate merely smiled insinuatingly, and handed him a telegram. This is what Dorothy read over his shoulder:

"Stop man and woman in red auto. Wanted at Bedford for picking the pocket of Judge Darley.

"Abraham Peasly, Sheriff."

"Well I'll be ——" Let us not repeat Dick's remarks. Dorothy placed two pink forefingers over two rosy little ears.

Outside the little crowd impatiently awaited developments. Inside Dick and Dorothy sat in straight-backed chairs and bewailed their fate. Their plight drew them nearer together (both literally and figuratively), and Dorothy condescended to allow Dick to sympathize with her and to berate himself for unwittingly being the means of getting her into such a scrape.

All this time the small boys were fighting for room at the window to view the "robbers," and commenting on the singular ferocity of their faces.

Their attention was soon distracted from the prisoners, however, by the arrival of the sheriff in a buckboard drawn by a team of blacks covered with lather and dust. Without waiting to hitch his horses, the sheriff sprang from the buckboard and rushed into the justice's office. What followed can better be imagined than described. The sheriff took one look at the prisoners and then fell in all his fury on the luckless constable.

"What do you mean, Jed Higgins, by a-chasin' me clear from Bedford after a lady and gentleman what was mindin' their own business? It's a purty lookin' thing! Ain't you been a officer long enough to know a criminal when you see one?"

In vain the protector of the peace protested that he had followed his instructions to the letter. "The wire says stop a man an' a woman in a red automobile, and they answers the description, don't they?"

The sheriff insisted that, being a minion of the law, he should have been forewarned by intuition of his mistake.

After the sheriff had departed and the constable had gone dejectedly to his home, Dick took advantage of the apologetic geniality of the justice to ask him to leave him alone with Dorothy.

As soon as the lank form of the magistrate had disappeared through the door, Dick turned to his fellow pickpocket and said, "Dorothy, you've gone through this like the little heroine that you are."

Dorothy said nothing, but smiled.

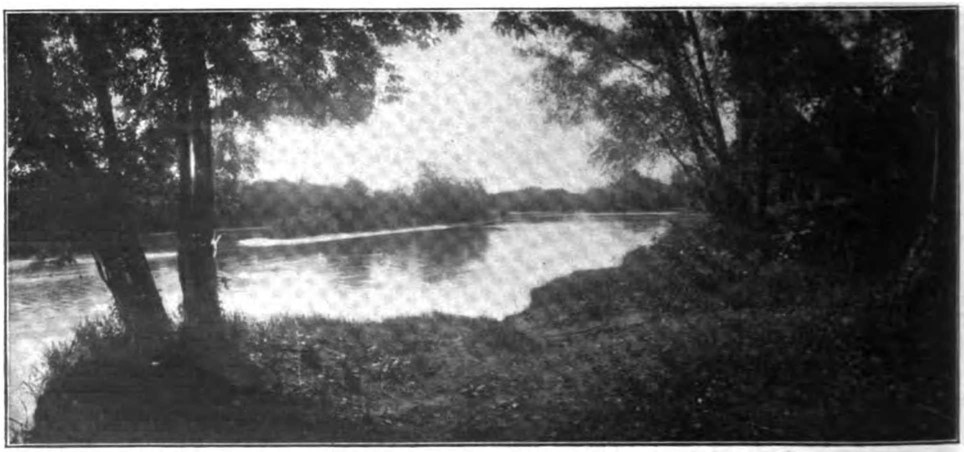
Dick went on: "I was all wrong that night, dear, all wrong. I don't blame you for objecting to my idiotic jealousy."

Still Dorothy only smiled. Dorothy was adorable when she smiled.

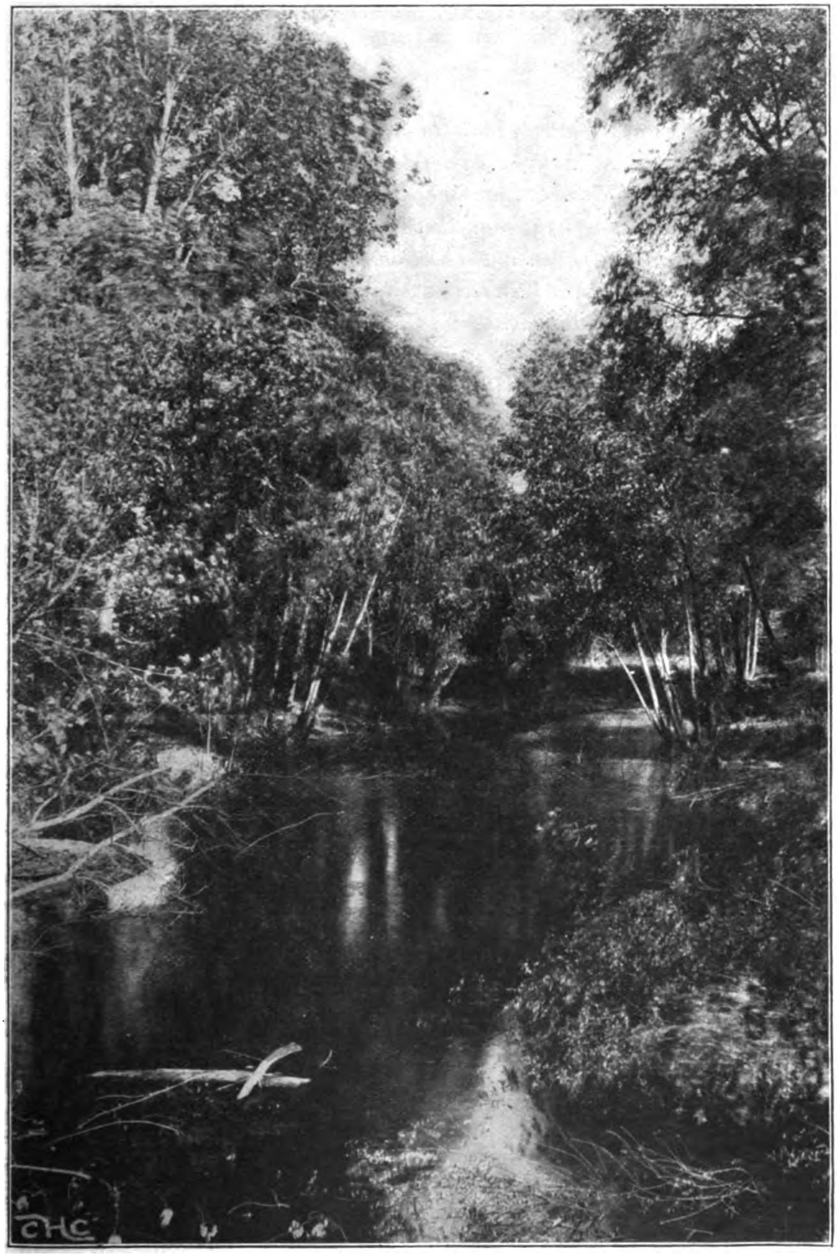
"Let's kiss and make up again," suggested Dick. Dorothy saw a ring, her ring, between his finger and thumb all ready for presentation. Still smiling, she extended a plump little hand. Then she spoke for the first time. "That's the wrong finger, Dick," she said. Dick took a lot of time to find the right one.

The lank form of Justice Pennyworth appeared at his office door and his son and heir, who was snoozing on a cracker box in front of Turnipseed's grocery, was awakened by his father's stentorian tones.

"Hey, there, Jimmie," he called, run home and get my black coat. There is going to be a wedding here!"



DES MOINES RIVER NEAR BEAVER CREEK



A BAYOU IN BIRDLAND, UNION PARK.

The Wonder-Plant

CAROLYN M. OGILVIE

> *A man may deem himself utterly unfit to live while he regards himself negatively, whil he thinks of what he is not and what he cannot do. He may condemn himself for not being abl to do what other men do. He may constantly be condemned by those who pretend to understan him, because he does not accomplish what they think he ought to accomplish. Out of hi environment he may seem cold, sullen and unsociable. Put him in his environment and h straightway becomes a god. That which seemed a hardship now proves to be a blessing, becau it is seen in right relations. That which appeared to be a cruel and ugly limitation is now foun to be the precise condition of organic productibility.*
>
> —*Horatio L. Dresser.*

Wilkins, the proprietor of the greenhouse, one morning received a package by express from a city on the Pacific coast. The following note accompanied it:

Dear Wilkins,—I hear that you have gone into your loved profession independently since you left us, or rather when we left you, for our tour of the world. When in the region of the Himalayas I was interested in a little plant Helen and I christened the Wonder-plant. She insisted that we send you a root, so here it is. I will not explain its features, but leave you to enjoy your surprise at its blooming. Helen joins me in affectionate regards.

Your old friend,
John Van Daell.

To the uninterested and unloving, a root is only a root. There is no hint in the dry fibres of leaf and blossom, of delicate tendrils and graceful branch But to Wilkins, the gardener, who had inherited his passion from six generations of flower lovers, the dry, brown thing in his hand was as sacred as a geode to the geologist, or a new comet to the astronomer. It was planted in a shaded corner of the loveliest nook of the conservatories and a stake marked Wonder-plant driven in the earth near by. The abutilon shook with excitemen at the name, and the Black Price fuchsia, taking it as a joke, laughed till al his rose-colored bells tinkled with flowe music.

A velvety begonia reached down fro a basket under the glass in a corner t see what it was, and cried out to the jasmine in the next room in jealousy. Eve the clusters of Marechal Niel roses fro the roof smiled from their deep heart as they reached out for a loving touc from Wilkins' hand. "We'll wait an see. Wonder-plant indeed!" exclaime a red geranium. The calla lily reared itself more proudly, and around the fragrance of a thousand white carnatio a whisper ran which caused the Englis violets to purple deeply and sigh.

How they all loved their master an keeper! Their jealousy proved it.

No conservatories east or west ha such a wealth of bloom as did those o Wilkins. He understood the plant love translating to him every mute appeal of leaf or blossom. All thei needs of sun or shade, of loam or sand of heat or moisture or space, he understood and supplied.

Brought into existence under favoring circumstances, and no law of nature broken in their nurture, why shoul they not richly flower for him?

It was a long time before some delicate fronds of green indicated that the root of the Wonder-plant lived There was a hush of expectancy among the flowers after they appeared. And when, in a long month, the leaves had not uncurled, Wilkins caught them, lilies, carnations, fuchsias, roses, all laughing in derision one March morning.

The poor little plant was terrified, and if the violets had not thrown her kisses as sweet as a breath from a lotus bed every day, she surely would have sickened and died.

In the early days of her existence she did not know her own needs. But as she grew older, and several leaves curled up and died, instinct taught her to reach toward the sunshine. With what passionate and envious longing did she look every day at the red geranium. How her roots cried out for richer food and for more room. How she wept, in the still watches of the night, because she could not look at the moon and the stars and listen to the wind among the mountains.

Day by day the sunlight grew more golden and the daylight more slow to fade.

Day by day the heart of a La France rose near the Wonder-plant grew more deep and tender. And one morning a thrill of ecstacy ran through the place, when through the lifted roof fell the silver song of a blue bird.

"Now for liberty, for free winds, for dashes of raindrops, for burning kisses from the sun," thought the Wonder-plant. And with the thought came a thrill of new life and at her heart, all dwarfed as it was, a tiny flower bud began to form.

When Wilkins took up the work of transplanting to the open air, he concluded that the Wonder-plant amounted to so little, and had grown so slowly that it could wait until the last. He did not understand its nature, and with his orchids to absorb his attention, could not trouble himself to become acquainted with the stranger.

It is the manner and habit of the world. Things not understood are neglected or condemned, and their latent value is never developed. It was late in May when the work was well-nigh done The spring time had blossomed into the glory only known to the midland prairies. The winds from the south, the storms from the northwest, and the gentle rain showers from the east had united in clothing the earth with beauty.

The gardens about the conservatories were radiant. And all unmindful of the famishing little life within the glass houses, the flowers laughed back at the laughing sky, the birds with many a flirt and flutter of flashing wings built their nests, and the tree tops sang a song of peace and joy.

When Wilkins at last found time to lift the Wonder-plant she was all but dead. "O, if he only knew how hungry I am for the sunlight, for the hot, level rays in my face, my eyes, shining into my very heart—O, if he could only know," she sighed.

But he did not know. She was placed in the shadow of a young elm, which daily spread its branches, thus cutting off the sunlight gradually.

This, however, was better than the greenhouse. Taking new courage, the Wonder-plant, long since forgotten by the rose and the fuchsia in the selfish joy of their new lives, sent up exquisite, delicate spikes of leaves and the flower bud began to grow.

One morning of midsummer the bud unfolded.

"My eyes!" exclaimed a tall larkspur to a gorgeous Mermet, "Who is that?" "Whose breath blew in my face?" asked a purple dahlia of the wind that had just kissed the new flower. "Poor little flower;" sighed the Wonder-plant in pity. "What a supurb creature you might have been if I had stood where yonder hollyhock grows." When Wilkins found it he was surprised and delighted. The blossom was small but of exquisite sweetness and as delicate in shading as a blush rose. It was perhaps too pale. Its fragrance was delicious.

The plant began to assume importance in his eyes and to insure another blooming he decided to give her a better location.

Her heart ached with happiness when she found herself at home in the full sunshine. Now she would grow. Now she would live. Now she would fulfill her mission. But—what ailed her? What heavy weight and pain dragged at her heart?

"Too late!" she moaned to the night wind, "I have been dwarfed too long, my powers have been crippled, my very life blood has dried up. But O, to bloom just once again, to live fully once before I die!"

Her wish was granted. One fierce day of August, when even the sturdy canna looked wilted and dusty, Wilkins stood transfixed in wonder at her side. A great spike of blossoms with waxen petals the shades of the deepest color of a sea shell, and long white stamens, smiled up at him. Nothing like it had ever been seen on the prairies. The child of a southern sun bursting into life and fragrance in an Iowa garden was a marvel Wilkins had never dreamed of.

For more than a week the place was full of visitors. Then the petals fell suddenly. The leaves of the plant shriveled and dried. When Wilkins examined the root a month later it was dead.

Pushing back his hat, he stood regarding it a long moment, then said slowly, "If I had only known—had only been able to understand."

At his elbow stood Fate, howling and dancing in mad glee.

COLONIAL

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

In these old homes tradition stalks
With tales of death and sudden ravage,
When swooping down like flight of hawks
Came, knife in hand, the painted savage.

But now the block-house days are gone
And vanished all dissensions tribal,
With modern bickerings founded on
Their different versions of the Bible

Yet in this stark environment
Still lives the past in scattered trifles,
As perfume lives in blossoms rent
When in their depth the rude bee rifles.

Here are the quaint and clumsy looms
Up-ended in ancestral niches,
And stout, long-handled hemlock brooms
Like those on which the Salem witches

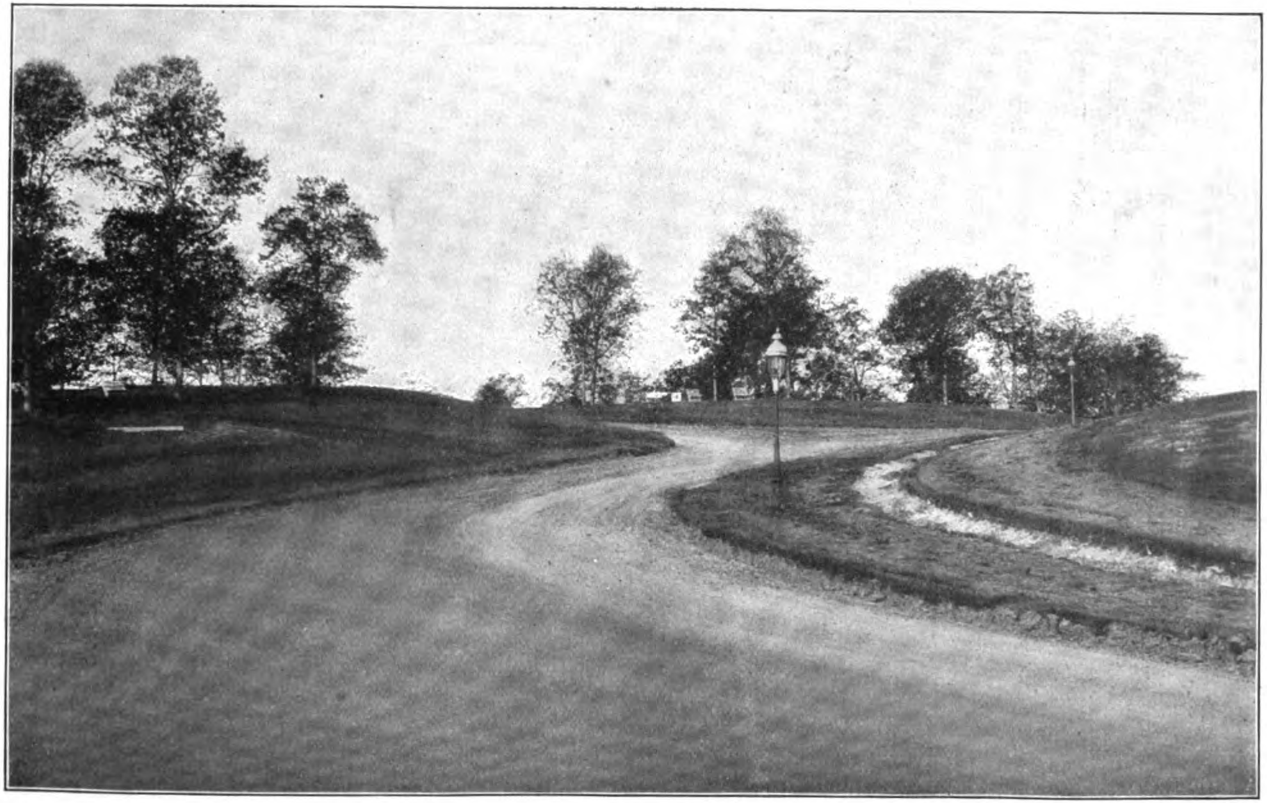
Rode through the skies in tempests' van,
The fiends and imps of Hell to gather,
Till burned or hanged by that good man,
The learned and pious Cotton Mather.

High up the "Queen's Arm" vigil keeps
Since Lexington and Concord's hour,
But wrapped in night its owner sleeps
And gives no heed to sun or shower.

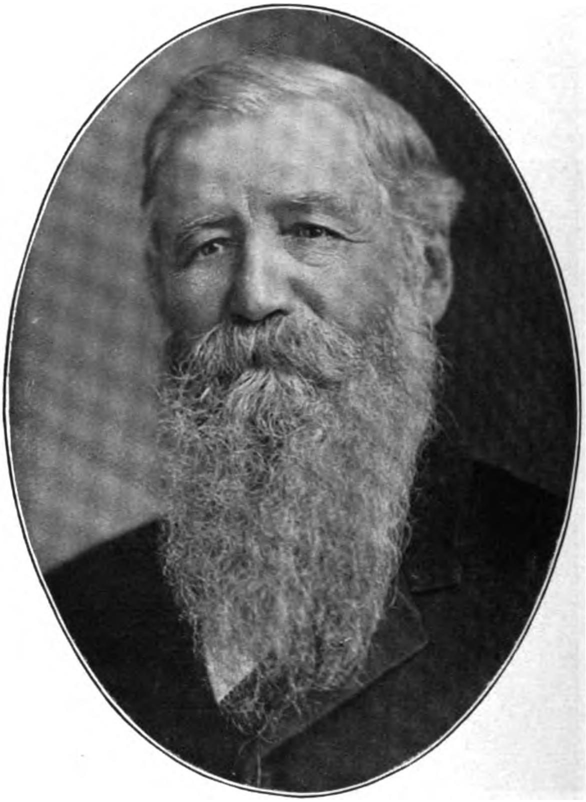
And here is seen the Yankee clock,
The pride of every honest layman,
With face as hard as Plymouth Rock,
And pendulum swung high as Haman.

So, too, the spinning-wheel waits lone
Since fled are all those graces plastic,
When smoothly to its buzzing drone
The flax-strands tripped the light fantastic.

And last is seen the cracked spinet,
Which Time has marked as lawful quarry,
Though echoes in it whisper yet
Of "Bonnie Doon" and "Annie Laurie."



CARRIAGE ENTRANCE, GREENWOOD PARK.



L. H. KURTZ.

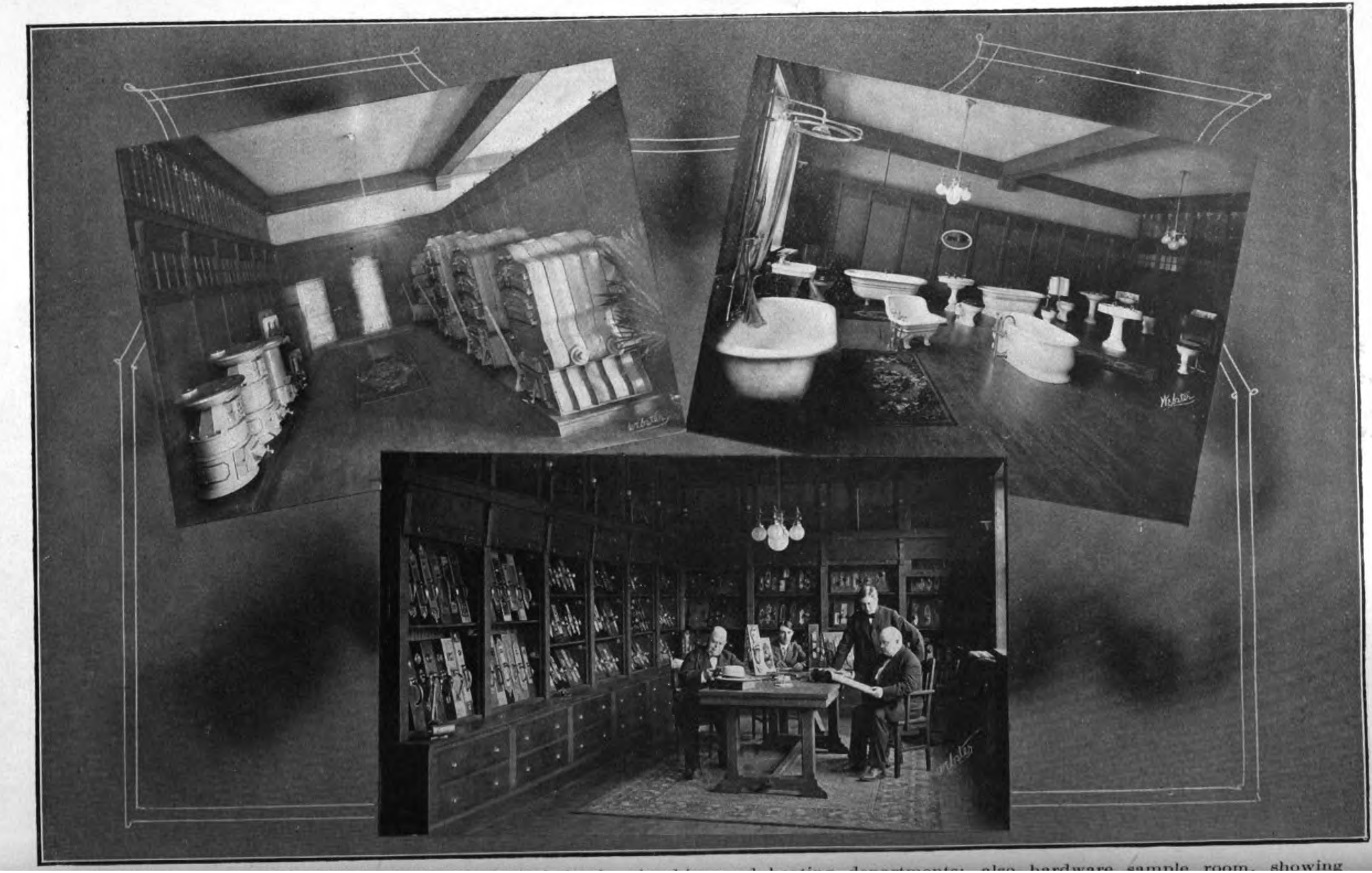
A Leading Iowa Business Establishment

When a city grows into wealth and prominence, and the eyes of the world are turned toward it with interest in its success, nothing is of deeper interest than turning from the pages of its history, to see how it began, and to find out some of the secrets of its early years, which explains the success of the present.

The universal story is based upon the men and women who mark the beginning, who through their work and well directed efforts have shaped the course of early events that have led in the future.

Des Moines is no exception to the general rule. So long ago as 1854 a young fellow came to America from Germany, who was destined to play an important part in the upbuilding of our city. This young man was L. H. Kurtz, now president of the L. H. Kurtz Co., well and favorably known all over Iowa. Mr. Kurtz lived in Pittsburg four months, took a trip down the Ohio and up the Mississippi as far as Keokuk in 1855, and became a Lee county farmer.

For two years he worked and then went to Farmington, where he learned the tinners trade. In 1861 he came to Des Moines and entered the employ of Childs and Howell, tinners. In five years the young man had saved up sufficient to start in business for himself and in April, 1866, at 308 Walnut, the present Kurtz Hardware Co., was born into the business world. Under the capable management of the young hustler, the business thrived and grew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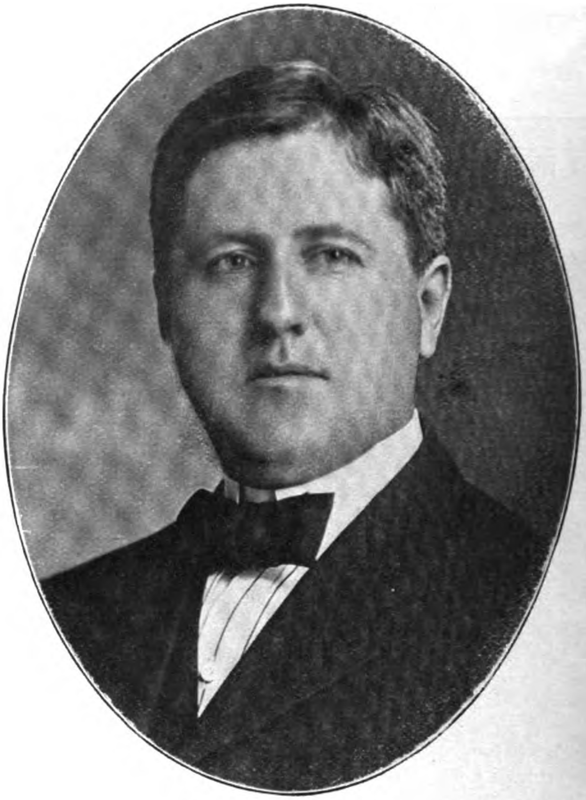
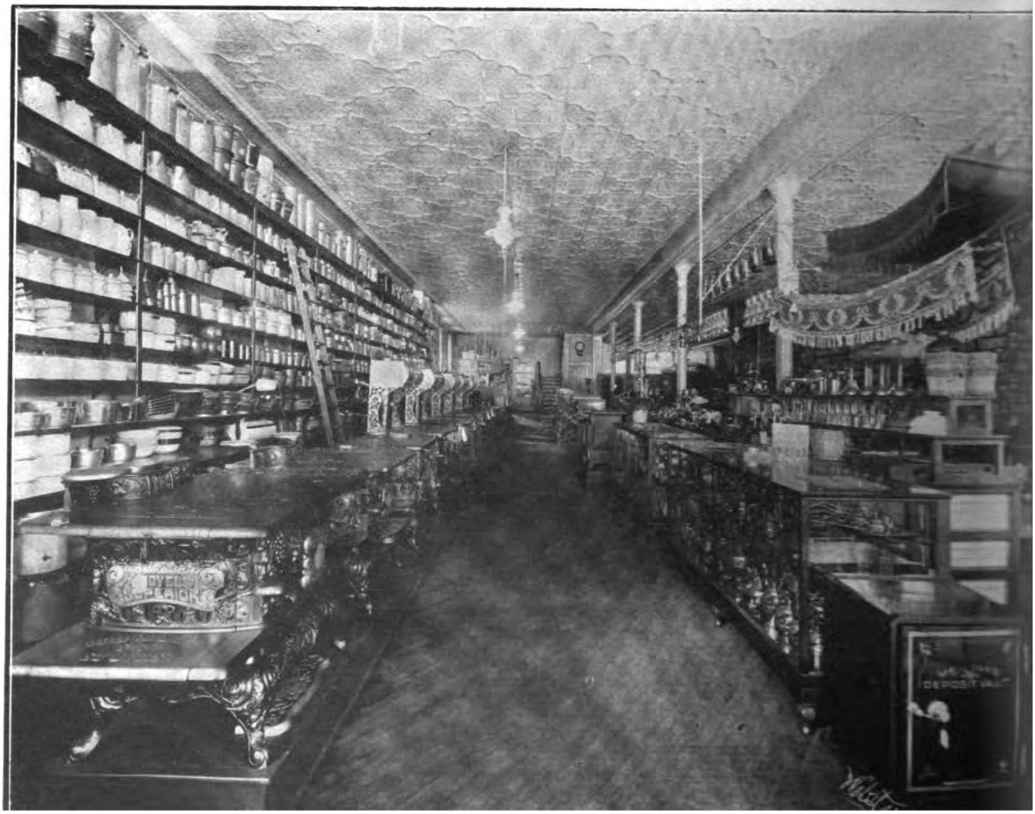
and heating departments; also hardware sample room, showing



LOUIS C. KURTZ


DEPOSIT VAULT

Right view of main floor of L. H. Kurtz & Co. store.

and in 1901 demanded enlarged quarters, when it was removed to their present quarters. It was then a two story brick, with floor space of 22x132. A year ago it was remodeled into the most beautiful and complete hardware store in the middle west. Mr. Kurtz enjoys the prestige of being the oldest hardware man in Des Moines and has built up his splendid business from the smallest beginning, and they now have the largest force employed by any hardware house in the state.

The trackage has been secured and they will carry on the biggest wholesale business in the middle west.

For a time the firm was in the retail plumbing and heating business and employed a larger number of men than any firm in Des Moines in the same business. January, 1907, the construction firm was taken over by the Metal Construction Co. of this city, which company are the successors and are made up of the former heads of the departments, Mr. D. W. O'Neil, who was with L. H. Kurtz Co., from the time they first entered into the heating business, as their foreman, is now vice president of the Metal Construction Co. Mr. M. C. Corcoran who finished his trade with the L. H. Kurtz Co. and who has been with the company for a number of years, is now secretary of the Metal Construction Co.

Some of the largest buildings in the state have been furnished in their line by them, including Engineering Hall, Ames, Central building, Ames, State Capitol building, Des Moines, Free Public Library, West Des Moines high school, Capital City State Bank building, Citizens National Bank, Flynn block, Polk County Court House, Chamberlain Medicine Co. building, and the new Fleming building. This is the largest office building in Iowa.

They enjoy the distinction of being the first exclusive wholesale and retail plumbing and heating supply house in the city.

In this line they sell exclusively to dealers engaged in the installation of plumbing and heating. They have a complete stock of supplies—their beautiful

Office Force
Salesmen and Heads of Plumbing and Heating Department
1906
Webster

L. H. KURTZ & CO. OFFICE FORCE.

sample rooms which are shown in this issue, will impress the reader to what extent they are engaged in this business—sample rooms are finished in weathered oak and leaded glass, elegantly lighted by electricity. People desiring to equip their homes with plumbing fixtures are invited to call and inspect their beautiful line of samples.

L. H. Kurtz is of the type of men who make the world go round. Of high principle, of splendid business capacity, living up to fine ideals as a citizen, he is one of the men who have made Des Moines what it is in all good ways, and who reflect credit upon the city.

His faith in Des Moines has been constant, and through this faith he has helped as a "booster" since he first came here, helping to fulfill his own early prophecies for the city's future greatness.

It certainly is a pleasure to any man to associate with himself in business his own son, and when the son is a worthy one of a notable father, as in the present case, the matter is one for congratulation indeed. "Louis," as he is familiarly known in Des Moines where he has grown up and where he has a host of friends, is treading in his father's footsteps as a man of business and public affairs. For several years he did important duty as a member of the West Des Moines school board. The public delight to honor the son of a man who has helped build Des Moines, for his own sake, and for the record he has made while still a young man as a loyal and devoted citizen. It is through such men, both father and son, and their solid and well deserved business successes, that Des Moines gets the best "boosting," and that all the best interest of the commonwealth are furthered.

The Girl Who Pays Her Way

"You probably have no conception of your importance as a unit. Few of us have," writes Margaret E. Sangster in Woman's Home Companion for July. "Yet society is so constructed that we depend on one another, and, without quite understanding it, we constantly assist in molding the opinions and shaping the conduct of people whom we may never meet, and who apparently never approach our neighborhood. For instance, I knew intimately a young girl who was born in a tenement house on the East Side of New York, who scrambled up as best she could through a meager and poverty-stricken childhood, working as a cash girl in a department store when she was fourteen, and later earning her livelihood in a tobacco factory. Her work when she first became one of my girls was very hard and unwholesome. Her face was pale, her fingers were stained, her hours were long, and her weekly wage, most of it given to her mother, was a sum that many girls in well-to-do families spend on candies and chiffons without a thought of economy. But she had a dainty air, was fastidiously neat, arranged her hair very prettily and was gentle and attractive in speech and manner. She had the to account for it would have been a puzzle had I known girls of only one condition and training. I asked no questions, yet I found out without much trouble what I wanted to know. My little friend was spending a Sunday with me, and she said, incidentally, 'When I was a "Fresh Air," the year I was ten, I saw a young girl who must have been fifteen. She was the loveliest thing you could imagine. She used to drive down the road past the farm where we were staying, and I knew she was going to the train to meet her father. Often she stopped with her mother and visited a little with us, and I made up my mind that I would be like that girl. I tried to talk as she did. I made her my pattern. Afterward, when I was a "cash," I sometimes saw her in the store, and oh! what a joy it was when at last she came to the Settlement and sang for us in the evenings. That girl has been my ideal.'

"'Did you ever tell her about it?' I asked.

"'I have never spoken a single word to her,' was the reply. 'I don't want to. I like better to think of her as a star or a beautiful flower. She belongs to me and I belong to her, and if we were acquainted maybe it wouldn't be so

LUCILE AND CLORIS WALLACE
Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Wallace.

The Boy and the River

(A Story of the Day)

The boy's mamma did not believe in "don'ts." The word was almost unheard in the household. But one day they moved to a pretty home in North Des Moines, and there, just at hand, was the river, with Thompson's bend treacherous and dark and deep, and when the boy came in one hot July day, with a yearning look in his eyes and a weariness in his young face which called out from mamma an exclamation of alarm, "don't" came suddenly and meaningly into use. For where do you suppose the boy wanted to go? To the river. He was tired of his ball. He hated his rocking horse. The swing was a nuisance. Even Ponto and the pet squirrel ceased to charm. He was in love with the river and he wanted to swim.

"You're too little," said mamma.

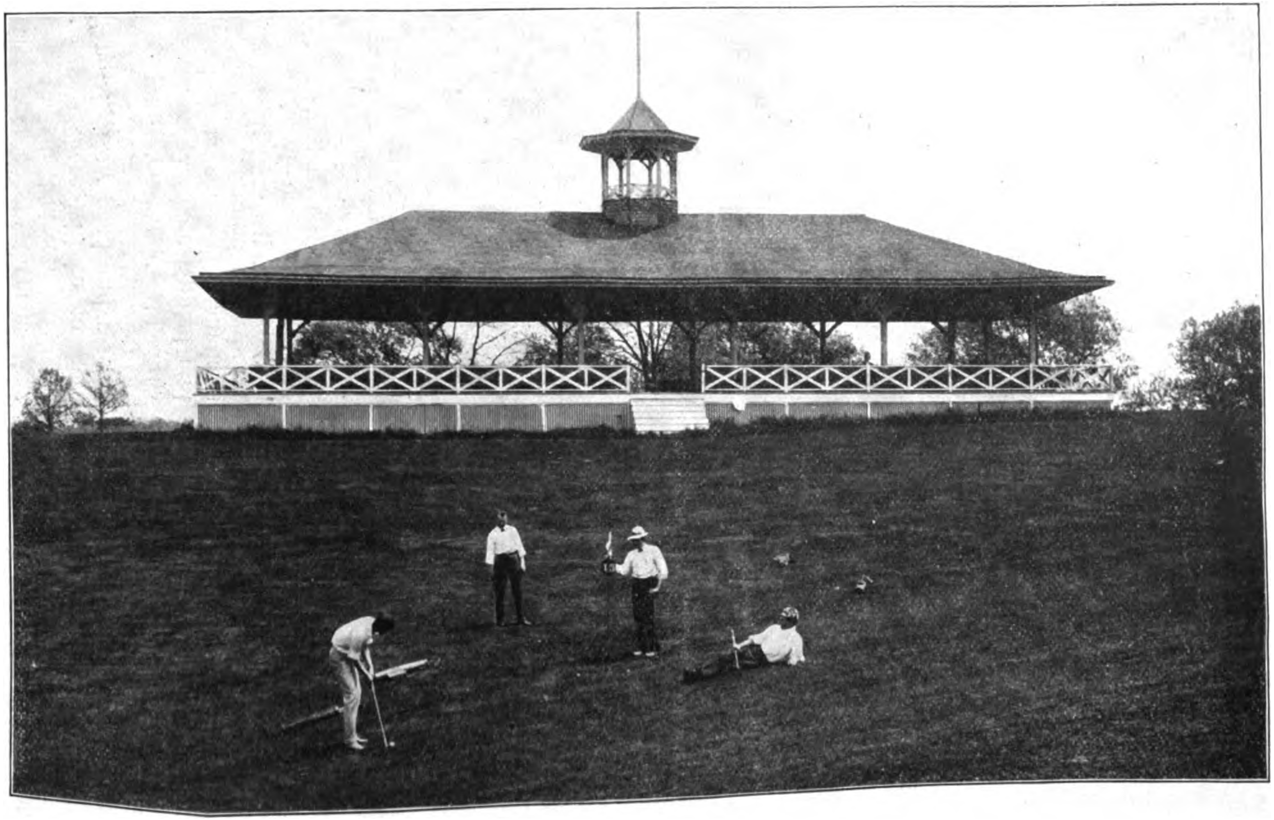
"I'm eight," said the boy.

"When you are twelve papa may take you and teach you, dear. So don't ask me again."

After that it was "don't go near the river" every day and every day.

And although the sparkle came back to the boy's eyes and life seemed to grow in interest, still mamma feared, and still she said "don't."

Four years slipped away, as years will, and on the boy's twelfth birthday



Putting the Green, at Waveland Park.

mamma surprised him—or thought she did—by saying now papa should take him to the river and he should swim.

The boy seemed very solemn about it. She had expected him to go wild with joy.

Her heart went out to them as they passed down the silent street.

"Dear boy! There will be no more "don'ts" now! How good and reasonable he has been."

They stood by the water's side—the boy and papa. The water rippled and gurgled and laughed. The shadows played like fancies around the bend. The willow leaned over till its branches dipped, and suddenly—so suddenly that papa clutched the bushes in terror—the boy forgot the part he intended to play and shot out into the water like a dolphin, to come up shaking his head and stretching his legs and arms like an overgrown frog as he swam for the opposite shore. Papa looked on, speechless and amazed, but with a dawning sense of existing conditions causing his lips to curve into a smile.

The boy swam like a fish and to papa's question, "How long have you known how to swim?" he replied, after a pause, quite seriously—indeed, thinking of mamma, quite solemnly: "Since I was eight years old."

And after a second of silence papa began to laugh and ended in a roar. The boy roared too, and slapping papa's shoulder exclaimed: "Dad, you're a trump! but we won't tell mamma, will we?"

Papa said "No!" and roared again. But somehow that very night she found it out. And the boy lives in North Des Moines, and goes swimming whenever he wants to. Mamma never says "don't" any more.

Natural, Even in Death

When Dennis McCann was blown up by an explosion of dynamite, a committee was appointed to break the news to his wife. After the spokesman had informed her of the tragedy as gently as he could, she asked if Dennis had been badly mangled. "Well, yes," said the spokesman, "his head was found in one lot, his legs in another, and his arms in a tree half a mile off." "That," said the bereaved widow "is just like Dennis. He was always all over the place."

For the Long-Eared One

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth juryman still unconvinced.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

Umbrella Flirtation

An umbrella carried over the woman the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage.

The Roof Leaked

Two intoxicated individuals solemnly went to bed in the gutter at an early hour of the morning. After some time one of them spoke indignantly:

"I shay, le's go t'nuzzer hotel. This leakish."

An Essay on Woman

A little boy was told by his school teacher to write an essay on "Woman." He executed the following:

"Woman is what men likes to marry Man is logical; woman in zoological Both man and woman sprang from monkeys, but women sprang the farthest."

Wasn't in His Line

A washerwoman applied to a gentleman for work, and he gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. X.—This woman wants washing."

Very shortly afterwards the answer came back:

"Dear Sir—I dare say she does; but I don't fancy the job."

Same Old Cause

After a fire which recently occurred in South Wales, an assessor sent in his report to the insurance corporation. A portion of which ran as follows. "The junior partner informed me that the fire was caused by an arc light on the first floor; the senior partner told me that fire was caused by an incandescent light on the second floor; but my own opinion is that it was caused by an Israelite in the basement."

D-MOINES-ENG-CO-

DR. O. H. LONGWELL
Whose success as President of Highland Park College has attracted the attention of the general public all over the country

Had Time Enough

An innocent-looking little boy accosted a portly old gentleman in the street one day, and asked:

"If you please, will you tell me the time?"

"The time, my son," answered the old gentleman, taking out his watch, "is just half-past one."

"Is it?" replied the urchin. "Well, when it's two o'clock, go and get your hair cut."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the exasperated gentleman gave chase after the boy. But unfortunately, on taking a corner at top speed, he came into violent collision with a laborer coming in the opposite direction.

"Who yer runnin' into, yer old fool?" exclaimed the man when he had recovered from the shock.

"I'm sure I am very sorry," apologized the old gentleman, pointing to the grinning boy in the distance. "That young scoundrel asked me the time just now, and when I said it was half-past one, he told me to get my hair cut at two o'clock."

"Well," said the man, "what's yer bloomin' hurry? You've got nearly half an hour yet."

MISS ALTA OWEN

A Des Moines Ranch Woman

On the morning of June 13, Miss Alta Owen left Des Moines for her claim in Wyoming, near the town of Luther, in Laramie Co. Last December two ambitious young girls, Miss Edith M. Wragg, daughter of M. J. Wragg, and Miss Owen went to Wyoming, and took up claims of 160 acres each, their claims joining. Early this spring they each put twenty acres in flax. The law requires a claimant to put up a house and live in it for eight months. Miss Owen's house is just twenty-five feet from that of Miss Wragg. After the eight months of residence the claimant proves up and gets the land for $2.50 per acre.

Miss Owen is enthusiastic about the climate and the productiveness of the soil. It is fine for all small grains. This year the rains have been so abundant that the crops are assured if not another drop of rain falls.

Miss Owen has been for two and one-half years head stenographer for the Federal Land Co., of which J. R. Carpenter is president.

Life's Journey

We travel an unknown pathway,
  Led by an unseen hand.
The future is veiled from knowledge;
  The past none understand;
  But all around, in weakness and woe
  Are souls who need what we can bestow.

Oh, give of your hope and courage
  To the spirits that shrink and quail
And steady the faltering footsteps
  Of feet that are ready to fail.
  Give love, unstinted, in joy or pain,
  For we never shall pass this way again.

—Judith Wells.

Riley's Serious Poems

LOUISE EVERETT RALSTON

The education of our young years received at hands we at once revere and love, whose judgment we trust absolutely, so grows upon us, so shapes our opinion and feeling that when we arrive in later life in that world of opinions of which no two are alike and many are at variance, we are apt to come to a sudden pause.

We ask ourselves in this first moment if it is a mistake, if our whole drift of mental feeling is wrong and wonder if we have a sufficient religious faith in our ideas to preserve us from going over to the enemy. For do we not all cling to the beliefs of those years when ignorance and innocence and imagination went hand in hand?

A master hand, a master mind guided my childish fancy. This hand was coupled with the tenderest, the bravest, the truest human heart that ever beat. I believed his words as implicity as the seed in the dark ground believes the sunshine when it whispers, "Come up to me and you shall have life."

He taught me that the aim of living was to prepare for higher life after the change of death. He taught me that we were intended by our Maker to grow upwards, to do some lofty work that should reach out and envelop all human-kind in its unselfish touch; that the doing of such work would lift the soul far above the gross level of materialism and that a soul so lifted should feed the multitude out of its fullness.

Some years ago, before the great change came to this beloved one, we read together a little story of Edgar Fawcett in Lippincott's, about the poet and the tarpon-hauler. The poet, with his head uplifted to the lofty stars, starving in body as he put forth his immortal verse, meets upon the beach a tarpon-hauler, who knew no more of poetry than did the game he sought. He scorned the work of the poet in comparison with his own. In the end the poet died from lack of food and warmth and shelter.

The tarpon-hauler waxed fat and increased in the land, and after a while bought a set of the poet's works bound in blue and gold.

Looking deep into my eyes after the story, he said, "Little daughter, choose the part of the poet. A great artist in any line who feeds the souls of men, is the grandest of all God's work."

And so—although all about me the world gives homage to wealth, to social position, to the things that can be bought by tarpon-haulers who have waxed fat, I remember that mind and spirit are the mighty factors of progress and I love still better than the things that money can buy, the attributes of immortality—poetry, music, art.

A year ago I made a discovery. With the public in general, I had known Riley by his dialect and child poems Touched to laughter and to tears by many of these, still the greater and stronger emotions were unreached. He entertained me little more. But one day I heard a man with a voice that suited the lines, read the sonnet on "Silence."

Thousands and thousands of hushed years ago
Out in the edge of Chaos all alone,
I stood on peaks of vapor high upthrown
Above a sea that knew nor ebb nor flow
Nor any motion won of winds that blow,
Nor any sound of watery wail or moon
Nor lisp of wave nor wondering undertone
Of any tide lost in the night below.
So still it was, I mind me as I laid
My thirsty ear against mine own faint sigh.
To drink of that, I sipped it, half afraid
'Twas but the ghost of a dead voice spilled by
The one starved star that tottered through the shade
And came tiptoeing toward me down the sky.

Far on in the night I wakened to hear the lines over and over again, to look out at the stars and to listen for my own faint sigh, and in the morning I went out to buy a volume that contained the sonnets.

Now I am a worshipper at the shrine of our greatest living poet. Those who know James Whitcomb Riley merely as a writer of dialect poems do not know him at all. Take from your library shelf "Afterwhiles," read the sonnets on "Dusk," and "June," "Her Hair," and "Death"—with that line, "While crimson clusters of your kisses press their wine out on my lips—" and "When she comes home"—how tender how delicate, how full of a great-hearted passion. No lovelier bit was ever written in that vein.

One from "Time"—but do you like this:

"Wait for the morning! Ah! we wait indeed
For daylight, we who toss about thro' stress
Of vacant-armed desires and emptiness
Of all the warm, warm touches that we need
Our famished lips in fancy! May God bless
The starved lip of us with but one caress
Warm as the yearning blood our poor hearts bleed."

But the most beautiful of all these sonnets is the one on "Sleep." It is worthy the pen of Mrs. Browning or Rossetti. The poetry is almost without flaw and the fancy is so delicious that one knows instinctively how

"The heavens reel above me and the sea
Swallows and licks its wet lips over me."

I have felt the poem living in my brain—my soul—my body—night after night as I fell asleep, as body and soul were swept off into that mysterious realm of unconsciousness where the raveled sleeve of care is knit again for the next day of living.

In this same volume are some poems that will live forever. "The Shower" is a picture full of tender beauty From "A Dead Lover" let me give you:

"This is today: and I have nothing
To think of, nothing whatever to do
But to hear the throb of the pulse of a wing
That wants to fly back to you."

"A Bride" reminds one of Robert Browning in similar work. No lines of his surpass these:

"And wash with their dews one white face from her history
Set like a gem in the red rust of years."

"The South Wind and the Sun" is as full of sunshine and fragrant wind-blown kisses as a day in May.

The volume entitled "Old-fashioned Roses" contains many of the poems of "Afterwhiles," also some of his most familiar ones, both serious and dialect. Full of music and fancies that thrill one's memory is "The Beetle." These bits of the poems give you some idea of it:

"One naked star has moved
Thro' the purple shadows of the night
And faltering as falls the dew
It drops its misty light
O'er garden blooms
On tides of musk
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.

On drunken wing, the flitting bat
Goes staggering athwart the gloom:
The toadstool bulges thro' the reeds
And lavishly to left and right
The fireflies, like golden seeds,
Are sown about the night.

* * * * * *

The shadows in the garden walk
Are frayed with rifts of silver light,
And trickling down the poppy stalk
The dewdrop streaks the night."

And so, like Tennyson's brook I might go on forever. I think of the poet-laureate of England in comparison with Mr. Riley, and I smile a smile that would please the Hoosiers, I know. I think of the poets of decadence the French have delighted to honor, and I wish these two little volumes were translatable to that liquid tongue, but they are not. I think of Keats and Wordsworth and feel that "Our Jim" is equal to them all. And I wish that all the readers of poetry in his native land could know him in his serious vein. For to know him is to love him. I met him once at a little dinner, and I told him how I felt about his sonnets. He was pleased. He said he also loved that sort of work the best, that he often sent together to publishers a dialect bit and a serious poem. The latter was returned with thanks. The former was invariably accepted with a check. So he was obliged to put the serious things into his books. May this great heart live on, to give the world of its fulness, to make us religious with a sense of the glory of God's creation, to make us look out from our little boundary termed the realm of infinite tenderness and sweetness and love that lies in wait for those who are true.

HALE MORROW
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Morrow.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Rescue of Ruby by the Newsboys

The dog man captured her but she was quickly rescued. The boys stormed the wagon like Cuban insurgents.

Ruby, the fat little pug dog mascot of the *Home Messenger* corps, was the heroine of an exciting incident this morning. Ruby has long been the object of admiration of hundreds of citizens. She watches her opportunity for a ride and when a boy starts on a trip she capers about and begs to be taken along. Perched on the shoulders of a messenger, no speed is too great for the rollicking pug to enjoy; in fact the faster goes the boy the more contented is the dog.

When not riding for her dogship's health she spends her time in front of the Home Savings Bank performing tricks for the amusement of the messengers and passers-by.

The "dog man" decided that Ruby was altogether too popular, and early this morning began a waiting game in the vicinity. About 9:30 the pup wandered out into Griswold Street, and with a swoop was gathered up in a big net. Then Ruby, wagging her tail and wondering what the new trick was, disappeared in the "dog wagon."

"Hey dere, mister, youse let dat dog loose," yelled a newsboy.

In less than a minute twenty newsboy admirers of Ruby popped out from alleys and around corners and had sursounded the prison. Their demands for Ruby's release were not couched in the most elegant language, but a chorus was fired at the man who had bagged Ruby. Two of the boys notified the messengers and just as the "dog" wagon started away there was a lively rush of boys of all ages, colors and conditions.

The wheels were blocked by sturdy arms and a club dashed a hole in the rear door of the wagon. Then followed a breaking of boards, and before the dog chaser could recover his breath Ruby was sailing away down Michigan Avenue on the back of a messenger boy and a second cur was yelping joyously among the crowd of boys, who scampered away cheering for Ruby, groaning for the "dog man," and protecting their prize.

The Birds' Concert

The birds gave a concert
  One summer day,
In a green tree-top
  Over the way.

Thrushes and linnets
  And blue-jays together,
Every one dressed
  In his very best feather.

The larks and the blackbirds
  Came in a crowd,
And gold-crested robins
  Feeling so proud.

The wrens and the sparrows
  Came with the rest,
Each one determined
  To do just his best;

The robins were leaders,
  And pitched the tunes high;
The larks went a-soaring
  Up to the sky.

The voices of blue-jays
  And blackbirds all blended,
And every one thought
  The concert was splendid!

BONITA HERRIMAN
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Herriman.

MY DOG AND I

When living seems but little worth
And all things go awry,
I close the door, we journey forth—
My dog and I!

For books and pens we leave behind,
But little careth he,
His one great joy in life is just
To be with me.

He notes by just one upward glance
My mental attitude,
As on we go past laughing stream
And singing wood.

The soft winds have a magic touch
That brings to care release,
The trees are vocal with delight,
The rivers sing of peace.

How good it is to be alive!
Nature, the healer strong,
Has set each pulse with life athrill
And joy and song.

Discouragement! 'Twas but a name,
And all things that annoy,
Out in the lovely world of June
Life seemeth only joy!

And ere we reach the busy town,
Like birds my troubles fly,
We are two comrades glad of heart—
My dog and I!

Good Roads for Iowa

A Delaware Experiment

In his report of road improvement done in Delaware, State Highway Commissioner Francis A. Price describes a bit of experimental road making in which river sand, kaolin and clay were used for surfacing. At the expense of the local taxpayers the foundation was graded by a scraper, to a slope of 1 in. to the foot, from center line to the side ditches, then rolled with a steam roller.

On this foundation 4 in. of sand was spread, then 4 in. of clay, which was covered by 3 in. of sand. These layers were thoroughly mixed by harrowing, then rolled down smooth and hard.

One 100 ft. of this road what is described as kaolin sand was spread, and on 300 ft. sand from a stream near was used. For labor and teams the county paid $172.25, and for sand $5.15. The entire cost of this bit of experimental road was at the rate of $2,400 per mile. As a summer and a winter has passed since this road was so treated, a fair idea of this treatment should soon be obtainable.

* * *

Automobile Tours to Jamestown Exposition

Interest in the automobile exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition is augmented by the fact that a number of auto users and auto experts are planning to visit the Ter-Centennial celebration in a body, as the end of tours in which autoists from states as far west as the Mississippi will take part.

It is expected that one tour will start from Chicago and another from St. Louis, and unite on the National Road, somewhere in Ohio or Indiana, and cross the mountains by way of the Parkersburg and Richmond Road, or by the National Road by way of Pittsburg. Either of these routes offers beautiful and grand scenery.

Another tour which has been planned to end at the Exposition is called the Glidden tour, and will cover the New England and Middle Atlantic States. Four or more divisions will probably start at different places in New England, New York, Pittsburg and the west, and will probably come together at Hagerstown, Maryland, to make the Glidden tour proper. Autoists from the West will come to that point over the National Road. From New York to Hagerstown the route recommended is via Philadelphia and Gettysburg.

From Hagerstown the run of the first day would be of fifty-seven miles to Winchester, passing through the battlefield of Antietam. The second day's run would be of ninety-four miles to Staunton, passing the battlefields of Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill. At New Market a detour of fourteen miles may be made to the Luray Caverns. From Staunton to Richmond is a run of 118 miles via Basic City, Afton and Charlottesville. Directions for this run contain such incidental notes as "Jog around a house in the middle of the road," and "turn out for a pile of stones in middle of road." Near Shadwell the "Three Chop Road," said to have been laid out by General Lafayette, is taken. From Richmond to Norfolk is a journey of 119 miles, via Petersburg, Suffolk and Hodge's Ferry. At Norfolk the tour will be completed; but several side trips are being arranged, one to Virginia Beach, on the coast, nineteen miles from Norfolk, another to Jamestown Island via Yorktown and Williamsburg and another down through the Carolinas.

* * *

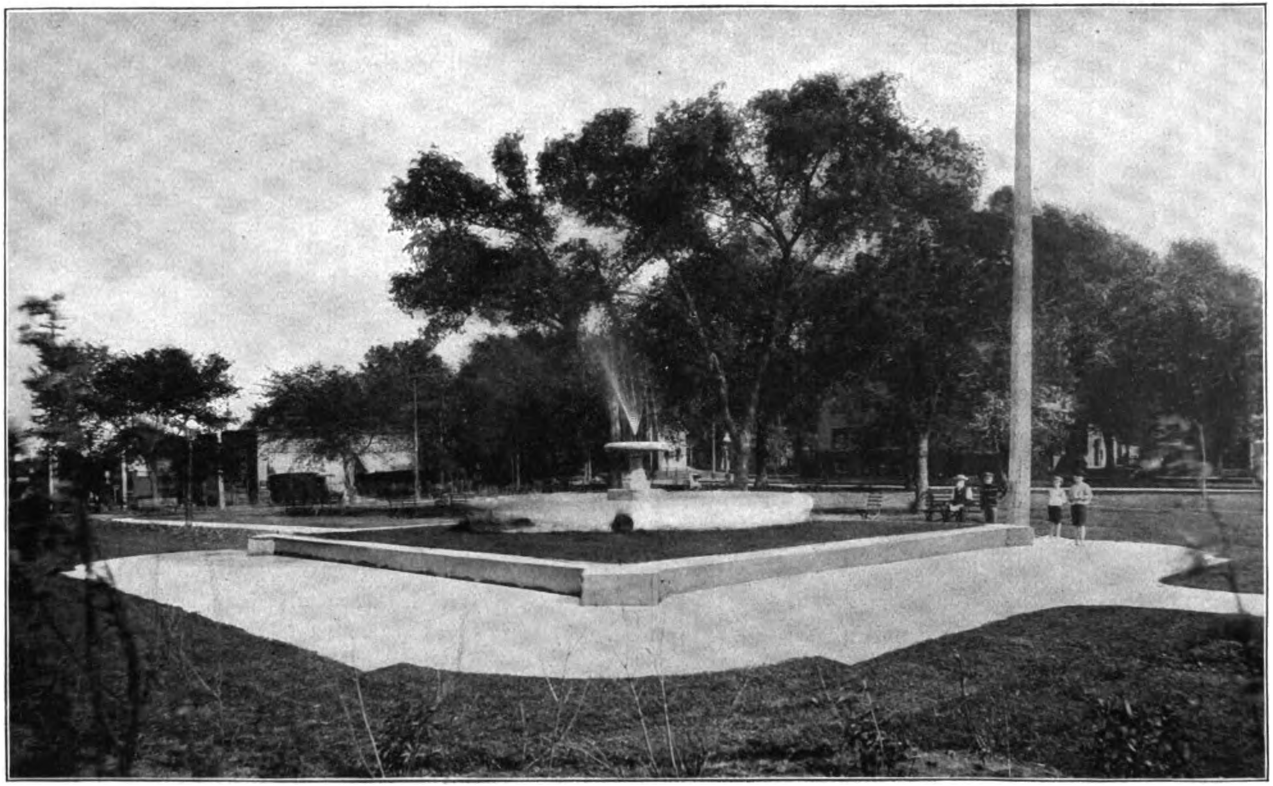
What Trees Should be Planted By the Wayside

By L. C. Corbett, Horticulturist U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Mention was made by Good Roads Magazine of February of the fact that spring time is at hand, and that this gives present interest to the question: What trees should be set out to give shade and charm to our thoroughfares?

It is known in a general way that chestnut, walnut, plum, apple and other fruit trees are used for this purpose in many foreign countries.

It is in many cases desirable that the trees which are to give shade shall also



A VIEW IN NASH PARK.

yield fruit which, when gathered and sold in the proper season, will build up a fund to be use for the maintenance of the road, or perhaps to be devoted to the special purpose of further beautifying the highway, and so adding to the material as well as to the esthetic value of the neighborhood land.

Within the confines of the United States so great a variety of conditions exist which bear on this question that it would seem impossible to designate a list of trees which will be adapted to all the road conditions in this country, unless it is desirable to limit the list to fruit or nut-bearing trees. If this is the case the fruit-bearing trees which will be found best adapted to highway conditions are the apple and the pear for some localities.

Apples may be planted in all that part of Eastern United States north of the Carolinas, and in the Appalachian region even south of that section. West of these mountains the apple will serve as far south as the Gulf States, and westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains, with perhaps the exception of the northern part of Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana, where it would be well to substitute other plants for the apple, unless the crab-apple were substituted for the common apple.

Nut-bearing trees which are adapted to this use in Eastern United States are the hickory, the walnut and the butternut for New England and along the Appalachian Mountains as far south as Georgia. At this point the distribution of these nut trees should take a northward turn, on the west side of the Allegheny Mountains, where they should not be used south of Kentucky or further west than Colorado. The hickory will not thrive in northern Iowa, northern Wisconsin, Minnesota nor in the Dakotas.

The black walnut, however, may be planted over the southern part of Minnesota, eastern South Dakota, eastern Nebraska and Kansas.

On the Pacific coast the English walnut may be used as a substitute for the nut trees suited to the eastern part of the United States, and pêcans may be planted in the South Atlantic States and the Gulf States, instead of the other nut trees mentioned.

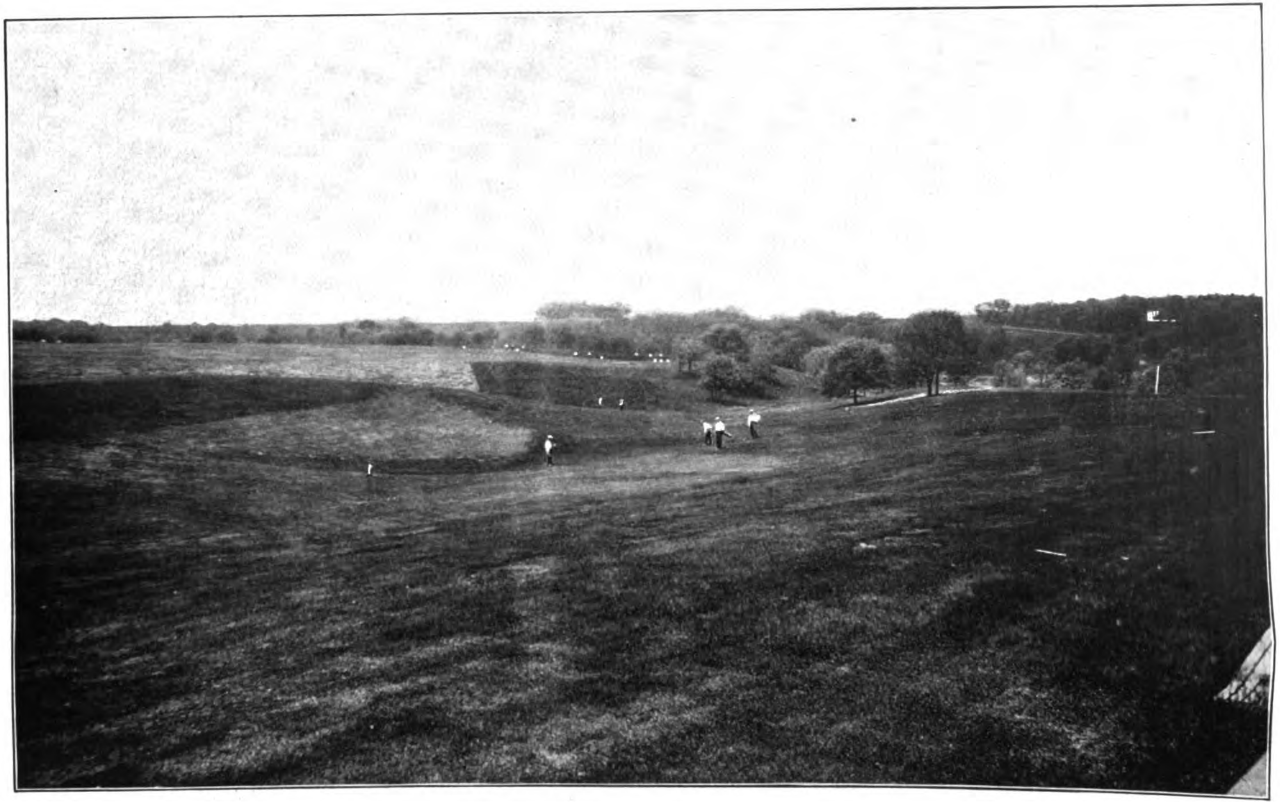
Personally, I do not see the advisability of confining the list of roadside trees to nut-bearing or to fruit trees, because, under existing conditions, the fruit would belong to owners of the adjoining lands, and unless the right to use the products of the trees to defray the expenses of road maintenance were properly secured to the public, such products could not lawfully be used for such purposes. I believe, therefore, that as a rule it would be better to select long-lived shade trees than to attempt to combine fruit production with shade and beauty.

The following list of shade trees would, in my judgment, fulfill the requirements better than the fruit and nut list:

Elms are desirable, but do not give as dense a canopy as do the maples. In New England and the Middle States the sugar maple is one of the most desirable and extensively used shade trees. If a shade more dense than that given by the sugar maple is desired, the Norway maple may be planted instead. It has long been considered one of the finest shade trees we have in this locality. From Washington southward to the Carolinas a variety of shade trees may be employed, such as the silver maple. which is perhaps the least desirable of the maple family. The sycamore has a natural distribution throughout this whole territory, and is hardy and beautiful.

The oaks offer a number of good shade trees, although some grow slowly. In this family the red oak, the willow oak and the pin oak are all desirable for roadside use outside the territory in which the live oak thrives.

In my judgment there is no tree which compares with the live oak for shade and ornament in regions south of the northern latitude of Carolina. This tree ought to be used to the exclusion of every other throughout the southern part of the United States, because it is typical of that region, and it is one of the most beautiful trees grown in America.



ON THE FAIR GREENS, WAVELAND PARK.

Good Roads and the Nation's Prosperity

COL. ALBERT A. POPE

A CURSORY perusal of the reports of railway commissioners, and of the data compiled by the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce at Washington, would convince the most skeptical theorist that the agricultural and transportation interests of the United States overshadow in importance the manufacturing and all other interests combined. The question of our success as a nation depends not on what we can make, valuable as this element is, but on what can be raised from the soil and transported to the consumer at a cost that will not be prohibitive. Therefore it follows, logically, that our national prosperity hinges in a large measure upon the condition of the highways throughout the country; for, if crops be abundant, labor plentiful, and money for transportation to be had at reasonable rates, yet if the roads cut off communication from farms to shipping points, the price of the produce becomes abnormally high, and what ought to be a public benefit becomes a national calamity.

Numerous tests, covering widely separated territories and varying conditions of climate and topography, have resulted in securing valuable figures on the traction resistance with wheels equipped with tires of different widths on macadam, clay, and hard-dirt roads, as well as on sandy and muddy ways.

The lines of inquiry in one experiment, including upwards of a thousand counties throughout the States of the Union, showed that the average length of cartage over country roads was slightly more than twelve miles, with an average weight of a little over two thousand pounds per load, and a consequent cost of about twenty-five cents per ton per mile. Although these figures are correct for the territory covered, they would, of course, be modified by complete data covering the entire country; but they are indicative of the general condition and cost to the farmer of transporting his produce.

Here, then, is the meat in the cocoanut, and the general question of supply and demand must take into account this unusual expense of transportation from farm to station. We would not for a moment permit the railways of the country to charge such an exorbitant rate. State legislatures and the Federal government would quickly intervene and prohibit it as a detriment to the people of America; but the grangers and others have for years past acquiesced in a practice that has robbed them of the comfort and, in many instances, the necessities of life.

While the rational handling in a broad fashion of the entire good-roads question would redound to the benefit of all citizens, it seems essential that the farmers should be shown something of the direct profits that must come to them from the extension of good roads.

Several counties in one of the States in the Middle West were thoroughly canvassed under professional supervision, and the data collected from intelligent farmers were carefully tabulated. When there were included such elements as economy in time, in force of transportation, and the reduction of the cost of wear and tear, it was estimated that each section of land with poor roads represented a loss of $2,432 per annum—enough to construct several miles of good highways. The increase in valuation of each section of land by the construction and maintenance of proper roads was from the same data estimated at $5,760, or about $9 per acre.

Take an extreme supposition to the effect that in direct appreciation the farmer could count on no more than $2 an acre. Is there any granger in the land who would not jump at the chance to meet his share of the tax for good roads, and reap this direct and many other indirect benefits therefrom?

On good roads heavier loads can be drawn, and drawn faster, and the difference between the selling price of produce when carried in a wagon over a smooth road for one hour and the price of the same product transported over a rough road for three hours is oftentimes the difference between profit and loss.

The benefits to be derived from a perfect system of communication would be felt by all classes of the community. The farmer reaps a better profit by hav-

AMONG THE BIG TREES, GRANDVIEW PARK.

ing easy means of transportation from the farm to the distributing centers, and in like manner the inhabitants of large towns and cities are equally benefited by an economy in transporting the product of their labors to the rural districts.

Railway freights have been steadily reduced by the improvement of roadbeds and rolling-stock, to which work managers have applied all that science, experience, and invention have developed and in like manner the expense of wagon transportation will gradually decrease as the condition of our highways is improved.

Roads should be so constructed that they will be passable during all seasons of the year, a condition of affairs that would add an element of stability and regularity to the trade of the country. As matters stand now it often happens that the wet season transforms roads into quagmires, causing produce to accumulate until drier weather permits its being hauled to the nearest station, which thus brings about a congestion of traffic because the railway authorities are unable to meet the extraordinary demand for cars. In this way some of it perishes and part is damaged, and, taken all in all, the value of the whole is materially decreased before it reaches the consumer, though the price to the consumer under such conditions is abnormally high. The farmer should not overlook the point that it is to his great advantage to be able to draw produce to the shipping point at a time when regular farm duties are least absorbing, and to have the advantage also of marketing produce whenever the price is highest.

The automobile has of late years become a most aggressive partisan for good roads, because each user of an electric or gasoline driven machine has had an ocular and positive demonstration of the value of proper highways. He knows by experience that the car will run better and last longer when the road-bed is firm and the surface even.

When one considers that more than one hundred million dollars are already invested in motor cars, and that the number of purchasers is being multiplied day by day, it is not difficult to form an idea of the influence automobiles are bound to exert toward the betterment of country roads. It is true that this machine brings in its train new and untried problems, even in the matter of road construction and repair, but it will bring, too, the successful solving of those problems to the great advantage of all users of the highways and to the community at large.

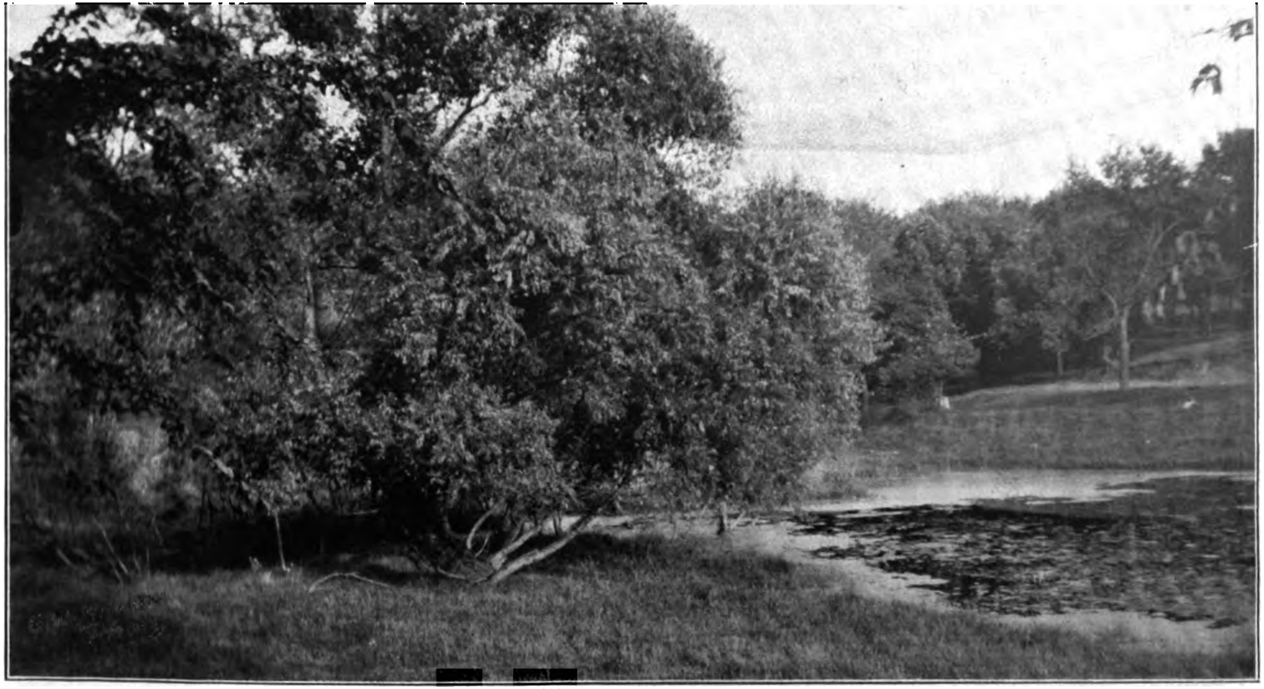
State aid and supervision for the construction and maintenance of good roads has been demonstrated to be a practical way of securing the desired end. Federal appropriations will doubtless come a little later on, when we are to take up the consideration of such communicating highways as link together the State roads and form thoroughfares that facilitate interstate communication. Skilled work is as essential in maintenance as in the matter of first construction, and many of the States have recognized this fact and appointed highway commissioners, under whose supervision the legislative appropriations are expended, and by whom an annual report is submitted.

The cost of radical reforms, especially those whose results will bring greater benefits to our children's children than to us, should be borne, at least in part, by coming generations. This has in some instances been very wisely arranged, and the necessary funds raised by the sale of special bonds, to be retired in a term of years by a sinking fund. This is no burden to our posterity, but rather a wise and profitable investment.

When All Was Young

When all the world is young, lads,
  And all the trees are green,
And every goose is a swan, lads,
  And every lass a queen;
Then hie for boot and horse, lads,
  And ride the world away,
Young blood must have its fling, lads,
  And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lads,
  And all the trees are brown,
And every game is stale, lads,
  And all the wheels run down:
Then back and take thy place, lads,
  Thine early friends among.
God grant you find one face, lads,
  You loved when all was young.



DEER PADDOCK, GRAND VIEW PARK

S. MARY WARD BACON.

A Notable Woman

Mrs. Mary Ward Bacon

Mrs. Mary Ward Bacon whose latest photograph is herewith reproduced is very well known in the city of Des Moines, as she lived here, mostly with her daughter Mrs. Lucy Bacon Kerr, from about the year 1879 to 1890, inclusive. She now resides in Pasadena, Cal. being fondly nursed and cared for in her old age by her daughter Mrs. Kerr who is now a widow.

Mrs. Bacon, whose maiden name was Ladd, is a native of Ohio and was born in 1814. She became a teacher at the age of 16. At the age of 23 she entered Oberlin College, from which she graduated with high honors four years later. She is the only surviving member of her class, which by the way was the first class to be graduated from the now famous Oberlin College.

She was soon after married to Rev Horatio G. Ward, and the newly wedded couple started out in life by accepting a pastorate in Wyoming county, New York. To them three children were born, Chas. H. Ward, the well-known wholesale druggist, now in business in Pasadena, Cal.; Milo Ward, for the past ten years secretary of the Commercial Club of Des Moines, and Mary C. Ward now deceased. The last named will be remembered as one of the famous coterie of able women who introduced the kindergarten system of child teaching in Des Moines.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward, anticipating Horace Greeley's suggestion "Go west young man," moved to Geneseo, Ill., in 1851. A year later Mr. Ward died as the result of an accident.

Some four or five years later she married Prof. Samuel G. Bacon, a gifted musician with a standing throughout Central Illinois similar to that enjoyed by Prof. L. M. Bartlett here in Iowa.

As the result of this union there were born the three girls, all of whom have friends in this city. The oldest daughter, Lucy, now Mrs. Kerr, has already been mentioned. Nina, a very gifted musician, lived only something like two years after moving to Des Moines. Jessie, the youngest, is the wife of Chief Justice Wm. P. Potter of the Supreme Bench of the State of Pennsylvania, and resides in Swarthmore, a suburb of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Bacon, while a resident of Des Moines, was prominent in the Plymouth Congregational Church. She was decidedly literary in her taste and was always a student and always a teacher. She was, while here, a prominent member of the Scudary Club, and numbered among her friends many of the prominent intellectual women of the city.

Fort Des Moines has said goodbye to the Eleventh Cavalry and is now making welcome the Second Cavalry who arrived June 10. This cavalry is one of the most noted in our history, having played important parts in all of the country's wars. Its history is of the utmost interest. The officers are.

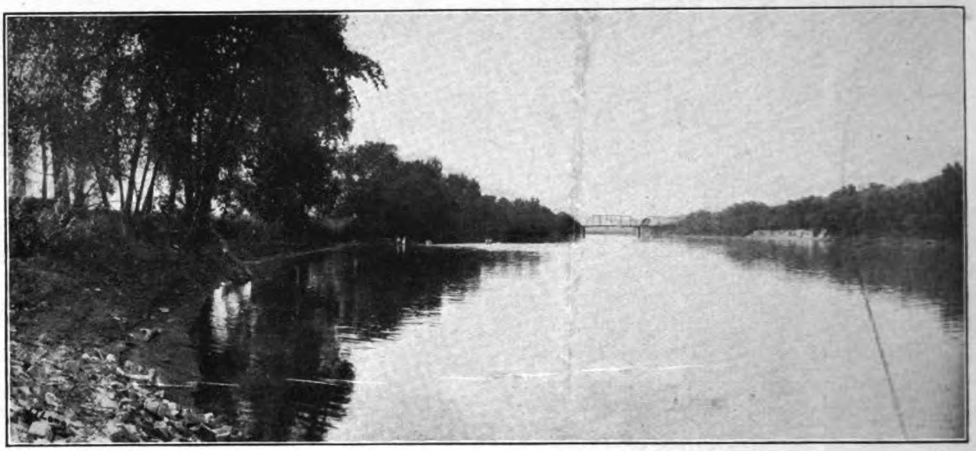
Colonel—Frank West.
Lieutenant-Colonel—Levi P. Hunt.
Captain—Francis G. Irwin.
Captain—William F. Clark.
Captain—John J. Boniface.
First Lieutenant—Harry W. Parker.
First Lieutenant—Frank E. Sidman.
Second Lieutenant—William R. Pope.
Second Lieutenant—Howard R. Smalley.
Second Lieutenant—Moss L. Love.
Veterinary—William V. Lusk.
Cont. Surgeon—William R. Mills.

Troops A, B, C, D and band, Second Cavalry; 12 officers; 240 enlisted men; total, 252.

* * *

Captain E. D. Hadley of Des Moines, prominent in the work of the Sons of the American Revolution in Iowa, is contributing a series of articles to the Grant's Monthly published in Concord, N. H., which are full of interest and instruction to the student of American history.

Captain Hadley is an earnest patriot and a good talker and writer, and in his historic theme has found a good medium for the expression of his enthusiasm as a soldier descended from heroes.



VIEW ON DES MOINES RIVER.

Des Moines is Fortunate

In many ways Des Moines is pre-eminently fortunate, and in none more so than in the things that go toward making it one of the most healthful towns in which to dwell in this or any other country. Plenty of pure water, plenty of pure air—these are essential to healthful living and they are abundantly supplied in Des Moines. Among the food products, none are so important as the milk used. A baby's stomach may be ruined and the germs of disease given a hold in the system that means misery for a whole lifetime before the child has ever taken one bite of solid food. No sight is sadder than a dyspeptic baby. Parents often forget their great duty to the little ones in the family. They do not seem to realize that in the future the dearly loved child may look back to the beginning of disease with a feeling of reproach for those who could have prevented or cured their physical ills, yet who did not do so. Many a truthful doctor will tell you it began with the milk that the child drank before it was two years old. In some cases there might be excuse for such conditions. In Des Moines no such excuse exists. For everybody knows of the excellence, the sweetness, cleanliness and purity of the milk supplied by the Iowa Dairy Company, which has its headquarters in Des Moines. The pasteurized milk and cream, separated, heated to 90 degrees and then instantly cooled and kept so until delivered is not only delicious to the most epicurean taste, but is absolutely safe and free from all impurities. It can be fed to the baby and the grown-up with profit to both. Mothers need no longer dread the troubles incident to childhood in hot weather, if pasteurized milk furnished by the Iowa Dairy Company is freely furnished the children of the family. Many Des Moines families are using this milk upon the table with splendid results, in place of coffee and tea. These stimulants used in excess are injurious as everybody knows. Pasteurized milk, ice cold or heated, is a delicious beverage, which is not alone not injurious but is beneficial, building up all the tissues of the body and soothing and refreshing the nerves. The wise housekeeper will at once appreciate the value of pasteurized milk and will insist upon having it on her table The children in the family will love it and will thrive upon it. Telephone the Iowa Dairy Company and call for their pasteurized milk and cream.

Protection Against Tornadoes in Iowa

Tornadoes have again made their appearance in Iowa, and we may look for more of them as the weather gets warmer. They seem to be a little late this year. Marion county was visited by a destructive tornado on last Sunday, that totally destroyed many buildings and damaged other property.

It is not likely that much of the property was insured, as there had not been any tornadoes in that immediate vicinity for some time.

There is no use of any one being without tornado insurance in Iowa, when we have the largest, cheapest and best co-operative insurance association on earth right here in this State, with headquarters in Des Moines. We refer to the great Iowa Mutual Tornado Insurance Association, that has been in operation twenty-three years; has paid one half million dollars in losses, has over $117,000,000 in risks and $98,000 cash on hand. This association has members in every county in Iowa.

If you want cheap, reliable, safe and satisfactory insurance, insure in the association with a big surplus, and that has a reputation for prompt and satisfactory adjustments. If you are not willing to help others in their misfortune, you must not expect sympathy if you are the unfortunate loser.

It will cost you but little to investigate this wonderful institution. We are informed by the secretary, J. B. Herriman, that he is receiving from one to two hundred applications a day, as the association is very popular in Iowa. It is an Iowa institution, and does no business outside the State.

Since this was written there have been big destructive tornadoes in Marion, Jasper, and Wapello counties.

Brocade gown sometimes covers starved heart.

Build castles in the air, but try to collect rent for them.

The prudish person is always looking for something to shock him.

Pride comes before a fall; it should really come to the rescue after a fall.

A piece of a woman's mind often disturbs the peace of a man's mind.

Pleasure is sometimes the indulgence in things we can't afford.

When a man's dog quits him, it is time for his wife to sue for a divorce.

When a man achieves political fame, he should either die or be stricken dumb.

Love is a combination of the world, the flesh and the devil, which occasionally high Heaven stoops to sanctify.

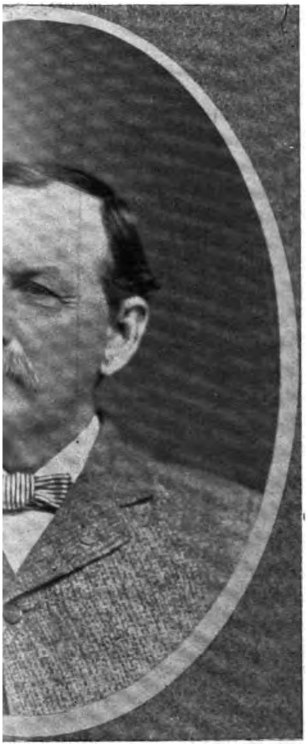
Famous For Them

The Boston Lunch is becoming famous almost as much for their delicious sandwiches as for their fine coffee. The baking capacity of their ovens is taxed to the limit in supplying enough "homemade" bread for sandwiches since the warm weather has set in. This is caused largely by the increased travel and by the picnics. Also the auto parties, who always take a lunch, hunger being induced by riding in the open air.

Anybody wanting a lunch put up for any occasion, does not know what he misses if he does not order it of the Boston Lunch. Their sandwiches, of any desired variety, are certainly what everybody pronounces them, simply perfection.

Was Too Well Watched

A little boy was heard swearing by his mother. She reproved him gently, telling him that God was with him and by him at all times and knew his very thoughts. Soon after he started down town on an errand and a dog followed him. Turning quickly around the boy told the dog to go back; it was bad enough to have God following him everywhere, let alone a dog.



AVID J. PALMER

Chief of the G. A. R.

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fresh, he set up a recruiting office in Washington, Iowa, gathering a company of which he was chosen captain, and went back to the front with his arm in a sling. In a few months he was promoted and became a lieutenant-colonel. He was only twenty-two at the time. He served four years in the war and is proud of the Grand Army button which he constantly wears.

His home is in Washington, Iowa, near which town he owns one of the finest farms in the middle west. Friends he has by the score, who love him regardless of politics or creed. These friends have again and again elected him to the position of railroad commissioner for Iowa, in which office he now serves. All of these friends, and Iowa as well, are honored in the recent appointment at Dubuque. It was never more worthily bestowed.

When the Regiment Came Back

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifles new
When the regiment went marching down the street.
All the men were hale and strong as they proudly marched along
Thro' cheers that drowned the music of their feet.
O the music of their feet, keeping time to drums that beat,
O the glitter and the splendor of the sight!
As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue
The regiment went marching down to fight.

* * * * * *

When the regiment came back, all the guns and swords were black
And the uniforms had faded into gray;
And the faces of the men who marched thro' the street again
Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way;
For the dead who lose their way cannot look more gaunt or gray;
O the sorrow and the anguish of the sight!
O the weary, lagging feet, out of step with drums that beat
When the regiment came marching from the fight.

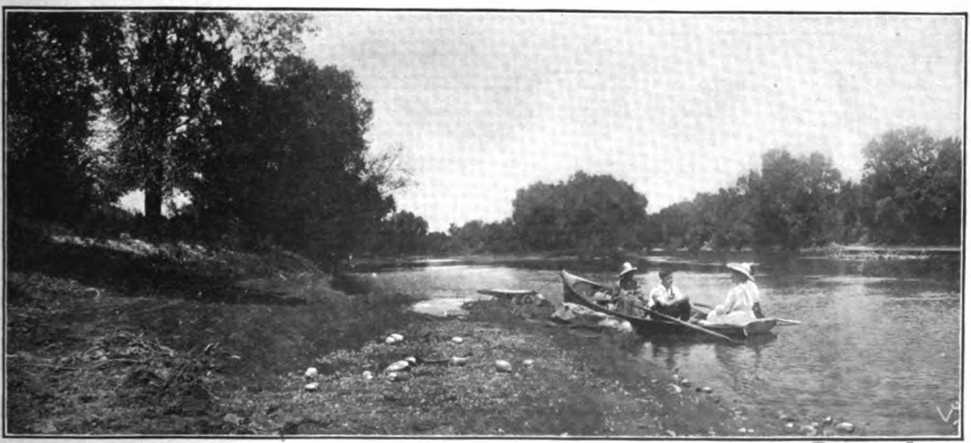
Only a Song

It was only a simple ballad
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer
And few that heeded the song.
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet as love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened
That it left still hard and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring;
Of the strange, soul-stirring voices
When the hills break forth to sing;
Of the happy birds low-warbling
The requiem of the day;
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner—
A woman worn with strife—
Heard in that song a message
From the springtime of her life.
Fair forms rose up before her
From the mist of vanished years;
As sad memories stole o'er her
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then, when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up softly,
And went on her way alone.
Once more to her life of labor
She passed, but her heart was strong,
And she prayer, "God bless the singer,"
And oh! thank God for the song.



VIEW ON DES MOINES RIVER

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Edited by Miranda

A new novel by William Dean Howells was publised by the Harpers recently. It is entitled "Through the Eye of the Needle."

Done in this great master's most delightful manner, this novel tells the whimsical story of how a certain kind of what might be called socialism really works. A traveler from Altruria falls in love with and marries a charming American woman, takes her to Altruria, where she has an interesting time learning how to live in a country which has no money, and where one can get things only by working three hours a day—a country where you can't tell a cook from a lord, or a farmer from a poet. It is a delightful story of love among peculiar conditions.

The significance of the title lies in the fact that the heroine finds herself confronted by the dilemma of relinquishing her great fortune, which would be of no use in Altruria, or relinquishing happiness as represented by the man she loves and the ideal land to which he would take her.

"Hunting Big Game with Gun and with Kodak." By William S. Thomas. Illustrated with photographs taken by the author. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, publishers.

We will find a peculiar interest in this handsome and readable book, for Mr Thomas is one of them and the account he gives of his pursuits afield in almost every quarter of the United States, besides his excursions into Canada and Mexico, is both authoritative and fascinating. The volume is profusely illustrated in half-tone and the range covered by Mr. Thomas' camera is wider far than that of his rifle, for the trophies of the former include natives and scenery in addition to animals.

Devoted as Mr. Thomas is to his gun, he makes a compelling plea for the use of the camera in the quest of big game, and the sidelights he throws on his own use of that "weapon" lend especial point to his arguments. His style is vivid and the pictures he draws of his journeys, the scenes he passed through, the people he saw, and of how the game he snapped and shot looked and lived in their haunts stand out in bold relief.

"Aunt Jane of Kentucky." By Eliza Calvert Hall. Illustrated by Beulah Strong. Little, Brown & Company, Boston, publishers.

What other famous women writers have done for similar phases of New England life, Miss Hall has done for Kentucky, and all who are fortunate enough to read the "recollections" of "Aunt Jane" will enjoy every page of the brisk old lady's philosophics. There is humor at its best, as well as romance and deep pathos. Perhaps the best of the tales, "Sally Ann's Experience," wherein the redoubtable Sally takes her stand in the church and ruthlessly sets forth the various peccadilloes of the sedate elders, and after one reads of "Aunt Jane's" "album," which is a collection of patch work quilts, he will smile through his tears and later proceed to roar over the reason why "Milly Amo ," leader of the choir, refused to sing "Sweet Day of Rest." "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" is a book to rejoice over; the manner of its telling is beautifully carried out and from cover to cover it is absorbing. Altogether it is one of the best of its class and will surely have a long life.

"The Brass Bowl." By Louis Joseph Vance. Illustrated by Orson Lowell. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, publishers.

Mr. Vance, author of "The Private War" and "Terence O'Rourke, Gentleman Adventurer," has in his latest novel, "The Brass Bowl," produced 380 pages of adventure with a terrific duel in a. brace of flying elevators for a climax. The hero, "Dan Maitland," a young multi-millionaire, is astonished upon his return home to meet a charming young woman coming from the entrance of the almost deserted bachelor apartment house where he holds forth. Later, on his desk, which has not been dusted, he discovered the imprint of a small feminine hand. Being interested he covers the print with a brass bowl and gives order that his desk remain undisturbed. While he is trying to solve the mystery his lawyer calls him up by 'phone, saying he must discuss an important business matter. Later the two men dine together and "Dan" refuses to be lenient in regard to an investment swindle, even though one man, "Graeme," who figured in the case, pleads that the papers which "Dan" holds be suppressed. "Dan" has nothing against "Graeme," but is resolved that the others in the case shall be shown up. Then the lawyer asks the whereabouts of certain valuable jewels and is horrified to learn that they are in the the safe at "Dan's" country home. He remonstrates, saying that a certain notorious burglar, "Anisty," is in New York and that, probably knowing of Dan's careless habits, which are as famous almost as the jewels, will be on the lookout. "Dan" laughs at his friend, but nevertheless takes a late train for Greenfields, and is surprised to meet his fair acquaintance of the afternoon, in a stalled automobile. He helps the young woman, but she leaves him standing in the road, calling him "Handsome Dan" and bidding him farewell.

Arriving very late at his house he sees a light, and remembering the lawyer's warning proceeds to investigate. Entering quickly, he turns up the light and discovers the girl at work at the safe. She is frightened but plucky, and again calls him "Handsome Dan." In answer to his inquiry as to her reason for so addressing him, she tells him that his pictures have been too widely published for her to mistake the original. Realizing that she has mistaken him for the famous "Anisty," he plays the part and helps her open the safe. As the jewels are revealed a slight noise is heard and the real "Anisty" appears. A fight ensues and the burglar is overcome. The servants are roused and the girl, urged by "Dan," goes out to the automobile, where he has promised to join her. Telling the astonished butler to send for the police, "Dan" replaces some papers which he did not recall disturbing, in the safe and locks it, then joins the girl, telling her the other man is "Maitland" himself. The complications of the story begin then, for the burglar escapes and meets the girl, whom he follows. The resemblance between the two men causes a detective to make himself obnoxious to "Dan," who in spite of everything will not believe the girl to be what she seems, and "Anisty," determined to have the jewels plays a bold game.

The brass bowl on "Maitland's" desk figures largely in the story, of course, and one can scarcely wait for what the following page will reveal, so cleverly has the author worked out the details. "Maitland" is a man of resource, however, and things inevitably come his way, so the story ends well, as all good romances should.

* * *

The world will never weary of the story of the Revolution in France and the glory of the Napoleonic regime and now we have the memoirs of the Countesse de Boigne, 1781-1814, brought out by the Scribners in attractive form. There is an intimate and vivid naturalness about these papers that will ensure for them a wide and interested reading. Every new light upon Napoleon seems to increase the wonder and the admiration for this wizard of the eighteenth century.

* * *

"Dulcibel; a Tale of Old Salem," is one of the best books of the season. The author is Henry Peterson, who wrote "Pemberten" twenty years ago. In Dulcibel the period of Salem witchcraft is dealt with and with this story is woven a wonderfully sweet and tender love tale. It is published by the John C. Winston Co., of Philadelphia. $1.50.

LL

'rs. L. S. Hill.

ich he wrote: "It might make one love with death to think that it would ke one in love with so sweet a place." t the character of the place and the rroundings made it undesirable to lo-e any great monument there. At areggio, where his body was washed ore on July 18, 1822,—ten days af-' he was drowned on his way from ghorn to San Terenzo—and where it s burned while Leigh Hunt poured ne and incense on it and Lord Byron d poetry, there is already a Shelley nument, and moreover the flat coast ords no promontory for Fontana's sign. The shore of the Gulf of Spez-, and the neighborhood of his last iding place were therefore chosen for s greatest tribute to his memory.

The best automobile story that has yet appeared is Richard Harding Davis' "The Adventures of the Scarlet Car." The girl and the three men in this car have some thrilling adventures and the fire and dash of the tale from beginning to end will make it one of the popular books of the season. It is brought out by the Scribners.

* * *

W. W. Jacobs has out done all his previous efforts at entertaining in his new book "Short Cruises," truly capital stories with a huge laugh in every one. Admirers of this inimitable story teller will find rare pleasure in this new volume. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York. $1.50.

* * *

Upton Sinclair's new book "The Industrial Republic, a Study of the America of ten years hence," has attracted much attention, although those who have read it are still guessing as to the meaning of the story. Too much publicity seems to have rather rattled Mr. Sinclair or it is doubtful if he just knows what he does mean in this volume. It is partly reminiscent and partly prophetic of the future, although the prophecy is purest sarcasm, mixed with humor. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.20.

* * *

"The Newness of Nations," by W. R. Paterson is a work containing several studies in history, in which the fate of various nations is considered and the explanation of their tragic destinies is given. These studies are of intense interest and well worked out, so they are most attractive to the philosophic reader of history and of human events. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.00.

* * *

A most exciting story, even to the most jaded appetite, and refreshing to the mentally weary is John H. Whitson's "Castle of Doubt." To meet a beautiful young girl whom you had never seen before, to fall in love at sight, and have her suddenly claim you as her husband and insist on carrying you off to her home, calling you by an unknown name and insisting that it was all right—would this not be a novel predicament for you to face? So the story begins—and the high tension of excitement is maintained to the end when all developes charmingly. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Opinions differ widely as to the merit of Jane Addams' new book, "Newer Ideals of Peace." Like most books which finally win for themselves a permanent place in literature, it has suffered much adverse criticism. The really discriminating critics, however, have bestowed upon it the praise which it so richly deserves, and in a recent issue of Colliers we find this pleasing tribute: "It is a book of which it takes many days to appreciate even fragmentarily a single chapter, so packed is each with new and reconstructive thought. To us it seems the most comprehending talk yet given about how to help humanity in America today."

ELKS AT WAVELAND PARK

HEINRICH PFITZNER

The Midwestern School of Music

Des Moines is verifying the prophecy of a few years since that it would some day be the musical center of the west. With our excellent schools of music, from which teachers are graduated each year, it surely is time that we lay claim to so proud a title. The latest addition to the music schools of Iowa, and one destined to win both fame and popularity, is "The Midwestern School of Music," organized and opened June 17, 1907, at 619 Walnut street, and occupying four large rooms. The head of this school, Heinrich Pfitzner, is remarkable both as man and musician. His father was a prominent opera conductor. His mother's people were scholarly theologians and philosophers. He was educated at Frankfurt-on-the Main. For six years he studied music at the Hoch Conservatory. After eight years of success as teacher and concertizing pianist, in 1898 he accepted the position of one of the principals of the piano department at the Stern Conservatory of Music in Berlin. He also taught Theory to the English speaking students. In 1902 he was called to the State University in Lincoln, Nebraska, as director of pianoforte department. The climate in Nebraska not agreeing with Mrs. Pfitzner, they were obliged to make a change, and came to Des Moines three years ago, to the Des Moines Musical College, where Mr. Pfitzner scored a splendid success instantly. The pianoforte department rapidly grew to be almost three times greater than it had ever been, and for the first time in the musical history of Des Moines a complete theory department of four years' course was established, connected with lectures in musical history, ensemble playing and lectures in musical pedagogics. Many pupils came to him after graduation from other schools. In the new conservatory, Mr. Pfitzner is assisted by Misses Alma Duggan and Abigail Crawford, both well known as brilliant pianists.

Mr. Pfitzner's teaching methods and management of this school will be the same as in the best music schools of Europe. It is an institution of learning and not merely a business enterprise.

Mr. Pfitzner's reputation abroad won him the distinction of being asked to give a recital before the late Empress Frederic in Germany, in consequence of which he received a highly complimentary letter from Her Majesty.

His technique is big, his style serious. He especially excels in interpretation of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Also his Schubert, Schumann and Liszt are remarkable.

In 1902-04 Mr. Pfitzner accepted concert engagements under Chicago management, but now is his own manager. Some innovations will be made in the Midwestern Conservatory and among them are:

First—For every vocal student it is compulsory (free of charge) to hear a course of ten lectures on the organs of voice and respiration, delivered by the best anatomist in the city, Dr. Hoeve, professor of anatomy at Drake University.

Second—It is compulsory (free) for each student of string instrument to join the orchestra class, which will be under the direction of a reputed violinist educated in Germany.

Third—Compulsory (free) for each student of the school to visit for one year a course of lectures on musical history, delivered by H. Pfitzner.

Fourth—Graduation at the Midwestern Conservatory of Music will mean artistic maturity. The graduate must prepare an artistic performance or write an artistic composition by himself.

Mr. Pfitzner is the author of educational works. (Polyphonic Studies, for Pianists and Organists, edited by Schmidt in Boston, Mass., and Leipzig, Germany; School of Pedalling, for Organists, edited by Schirmer, New York), and musical compositions for piano, organ, voice and chamber music, edited by Breitkopf & Haertel, Schirmer, Schmidt and Willis & Co.

We bespeak for this new school under its notable management the most satisfying success.

During the commencement exercises of June, those of the various music schools of Des Moines were especially delightful. A marked advancement over two years ago is evident in these commencements, showing that the standard of music is higher and that the training of our schools is equal to that of any city in the west. The interest in musical matters in Iowa is growing. This is evidenced by the crowds always present at musical functions.

* * *

MRS. GOODWIN'S SCHOOL.

One of the most delightful programs of the season was that presented by the graduates of the Goodwin School of Music. The perfect memorizing of so much difficult music, and by young girls was unusual. The numbers were from the old masters, Mrs. Goodwin being especially fond of Schumann and Schubert. Every number on the program was received with delight by the audience. If we should name special numbers, perhaps Miss Bess Dahlberg's rendition of "He Was Despised" and Miss Rose Davis' "With Verdue Clad" deserve the honors of the evening. Miss Dahlberg's voice is an exquisitely rich and pure contralto, full of feeling and expression. Miss Davis sings like a bird, every note of her high soprano voice being sweet and clear. She sang with perfect ease and there was no reaching or forcing of the voice even on the highest notes. The naturalness of the singing of Mrs. Goodwin's pupils was especially commendable. Mrs. Goodwin played the accompaniment so beautifully that she added materially to the pleasure of the evening.

MASON SLADE.

THE JACKSON-SLADE RECITAL.

A delighted audience listened to two talented Des Moines young people on the evening of June 4 at Plymouth church. Mrs. Jackson, or Grace Greene Jones, as many remember her, has been studying during the past year with George Hamlin of Chicago. She is a Des Moines girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Jones. She has studied in the best schools of America and was once a pupil of Dean Howard of Drake. For a time she was in the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, but having an inclination for the concert stage, has been studying during the past year. She would be charming in light opera, her manner, voice and beauty fitting her for light opera roles.

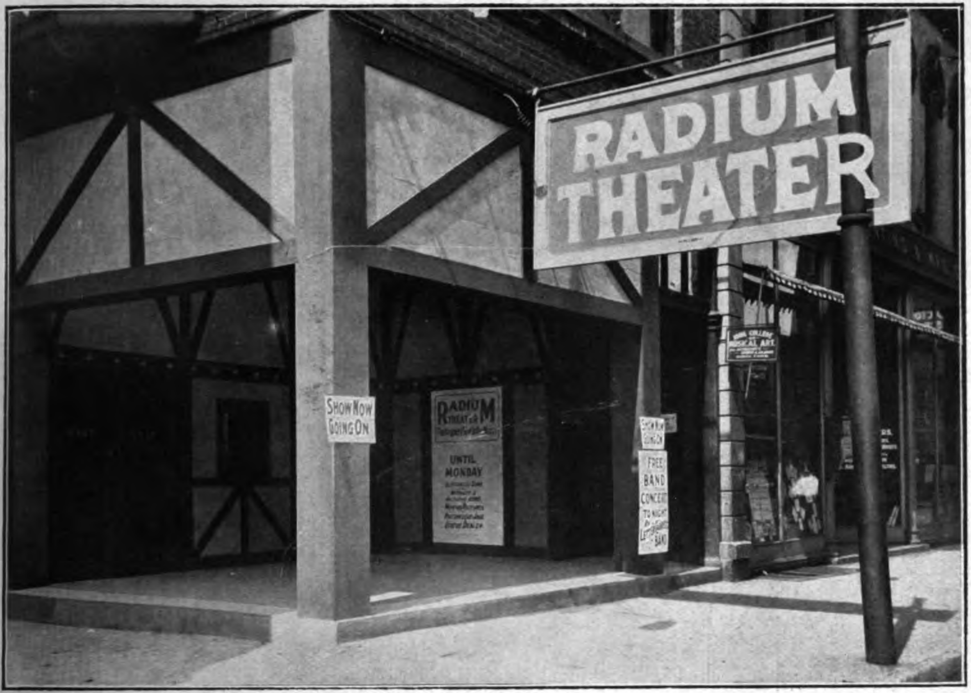
Every number in the program was hailed with delight. A great favorite with the audience was the duet by Mrs. Jackson and Dean Howard, the number being taken from Mendelsshon's Elijah. Mason Slade gives promise of being one of the great organists of America. His wonderful playing at St. Louis, where he handled the great organ with skill, was commented upon by all the papers in the country. He has been studying also in Chicago during the past season. Both Mrs. Jackson and Mr. Slade will go to Europe to pursue their studies during the coming year.

MRS. GRACE JONES-JACKSON

The Letter Carriers Band is in high favor in Des Moines and have been hired to give a series of Saturday evening concerts by the merchants of Locust street. The first one was given on the evening of June 22nd.

* * *

The first state convention of the local fire insurance agents of Iowa was held in Des Moines June 11-12. It was a great success from every point of view. Addresses were given by Charles F. Wilson of Denver, Col., Henry H. Putnam of Boston, Mass., W. B. Flickinger of Erie, Pa., and the convention closed with a banquet at the Savery. Frank Kauffman was honored with the election to the presidency of the organization.



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO TO THE RADIUM

THE RADIUM

511 Locust Street

THE BRIGHTEST SPOT IN DES MOINES.

BRIGHTEST SPOT IN DES MOINES.

People will have amusement. All people in all ages of the world have demonstrated this fact. No ruler that ever lived had more sagacity and kindly wisdom concerning the people than had Napoleon and one of his first official acts when he became Emperor was to give the people back their holidays and add more to them.

But in no ancient time was the theory of adding instruction to play so well demonstrated as in the present. One of the most delightful as well as instructive of amusements are the moving pictures shown in the theaters which are growing in popularity every day. The moving picture is no fad. It has come to stay. In Des Moines the climax, when pleasure and profit are both considered, seems to be reached in The Radium, just opened on May 30 at 511 Locust street.

This little theater seemed to spring up out of nothing in a day. In just fourteen days it was created. Mr. J. F. Zimmerman of Chicago is at the head of the company controlling it. He was his own architect, Belt & Van Sittert did the decorating and W. F. Mitchell was the contractor. The room has a seating capacity of 310. There is no crowding, the seats are far apart and the ventilation is perfect. The entrance to the Radium, as shown in the accompanying illustration, is most attractive, in old English style, half timbers finished in weathered oak and plaster. Every detail of planning and construction has been looked after by the eye of an artist who had also in view perfect comfort and convenience.

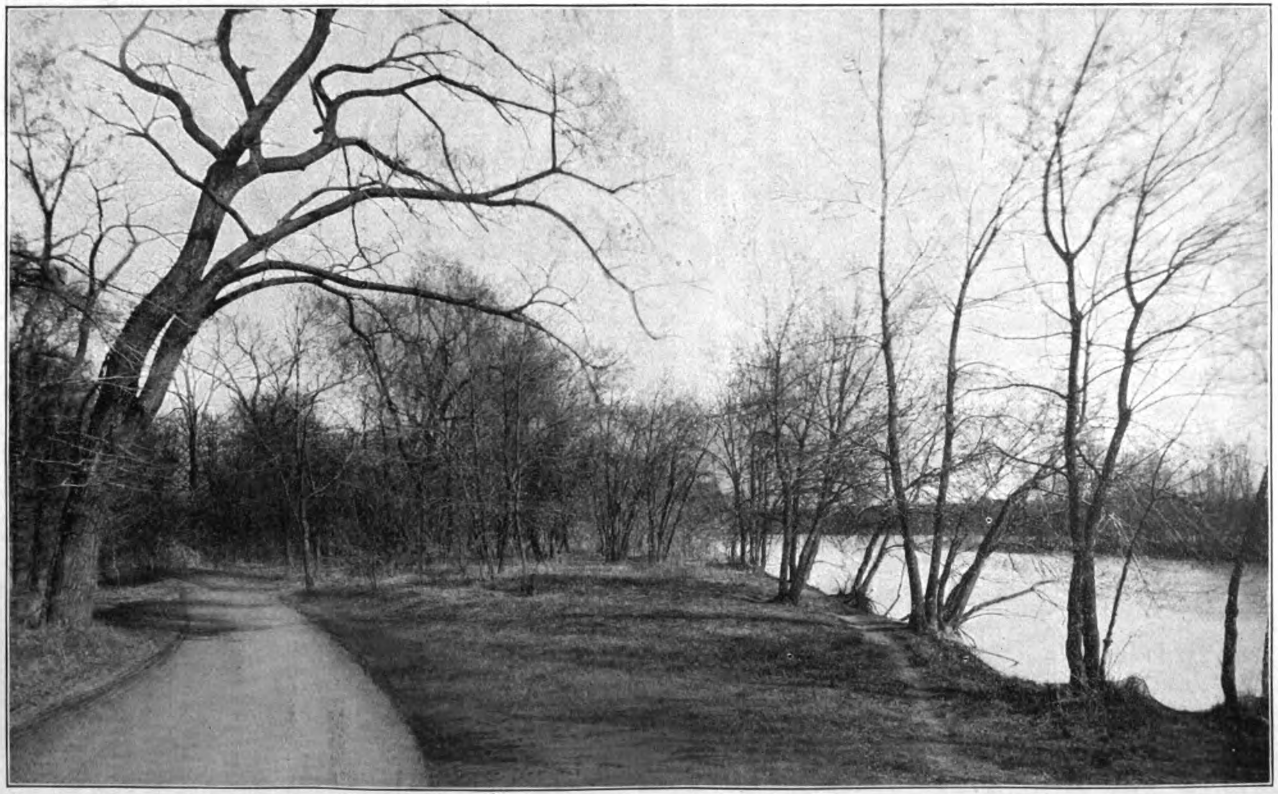
Mr. J. F. Zimmerman and his brother, Wm. Zimmerman are from Chicago, the former was with Mosier, the well-known Chicago ladies' tailor for four

J. F. ZIMMERMAN

Manager of the Radium.

years in charge of the business end of the establishment, while his brother represents Hart, Schaffner & Marx of Chicago. An interesting feature of the opening night of the Radium was the concert given by the Letter Carriers' Band. Similar concerts will be given every Saturday evening. The pictures shown here are of the highest quality, such as "The Corsican's Daughter," "Picturesque Java and Japan," "The Park Keeper," "Lost in the Alps," "Scenes and Incidents Along the Panama Canal," &c., both instructive and delightfully entertaining. Also at each performance are given illustrated songs, an innovation in Des Moines that already stands in high favor. The singers are well known in Des Moines. Laurena L. Lewis and Floyd F. Garret, formerly with the Chamberlain Quartet. These songs are worth many times the five-cent entrance fee.

The proprietors express themselves as well pleased with Des Moines and the spirit that prevails here. They are both good boosters themselves and in accordance with their faith in Des Moines, have erected a theater in every way a credit to the town as well as to their own progressiveness and public spirit. A visit to the "Brightest spot in Des Moines" will be worth many admission fees to old and young alike. The careful mother may well entrust her children to the delights offered by the Radium. The location at 511 Locust street secures for it the best patronage in Des Moines. We want all the young men we can get like J. F. and William Zimmerman.



RIVERSIDE DRIVE, BIRDLAND, UNION PARK

WITH THE EDITOR

No spring in Iowa. For the first time in many years we have emerged from winter into the heat of summer, without a hint of springtime between the two seasons. It is hard for the town to be thus cheated out of the most beautiful season of our midland states. In New England they scarcely know what spring means because the winter extends through April and May, and in the coast states, even through June, the hardy flowers blooming under storms.

But the month of May in Iowa is usually filled with a beauty, a fragrace and a glory that is seen almost nowhere else in the world. To one familiar with our forests, with the first flush of the trees, the pink of the branches and early buds and then the thousand tender shadings of green, the uncurling of fern fronds, the first violets the Mayapple, the buttercups and wood anemones—the jump from winter into summer means a privation of great pleasure.

* * *

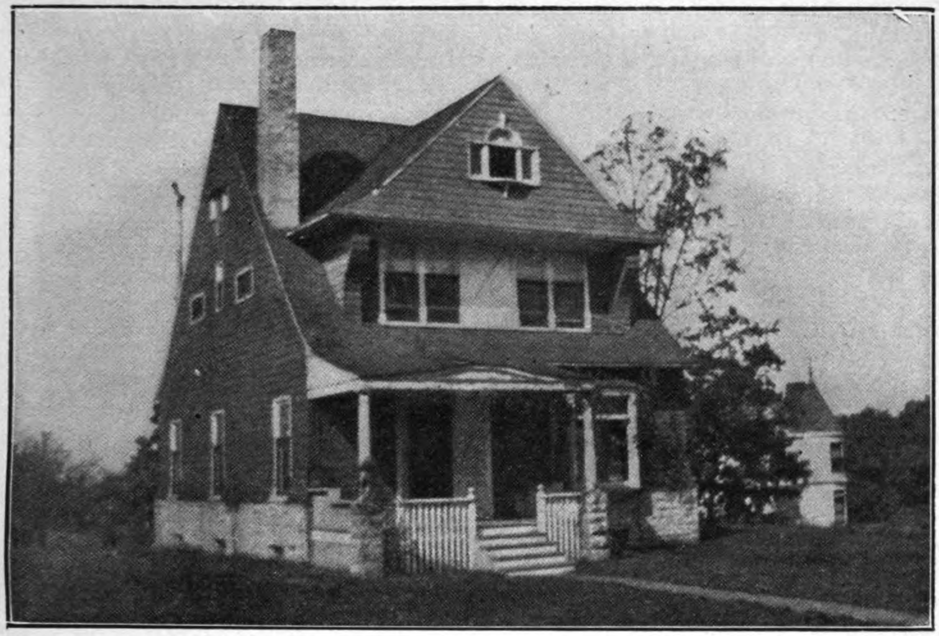
Des Moines people are getting to be the greatest travelers in the middle west. East year a number of our people make trips around the world and each comes home with tales of pleasure and yet are glad to return to Iowa. The Midwestern has in prospect a number of stories from our traveling friends, and a most readable one is given in this number by Captain Hedge so well and widely known in the middle west. Mr. D. S. Chamberlain will contribute a story of his trip around the world for the next number and in the near future we will have something from G. D. Ellyson.

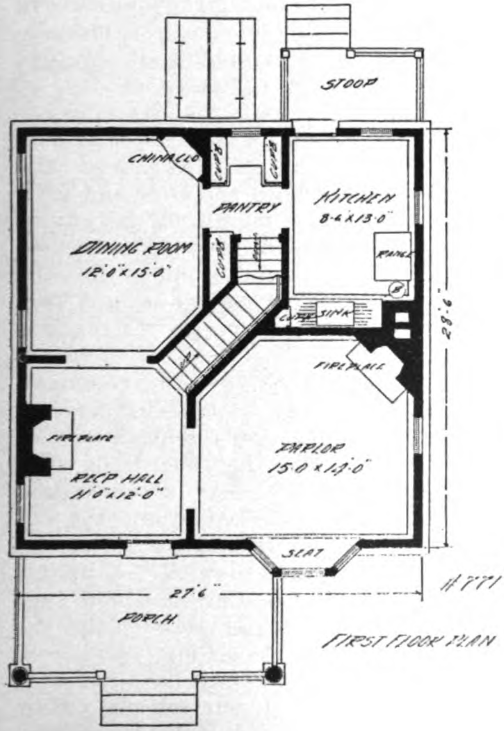
A Crying Need.—Once when Napoleon was asked what was the greatest need in France he replied: "The need of mothers." Just what Napoleon meant when he said this must be guessed, but in the broadest sense, it might be applied to our country today. If anybody would take the trouble to stand for several evenings at the corner of Sixth and Locust streets, and watch the young girls going and coming from 8:30 to 10:30 or later, with inward groans he surely would feel like crying out, "Where are the mothers in Des Moines." A girl of fourteen or sixteen is ignorant of the evils of the world. Her mother owes it to her to throw about her every safeguard as well as to instruct her from her superior knowledge. Partly as a result of this pitiful lack the maternity homes of the city are constantly filled and the homes for friendless children can scarcely accommodate the number that appeal to them.

The most heart breaking thing in the world is to visit one of these homes, and see the look of appeal in the faces of the babies. One is then tempted to cry out indeed that the greatest need of the world is mothers, not in name only, but in all that can be and should be meant by the word "Mother."

A Man With a Laugh.—When I was a little girl, Egglesteon's "Hoosiers Schoolmaster" was read by my father aloud to the family. There was a character in the book, a man whose laugh was in his face only and who never indulged in wholesome laughter. He was the villain of the story and his laugh was little more than a sneer. In commenting upon this character, my father used to say "Beware of the man who never laughs." It is not true! The man or woman who does not at intervals genially and with all heart and soul laugh and enjoy himself, not only misses much of the joy of living, but surely lacks a quality without which one is hardly human. Something sinister, something foreign to the child of God, obtains in the human creature who does not know how to laugh.

The Old Way.—Commencement time has come and gone again, and life is beginning in earnest for the boys and girls whose diplomas state their success in "book learning." Of all the commencements in America, perhaps none are of such general interest as are the High school commencements. Then the biggest hall in any town or city is all inadequate for the crowds that throng to see and hear on this momentous occasion. But this occasion, interesting as it is today, lacks much of the delight it once possessed, when the boys

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SINK
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PARLOR
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SEAT
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PORCH
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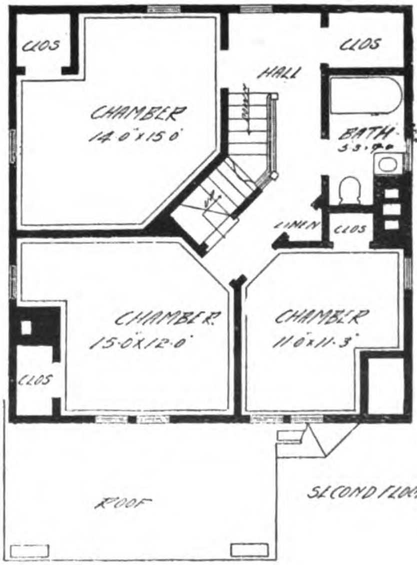
FIRST FLOOR PLAN


CLOS
HALL
CLOS
CHAMBER
14.0"x15.0"
BATH
5.3x9.0
LINEN
CLOS
CHAMBER
15.0"x12.0"
CHAMBER
11.0"x11.3"
CLOS
ROOF

SECOND FLOOR PLAN

$2,500 HOUSE AND PLANS

and girls "said their pieces" and gave advice to their friends and the world in general about life and its duties, its possibilities, its conquests and its failures. As if they knew! But wasn't it charming to see Mary and John, in their best clothes, sitting among the others on the platform, nervously awaiting their place in the program—and then when the superintendent called—there was a mist in your eyes and a lump in your throat as the dear girl in her white dress, or the handsome boy with a rose in his buttonhole came forward to the footlights and began to "orate." Then the clapping and the flowers—after all the sweet foolishness of the orations—and the assurances that Mary and John did better than any body else. And don't you remember when you yourself were Mary or John, and what pride and joy were born in in your soul in that commencement night? How you were assured as never before that you were of real consequence in life, that the future was one in which you would reach your ideals, and that the love of your dear ones would be your guiding star. Commencement in those days meant something vital to the life of the community.

But now all is changed. A great orator is brought from a distant city. He talks man's wisdom instead of the children speaking. It is all grandiloquent and spreadeagle and—impersonal. The children sit like so many wax dolls arranged becomingly in rows. Then the diplomas are distributed—the band plays and the people go home. It's absurd.

I would have the children speak, if it took a week for commencement exercises. The influence on the child would be a thousand fold greater than it is now.

ONE MESSAGE.—When I have listened to great orators speaking before high school boys and girls who did not more than half comprehend the flights of eloquence into which they ascended and from which they often descended into ridiculous commonplace, I have wondered why they did not instruct in a great theme, why they did not deliver the one message worth delivering, as natural as the air we breathe and the price of which is above rubies. There is hardly a day of my life when I do not come across men and women who have missed everything worth having and all because the truth that frees from error has never been revealed to them. They go thro this mortal term of years with scales upon their eyes, mourning sometimes for what they longed for and could not attain, sometimes too dulled even to mourn.

And then—is it not terrible to live one's life thro, and at the end find that all of one's standards have been wrong and that instead of accepting evil conditions as the "will of God," that only good was meant for every human creature.

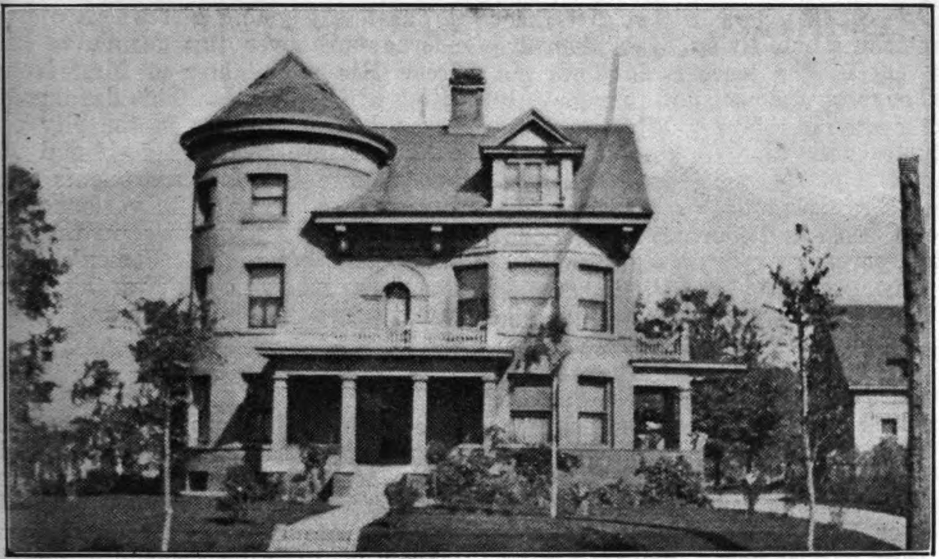
Why should not the greatest orators teach the children to whom he speaks, this one thing, that they are the children of God, and that God, who is perfect love and perfect wisdom, gives the right to claim every good gift from His hand, gifts that have been prepared for all of us from before the beginning of the world. Nothing evil could come from the Father,—God,—therefore there is no sickness, no failures, no evil of any sort possible, so long as we claim the promises.

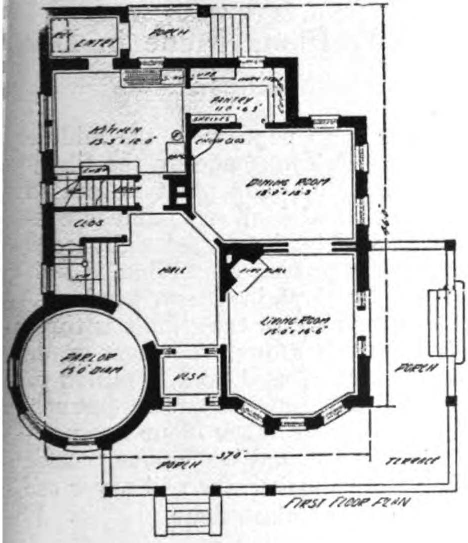
There is nothing supernatural, nor queer about such teaching. And in it is the wisdom of the ages.

If the commencement orators could put the light of such truth into the souls of the boys and girls who deserve the greatness of the greatest message ever delivered to mankind, the future would be full of conquest, of joy, of deliverance from evil of every kind.

All the wisdom of men is foolishness beside the wisdom of God. And the time will come when the boys and girls who listened last month to the efforts of the orators will know the cobweb-texture of it all and wonder why the one great primal truth was not presented instead.

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER IN IOWA.—Brains are supposed to command money. This may be true in the case of specialists in every department of life but one, and that one is of such vital importance to our national life, that it deserves the attention of every man and woman in America. This department, in which brains, no matter how highly cultivated are not paid even decently for their services, is the department of school-teaching. It is conceded by all that we must have educated men and women in our schools. More than that, men and women of fine temperament, of good ancestry, of the high-





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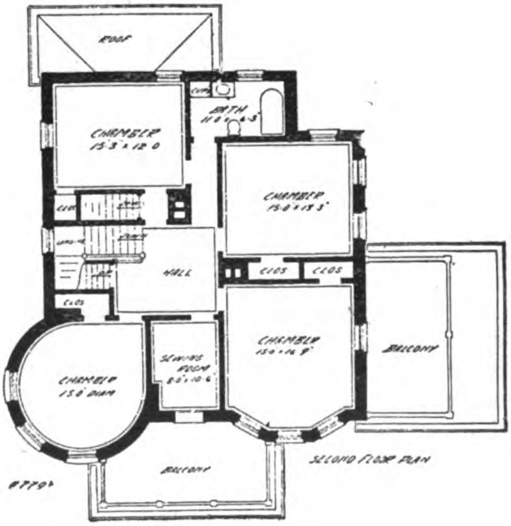

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SECOND FLOOR PLAN
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$5,000 HOUSE AND PLANS.

est morality—and bigness of heart and purpose, and yet only a very small percentage command wages that give them more than a bare living. Less than five per cent of the teachers in Iowa get $100 or more a month, and that for only nine months in the year. What can anybody do with nine hundred dollars a year! Out of this must come living expenses for twelve months, visits to other schools, books and journals for self-education, perhaps a month's study or training during vacation and the incidentals of life, all of which eat up the nine hundred dollars almost entirely, even with strictest economy. The teacher must live well, must dress well—in fact, must look and act and be a lady on beggar's wages. For take this nine hundred dollar teacher, give her a year's business training, and she will earn three or four thousand elsewhere, and not work half as hard. For teaching is the hardest work a woman can do, and no work in the world so unfits a woman for other work as does school-teaching. Worst of all, it takes away ones courage, by sapping the nervous system.

No wonder there is a feeling of unrest among teachers in Iowa. There should be a demand among them for better pay. The public has a right to educated men and women in the schools, and they owe them the same wages they could command in any business elsewhere. Do we want the siftings for teachers, those who can't do anything else. That's what we deserve at present pay. Right here in Iowa hundreds of teachers are growing old who have given the best of their lives to school work, and if they haven't relatives to care for them have only poverty and hardship staring them in the face for old age. Old worn out horses fare better, for they either have a quiet pasture prepared for them, or the law allows them to be killed.

If the women in the Iowa schools were all men, wages would be better. For the men have votes, and they would not endure it. Here is a question for the altruistic club women to ponder deeply and well.

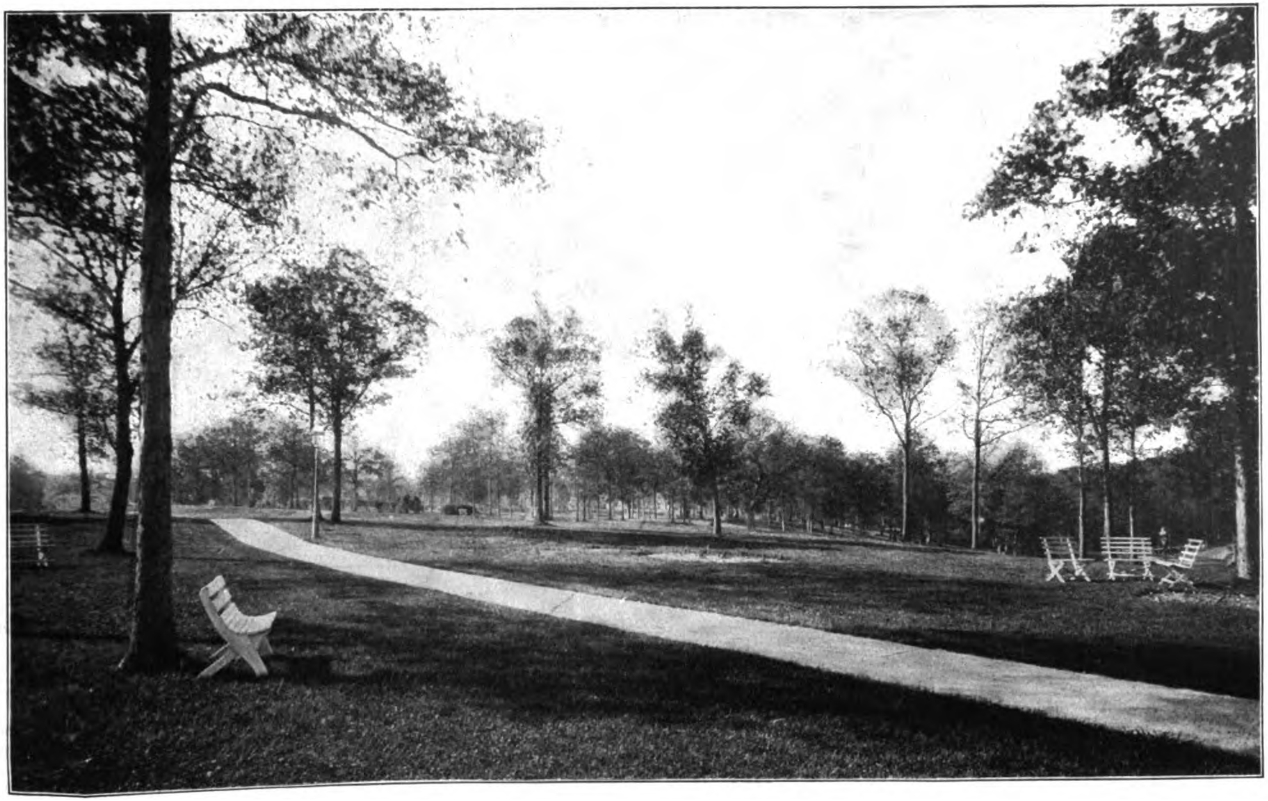
Our Cover Picture

The lovely young girl whose picture adorns our cover this month is Miss Irene Hirsh, daughter of Mrs. Henry Hirsh of Des Moines. This darling girl has a host of friends in the city and state who love her for herself and who also admire her for her talents as a musician and amateur in various plays that have been given here, in the high school and before the Women's Club. She is a graduate of West high and ranked at the top in her class.

Des Moines is thoroughly aroused in the smoke nuisance question and legislation looking toward the solving of it satisfactorily has been begun. We are fortunate in having Mr. L. K. Flanigan located here permanently, and he will manufacture the smoke consumers which have been most successful elsewhere. Mr. Flanigan is from Unionville, Mo., where he was in the heating and plumbing business. He has had much experience and is thoroughly posted on the smoke question and all that pertains to it. He is a man worth knowing, both personally and because of his success in his important line of business.

The Only Flour Made in Des Moines

No flour is so popular in the middle west as the Falcon, made by the Shannon & Mott Co. The plant is located at Fifteenth and Mulberry, and is constantly visited by interested sight-seers. to whom the process of milling is well explained by Captain Clark, head miller. The capacity of these mills is three hundred barrels a day. The best grade of hard wheat is used, and is milled in the most modern and scientific manner. Bread made from Falcon flour is especially white, light, and wholesome. Once used by a breadmaker, she will never use any other than Falcon flour.



NEAR THE ENTRANCE, GREENWOOD PARK.

Diary

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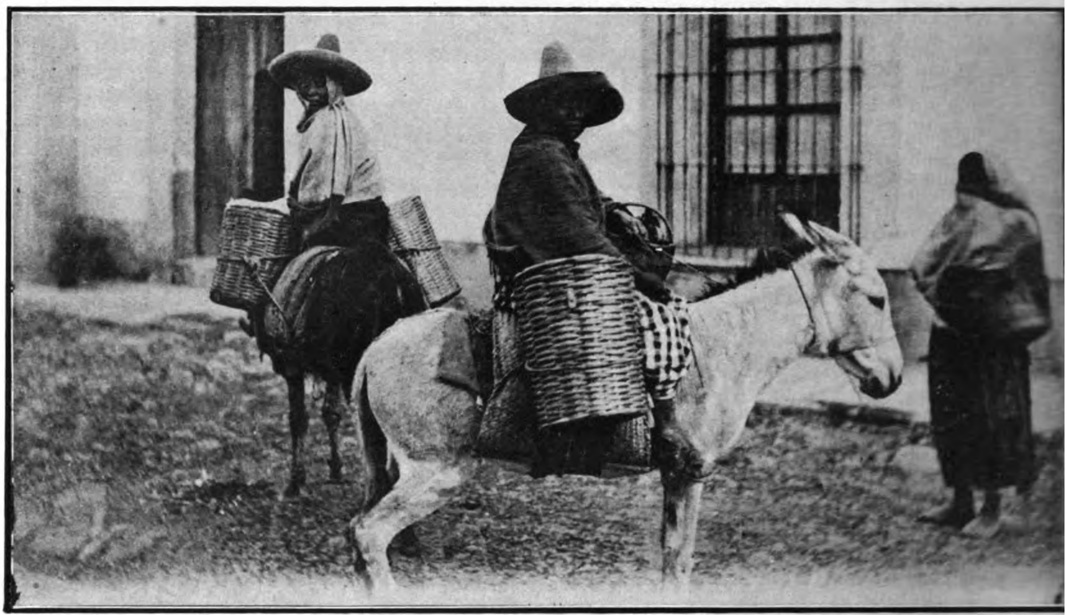
go past either day or night
entire year but what the
are offered fine, nice straw-
strange to say, the natives
ave the same habit of get-
largest strawberries on top
shape as do our Americans.

We here left the main line of the Mexican Central Railway and went to Guadalajara, which is 126 miles east of Irapauta. It is 5,100 feet above the sea level. We remained there twenty-five days and I can say without hesitancy that I have never been in a place where there is so fine and even a climate. California and Florida do not compare with this. My brother went there at the same time we did, severely afflicted with bronchial asthma. He is there yet and writes me under date of May 15th that the weather continues the same as when we were there, and he expects to remain until the latter part of this month, although he says he believes his asthma and bronchial trouble is entirely cured. It is a city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, but there are comparatively few Americans there; but the ones that are there are surely white Americans and never tire of doing what they can to help Americans see the city and its ways. This is especially true of the American National Bank, but this, like all other parts of Mexico, has improved very much during the past ten years and have and are all the time introducing American ways, both in their government and habits of living. Strange as it may seem, they have no fire department in the city and more than half of the property is not insured, from the fact they have no use for fire only to cook and most all cooking is done on charcoal, and most all buildings are brick, stone, adobe or other fireproof material.

We then went to Mexico City, 380 miles. We found a wonderful change in the past ten years in this city. It is adopting American ways faster than any other part of the republic that we visited. They now have fine electric street railways and asphalt pavement and many grand homes, and a magnificent new postoffice, which they first occupied when we were there, and I know of no finer building in the United States. We found quite a number of Americans there in hotel and other business and quite a number from our own state looking over the city, some of them investing in railroad and mining stocks. No doubt Mexico has many good opportunities for people wanting to invest in mining, also many lines of manufacture, for many of the better farmers are now discarding their old wooden plows and their primitive tools and adopting American styles. However, many of the natives hang to the old idea that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them During our stay in Mexico City we encountered a snowstorm on February 16th, snow was about three inches deep Many say this was the first snow they had ever seen and many claim this the

GALVESTON HARBOR AND SEA WALL.



TIPOS INDIANS.

first they had had in fifty years. It was a cold reception, for none of the hotels have heat in them. But February 16th and 17th were the only days we wanted heat, overcoats or wraps, from the time we got to Mexico until we got back to Chicago, April 27th.

From Mexico City we took a side trip to Cuernavaca, seventy-five miles over the mountains. It is situated in the valley. No finer scenery can be found anywhere, and the climate is equal to any in the republic, and many claim better even than Guadlajara, and was the former summer residence of the noted Maxmillian and many other of the nobility of Mexico.

In Mexico City and all other large cities, all the large stores, banks and other important places of business close from twelve noon to two p. m., thus giving proprietors and employes an opportunity to take what they call a cesta or as we say, a noon nap. The bankers merchants, in fact most all business in Mexico City seems to be in a thriving and prosperous condition, and to visit the parks and main boulevards you would imagine you were in New York, Chicago, or some of our large cities. All Mexico is noted for its fine parks and the care they take of them, the music is provided at the expense of the cities and states, so that all classes can assemble and enjoy same. In this respect they are ahead of many of the American cities.

From Mexico City we went to Vera Cruz, passing through some of the finest mountain scenery and coffee fields that we have ever looked upon. It is quite an old city and I think there are fewer beggars there on the streets than any other city that we visited, although they have fewer rich people than any other part of the republic.

Here we took a boat to Tampico which is very much noted for tarpon fishing, and I met fishermen there from England, Ireland and Sweden. It is quite difficult for me to keep from telling some of the results of tarpon fishing while I was there, but I know if I should do so, it would discredit this article; hence I must refrain. After spending three days in Tampico—I dare not say how—we took a ship to Galveston. Galveston has made wonderful improvements since the floods of a few years ago. Thence by rail via New Orleans to Jacksonville to St. Petersburg, Florida, where we spent seven weeks. This is another famous place for catching Spanish mackerel, king-fish, sawfish and shark; but again I must refrain from telling how I spent my time at St. Petersburg. O, how I wish I could tell what I did and have my friends believe it. But I dare not talk about catching fish, for it would spoil the entire article.

We arrived home May 1st, thus completing our trip of over seven thousand miles, and I can assure you that we were, as we always are, glad to get back to good old Iowa; and I advise my friends, when they start away from Iowa, to always get a return ticket, for there is *no* place as *good* as the old *Hawkeye State.*

At the End of the Path

By ONEY FRED SWEET

A PRIMROSE path, dew glistened foliage, butterflies, quiet shade, perfumed breeze—and then at its end the far-stretching monotony of the desert.

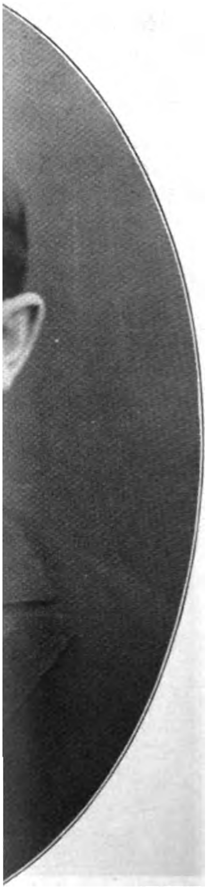
The primrose path of youth—the desert of the later years. Is this life?

It is, all too often. No matter what our environment or heredity, the primrose path of youth is sweet. Our bruises are soothed with tears, we are tucked into bed at night by loving hands, a simple toy places us in paradise. But all too often, the happiness that comes from innocence flickers out at the end of our first year. We dabble into the world, drink the dregs of this and that experience, taste the forbidden fruits of sin's garden, and the flowers fade, the grasses wither, the shade disappears from the leafage, and we are out on the desert of life's later years.

Out on the desert of life's later years. It is hopeless for green blades to pierce the hot sands. The future seems but the mere sky-line where the hot sands and grey skies meet. Tired, discouraged and world-worn at twenty-five and thirty, the cheek's blush gone, the features unpleasantly lined, the expression one of cynicism and gloom.

There is no going back. Even the sweet memories of the primrose path have been blotted out in many cases by constant contact with the glaring sands. Sometimes an evening wind will waft out a breath from the shade and the grass and the flowers back there, that lends a longing for the nonce. But it is only for an instant. The desert is life. We were only deluded by our visionary younger years. Life is drear and bleak—a mockery of tender hopes and aspirations.

But God meant that there should always be the primrose path. It was the devil who made the desert. It was meant that our hearts should be such that the grasses would ever keep watered green, that the birds would always sing so that we might understand! We had the right conceptions when we were young. With our boasted years has come the delusion and—the desert.



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ı number of years after. When
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was being borne from the
e worthy husband, as he
in the rear, called in a re-
nd excited voice to the bear-
nd the corner!" They did.

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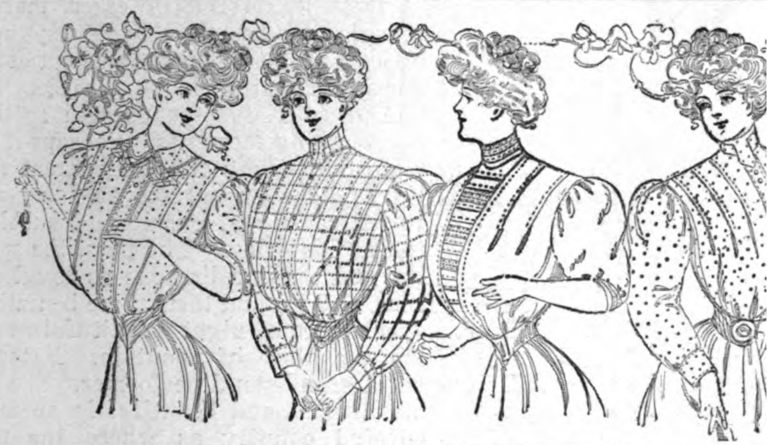

ıture's Soothing Charms

ıy ONEY FRED SWEET

ATURE is ever talking to us and if we listen aright we will learn things that are good for us to hear. She knows that people become uncongenial, that business is full of cares, that the , heartless workaway world ıtates and puts us out of har- existence.

Nature is forever speaking ıg messages. Perhaps it is a where the transparent river calm surface to spray over :s and gurgle and bubble in below. The flow, the spray- gurgling are as ceaseless as 'e find them there beneath the of night as faithful as dur- are of noontide. Nature is l-stand performer. She is as and beautiful in an undis- ıuntry as where the thou- her grandeur daily. Na- no deceits. Her mountain the sunshine when there is he clouds, but there is no fter the golden effect when ıot at hand.

nderstands weak, frail, irri- ın nature. She sends soft rain to beat against fev- . She whispers sweet mem- sighing breezes, and she ls to warble into ears that with commonplace worldly Lost, indeed, is the human ıt or will not list to Nature ıdeed, are those who can not appreciate her glories. If sunset means nothing more day, then God's handiwork

:'s spend the year with Na- :he time the apple blossoms ng to the April breeze until kes filter through November s appreciate each shadow in ı's foliage and catch each ooklets sing.

n sun—how can our hearts The clear blue sky—how ıkeptical of a heaven in the Nature's voice forever near we lose ourselves in the un- ıf the world!

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Influence on Woman's Literature

It is somewhat singular that the most eminent author among women has apparently exercised little influence in the matter of determining the feminine attitude in literature. The works of George Eliot have been a mighty force among men and women alike; her art and philosophy have been studied with conscientious care, and her methods have been analyzed and imitated with seriousness and often with fatal faithfulness. But one of the best models she gave to art has been generally overlooked; her special message to her own sex has been misinterpreted or missed altogether. Many writers, like the author of "The Story of Avis," have fallen temporarily under the spell of her creation, but it was the spell of Gwendolen's "dynamic glance" rather than of Dorothea's tears. They have accepted her realism as a working theory, but have preferred "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" to "Adam Bede" as a type for imitation and reproduction. They have failed to discover or to feel the force of the imminent womanhood of her works, and therefor have missed one of the lessons that she especially sought to teach.

Early in her career of authorship George Eliot formulated a literary creed which was thoroughly exemplified in her works. In one of her first essays she wrote: "It is an immense mistake to maintain that there is no sex in literature. Science has no sex; the mere knowing and reasoning faculties, if they act correctly, must go through the same process and arrive at the same results. But in art and literature, which imply the action of the entire being, in which every fiber of the nature is engaged, in which every peculiar modification of the individual makes itself felt, woman has something specific to contribute."

George Eliot's heroines are objective realities, being of flesh and blood, whose moral struggles are expressed in throbbing hearts and aching nerves like our own. For this reason they live with us from day to day as Hamlet and Desdemona live with us. Compare her heroines with those of any man who will go outside the circle of Shakespeare—with Tennyson's airy fairy Lilians and moonshine Madelines, or Scott's romantic abstractions, or Thackeray's society portraits—and the lofty uniqueness of her work is at once recognizable. Moreover no one will venture to maintain that her genius was limited or weak because its freest exercise was found in the expressions of woman's life. Her pictures of the masculinity of coarse and vulgar life are strangely real and powerful, but this power was adventitious, and she never exercised it at the sacrifice of decorum. By a confident instinct and a clear judgment she kept her work within her womanhood, and in the end it was a pure-toned woman's voice that joined "the choir invisible" whose music is forever the gladness of the world. She won that immortality for which her spirit yearned, the endorsing presence in the lives of others—

In thoughts sublime that pierce the
night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge
man's search
To vaster issues.

George Eliot's achievement is the grandest yet reached by a woman—an achievement which placed her among the greatest of men of letters. But she reached this distinguishing fame not through the clever mockery of a false and strident voice, nor through an emulous effort to establish the identity of man's and woman's genius, but through an honest and full-willed effort to establish a plane of equality for men and women in art, such as exists in life. Parallelism, not identity, was the basis of her theory and practice. She estimated womanhood at its full value, and, conscious of coequal powers, she utilized the special advantages of womanhood in securing her rights among men. The more one studies her work and penetrates to its deepest and fullest import the more thoroughly one recognizes the conclusiveness and broad significance of the demonstration it affords of her early theorem; "Women can, after their kind, fully equal men."

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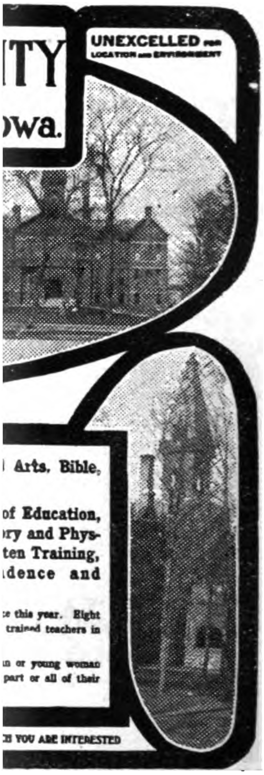

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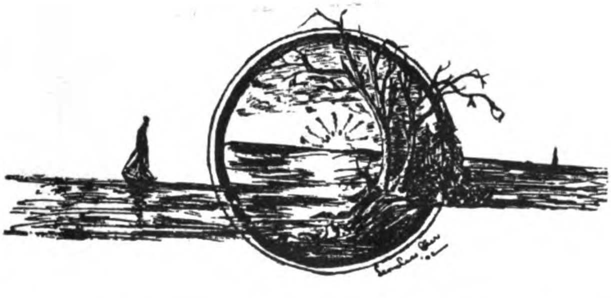
Our Literary Table 120



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Entered at Des Moines Postoffice as Second Class Matter

TERMS: One Dollar a Year; Ten Cents a Copy

shings

HAND DRIVEN

S PLAY GROUNDS

› Park is complete
ce upon request.

LAWN SWINGS

evenings at home.
'elties.

Des Moines, Iowa

RADIUM THEATER
"The Brightest Spot in Des Moines"
511 LOCUST STREET

Wonderful Moving Pictures, Beautifully Illustrated Songs

5 Cents Admission

NUF SED

Our New Location
513 Walnut Street
Basement Under Frankel's Clothing Store

Lock and Gunsmith

Guns Repaired and Keys Made to Order. Combinations Changed on all Safes and Locks. SAFE WORK A SPECIALTY. Absolute Reliability Guaranteed.

E. White Smith
513 Walnut St. Under Frankel's
Iowa Phone 1719-M

Lozier's
Flowers

"Best That Grow"

318 Sixth Ave., and
408 East Sixth St.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Fresh Every Day

VITROPHANE
(Flexible Stained Glass)
Germany's latest scientific discovery, reproducing the best effects of
STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.
Reducing the price 50%.
Colors guaranteed permanent and to withstand frost and all washings.
No more dirty sash curtains.
Beautiful windows a daily joy.
VITROPHANE can be fitted to all sized windows.
Request our agents to SHOW YOU SAMPLES.
VITROPHANE CO. Des Moines, Iowa

:S STORE "

.EL'S

uits Reduced for Quick Clearance

BOYS' CLOTHES

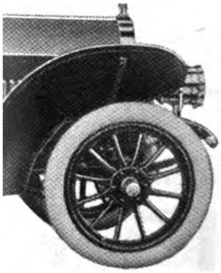
At Tremendous Reductions

Choice of all boys' knee pants suits and children's novelty suits—

Suits that sold for $3.00, now . .	$1.95
Suits that sold for $4.00, now . .	2.95
Suits that sold for $5.00, now . .	3.95
Suits that sold for $6.50, now . .	4.95
Suits that sold for $8.50, now . .	5.95

All wash suits reduced in proportion as the other suits. Every garment guaranteed to give satisfaction.

e $2,500



36-40
H. P.
Seven
Passenger
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Man-Tailored
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OOD BLOCK
505 Walnut St.

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Avenue

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NO
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sgow
Ave.

Frank Schlampp Co.,
Incorporated

Diamonds, Watches
Fine Jewelry and
Novelties

Iowa Phone 2286 M
Mutual Phone 624

Sixth Ave. and Locust St.
DES MOINES IOWA

THIS IS THE PLACE
NOW IS THE TIME
To Order
THAT SUIT OF
F. E. Hinkleman
Over 608 Walnut St. Des Moines, Iowa

John McNerney's

Drug Store

At the Corner of Sixth and Grand Ave.

Is the place in which to buy Drugs
and have Perscriptions filled.
Fine Soda Fountain with
all modern equipment

Artists' Materials
a Specialty

Satisfaction
Guaranteed

Ladies

You can save lots of cooking troubles during hot weather by persuading your "Men Folks" to eat their lunches at

The

Boston Lunch

310 Sixth Ave.
413 East Locust

Everything tastes like it does at home.

tes Capital

T NEWSPAPER
tively Pleasing Way

ital

ISER AND READER

NG, Publisher

THE BEER
THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS

BEER IS HEALTHY

THAT IS

Good, Clean, Pure Beer

That is why people who know drink

Schlitz

And again it costs no more than common green beer, which makes you bilious

JOHN WEBER, Jr.

416 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa

Distributers for
GREEN RIVER WHISKY
"The Whisky Without a Headache"

Phones { Iowa 53
Mutual 28

SALE: A Positive Bargain

tains 11 nice, large and well arranged rooms besides reception hall, ouse is strictly modern in every respect, oak finish, leaded glass r heat and laundry in basement, nice large barn, fine shaded lot, 64- eet deep. This property although in excellent condition can be riginal cost. We invite your inspection of this property.

CO. **310 Fifth St.**

ublishers

ıue of THE MIDWESTERN, we have
ırk which will please our friends and
. For while we intended to make the
lid not for one moment dream that it
ıs it is in one year. For this we grate-
hose who have encouraged us in the
ch encouragement may come. Every
appy surprises, so that it is a double
ir, Interurban and Polk County num-

* * *

ribers in every state in the union but
come is a marvel. It seems that the
ı one telling a distant relative about us,
every mail brings some new one, often
getting to be a big and scattered family.
ell his or her friends about us and get
welcome.

* * *

as "The Booster." This was discussed
ines, and being before the "Booster"
ıoose a different name, but we are still
to spread news of the city all over the
a. We carry news of Des Moines and
every month. We are equipped to do
ess men of Des Moines have helped to

* * *

ıer have won exclamations of delight
pe it will make friends of the people in
ne, but for all the interests advertised
ertisers in this issue a splendid public,
erein represented with confidence and
e and so are our advertisers.

* * *

erchants who will tell a customer who
seen advertised, that some other brand
he thing you ask for. First class con-
r goods in high grade mediums. You
s. Do not take a substitute.

* * *

ded out of this number. The interest-
e in, which will be news to many, will

* * *

cism and for suggestions in regard to
interest to you. Will you not write us

REFLEX

Inverted Welsbach

GAS LAMPS

A Wonderful Light of Great Brilliancy and Economy for Store, Office and Home

Reflects All the Light Down

Saves Gas
Saves Mantels

Des Moines Gas Co.

A Convenience

A Checking Account with a bank is a great convenience, not only to the business and professional man, but to the private individual as well. More people would keep such accounts if they knew just how to go about it. We gladly assist those who need help in getting started and solicit small as well as large accounts.

Capital City State Bank

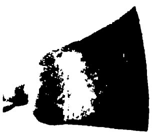
Bank Building, East Fifth and Locust Streets
DES MOINES, IA.

Total Resources $1,600,000.00

Open Saturday Evenings from 5 to 6

nail department and mention "Midvestern" and they will receive absolutey free some splendid helps as well as amples of wall-paper, if they desire, for he decorating of their homes. These uggestions will come from the best uthorities in the decorative art, such s Margaret Greenleaf of New York, vith whom the Holland & New Co. have lirect connection, and every lady knows ier reputation along the line of color ffects. The Holland & New Co. also nclude in this offer all express or freight aid on all orders of $5.00 and over to ny town within seventy-five miles of es Moines. This is a splendid opporınity for home owners in the suburban owns to be absolutely right in their olor schemes and it will not cost a ent.

Des Moines is fast becoming a city nd Des Moines business houses are doig things in a metropolitan way. The olland & New Co. have been located at 8-610 Locust street for twenty-seven ars. People who anticipate decorating eir homes either exterior or interior e invited to call at the store; they will cheerfully shown the latest things in e decorative art.



Do You Know a Good Broom?

In selecting a broom

1st. See that it is
FREE FROM SEED

2d. See that it is
FLEXIBLE

3d. See that it is
WIRED so that it won't rust the first time it is wet.

4th. See that you get a
STAINED HANDLE instead of a varnished one, so it won't stick to your hands.

All these things the housekeeper may overcome if she insists on having

The Harrah & Stewart Brooms

Made in Des Moines, Iowa

ee the Name

ackelford

STAMPED ON

RICK

ther for QUALITY. They are made lifetime. Brick for all kinds uilding and Paving

ERS PROMPTLY FILLED

ORD BRICK CO.
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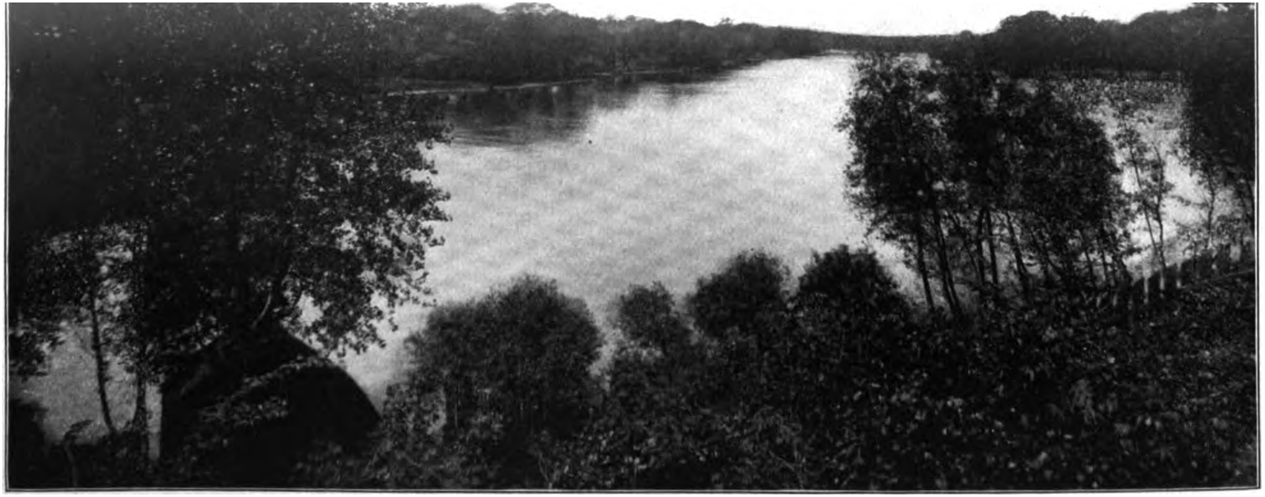
DES MOINES, IOWA

f earth is never dead;
birds are faint with the hot sun,
cooling trees, a voice will run
to hedge about the new-mown mead;
grasshopper's--he takes the leaa
luxury, he has never done
elights, for when tired out with fun,
ease beneath some pleasant weed.
of earth is ceasing never;
winter evening, when the frost
ght a silence, from the stove then
ills
t's song, in warmth increasing ever,
s to one in drowsiness half lost,
hopper among some grassy hills.

—Keats



VIEW ON DES MOINES RIVER

POLK COUNTY

)RY, ITS TOWNS, AND ITS PEOPLE

"IN THE BEGINNING"

e was probably the
visit Polk county.
mont friends, under
843: "The Indians
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r three years more.
to move our trad-
ıp the river, by the
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f the Raccoon river.
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the little "Ione"
where Des Moines
steamboat to as-
s so far from its
ne company of in-
avalry, about one
hundred men in all, commanded by Captain James Allen and Lieutenants Greer, King and Potter. A flagstaff stood midway among the barracks and under the inspiration of the stars and stripes the soldiers drilled. The cavalry carried formidable swords and their duties were to defend settlers in their moves and marches into the new territory, also to hunt up "squatters" who had built cabins across the line upon the Indian reservation, and after burning their cabins march them back to rightful soil. According to treaty the Indians were to hold exclusive possession of the land purchased from them for three years. During that time, however, a few families by special permit settled within the tract. One, Peter Newcomer, made the first improvements in Polk county, outside of Fort Des Moines, near the point southeast of Des Moines which bears his name. Many of the soldiers and attaches of the fort became permanent settlers here. At the time the Indians were removed the soldiers' quarters and the establishment of the government sutler, Robert Kinzie, were the only improvements on the west bank of the Des Moines river. The east side of the river was occupied by Indian agents, Indian traders and fur dealers.

John B. Saylor, the first settler in the grove and the township that bears his name, came in time to furnish hay for the horses of the dragoons at Fort Des Moines. "A reserve of a square

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East Des
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Fort Des
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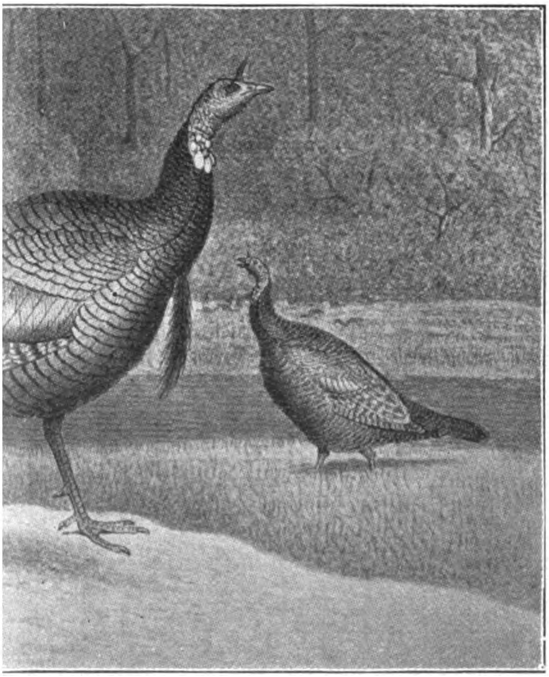
ing names of townships: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, Lee, Webster, Lincoln and Grant. The establishment of county lines as they now exist was made in 1853. In 1854 the legislature designated Fort Des Moines as the capital of the State and in 1857 the convention to revise the State constitution permanently located the capital at Des Moines. Hon. W. H. McHenry surveyed the boundaries of the present capitol grounds. The Governor issued a proclamation convening the legislature in Des Moines January 11, 1858. The session was held in the brick building which stood upon the site now occupied by the soldiers' monument.

The blessing and boon of Polk county lies in its rich mineral deposit and coal mining has been carried on with profit since 1843. There are numerous springs in the county charged with mineral properties, though none have been sufficiently developed to win an outside reputation. The great coal region of Iowa embraces within its limits nearly all the tributaries of the Des Moines river. One of these tributaries, the Raccoon river, has its source in Storm Lake on the summit of the great watershed, and flows in a southeasterly course



EY OF EARLY DAYS IN IOWA

MOINES RIVER

on the Wabash railroad was
where early settlers dug up
the river bed during fall
en the river was low. This

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

veins with ulti-
The coal strata
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up to the pres-
feet in thickness
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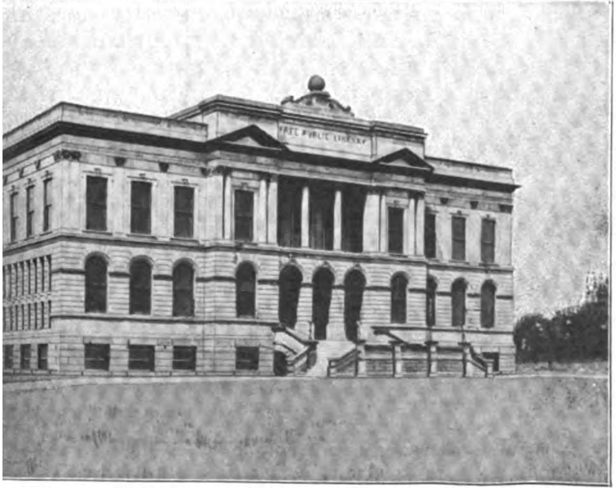
nership of Polk
C. Jordan had
township, M. L.
loomfield, with J.
. C. Hargis close
lurant of Frank-
"Uncle Tommy"
400 acres, A. D.
ton and Abraham
ere farming on a
Deitz of Crocker
rd Parmenter 800
ınd E. W. Van

Grundy of Lincoln 500 acres each, in Madison Dr. R. B. Armstrong and Wm. Shall had over 500 acres apiece, in Jefferson Joseph Andrews had 1,000 acres and John White 600 acres. Among the largest land holdings in Polk county in 1907 might be mentioned the Martin Flynn estate, the John M. Day estate, and the B. F. Elbert estate.

The stage history of Polk county, when Des Moines was a stopping place between Iowa City and Council Bluffs, affords many interesting narratives. Parallel with those days of coach and stage horn would run the account of early hotel life, from its beginnings in the garrison building where Martin (X) Tucker—so called because he had to sign his X—through the changing periods, when B. F. Hoxie was a pioneer landlord, and when the Harter House, the "Astor," the Collins House, the Marvin House were taxed to their utmost capacity to accommodate speculators and land buyers. The advent of J. S. Savery in 1854 gave a final upward turn for hotel management in Des Moines.

The De Moine House, corner of Front and Walnut streets, was for a long time the headquarters for social, political and speculative events. Col. S. F. Spofford was a model landlord, a public-spirited citizen, and in 1868 was made mayor of Des Moines. The present Kirkwood House was begun in 1856 by a stock company organized by J. C.



PUBLIC LIBRARY. DES MOINES

E

st railroad to reach Des Moines
Keokuk. The Chicago, Rock
Pacific was for years the
and west trunk line. The
narrow gauge to Ames was
to standard width under the
tern management.

railways were first undertaken
oines by Dr. M. P. Turner.
ns and horses with bells were
motor power. Under a new
composed of Webber, Van
eachout, Bayliess and others
ars were placed on the track.
companies were consolidated
ownership of J. S. Polk and
ates, and since then street car
s steadily improved, and not
lines are in operation but an
system is being worked out
ificent scale.

ty water supply, from the
er, has ample provisions for
d private needs. The Holly
t in in 1871, is under the con-
Des Moines Water Company.
tal City Gas Light Company
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for.

surance business gained an
hold in Des Moines. The
Insurance Company and the
Insurance Company were or-
1865. The Capital Insur-
pany was organized in the
Hon. E. H. Conger and Cap-
T. Hull officers. All these

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platform it sup-
of Thomas H.
had a right to
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he United States.
er Company, W.
was incorporated
itizen, established
wa State Register in 1860. The Register and Leader were merged into one publication in 1902. The Des Moines Daily Capital issued its first number from East Des Moines in 1880. It became the property of Hon. Lafayette Young in 1890. The Des Moines Daily News made a modest entrance into the newspaper field in 1881 and under the masterly activity of John J. Hamilton increased in size and circulation. Wallace's Farmer is in its twelfth year. The Homestead after a series of struggles has an extended field under the ownership of James Pierce. Successful Farming, a more recent enterprise, is conducted by E. T. Meredith. The Anzeiger by Col. Eiboeck and numerous other papers representing different nationalities and varying creeds have gone out from Des Moines. The Midland Monthly, Hon. Johnson Brigham editor and proprietor, was the pioneer literary magazine and its files run through seven years.

Des Moines

Hon. Isaac Brandt, a dealer in reliable reminiscences, relates the thrilling times that followed the news of the war of '61, when it reached Des Moines through the columns of the Burlington Daily Hawkeye, brought in by stage. On account of bitter rivalry between the

CAPITOL BUILDING

RK

ı which stood where the
d Trust Company now has
This was the first note
patriotic action that glori-
ıty, and made a record of
e and freest from debt of
ɛs of the state. The names
Tuttle and other war
perpetuated in different
city and county. Polk
gh rank in educational

POLK COUNTY COURT HOUSE

hed to state and
official position:
S. Senator; Min-
ntries, John A.
er, John S. Run-
ter Gen'l., James
men, Frank W.
Hiram Y. Smith,
. Given, supreme

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oldest institution
llege, which, in
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rake University,
ed after General
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ratus, $400,000,
,778. In 1889 a
Highland Park
ssed into private
a beautiful loca-
gs, and maintains
e Danish Luther
erous institution,
fords instruction
Danish language.
rcial colleges, the
cial College and
have drawn an
Des Moines for

In club life Des Moines has the Grant club, political; the Prairie club, ministerial and professional; the Commercial club, to further business interest; and the Greater Des Moines Committee, whose object is to promote the immediate growth of the city. The City Federation of Women's clubs numbers 38 clubs total membership, 2,300. The Des Moines Women's Club has for its prime purpose the establishment of an Art Gallery. There are many residents who have lived in Des Moines over fifty years. Edward Entwistle, born near Manchester, England, in 1815, had the proud distinction of running on George Stephenson's "Rocket" on its first trip from Manchester to Liverpool. Mr Entwistle came to Polk county in 1856 and has lived fifty years on the lot he first purchased on Second street, East Des Moines. Mr. Entwistle is in good health, active in mind and body. He is fond of history and reads the life of Lincoln over and over.

William Morrison, of Des Moines, invented the first electric carriage in the world. After its announcement letters from all parts of the world poured in upon the inventor, three thousand came from Spain alone. "The first automobile in the world was the one built for me

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Balaklava,
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VIEW ON URBANDALE LINE

ıd County

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ritory, 6 miles
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, W. to Valley
ılation of Des
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rtments, yearly,
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onthly, $5,456.
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eceipts for 1906.
College attend-
,000. School at-
Moines, 11,255.
$300,000. Polk
t $750,000. Iowa
raft, $4,000,000.
tory $500,000.
ıd improvements
ost, adjacent to
),000. Banks in
sits $30,000,000.
in number, acres
ed for park pur-
vements to whole
7,432. Nineteen
in Des Moines.
railway has 100
ty-four insurance
in Des Moines.
6,000 insurance
newspapers and periodicals in Des Moines, 55. Over 10,000 telephones, under two companies, in Des Moines. Nearly 100 conventions annually meet in Des Moines. Manufacturing, jobbing and wholesale and retail trade in Des Moines exceeds $85,000,000 annually. Des Moines has 94 churches. Des Moines has fifty schools, public and private. Des Moines has ten large hotels; eighteen smaller. Des Moines has nearly 300 factories.

VIEW ON THE INTERURBAN

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of schoolhouses in Polk
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ls 42,159
al output Polk county ranks second
.
urban railway lines in Polk county,
es, 38.7.
n railroad lines in Polk county,
95.

Altoona

Altoona is eleven miles east of Des
nes on the Rock Island and Interur-
railway lines. To the credit and
sperity of the town it has never ex-
rienced the blight of a saloon or a
ne. Its population, including a
ty mining population, is 504, school
ollment 135.

ltoona, from Latin word Altus,
aning "high," is the highest eleva-
between Des Moines and the Mis-
ppi river. The town site was lo-
ed by W. H. Davis and for years it
s chiefly a stopping point on the emi-
nt road from Iowa City to Des
ines. T. E. Haines, who arrived in
oona in 1869, built the first grain
ator and controlled the business for
ny years. Mr. Haines was a member
the Iowa House of Representatives
1882 and cast his vote in favor of
hibition. In the interest of the town
has built a new hotel on ground ad-
ent to the park he gave to Altoona, a
utiful tract with abundant shade,
with a circular lake containing an
and. The Haines' Park Hotel, under
management of Mr. and Mrs. W. H.
nedy is a most attractive and home-
place. It is a favorite resort for
s and small visiting parties from
Moines.

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VIEW IN WA

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Ex-mayor James P. Hewitt did much o improve the streets of Altoona during is administration. Mr. Hewitt has a ine residence in the town and makes aily trips to Des Moines to continue is law practice. Hon. Emory H. Eng-lish, of Altoona, served two terms as Representative and is ranked among the "printer boys" who have gone forth to positions of trust and influence. The Altoona Herald is now in its eighteenth year. Under the proprietorship of H. H. and Rose A. Crow it has been enlarged to an eight-page weekly and contains considerable good reading matter, besides its local and Des Moines advertising columns. Altoona has a creditable school building containing four departments, two neat churches, an opera house, Woodman hall, and supports a Masonic lodge and Grand Army Post. Telephone service and rural mail routes keep the town in close connection with the surrounding farming districts. L. O. Shaffer has been a resident of Altoona twenty-nine years. He carries on a drug and jewelry trade and a circulating library. Since 1900 he has been the proprietor of a private bank called the Citizens Bank. Ralph Madagan is the present popular mayor. There is one grocery, S. E. Altman proprietor, one meat market kept by A. N. Imell, one restaurant run by Hugh Blakely. Dr. C. C

IN WAVELAND PARK

SIXTH AVENUE BRIDGE, DES MOINES

ardening there, Mr.
ger. This last year
uch attention given to
firm, and farmers may
nefit from the branch
ady established beyond
ltoona will be a near
Moines. A number of
homes have been built
the Interurban.

Avon

is of interest to note that the tract
township known as "Keokuk
was the site of the Indian
of Keokuk, chief of the Sacs
Foxes, and there he made his home
a number of years. In the same
p. and the center of religious
educational influence that was far-
ing in pioneer times, the town of
was platted by Charles Keeney.
the Rock Island railroad company
a station one mile distant an
new town, called Avon Statio
a considerable part of the popul
from the original site.
The new town of Avon is credited wi
ulation of less than one hundr
is two and one-half miles from C
from which it has banking pr
E. E. Gooch serves as postmas
Anderson and D. O. Fisher each
mill. E. W. Ruggle is the
of a general store and St
Grossnickle are the only gr
Krysher, supervisor for years
ader in that part of the county
early '50's.

Ankeny

The town of Ankeny was pla
J. F. Ankeny. It is the f
north of Des Moines on th
terurban, and has long been c
first-class shipping point on t
stern railroad. The popu
township is composed
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sus is about four hundred
a weekly newspaper and
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the town, Albert Stader, e
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the Farmers' Excha
orge Coffin is postmaster.
and C. F. Patterson are le
Two general stores a
that of George E. Go
and the W. H. Lewis st
Wagner and sons, and Ge
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D. Weinhart is a successful
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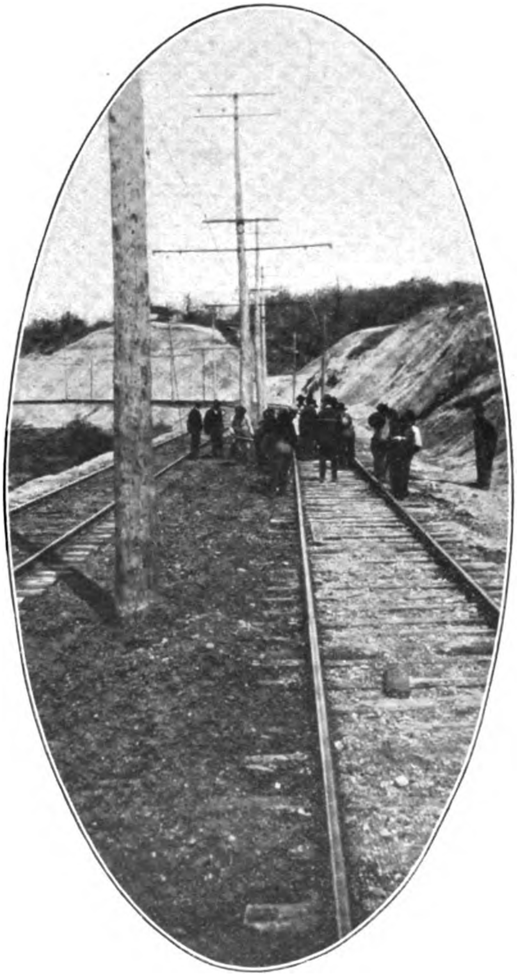
Exchange Bank.
ıaster. B. Cooper
are leading physi-
:ores are in opera-
E. Goughnon and
ewis store. Henry
ıd George Swart-
competition in the
t of live stock. L.
essful poultry mer-
the material needs

of the town there are the yards of the Woods' Lumber company, and grain elevators of the B. A. Lockwood company.

Ankeny is likely to receive a new impetus from the opportunities given by the Boone Interurban which has just been put in operation. There are certain inducements for summer boarders to make a stay in Ankeny and the ride out, eleven miles, is attractive and picturesque.

Ankeny has good schools and the religious element finds a home in the Congregational and Methodist churches mainly.



VIEW ON THE INTERURBAN

DES MOINES INTERURBAN CAR "IOWA", THE FINEST INTERURBAN CAR IN IOWA

Ashawa

Ashawa has double railroad facilities as a station on the Rock Island railroad and on the M. and St. L. R. R. these together have not promoted permanent interests of the town. Ashawa is now discontinued as a post office, receiving its mail by rural delivery from Valley Junction. J. Hennessy acts as station agent. A. W. Thurtle handles grain and deals in live stock P. Thurtle and C. A. Ashworth hang their signs as veterinary surgeons. The future may have possibilities for Ashawa, however, as it is only seven miles west of Des Moines.

Bondurant

One of the large landowners of Polk county was A. C. Bondurant, whose tract of three thousand acres lay east of Des Moines. When the Great Western railroad cut its way through Franklin township it gave the signal for the laying out of a town on the Bondurant farm. So in 1882 the town took form, and since that time the growth of Bondurant has been one of steady increase The mercantile and business houses occupied by J. E. O'Brien, A. C. Bondurant, Mr. Kennedy and others were speedily followed by church and school improvements. The school was opened in 1885, the Christian church erected in 1886, and the Congregational church in 1893. Thus the moral impulse kept pace with the business growth of the town. From the first Mr. Bondurant gave all possible aid to newcomers, and free sites deeded to manufacturing industries gave good results. The town name was bestowed upon the bank and hotel. There is now the Bank of Bondurant, M. E. Gonner president, B. [illegible]thbrock, cashier; the Bondurant House, Mrs. M. E. Corduray, proprietor; Bowen & Regur are grain dealers; Coulter & Markey and Jesse T. Dutch conduct general stores; Mair & Morg and R. T. Maley are engaged in handling live stock; J. H. Woods & Co. are lumber dealers; McClay Owen carries a stock of hardware and general furnishings, besides the business of an und

ıawa

ıle railroad facilities e Rock Island rail- :. and St. L. R. R. have not promoted ɔrests of the town. ɔntinued as a post- mail by rural deliv- ınction. J. Hennes- ;ent. A. W. Thurtle deals in live stock :. A. Ashworth hang veterinary surgeons. ıve possibilities for ıs it is only seven oines.

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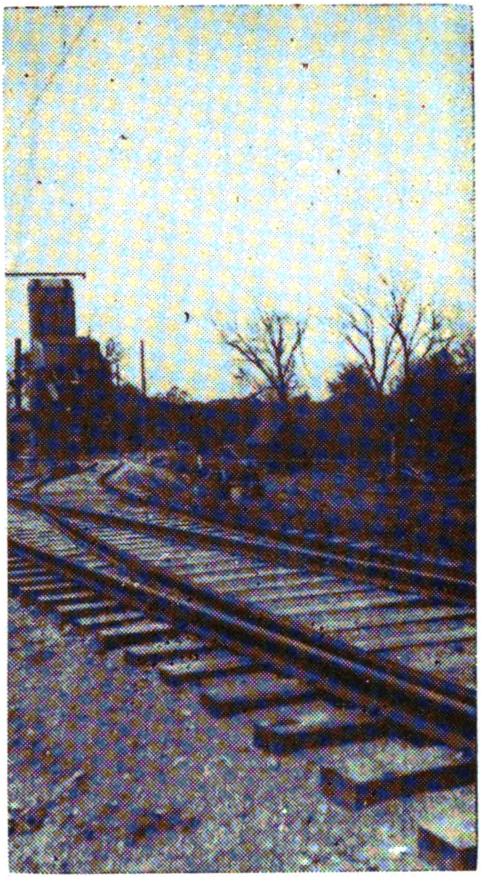
landowners of Polk Bondurant, whose nd acres lay east of the Great Western r through Franklin signal for the lay- on the Bondurant he town took form. the growth of Bon- of steady increase business houses oc- Brien, A. C. Bon- y and others were church and school school was opened ı church erected in ɔgational church in ɔral impulse kept ess growth of the 'st Mr. Bondurant to newcomers, and manufacturing in- results. The town ıpon the bank and the Bank of Bon- ɔr president, B. F. the Bondurant Corduray, proprie- are grain dealers; d Jesse T. Dutcher s; Mair & Morgan engaged in hand- Woods & Co. are ay Owen carries a d general furnish- ness of an undertaker; Frank Scott makes a specialty of agricultural implements; Leroy V. Porter is a practicing physician; Charles W. Cheney owns a livery barn, while M. L. Long & Son cater to the public as restaurant keepers. B. F. Rothrock is postmaster and W. P. Stephenson agent. Bondurant has telephone service, also supports a weekly paper, the Journal, edited by N. B. Fulmer. The business importance of the town was given a steady impetus by the founding of a tile factory, operated by A. M. Austin & Son, in 1894. Also by the organization in 1895 of the Farmers' Co-operative Creamery. Both these enterprises were run by steam power. The grain business, fed by a large surrounding farming community, was another powerful factor in the making of prosperous Bondurant.



VIEW ON THE INTERURBAN.

WEST NINTH STREET BRIDGE, DES MOINES

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of Des Moines.
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Improved farm
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G. N. Doty, rail-
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Dickson, general
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situated fourteen
Des Moines, in
townships. The
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S. W. McClain
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Grimes is a ship-
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KER
k Board.

VIEW ON DES MOINES RIVER

and great numbers of live stock. Besides the creamery alluded to, Grimes has a canning and preserving company. It also boasts of a commercial exchange, an electric light plant, C. W. Reed, proprietor, and a Farmers' Mutual Telephone Company. The Grimes Advocate is published weekly by J. F. Carter. The Western Union and Adams' Express companies have offices in Grimes. D. T. Jeffries holds the office of postmaster. One bank, kept by W. J. Stewart, supplies the commercial needs of the town. The Atlas Grain Company handles a vast amount of grain. B. S. Prunty is the only hardware merchant. Mrs. Dora Atkins is the proprietor of the Grimes Hotel. Two general stores are in operation, one by Kingman Bros., the other by A. B. Shawver. George L. Rutledge dispenses drugs; B. Watkins has a general furniture store, with undertaking department; S. W. McClain has a stock of farm implements and harness and saddlery; John Sullivan is the obliging railroad, telegraph and express agent. The population of Grimes is estimated at about 500. School facilties are fair Three churches testify to the moral standing of the inhabitants, who worship as their faith directs under the roof of the Presbyterian, Christian or Lutheran churches.

rs. Mitchell is liv-
ons in Texas, and
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CONGREG

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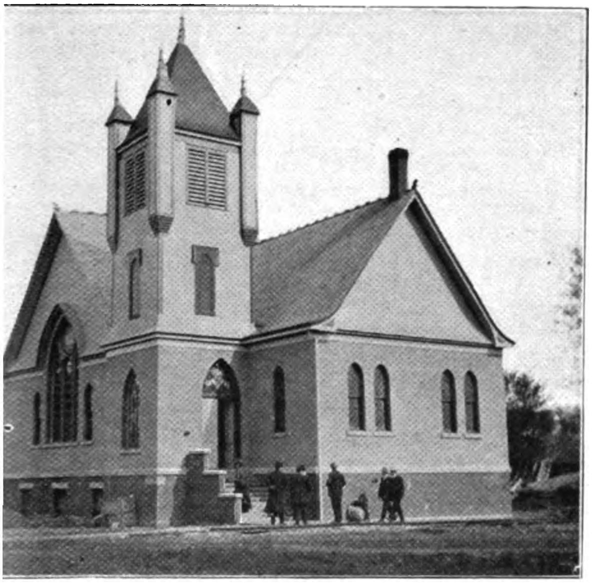

GATIONAL CHURCH OF MITCHELLVILLE

the city. Peter f the City Bank ty holder noted prosperity of the church affairs l a two-story ce- occupied by the d by shops, and new residences. I. Reid, a retired stantial resident. in to Hon. White- te building im- 00 residence by lealer; a house of C. Renand, re- by Smith Pear- l a fine new home assistant cashier 06 the city laid lks and has same The Methodist utting $2,000 in ilding, under the pastor, Rev. A versalist Society ut $700 on its Congregational to the town, and astor Rev. P. H denomination is iety.

ndex, established publisher, E. P its twenty-fifth anniversary in its commodious quarters over the Citizens' Bank. The Index has a new Campbell cylinder press, with a gasoline engine. The Index has a share of the county printing and Des Moines firms are largely represented in its advertising columns. The personality of the editor shines through its pages, and his adherence to prohibition principles is as firm as is his allegiance to the political doctrine which gives him the title of a "standpatter." As the Index is an

E. P. MARMON,
Editor Mitchellville Index.

ILDING,
, Mitchellville.

Drs. Hibbs & Leonard, Dr. G. F
ems, Dr. B. T. Gadd, J. Sharp, D
S., and F. C. Bradner, D. S., also A
Miller, lawyer. The usual array of
all shops was noticed along the two
incipal streets. Miss Minnie Allen
s the only millinery store. Two ele-

S. J. OLDFIEL

ıll operation, and the ridge Company have a nber. G. F. Hadder is l agent of the Chicago acific railroad. W. D. ɔeen in charge of the since the line was ridently, the right man ce. Two reasons that ed the location of the School in a suburb of the air of substantial n by the city itself and of the unused school ıtrolled by the Univer- 'he Industrial School ›up of spacious brick ı setting of fourteen decorated lawn. The .ns over one hundred ɔs being cultivated by ɔhool. The Industrial its name implies, for ısewifely skill are con-

LARRABEE HOME"

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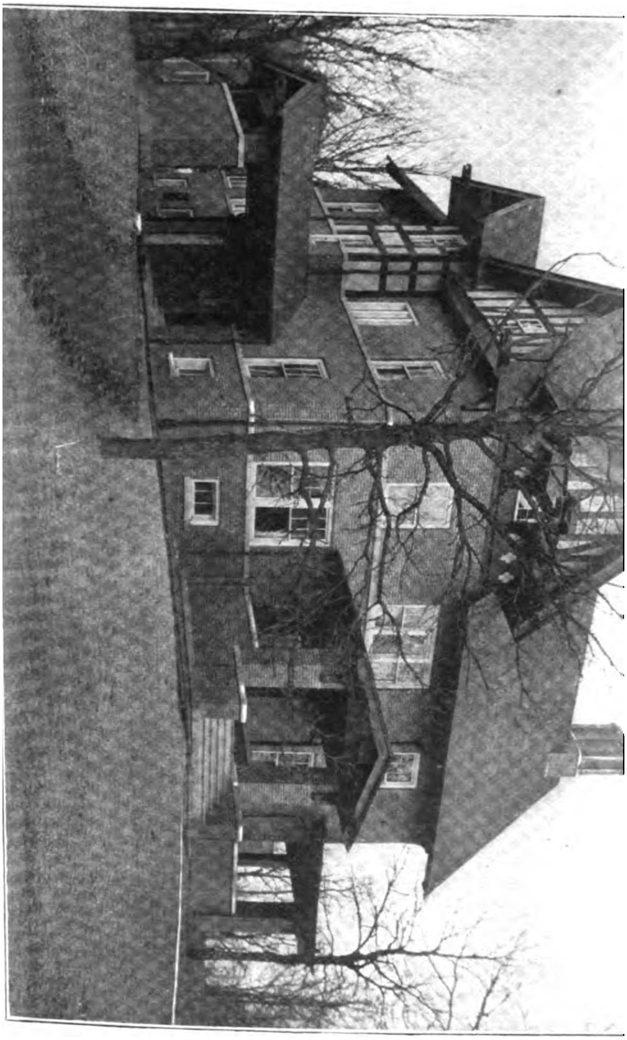
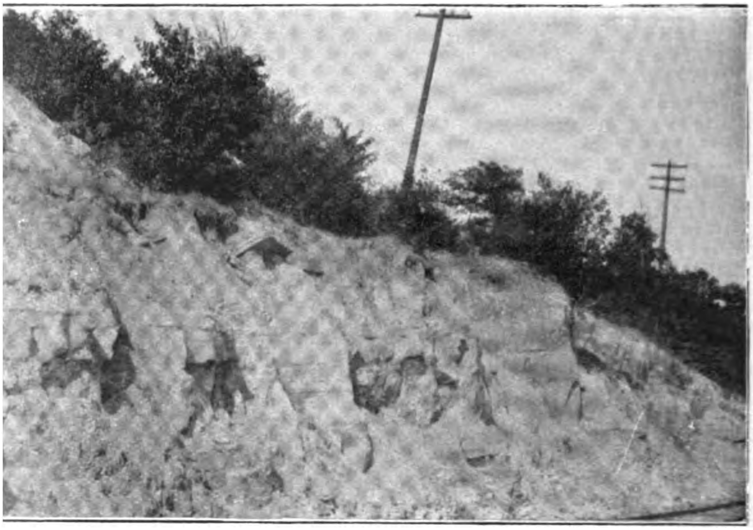
grist and flour mill that furnished supplies for a wide tract of country. Polk City is fifteen miles northwest of Des Moines and seven miles from Sheldahl on the county line. Failure to get the main line of the Northwestern railroad resulted in a compromise, by which a spur was built to and from Polk City; and two trains run up there every day. In early days a romantic history that bordered very nearly on the tragic order hovered about the woods and hills of Polk City. There were whispers of harboring horse thieves and other unlawful practices. But this has passed into tradition, and an air of respectability now invests the thriving little town. Dr. R B. Armstrong, John Hays and David Norris were among the pioneer settlers There are four churches in Polk City: Methodist, 1848; Episcopal, Congregational, dating from 1888, and Free Methodist. A fine two-story brick schoolhouse with three departments accommodates the school population. The total population is given at 450. The business interests of Polk City may be given under this general summary: B. A. Lockwood Grain Company, Frank R. Martz, manager; Huy & Harmon, tile manufacturers; Frank R. Mart, general store; Chris. F. Becker, general store;





SANDSTONE AT THE FOOT OF CAPITOL HILL

ne, broom factory; Cyrus
ck manufacturer; Shot-
creamery; Levi P. Jen-
breeder; Commercial
T. K. Miller, landlady;
s, drugs; practicing phy-
E. Armstrong, Henry
s W. Tyler; Albert Hus-
express and telegraph
Eggleston is Justice of
rs. A. L. Steadman pre-
New Era Library, estab-
The usual fraternal or-
asonic, I. O. O. F. and
thias, have lodges. This
vey of a population that
n its family records some
d noteworthy reminis-

ising Sun

y, a Kentuckian by birth,
n of Rising Sun in 1852.
f his land. He owned
l acres of farm land in
His sons, T. E. Barlow
ow, were farmers. Other
the same name were B.
William Barlow, broth-
Barlow. Jerry Barlow
neral store which carried
than any store in opera-
nes at that time. There
factory in Rising Sun in
managed by Frank Hill
there to Chicago to en-
e business with his sons

and amassed a great fortune. Rising Sun was on what was known as the "California road" in 1850, the road south of the State Fair ground. A second road from Des Moines was laid out north of the Fair Ground, crossing what is known as Four Mile Creek, because it is just four miles from the Court House. This latter road is hilly and extremely picturesque in places. The early families at Rising Sun were from Kentucky, Virginia and Indiana. The houses were built in southern style, side to the road and two front doors. The second oldest Church of Christ in Iowa was erected in 1853 in this town, and the Methodist denomination soon followed with their house of worship. A schoolhouse was one of the early institutions, and many pupils went from there to the colleges at Des Moines, Indianola, Grinnell and Oskaloosa. Music was a popular factor in the home education of the youth of Rising Sun. As the town was a stage station on the Iowa City and Des Moines stage line two hotels sprang into existence there. For years this quiet community prospered, then enterprising railroad lines running through Altoona, four miles north, and Hastie, three miles to the south, took away many inhabitants. The location at Rising Sun was too high to favor the laying of a railroad there, and the Des Moines river, three and one-half miles away, afforded another obstacle. Land in that vicinity is worth now about $125 per acre. It is estimated that there are

eloped coal beds in and
Sun. The population
ican, is now only one
el H. B. Hedge found
Robinson, at Rising Sun
itter was the daughter
errowd. Mary Frances
child of T. E. Barlow
ant and postmaster, wa
68 to Anthony B. Sims,
him to Des Moines in 18
ter, "Matie," married
errowd, Jr. Mr. A. B
g the oldest native born
lk county. He rememb
that frequently visited
utheast Des Moines. A
last boat, the "Mary B
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ever raised in Polk co
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democrats, being last,
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for a flag, and Dan B
Moines was special mes
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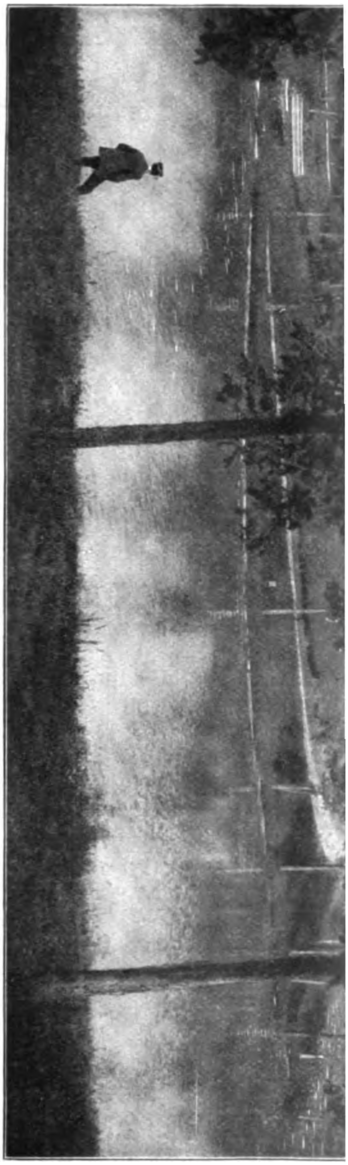
ls came from the country

VIEW ON THE INTERURBAN

and treasurer. In 1892 the Rock Islar
Railroad Company began the buildir
of shops and a roundhouse. Then tl
Hawkeye Company provided houses f
rent to accommodate the increasir
population. The town name was d
rived from the junction of the Vall
railroad and the Rock Island railroa
This is also the intersecting point of tl
Minneapolis & St. Louis railroa
Counting the railroad contingent
about 700 and the settled population
2,300, the census returns are now r
corded at 3,000. The 'Coon river ru



VIEW ON DES MOINES RIVER

Hastie, a station on the Wabash R. R. has for its chief industry the Granite Brick Company's plant, James Watt president. It has a small population, has rural mail delivery.

Herrold, on the Beaver Valley division of the Interurban, is the seat of the first sub-station, or reproducing plant out of Des Moines. The necessity for this is apparent when we learn that this line of the Interurban runs eighteen cars each way daily, besides two each of freight and express. The cars have

DRIFTING ON THE DES MOINES RIVER

church and school privileges are mile distant. The charm of Hersts in its elevation and surroundnery. Beaver Creek is only half away, while the Des Moines river ınd a half miles on the other side. ıte and federal governments talk ting a rifle range a mile east of 1.

ey is an old settlement with newıired importance, as it is a stathe Boone Interurban. The popdoes not exceed one hundred.

uisville is a mining town one ›rth of the corporation limits of ›ines. It has been developed by s Moines Coal Mining Company, & Morris, proprietors. Mining ›ns were begun in 1890. This y employs three hundred men rnishes fifty houses to employes. miners own their own homes ›unty has derived nearly $50,-alty from this company for coal under the county farm. (The mine on the west end and Bloom-ne north of the county farm are ınt mines.)

ıan, in Bloomfield township, is a :ation on the Burlington R. R.

oodville, named after Mr. Nors in Delaware township, five miles ›lk county court house The prinısiness interests are the two coal ›wned by Mr. Norwood. Street ı to this point, and it is a station Great Western R. R.

a City is more pretentious in han in actual population. The town was laid out in 1856 by John K. Hobaugh and Aaron Pearson. It is in a rich agricultural district, has many natural advantages, but no railroad facilities. It is farther from Des Moines than any other town in the county.

Saylor Station is on the N.-W. R. R. near the county farm and two miles east of Saylorville.

Sevastopol, a suburb of Des Moines. with excellent street car service and a branch of the city library, was laid out in 1855. The public improvements include a fine school building, Howe school, two churches and creditable stores and office buildings.

Clifton Heights, joining Sevastopol on the west is a growing addition in South Des Moines. A good fire station, two churches, Washington school and street car service, besides numerous shops and stores are the public conveniences that are available to this community.

Tyner is a station on the Des Moines, Iowa Falls & Northern railroad. Population about fifty.

Rider, Ridgedale and *Oldfield* are unimportant villages serving as centers for cross-roads and postoffice purposes.

Levy is a railroad station with nearly sixty inhabitants.

Youngstown, a residence village for the laborers in Carbondale mines, lies east and south of the State Fair Grounds on a main traveled road, besides having the railroad advantages of the Rock Island.

A Woodland

When with care you're overburdened
And the world is all awry,
Go camping in the woodlands,
Hear Dame Nature's lullaby.
With bird note softly falling,
Each weary child she's calling,
O, cease thy quest.
Her tones are so endearing,
Sink in her arms unfearing,
To rest, sweet rest.

Sing low, sing low,
Drowsy senses yield
To song birds wooing, cooing,
And drone of bees afield.
Bye Lo. Drift slow,
O'er the waters blue,
Mantled by the mist—sun-kissed—
A child of nature true.

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MOONRISE ON THE DES

The Dawn of

All the sky's a softened crimson, and 'neath sunbeams bursting through
A dainty rainbow trembles in each flower cup of dew.
The sweet bird-throats are swelling with quivering, joyous strains,

Br
An

Photo by Webster.

BROWN AND CHILDREN, REBECCA AND BEN

The Congress of Mothers

MRS. WALTER S. BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE IOWA CONG

The philosophy of the Congress of Mothers is one of parental responsibility.

Its plan is to interest the mothers in the subject of child study, and through the organization of mothers' circles, in connection with the schools, to promote acquaintance with teachers, to read and discuss all matters, both local and of state interest, for the improvement of the home, the school, and to the protection of the child.

To acquaint and interest and inspire every mother with the importance of education for herself, that she may surround childhood with perfected environment to the attainment of physical, ethical and intellectual betterment.

It is quite impossible for the workers in our state congress to express their extreme desire that many earnest women, and even all earnest women in our state, demonstrate in some way their approbation and sympathy in this mother movement, which is not realizing its possibilities for want of that help. The officers and directors and workers do earnestly solicit a little help from every woman, and much co-operation from many women, and thus manifest what the word *together* may mean for our own children and the children of our state—using perhaps for a motto, "The Development of Parenthood." Address Mrs. Walter Brown, Des Moines.

Prof. M. V. O'Shea writes the National Congress of Mothers:

"I have followed the work of the Congress of Mothers with intense interest, and have always been thoroughly in sympathy with its purposes and its methods of work. I have said on a number of occasions that I feel no organization has a greater work to do than yours. I hope it may be able in the near future to secure in every community of any size a mothers' organization, which will be devoted to a study of all the best that is known regarding the care and culture of the young. I am hoping, also, that
some person of means will see t
good which could be done by e
the congress liberally, so that it
ize the ends for which it exists."

A greeting of Dr. Josiah Stro
follows: "Your work will not
until the heredity of every me
every generation gives to him the
possibilities of the noblest manh
until the environment of every ch
into the world enables him to
these possibilities, and then the
nium will be just around the corr

Hon. Charles R. Skinner write
"The aims and purposes of
tional Congress of Mothers ap
every American citizen who lo
home and his country. The orga
has done so much to make the ho
it should be, to properly relate t
to the school and the state, tha
serves the sympathetic co-oper
good citizens everywhere. No o
ganization has aroused greater
in the right directions, or secur
splendid results."

The following is a message fr
Mary Lowe Dickinson:

"It seems a very long time si
day, ten years ago (the time of
convention of the National Con
Mothers), when in the old bar
hall in the Arlington Hotel in
ton I said, in behalf of other wo
other organizations of women, h
glad I was to see the mother he
the mother brain of the women
country coming forward to cl
glorious right to serve with all
secrated powers its own generat
the generations to come.

"I thought of the little chil
whose behalf we were gathered
membered the One who said, 'I
as ye have done it unto one of t
of these, ye have done it unto
thought of that Mighty Personal
embodied in itself the world's t
love, for wisdom, for truth, and

ances E. Newton writes:
Mrs. Theodore Birney (first
of the National Congress of
first came to Chautauqua, in
ıer of 1895, Miss Butler said to
re is a woman with a beautiful
She wants us to help make it
ıe.' We were so impressed by
rney's gentle earnestness and
eloquence that we were glad to
· the hour for the Saturday morn-
thers' classes. A meeting fol-
ɔn the porch of one of the cot-
vhen temporary officers were ap-
l and plans mapped out. This
e very beginning of the Mothers'
ss."

Photo by Webster.

ıines who is spending the Summer in

COLONEL ALFRED C. SHARPE,
General Staff of U. S. Army.

A Distinguished Iowan

One of the most distinguished men of the United States army, and who has passed from cadet at West Point to the highest place that can be reached by military merit, is Colonel Alfred C. Sharpe, of Iowa. Colonel Sharpe has just been named by President Roosevelt as a member of the general staff corps. He will probably
to duty in Manila as chi
the entire Philippine divi
present time he is on d
Ohio National Guard. A
made to secure Colonel S
Iowa encampment, but G
aker was ahead of Iowa

happy attempt in Mexico. And so we came on down to the Spanish war where, wretchedly unprepared in spite of the warnings which military and naval students had been voicing for years, we were compelled to launch into a dubious campaign across the sea—although we did not own a single transport and some of our troops were still firing black powder! ah, how vividly we recall those anxious days! and with what melancholy satisfaction we saw those predictions more than verified! How the surgeons begged for medicines; how we implored the men with the black powder to throw their villainous tell-tale guns away and not betray our position at every volley with their great billows of smoke; and how the "boys in blue,"—yes, blue woolen trousers and blouses in the melting tropics!—how we did swelter in those suffocating garments under that blistering sun! And as for maps and reconnaissances, and technical combinations—well, we had some of it in books, and some few officers remained who had served in subordinate capacities in the great Civil war or in detachment combats with Indians,—but few had ever commanded or even seen a maneuver or combined movement of any considerable proportions. And so the people at last awoke from the dream; the sweltering uniform, suitable enough for January in Dakota, gave place to the light cotton khaki, the dark blue to the neutral, invisible, olive drab; black powder went to join its predecessors in the museum; the hired cattle-ships and ocean liners like the old Obdam, built for wintry seas, gave place to a fleet of airy, sanitary transports; the army was reorganized, a general staff was created, the scope of military education vastly expanded, the Dick militia bill passed, and finally a course of practical field instruction instituted for both the regular troops and those of the National Guard. Well may foreign states contemplate these progressive changes with deep concern, for they mean that the people of this great Republic are coming to a realization of their obligations and do not intend to be again found so utterly unprepared as they were in 1898. We emerged from that campaign successfully enough, though at the expense of much unnecessary suffering, but we could not count on such a happy issue again.

COL. SHARPE IN THE FIELD.

It is most gratifying to the Army to see with what alacrity the Nati
Guard of the several states l
responded to the efforts thus put f
for a more advanced course of inst
tion. One of the finest regiments at
Fort Riley maneuvers last year was
Fifty-sixth Iowa under command
Lieut. Col. Thomas F. Cooke. This r
ment was highly commended by Gen
Wint for the excellence of its cond
and the perfection of its camp po
but its most interesting and valu
work was found in the tactical probl
where, in conjunction with artillery
cavalry, signal corps troops and e
neers, it was thrown upon its own
sources to meet, and withstand and
possible, outwit and defeat an equ
alert and energetic foe. In his offi
report to the Governor of Iowa, Colo
Cooke pronounced this experience
most instructive his regiment had e
enjoyed, and the same testimony
given by troops from other states n

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and patri-
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A. C. S.

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standard

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GEO. A. WELLS

rain Trade and the Stillman

EO. A. WELLS, SECRETARY OF THE IOWA GRAI DEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

HE crude facilities and methods employed in the grain business of the early days are now seldom thought of in comparison with the present day conditions, and the evolution that has transpired is not fully appre-
e farmers and the public.
er farmer of the Western
the advent of railroad fa-
d his grain long distances
to the river landing market, where he was fortunate i
obtain cash for his grain at
instead of merchandise in tra
igation had closed, the mar
of the grain depended on the
petition, which also depend
courage and nerve of the b
was obliged to store the grai
opening of navigation and
chances on values being hig
spring, and thus give him a
was a hazardous business in t
the possible result being eithe
ruin or large profit accordi

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bone of commerce in general and of each individual community as well. This particular banker was very active in urging the farmers to organize a company and engage in the grain business in his town, and he told them in a public meeting of the enormous profits in the grain business, and that to his knowledge each elevator in his town paid for itself in profits every year. Simultaneously with his efforts to organize a farmers' elevator company, he was urging the members of his group of the Bankers' Association to agree on a fixed price to be charged for exchange and stated that he as a lawyer would defend in court any member who would be indicted for violation of the anti-trust law, undoubtedly appreciating, as a lawyer, the fact that the Iowa anti-trust statute could be evaded by the bankers.

Another fact was, that one of the elevators in his town had been almost continually on his hands in bankruptcy and that he willfully misrepresented the true facts to the farmers in order to induce them to buy the elevator and thus enable him to get his money out of it.

The farmers of this country have an organization called the American Society of Equity. At a recent meeting of that organization at Omaha, the members agreed that they would establish a minimum price of one dollar per bushel for wheat, notwithstanding the fact that the United States court of appeals has held that "It is legal for one producer to contract to sell his entire product to one buyer, but if the producer makes such a contract in concert with other producers or with the knowledge that the buyer is making such contracts with a large number of producers for the purpose of restricting competition, the contract is illegal."

It is now considered a crime for any person to use a railroad pass and yet in days gone by the judges of our courts and the lawmakers of our land have made generous use of such passes and even since such a practice has been condemned by public sentiment and prohibited by law.

Buying, storing and distributing the grain products of this state represents one of the most important lines of trade and no other line of business is conducted more honorably as between the

Mr. Meserole and his Chicago commission firms have been telling the farmers that they are being robbed by the grain dealers, who are taking five to ten cents per bushel profit on every bushel of grain sold. At a certain grain buying station in this state, where a meeting of farmers was held to consider the question of organizing a Penalty Clause farmers' elevator company, the speakers having made statements that the grain dealers had been robbing the farmers, etc., I asked one of the grain dealers at that station to allow me to investigate his books and determine the daily buying margins taken. He consented and the result of my investigation showed that the dealer's average gross margin of profit was one and three-eighths cents per bushel, out of which he had to pay all expense of conducting the business, and there was no competition except grain dealers, all of whom belonged to the so-called trust.

The grain dealers of Iowa have repeatedly offered to open their books for investigation as a refutation of such statements, but any such suggestion is always discouraged by Mr. Meserole and other employes of the Chicago commission houses who have been promoting the Penalty Clause Elevator companies. Mr. Meserole tells the farmers of the financial success of the Farmers Elevator Co. at Gowrie, Iowa. Why should it not show profits when he by the use of the penalty clause and his loyalty *game* forces the farmers to sell their grain to him at a
other dealers are payin
duces them by the same
him higher prices for lu
er dealers are asking.
understand, has recent
one of his competitors
business in order that h
competition.

There is no competi
Gowrie, because of the
is a compact betwen M
the Boone Coal & Mi
company is said to be c
.Newton & Northweste
My gentle reader, ar
the fact that right her
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Pennsylvania, and the
the proposition is Mr.
posing before the fa
friend and savior, givi
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thieves "known as
Dealers' Association."

In closing I desire t
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he did, ship lumber o
at Gowrie to another
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a low price, possesse
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Everybody should
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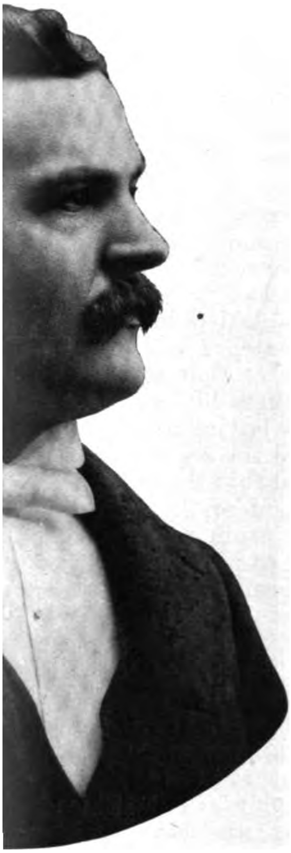
A NORWOODVILLE TWILIGHT



ᴺEHART

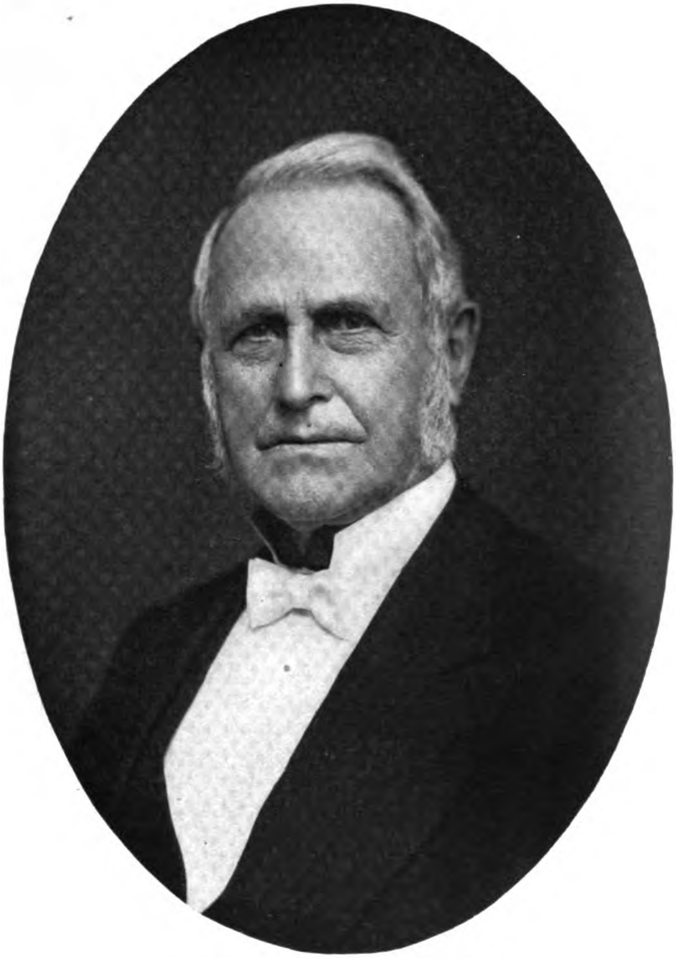
rat-Chronicle

Rinehart

oines Leader and Johnson Brigham's idland Monthly. Eight years ago he ecame owner of the Newton Herald. ıst November he left Newton for Des oines and the Democrat-Chronicle as launched. The success of the paer has been marvelous.

Mr. Rinehart has a personality of ›sitive force, and he succeeds. His eans of success are great versatility, a g heart of human sympathy for mannd in general, devotion to his friends. capacity for hero-worship, a most tive, logical, deep-thinking brain and religious love for all the beautiful ıd good things in God's universe.

Des Moines is certainly to be con'atulated on this addition to her force ' newspaper men.



HON. ISAAC S. BRANDT

The State Fair—Past and Pr

THE PAST

We are apt to pass material things by with as superficial judgment as that of the renowned Topsy, "'Spect I grow'd," losing sight of the wonderful development that led up to final results. But whoever traces the gradual growth of enterprises begun even in a small way, is likely to find rich reward for his labors. To the historians who have

striven to keep pace wit
strides made by Iowa in t
tury of statehood, we are
a related and almost marv
of the growth of what
pleased to term the Iowa St
ried on under the manag
State Agricultural Depart
At a meeting of the Jeff

Continued on page 67

Iowa.

In Memory of Mrs. I. Friedlich

There are people so full of vital force and magnetic power, that one never for a moment associates the thought of death with them. Such a woman was Mrs. Friedlich. Of the most beautiful type of womanhood, in the flush of early maturity, of fine intelligence and possessing that quality of ready sympathy for all in need, she was one who attached her friends warmly to herself. The word of her sudden death was a shock to all who knew her. Her family life was ideal. Her friends were many. Her kindness to the poor had made her name a household word in many humble homes. Her whole being was typical of the fullness of life and joy in living and thus her friends were all unprepared to see her, after three days of separation, lying with sweet eyes forever closed, laughing lips all silent and sunny hair brushed away from a brow cold in death. Boon companion, devoted friend, helpful sympathizer in grief or trouble, wonderful spirit of courage and good cheer, gone from us forever in this life. One more added to the silent majority on the other side who await our coming in the future years. No death in Des Moines in recent years has called forth as many tender expressions of sympathy for the bereaved ones as has Mrs. Friedlich's, and this sympathy is extended to the father and son who have sustained this great loss.

The State Fair—The Past

(*Continued from page 65.*)

Agricultural Society in 1853 the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the officers of this society be instructed to take immediate steps to effect the organization of a State Agricultural Society and that the officers use their influence to have said society hold its first annual exhibition at Fairfield in October, 1854."

Representatives from five counties met pursuant to this call and organized the Iowa State Agricultural Society, with its definite object, the promotion of agriculture, horticulture, m tures, mechanics and household was decided to hold the first Fairfield, on the 25th of Octobe Among the active members of th ty were James W. Grimes, James son, T. S. Parvin, Thomas H. and Lauren Dewey.

The first annual fair, at which equestrianism was a drawing ca attended by 8,000 visitors, wh from every settled portion of th This out of a state population of and without state aid. At this it was decided that the secon should be held at Fairfield, and ations were made for the accomm of those in attendance. The (pamphlet) report tells of the p of ten acres of ground, which was and furnished with four tents of canvas, with convenient table Seats were provided for 2,000 "An elevated stand for the use band of music in attendance, a the officers of the society, was pl the center of the main ring, wh American flag was displayed from near by." At this exhibition, O 1855, there was a creditable exh live stock, fine grains and dair ucts. The committee paid tri the ladies of the state, "for mu was instructive and pleasant and taining at our exhibition." On day evening, October 11th, at a of the board of directors, voting ination resulted in the selection catine for the place of holding nual fair in October, 1856.

The orator of the fair of 185 D. P. Holloway, declared that ture was not a special theme quence, or rhetorical pictures. serted that education of the rig was as essential to the agricult to any other profession or avoc life; until this education was the farmers of this country w occupy the high position they occupy in securing the common ity of all, and of our free inst He paid tribute to the fertile so climate, and favoring influence state, but urged that the farme study the best means of prese rich fertility of even the lands

WEST ENTRANCE TO STATE FAIR GROUNDS.

State Fair was on
to 1880. In 1876
le the highest bid for
pt it there until 1880.
red in this connection
6 there was talk float-
bout the removal of
he people of the city
ght, doubtless, that by
in that location they
rger prize. In 1879,

WOMENS' DEPARTMENT, STATE FAIR GROUND

through an energetic effort on the part of Des Moines, the fair was located in the western part of the city. After another four years of temporizing the State Fair was given a permanent home on the beautiful hill site east of Des Moines. (There is a coal deposit underlying this tract estimated at a value of $400 an acre.)

Among those prominent in securing this long-wished-for result were W. T. Smith, then president, and Isaac Brandt, a pioneer resident of Des Moines, and one of the most public-spirited citizens the capital city has ever known.

The Iowa General Assembly appropriated $50,000 and the people of Des Moines gave another $50,000. This secured to the state a title in valuable land. The state has added to its appropriations until now its investment in fair ground and improvements equals $260,184.25. In 1894 the fair ground embraced an area of two hundred sixty-six acres; by recent purchase it has reached 270.31 acres, valued at $95,155. The total amount expended on ground and improvements equal $419,500. The State Agricultural Society was succeeded by the Department of Agriculture in 1900, by act of the Twenty-eighth General Assembly. The Department of Agriculture embraces the district an agricultural societies, the stat and crop service and the offic Dairy Commissioner and the S erinarian. It is managed by Board of Agriculture, of which ernor, President of the State C Agriculture and Mechanic Ar Commissioner and the State V ian are ex-officio members. T holds an annual convention at itol on the second Wednesda cember. It also has control of Fairs and every agricultural i the state. A Year Book of Ag is published annually.

The Iowa State Board of Ag and managers of 1907 Iowa S and Exposition, are: Preside Cameron, Alta; Vice-Presiden Brown, Clarion; Secretary, J. son, Des Moines; Treasurer, G. son, Des Moines.

An important and popular f the State Fair has been the Bo Judging Contest, open to bo twenty-one years, with three ships as premiums. This year be a Girls' Cooking Contest, girls of Iowa between the age to twenty-one, with three sch as premiums.

NS' DEPARTMENT, STATE FAIR GROUND

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moves toward the beautiful state park on which the state of Iowa maintains an annual fair. It would be the state as a whole that would be the gainer.

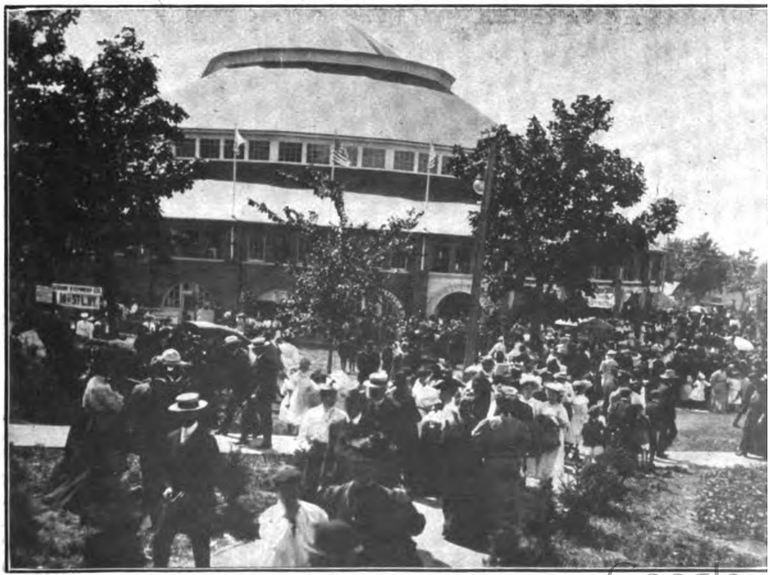
Let us follow the state fair crowds for a few brief minutes. A day can be covered thus quickly. The state has a park of 275 acres, having added some acres this year by purchase, and a large part of this park is well covered with interesting things. A hasty circuit shows a proper distribution of evidences of Iowa industry—the agricultural, horticultural, dairy, live stock, and the products of the factory and

OD DAY AT THE FAIR

CAMPERS ON THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS

machine shop. That which first impresses the visitor is the infinite variety of the exhibits. It used to be in the days when the Iowa state fair was carted about the state and let out to the highest bidder, that the Iowa state fair fulfilled more nearly the old conception of a fair, a "pig and pumpkin show." Not so now; for while pigs are still engaged in the delectable occupation

of mortgage lifting, wher
strange thing as a mortga
found, and the pumpkins
and yellower than ever be
are so many other good thin
addition of the "exposition
especially appropriate. The
fact undergone evolution.
veloped. It represents Iowa
crete. It is a miniature state



STOCK PAVILION WITH SHOW RING

"JACK AND JACK" AT THE FAIR

World-record Team of the Des Moines Fire Department.

ich the animals are
a fills the air with
ı in the ring is
air officials, distin-
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groomed, perhaps
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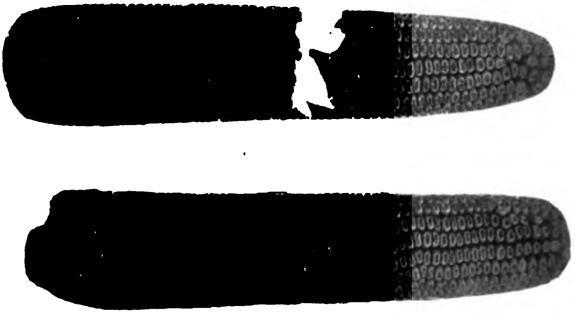
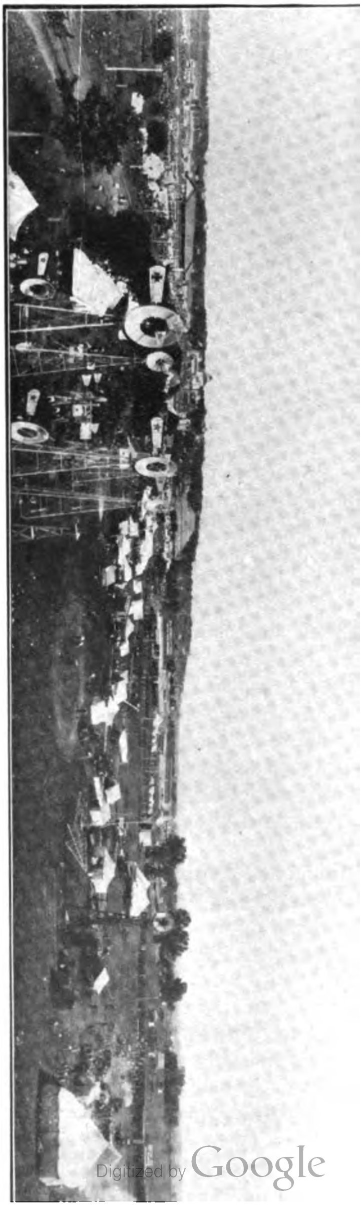


PRIZE CORN

arnestness of the rivalry. The comnittee examines carefully. A quiet litle man walks up to one of the finest of he steeds and ties to his bridle a red ibbon; then to another a blue and hen a white. It is all over. A few are nade supremely happy; many are disppointed. But it may all be reversed half hour later, for another class is alled and another and so on until the nd is reached. At another hour of the ay the cattle are brought into the ring. 'he process is repeated. Judging is oing on from early morning until usk. It is one procession of magnifient animals from the fields of Iowa in nnual parade before the people.

Up in the galleries are the people. housands of them sit and watch with nfeigned interest. Who that can sit ith folded hands and indifferent as iese processions of horses and cattle, ie best blood of the aristocratic herds f the world, go marching by! Every ian, and every woman for that matter, ves a fine horse. And when these aniials are brought into review, not one two but a score at a time so that the ntrasts may be appreciated the betr, it is enough to stir the feelings of ery one with red blood.

And after all it is the people that ake the fair. All this parade of rses and cattle and fine swine and ieep and poultry would be an empty rce but for the presence of the people. heir applause is worth something. And is worth while giving regard to the elings of the crowd. Sometimes the oughtful person turns from the stock ng to the gallery seats to make a udy of humanity—and is rewarded. umanity at a state fair is well worth



PANORAMIC VIEW STATE FAIR GROUNDS FROM CAPTIVE BALLOON

AIR PRIZE WINNER

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are amusements and attractions galore, that the young people may not grow weary of the day. The races have long been recognized as best of the entertainment features and they are always popular. But along with these there is the clean and high class vaudeville wherein feats of skill are shown; then the high spectacular show, being this year Pain's new "Vesuvius," and at times during the day the sensational flights of the Knabenshue double airship and the captive balloons. But these are only incidental. They help to please the people. They are not the show.

Something else is here that is strictly educative. This is the concerts. Innes and his great concert band with a corps of soloists on various instruments, is giving a program of splendid music. It is in the open and beneath the trees. Around the stand is gathered thousands. They come from the cities and towns and from the farms. To many this is a rare treat. Music is the universal art. Music is for everybody. And here is to be heard the finest. How eagerly they bend the ear to catch the strains, and how they drink in every note! This, too, is worth while.

this is for the education of the
·. It is a part of the uplift. It
ı for a better citizenship and a
state. That is why the state fair
ounded and why the people sus-
t. Nobody wants it to be placed
commercial basis. It could not
e a season as a purely business
sition or as a money making en-
se, and it ought not to survive as
It is a part of the state, one of
encies through which the state, in
ternalistic capacity, seeks to en-
ge and to push forward all the
·. And the universal testimony is
ne fair has that effect and accom-
s what was intended. It is an in-
al exposition in that it shows
has been done and is being done
ustry, it is a summer school in
: teaches what may be done and
veryone may gain self-improve-

honor and credit and glory to the
state of Iowa which maintains
eatest of the state fairs. So long
people of Iowa love their state,
g as they have faith in their in-
ons, so long as they rejoice in
omes, so long as they desire that
children for generations yet to
hall keep in the front of the pro-
ı, they will maintain the Iowa
air and exposition, and maintain
ı high class, clean, uplifting in-
on.

year the fair commences August
continues one week. The state
ıear Des Moines in which it is
as never finer.

THE RACE TRACK, LOOKING TOWARD AMPHITHEATER

SUMMER'S NONSENSE

and a beach and a summer re-
sort,
an and a maid and a moon;
nd sweet nothings and then at
the real
hological moment a spoon.

A whisper, a promise,
o'er,
And they part in hy
(But neither returns i
June,
For fear that the otl
—Lippincot

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to tell a funny
'e good—awfully
' one could listen
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) all the women.
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ıs sold thousands
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ıe capital city for
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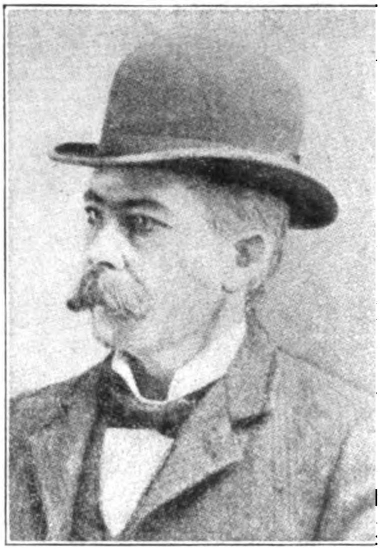
on Interurban.



COL. D. R. PASCHAL.

tioneer might search for a long
without finding as capable a man i
line of business as is Col. Paschal

From Some of Our Contem aries

"I am very much pleased wit
copy of The Midwestern just re
in accordance with the exchang
rangement recently entered into.]
that the magazine is in its first year.
a lusty youngster, and does great
to its editors and publishers, anc
Moines particularly, and Iowa
whole, may well be proud of it."
of Open Road, Chicago.

The Midwestern for June, pub
at Des Moines, by the Greater
Moines Publishing company, d
strates that this new Iowa mag
now in its tenth number, is a
ing proposition, and a good on
is handsomely illustrated and pr
and edited with marked a
It is palpable and fascinating ev
that a Greater Des Moines is not
prophecy, but a visible fulfillme
embyro. The magazine is neither
ly local, nor hopelessly provincia
reasonably cosmopolitan in its g
features, without sacrificing its don
purpose of idealizing Des Moine
the great Hawkeye state.—Osk
Herald.

PORCH MADE ENTIRELY OF CEMENT

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er cheap nor
of which con-
sand or crushed
l with cement.
vel and cement
then moistened

with water, and rammed into molds by skilled labor, the essentials being the proper materials.

Perhaps the most attractive thing about these houses is the cost. A $25,000 building can be put up with a saving of $10,000 if cement is used instead of stone, and other priced buildings in proportion. The fact that buildings of concrete are almost absolutely fire-proof without the use of floor and roof fillings is also a great advantage If one does not choose a whole house or building made of concrete, a great saving may be had by using concrete for a part, including the cellar and foundation and walls.

When beauty is considered, there is really no comparison between the concrete and the natural materials; therefore with three essentials in its favor,—economy, fire-proofness and beauty,—it is no wonder that the fashion for concrete houses, as well as buildings of all sorts, has grown rapidly in the past ten years, and bids fair to grow more rapidly in the decade to come.

The wonderful increase in the use of cement in the United States will be shown by the following table. Prior to 1880 its use was almost unknown in this country:

Year.	Bbls.
1880	82,000
1885	150,000
1890	335,500
1895	990,324
1896	1,543,023
1897	2,677,775
1898	3,692,284
1899	5,652,266
1900	8,482,020
1901	12,711,225
1902	17,230,644
1903	22,342,973
1904	26,505,881
1905	36,038,812
1906	45,610,822

Indian Proverbs

ud to the In-

lame the old

eloquent as a

enemy. The
s.

When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one laughs.

There are three things it takes a strong man to hold—a young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw.—Scrap Book.

&HOTT
NES
MILLS

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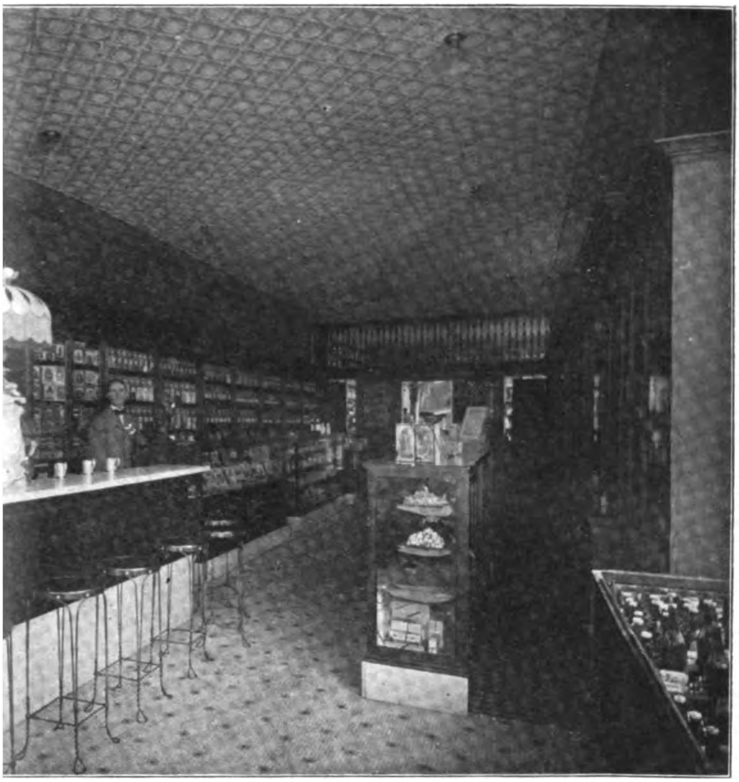
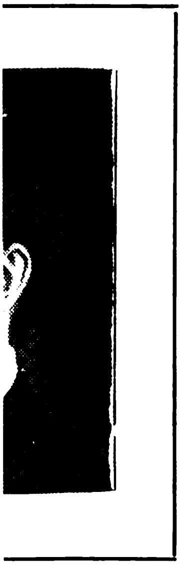
ɔrks plant, on Mulberry street.
Clark, head miller, is always
show the visitor about. The
nds an interesting spot, where
order and cleanliness prevail,
re the entire process of making
om the perfect hard wheat to
'-white, fine flour, may be seen.
acity of these mills is 300 bar-
ay, and most of the year they
and night. The quality of this
superb. It is good for all pur-
ɔread, pastry and cake. The
ade from it is especially light,
ıd nutritious.
ook who once uses Falcon flour
e no other. The circle of fast
made by Falcon flour is con-
increasing. It goes into almost
ate in the union. It is a good
for Des Moines and so fine an
manufactured here, is surely a
·edit to both city and state.

INTERIOR OF BEAUTIFUL NEW ST

JOHN McNERNEY



L NEW STORE OF JOHN McNERNEY, SIXTH AND GRAND



NEY

During the past month Mr. John McNerney has been the recipient of congratulations from a host of friends, who have called to inspect and give their approval of his new store at the corner of Sixth and Grand avenues. Mr. McNerney is a Des Moines boy and learned his business at the C. W. Rogg store, associated with them for eighteen years. He is an expert pharmacist and is already scoring success in his new store. It is handsomely fitted up, one of the most beautiful drug stores in the west. Both the establishment and its proprietors are a credit to Des Moines and Iowa. A fine soda fountain, complete supply of artist's materials, full drug stock and special attention paid to prescriptions—these are the things to find at McNerney's drug house and they speak for success.

A SIGN O

nes is growing more m
ch day and one sign of gr
splendid new office buil
ng skyward on every hand.
est and best built of these b
the Des Moines Life Insu
at the corner of Sevent
venue. Six stories high, co
well lighted, fine elevators
fire-proof, it is a fine hom
pany and speaks well fo
and progressiveness of its
is a typical insurance bu
insurance companies wil
within its walls.
floor has been remodeled
The whole building is f
gany, with tiled floors, gla

A Healthy Family

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ness in the home, but all in
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hose interests are proper
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much ice water are r
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s and Polk county which
thirst and furnish no
delicious drink, of perf
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be kept well by allowi
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thus saving doctor bi
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N OF PROGRESSION

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s, glass partitions, Otis elevators and beautiful hallways.

The Des Moines Life will occupy the fifth and sixth floors, the two floors being joined by a court or balcony effect, something entirely new in Des Moines, and, in fact, there is nothing of the sort anywhere in the west.

The third floor will be occupied by the State Insurance Co., the fourth by the Anchor Fire Insurance Co., while the Underwriters' Review will be located on the second flor.

Des Moines as a city certainly is to be congratulated on having this splendid new building added to the business life of the city.

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who has not
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wa Dairy Co.
›lt like a boy
steurized milk
s before going
e months, and
ogether. Give
it a trial. You will like it both for yourself and family. Call up phone 726 Mutual and have the Iowa Dairy Co. call at your house today.

Has Many Uses

Among the many useful articles manufactured in Des Moines is one that has more uses than anything of its kind manufactured anywhere. Its ingredients are perfectly pure and in its manufacture the utmost cleanliness is observed. The absence of all odor is an unusual thing in soap. For that is what the article is, Puck's Soap, made in Des Moines. Soaps that are highly scented carry the suggestion that it is necessary to kill some offensive odor, perhaps arising from the use of rancid grease. But for Puck's Soap no perfume is necessary. For the bath, for the face and hands, for the hair and for the teeth it is indispensable. Users of this delightful toilet article will take no substitute. The original Puck's Soap is the only thing that fills the bill. For the baby's delicate skin, for the young beauty with rose leaf complexion, for the stained fingers of the kitchen toiler, for the men of the family, in fact, for all needs of keeping clean, nothing that is in existence will take the place of Puck's Soap. Ask your grocer or your druggist for it.

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DR. O. H. L

President of Highla

A Great Ame

Highland Park Colle

AMERICAN institutions are the pride of the patriotic heart. They sprung out of the spirit of democracy which they in turn foster, and which makes possible a great country, which is truth the land of the brave and the ne of the free. Among these inutions none are of greater value n those of learning. One might

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Park College.

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ge of Des Moines

y, with good reason, none are so val-
ble as are these. For to the birth of
e idea is attributable its realization.
"We must educate," said Edward
verett, with soul on fire for the devel-
ment of the American idea. Our sal-
tion as a nation has depended upon
. And so it has come to pass that no-
here in the world is education in all
irections so valued for itself by the in-
ividual as in America. Opportunity

HUMBOLDT HALI

The college is located in one o
st beautiful spots in Iowa, Higl
k. a suburb on the north side o
ines. Lying high above the
ng wooded scenes, with spl
tches of farm land to the nortl
t. and the city of Des Moines s
like a map to the south, it

GENERAL OFF

ARK COLLEGE

ne views on all sides. The cam-
wenty acres is beautifully kept
ide to all the dwellers in High-
k. The college buildings, nine
ɔer, are modern and finely
.

lvantage of the location in the
ity of the state are obvious.

[illegible]

BUSINESS EXCHANGE, HIG

1. Commercial.
2. Shorthand and Typewriting.
3. Drawing and Pen Art.
4. Telegraphy.
5. Railway Mail Service.

IX. The Correspondence School.
X. The Summer School.

e great department of the college
e correspondence school, with 6,600

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MAY DAY FESTIVAL ON CAMPUS

D PARK COLLEGE

enrolled. The greatest enthusi-
is been shown by graduates from
epartment and many have been
l to secure fine positions simply
ly at home in leisure hours. The
offered in the correspondence
are in all preparatory work and
work, and many courses in the
of technology.

ND PARK COLLEGE

THE GYMNASIUM, HIG

rt. The thousands of students who ve passed from its doors love and or his very name. All of his associ- s look upon him with wonder and miration. The very greatness and ness of the work he has performed bringing this school to its present ce in a few years, when centuries usually required for such work.

ATHLETIC FIELD

D PARK COLLEGE

d stamp him as a remarkable or-
zer and far-seeing manager. But
positive good to the young people
have been students in the College,
uplifted lives and the good they
urn have been inspired to do for
rs, these are the things that reflect
e credit of the man who more than
thers has made it all possible. Doc-

ND PARK COLLEGE

THE CHEMICAL LABORATOR'

all. Associated with Doctor Long-
ll is the following faculty:
James R. Hanna, A. M., Dean of Col-
e of Liberal Arts and Professor of
glish and Literature.
Z. C. Thornburg, M. Di., Director of
rrespondence School.
V. T. Runzler, A. M., Professor of
tin, Greek and Modern Languages.
Walter S. Athearn, M. Di., Dean of
rmal College and Professor of Peda
y and Education.
Joseph F. Hofer, M. Di., Principal o
Didactic Department and Professo
Arithmetic, U. S. History and Geog
phy.
Miss Alice E. Hopper, M. Di., Supe
tendent of the Primary Training D
rtment and Dean of Women.
G. A. Chaney, M. S., Professor of Ph
s and Higher Mathematics.
Professor of the Biological Sciences,
supplied.
Miss Mabel Hoyt, B. S., Assistant
tural Science and Mathematics.
A. C. Irwin, B. S. in C. E. and E.
ofessor of Civil Engineering and A
ied Mathematics;
F. M. Murphy, B. S. in E. E., Prof
r of Electrical Engineering.
L. C. Scott, B. S. in M. E., Super
ndent of Engineering Shops.
Ceramics and Mathematics, to be s
ied.

ILAND PARK COLLEGE

E. Walter, Professor of Drafting
team Engineering.
n Van Arkel, Assistant in Machine
.
S. Pearson, Engineering Wood
Shops.
rman R. Macy, Ph. G., Ph. C.,
1. D., Dean of College of Pharmacy
'rofessor of Chemistry.
ver V. R. Smith, Ph. G., Ph. C.,
ssor of Pharmacy and Director of
aceutical Laboratories.
L. Parker, Ph. G., Ph. C., M. D.,
ssor of Materia Medica and In-
or in Chemical Laboratory.
Grimes, M. D., Ph. C., Professor
ecial Bacteriology and Hygiene.
vrence DeGraff, Ph. B., L.L. M.,
ssor of Medical Jurisprudence.
W. Davis, Ph. G., Ph. C., Ph. M.,
iate Professor of Chemistry.
I. Greer, Ph. G., Assistant in Phar-
tical Laboratory.
rles G. Slifer, Ph. G., Assistant in
atories.
B. Babcock, Ph. G., Ph. C., Super-
lent of Special Pharmacy Depart-

A. Wessel, M. Accts., Dean of Busi-
'ollege and Professor of Bookkeep-
d Commercial Branches.
ar Sarsfield, B. Accts., Assistant in
ing.

CIVIL ENGINEERING CORPS, H

iss Emma Ritchie, Instructor in Vio-

ofessor of Voice Culture and Head oice Department, to be supplied.

s. Grace Clark DeGraff, Assistant oice.

s. Mabelle Wagner Shank, Assist- n Voice.

s. Katherine Bray Haines, Assist- n Voice.

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STREET CAR WAITING ROOM, HI

AND PARK COLLEGE

am B. Downing, Public School
:nd Voice.
Edna May Tilton, Assistant in

Celectie B. Givens, Instructor in
gan.
Louise M. Smith, B. O., Dean of
lege of Oratory and Professor
ing, Elocution and Oratory.
Gordon, Dean of College of

PARK COLLEGE

has not her superior in her work in rica and is an authority often con- d by outside schools.

f. Sherman R. Macy, for seven s State Chemist for Iowa, dean of armacy department, is known widely favorably as one of the best teach- n his line.

Frank Nagel, dean of the music de- rtment, author and artist, has made splendid success due to him in his anch of the work since taking charge t.

It is difficult to single out the work any one teacher, when graduates m every department are holding h places everywhere. This speaks the success of the several teachers d departments.

Even a hasty round of the buildings, ratories, shops, offices, halls, dormi- ies, etc., impresses one with the pat- t fact that no money or effort has en spared in fitting up. Everything on a big scale. The dormitories are ll furnished, every attention paid to mfort and sanitation. The gymna- ums, parlors, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. A. rooms, class rooms, dining rooms, tchens, etc., will compare with those the best in the country. Exquisite der and cleanliness prevail every- here. The equipment of the electrical boratory, the foundries, the engineer- g department, the chemical labora- ry, the college of commerce, the tele- aphic department, etc., all astonish d delight the visitor. Many thou- nds of dollars are spent each year in

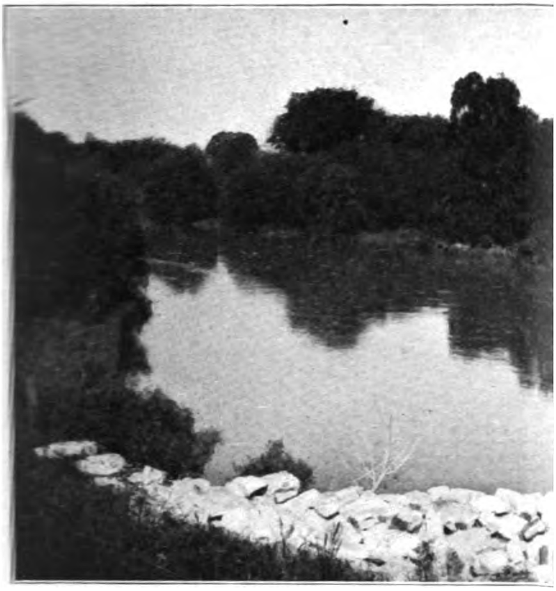
ing the equipment thoroughly up
ite. The college year is of forty-
weeks, leaving one month for va-
n.

e most expensive course of forty-
weeks, with room, board, tuition,
heat, gymnasium and library fee
y $206, and the cheapest course,
all these included, is $170.85, or
0 for thirty-six weeks, length of
college year. The courses are so
l, that everyone can be suited, and
ts may enter at any time. Twen-
hundred thirty-two students have
nrolled this year and the graduat-
ss numbers 295.

et the spirit of this remarkable
one needs to visit it. Go in at
apel hour. See the big platform
ith the faculty. Then look into
sand young faces uplifted to the
of one of David's Psalms, or
letter to the Romans. Hear
oung voices singing a hymn of
and joy. Mark Dr. Longwell, a
ished figure among so many.
o the marching of the students
pass to the various recitation
Then make a round of the va-
ildings. Stand for a moment in
pus. In a sweeping glance note
rious uplands and forests all
With swelling heart and a mist
eyes—if you are an Iowan—
say that surely one of the
things of which this state can
d for which we should be grate-
ighland Park College, of Des

ented Des Moines Boy

h some inadvertence the name
thor was omitted from our
tory last month. The Mid-
as proud of that story, "The
' for it was written by one
st talented of the younger set
literary workers in Iowa.
rkson Miller was the author,
of the class of '07 of East
ol. This young writer was
"Ret" Clarkson, and is the
and Mrs. Kasson Miller. He
a story writer, but has writ-
plays which have won him
e of these plays, "A Do-
gle," was given twice last
his class, and with tremen-
ss. We shall hope to have
from his pen in the near



RIVER SCENE AT COLFAX

try. the shipments of grain from
fax are comparatively light. Cattle
ers buy the grain at the home mar-
and stock and coal form the heavi-
outside shipments. A branch rail-
line to Valeria and Seavers, con-
ting at those points with the Great
tern, is an important feeder to the
merce of Colfax.
olfax is a well-lighted city and it
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given to business and residence dis-
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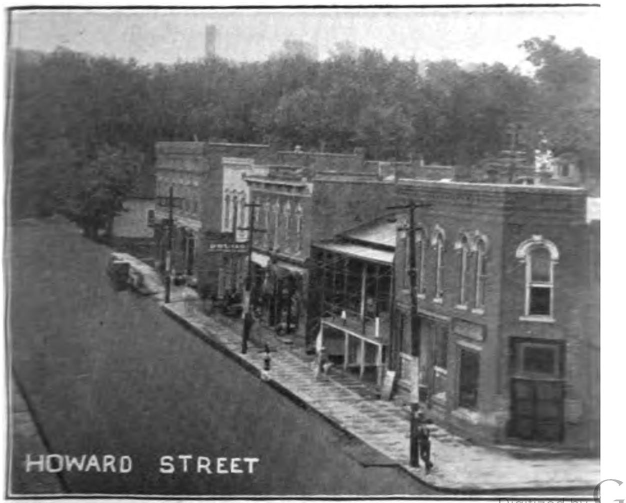
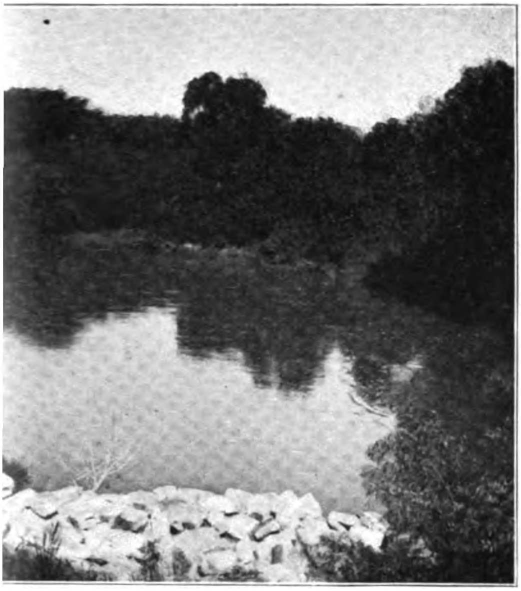


VIEW OF HOWARD STREET



ER SCENE AT COLFAX

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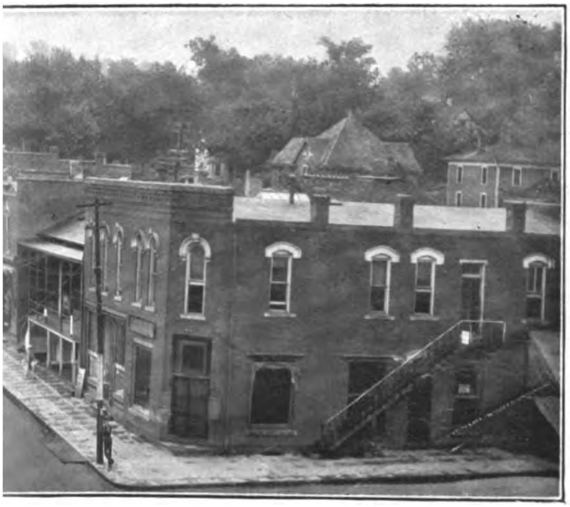
mind, the women of Colfax are entitled to due praise. A splendid city library, presented by the Library Association in 1892, and yearly augmented by city revenue, is one of the things of which Colfax is justly proud. The Colfax Women's Club is a flourishing and influential organization. Chapter "B. A." of the P. E. O. sisterhood has a half hundred members. The Women's Relief Corps has become widely known through a resident state officer. Of fraternal societies among men there are the usual number, Masons, Odd Fellows, Woodmen and Yeomen.



Y OF HOWARD STREET, COLFAX

n his canoe, but at sight of the white n on the bluff came to his side and ted the following legend:

"Many years ago—more than there trees in the forest, Red Wing, meanhimself, was born, at a time when the prairies, woods, rivers and lakes re the red man's, and when there was great Indian town on the creek above e camp of Poweshiek and his tribe). wn Eyes was the daughter of a great ef. She had eyes like the fawn's and voice like that of the dove. Many ng warriors had hopes of winning r love. Tall Oak, a young war chief, k many scalps of his enemies. He rried the scars of many battles. He id the trophies of his victories at the et of Fawn Eyes, but he could not win r heart. The maiden loved a pale face, young hunter who had often visited the lage. When the father learned this e became angry and told the pale face e must not come to the village again r he would die. Heeding the warning e never came, yet Fawn Eyes stole ay and met him under the great trees, d they told the love of their hearts.

"One day when Fawn Eyes came she et Tall Oak, who frowned upon her and id: 'Fawn Eyes seems surprised beuse she meets Tall Oak instead of the ale face—but pale face will never meet er more. He can not steal Fawn Eyes rom her people and the heart of Tall ak. Let Fawn Eyes stand here and

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look over the cliff and say will she go to her white lover there, or with her red lover back to her people.'

"As Tall Oak spoke he led her to the edge of the cliff and pointed downward. Fawn Eyes started back from the edge of the heights, for at the foot of the bluff she saw her white lover. Turning to Tall Oak, she accused him of the murder.

"He did not deny it, but met her gaze in sullen silence. He saw not the fire that burned in the heart of Fawn Eyes. She quickly raised the knife from his girdle and started toward the cliff, saying, 'I prefer death with my pale face lover to life with Tall Oak.' Then with a cry she threw herself into the abyss below, driving the knife into her heart as she fell.

"Tall Oak hurried down the bluff to the side of Fawn Eyes, but he found her young life had gone out, and her soul wafted away to join that of her lover in the spirit land.

"The lovers were buried in one grave at the foot of an aged tree. The heart of Tall Oak grew more fierce in its hatred of the whites and he was killed in an encounter with his enemies."

This hotel was open but three months in the year and soon proved a financial failure, and was sold to the Jordan estate. During the past month the hotel, with one hundred and twenty acres of land, was bought by Colonel Donahue of Davenport. One million dollars will

LFAX HIGH SCHOOL